

and a ben." This was the *Bishop's Palace*, and, when Episcopacy was abolished, it became the parish manse for a hundred years. Comparing it with the manse over the way, it is safe to say,—“The world moves.” Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Dunoon stood the cottage in which Mary Campbell—Burns' “Highland Mary”—was born. Just a hundred years ago the lovers parted, never to meet again in this world. Mary died from fever at Greenock, in October, 1786. A very pleasant day was spent in visiting the grounds and the new mansion-house of Mountstuart, near Rothesay—the property of the Marquess of Bute. I suppose that, when completed, it will be the grandest residence in Scotland. The entrance hall with its lofty dome, its grand stair-case, and its pillars of marble and precious stones, resembles the interior of some splendid cathedral. Returning to Rothesay by the shore road—a beautiful drive—I stopped for a few seconds at the little Free Church, picturesquely situated on the promontory of Ascog. The church-yard contains but one solitary grave—the grave of one who, in his early years, and in mine, was famous as a highly gifted artist and actor on the stage. I remember, some fifty years ago, how he swayed Scottish hearts by his wonderful delineations of Scottish character. I remember, too, having seen him, one cold winter's day, plunge into Duddingstone Loch to rescue a man from drowning. I shall never forget his finely chiselled features and handsome, lithe figure. To-day I kneel at his tomb, and, parting the pretty fuschia branches that fill the enclosure and that seem to shower crimson tears over his grave, I read the simple inscription,—“MONTAGUE STANLEY, 4th May, 1844 : ” “*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*” This brilliant young man, very soon after the time I have mentioned, was led by conscientious convictions to retire from the stage in the zenith of his fame, and consecrated the few remaining years of his life to evangelistic labours. He being dead still speaks to me, and sets my thoughts awandering backward, and forward; and as I leave the spot, a verse of the beautiful Scottish hymn fitly comes to mind, and I send it across the sea for the perusal and the comfort of all to whom these presents shall come,—

“My sins hae been mony,
An' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me,
Nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid hath made me white,
An' His hand shall dry my e'e,
Whan He brings me hame at last
To my ain countrie.”

A different train of ideas was set in motion a few days later, when I had the privilege of sitting once more in the old Blackstone Examination Chair in Glasgow University. Next to the Cathedral, the new University is by far the finest thing to be seen in Glasgow. It is a magnificent pile of buildings, and occupies a splendid site. We looked into the “Humanity” *i.e.* the Latin class-room, a pleasant room conveniently seated for 250. We were shewn the Senate Chamber and other apartments, all of which are in keeping with the imposing exterior. The Convocation Hall is that which attracts most attention. It is a recent addition, erected at a cost of \$600,000. Of this sum the Marquess of Bute contributed \$225,000, and Mr. Randolph, Chief Engineer in Mr. Elders celebrated ship building establishment—\$300,000. It is seated for about 3,000. The groined stone arches supporting the floor, with their forest of massive pillars, absorbed nearly one half of the whole cost of building, and are a wonderful sight. The old entrance gateway of the College that was on High Street, is at present being re-erected on the new site, and along with it as much as possible of the old ornamental masonry; so that the memories of the past four centuries will not be altogether forgotten. C.

Missionary Cabinet.

MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER was born of humble but pious parents at Eisleben, in Thuringia, Germany, on the 10th of Nov., 1483, and was named in memory of his birth-day which was the eve of St. Martin's Day. His father, John Luther, was a miner. Six months after Martin's birth he removed with his family to Mansfeld, some five leagues distant, in the hope of securing a better livelihood, for he was very poor. He gradually made his way, and came to own two furnaces for iron, from the profits of