

visitors, old and young, and you have some idea of Drumlanrig Castle, not in the olden time, but in the year of grace 1872. We had seen the kitchen gardens and conservatories *en passant* with amazement; from the highest pinnacle of the castle we now look down upon the flower gardens. The mathematical precision of the lines, the artistic arrangement of colours, the extent and variety, are for the moment entrancing, but how soon it becomes a relief to turn in the opposite direction, where you would never tire of gazing on *Nature's* handiwork—the everlasting hills and the Nith's living stream, leaping over its rocky bed and dancing through shaggy dells! The rooms of the castle are mostly small, with low ceilings and stuffy air. It has its chapel and its Episcopal chaplain, at the same time that His Grace is the patron of some thirty-five parish churches. It seems a pity that he does not follow the example of his Sovereign during his short residence in Scotland by attending the National Church. Nevertheless, he is a most liberal patron and supporter of the Kirk, and is held in high esteem. The Sabbath day was spent at Penpont, where I learned that Dr. Jenkins, of Montreal, had a few weeks previously preached and assisted Mr. Paton at the Communion. I need scarcely add that his visit was highly appreciated by both the minister and the people of all denominations who flocked to hear him.

I had been led to form very modest expectations in regard to the town of Dumfries, and was agreeably disappointed. I never expect again to receive greater kindness from strangers than I met with at the hands of two of its ministers to whom I bore a line of introduction—the Rev. Mr. Barclay, of St Michael's, and Mr. Weir, of Grayfriars. The town itself is interesting, presenting a singular combination of things old and new. There is the old square tower standing in the middle of the High street, and the handsome new county buildings, in castellated style, both unique of their kind. The old foot-bridge built in the 13th century, to cross which you ascend a flight of stairs, and the symmetrical new one. The venerable Church

of St. Michael's, and the splendid new Church of Grayfriars, presumably on the site of the old Abbey Church, where the Red Comyn was slain by Robert the Bruce. Here it was that ten thousand mourners followed the remains of Robbie Burns to his grave in the churchyard of St. Michael's, where a beautiful mausoleum is erected to his memory. In the centre of the churchyard there stands a massive Martyrs' Monument, near to which I observed, under a canvas awning, one who, from his age and occupation, vividly recalled the picture of Sir Walter Scott's Old Mortality—diligently retouching the epitaphs on the tomb-stones. The Church of St Michael's is large, and its interior fittings elaborate and tasteful. The Rev. Mr. Burnet, of Martintown, for some time assistant minister of this charge, and whose name is not yet forgotten in Dumfries, will no doubt recognize this singular inscription, which I copied from an old slab in the gallery of the church :

“The Ark the Church from final ruin saved  
When God on sinners' head the Deluge laved;  
And tho' by virtue of this art of ours  
Proud Babel lifted up her lofty towers,  
Again it Solomon's glorious temple built,  
Where God, the vast creation's framer, dwelt.  
Jesus, our Chief, the fabric since renewed,  
When on the cursed tree His blest head he bowed  
His blood the shattered works of God together  
glued.”

“It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!” The train that was to take me hence was three-quarters of an hour behind time. As I passed to and fro on the platform of the station, which seems planted in the middle of an extensive and well kept nursery garden, with flower beds running down to the very rails, I passed and repassed many times a thoughtful looking man of small stature, who walked rapidly up and down, looked at nobody, and spoke to nobody. I scanned him closely, and while inwardly trying to take his mental measure, he seemed to expand, until it somehow flashed upon me that it might be the greatest of modern Scottish preachers, Dr. Caird, whom once, many years ago, I had seen in the pulpit of Glasgow Cathedral. Is it he? I ventured to ask the question, found that it