

of Kingston, was supplying the parish church *pro tem*, during the vacancy. In the centre of the town is a monument to Admiral Malcolm, "one of four sons of a Langholm farmer who were all knighted for distinguished services to their country." There are few antiquarian remains in this part of the country, though there is a well defused Roman Camp within view of Canobie manse, and "Johnny Armstrong's tower," not far off, perpetuates the name of a border chief who in his day was a terror to the neighbourhood. Besides these, were pointed out the *imposing ruins* of Kirk Andrew's, on the English side—recently erected to please the eye of the proprietor. It was not always so quiet here; but surely morals are better now than when "*there was racing and chasing on Canobie lea.*"

DUMFRIES was the next point of call. A fine old town it is, associated with many historical associations. It has nine Presbyterian Churches—three each for the Established, Free, and U. P., forby a "*remnant of Original Seceders.*" The church-yard of old St. Michael's attracts the attention of all travellers. It has been called the Westminster of Scotland. Many of the monuments are very beautiful. That of the Martyr's has a melancholy interest attached to it; but for most people the crowning attraction is the handsome mausoleum containing the ashes of our national poet, Robbie Burns. The New Greyfriar's Church occupies the site of the old Cathedral and Convent where Robert Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn to the heart on the steps of the high altar, and where his companion, Kirkpatrick, finding the unhappy man still alive, dispatched him, exclaiming,—"*I'll make sure*"—the motto of the family to this day—the family, by the way, from which the ex-Empress Eugenie is descended. Close to Dumfries are the neglected ruins of Lincluden Abbey, and not far off is Lochmaben, famous in history, and having an interest for Canadians, in that the venerable parish minister, Dr. Liddell, is another ex-Principal of Queen's College, having held that office from 1841 to 1846. To Messrs. Paton and Wier, the ministers of St. Michael's and New Greyfriar's, the Canadian delegate is under obligations for "no small kindness."

Now we pass on to Closeburn, Penpont, and

Kier—three model parishes in the same county. At Closeburn a new parish church has just been completed. It is a perfect gem. The *loute ensemble* of the manse surroundings reflect infinite credit on the taste of the minister, Mr. Ramsay, who, besides being a sub-convenor of the Endowment Committee, and indulging a taste for antiquarian research, is a subscriber to the Canadian RECORD—in good standing. The place is old—very old. Under the shadow of these gigantic sycamore trees have been the tombs of Kirkpatrick's for twenty generations. At Penpont one also finds an admirable gothic church, and a manse well known to many a Canadian for its hospitality. Here you may look on the "Maxwellton braes," and they are "bonnie." And here you may find another ex-Canadian in the parish minister, Mr. Paton—a devoted friend of our Church and an active member of the Colonial Committee.

Another stage in our journey brings us to Paisley—a new and improved edition of the old town we knew pretty well forty years ago—a town that has sent out more settlers to Canada than any other of its size in Scotland. It has given us first class ministers and professors, and thousands of our thrifty farmers claim Paisley as their ancestral home. It is the birth place of the illustrious poets Tannahill and Motherwell, and the renowned Christopher North. No one has seen Paisley aright who has not first become acquainted with Provost Murray, its genial, talented, and hospitable chief magistrate. The click of the hand loom is no more heard in the streets of Paisley, and shawl-weaving, for which it was once famous, has become one of the lost arts. But other industries have taken its place. It has attained as wide celebrity for thread as ever it had for shawls, and many thousands of the population are employed in the enormous works of Messrs. J. & P. Coats, and other manufacturing firms. Paisley has fifty thousand inhabitants and twenty Presbyterian Churches. One of its clergy, at least, Mr. Finlay McDonald, of the High Martyr's, spent the early years of his ministry in Canada; and we do not forget that the late Dr. Burns, of Toronto, came hither from Paisley; and Dr. Burns, of Halifax, is himself a Paisley man, and so is Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford.

But Paisley is scarcely more than a suburb