

America), so merely taking a cursory glance at the exhibits in company with our Glasgow friends, we proceeded to our hotel. Edinburgh is called the Modern Athens, from its supposed resemblance to the old Grecian hamlet. We never have had the pleasure of paying our respects to the Athenians in their own home, but if the ancient Athens was anything like its modern namesake, we are not surprised that its citizens remained in their homes, instead of emigrating to a possible Chicago. Riding down Princes Street towards the New Waverly Hotel, we first see the far-famed Castle, which stands on a precipitous rock over 300 feet above the valley below, and provides a sight which the most unromantic or *blasé* tourist cannot but look upon with wonder and interest. Princes Street is a handsome thoroughfare, skirted on the right by a continuous range of parks or gardens, in one of which stands the Scott Monument. McBride had secured our rooms at the New Waverly, which Langley soon told us was a temperance house, and after a truly Scotch supper, consisting mainly of the ever-present marmalade, we gave ourselves over to our correspondence. Our genial friend Laing would not permit us to spend the evening in the hotel, however, so we roamed around the quaint old streets of Lower Edinburgh until McBride and Langley had accumulated so much fatigue that they returned to the hotel, Peard accepting the invitation of Mr. Laing to join the Glasgow party at the Garrick Club, where the balance of the evening was most pleasantly spent. Mr. Laing, besides holding the prominent position of Chief Consul of the C. T. C., is the General Manager of the Rudge Co. in Scotland, and he certainly did do his utmost to make our stay in Edinburgh pleasant. Sunday morning, between the incidental showers of rain, we visited Calton Hill, on the top of which is Nelson's Monument, and from which can be obtained an excellent view of Arthur's Seat, an enormous elevation over 800 feet above the level.

Sunday is a day most strictly observed in Scotland, particularly Edinburgh, and in consequence we could not obtain admittance to the interior of Nelson's Monument. What tourist visits Edinburgh without seeing St. Giles's cathedral? We were no exception to the rule and considered ourselves fortunate in having the privilege of attending the morning service which on this occasion was an unusually impressive one. St. Giles's was first erected in the thirteenth century and was then known as the Cathedral of Edinburgh. John Knox ministered in this church,

and it was here that James VI. took leave of the citizens when about to ascend the English throne. After the service had been concluded, and the last strains of the mighty organ had died away, we visited the crypt in which are the tombs of Regent Murray and Montrose. Passing from the old cathedral we returned to our hotel for luncheon, viewing on the way the exterior of the house in which Knox lived and died, upon which is the inscription, LOFE GOD ABOVE AL AND YOVR NICHTBOVR AS YI SELF. McBride and Langley had made their pilgrimage to the famous Forth Bridge the morning of the previous day, so Peard took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the leisure of the afternoon to have a quiet ride to this vast structure over a stretch of the most magnificent eight miles of road-bed it would be possible for the most imaginative cyclist to picture. The Forth Bridge is one of the marvellous monuments to the mechanical ingenuity and indomitable perseverance of the men of this generation. In consequence of the heavy fog the view obtained of the Bridge was very imperfect, but enough was visible to impress the onlooker with the massiveness of the construction.

McBride and Peard, feeling that they had a good deal to atone for, hunted out a Methodist chapel in the evening and were rewarded by hearing a good old orthodox Wesleyan discourse, with the one exception, that the rev. gentleman seemed to deeply deplore the small salaries paid to dissenting clergymen in Scotland, so much so, in fact, that we were almost moved to suggest the advisability of his emigrating to Canada where of course he would be able to get this slight unpleasantness remedied, but on consideration we decided against awakening hopes that might be disappointed. Lounging in the coffee room of the Waverly, meditating on the events of our first Sunday in Scotland, and ruminating on the calamities of our Glasgow visit, we became more thoroughly impressed in the belief that notwithstanding the rain which was again coming down, we were having a very jolly time, and that if the sunshine should be able to exercise its influence on the roads for a few hours in the morning, the continuation of our journey would be made at noon the next day under the most promising circumstances and without the necessity of other means of transport than the cycle.

(To be Continued.)

The Maryland Bicycle Club reports a total mileage for last year of 100,000 miles.