

that six horses were required to drag the steamer over the obstruction and tolls were collected accordingly. Owing to the strain on the machines thus induced the boiler of one of the coaches became displaced or injured, and exploded with great violence at the Three-mile house, causing instant death to several passengers and serious injury to others. A large crowd soon gathered at the scene of the disaster. Hearing of it I ran to the place and surveyed the ghastly spectacle of the dead and wounded which left an indellible impression on memory. I afterwards learned that a Paisley boy six years my junior did the same. Strange to say, that boy, of whom I knew nothing at the time of the accident, was to become my intimate friend years later, and far away. This was William Snodgrass, who came to Canada twenty years after this occurrence and eventually became the Principal of Queen's College at Kingston. Often since then have we spoken of the singular circumstances in which we first met.

In 1901, just 70 years after our first acquaintance with Govan, I visited the place to see if perchance there still remained aught to recall my boyhood days. After diligent search I discovered the old family mansion in the last stage of decay. An acre or two of waste land about it was all that remained of a 25 acre farm, and on a large board it was announced that the lands of Middleton were for sale. Beyond that there was not another recognisable feature of the old time Govan. The march of improvements and city enlargement had made a clean sweep of all that was dear to me in memory. The quiet rural village had become a constituent district of the great City of Glasgow and electric tram-cars coursed along spacious streets lined with fine shops. The green fields had given place to terraces and crescents and long rows of lofty houses and municipal public buildings. The population of the old time parish including Partick had increased from 4000 to 350,000. The church and manse of Dr. Leishman's time had gone. The graveyard survived with one or two of the old trees standing like sentinels to guard the tombs of the dead. A splendid new church of large dimensions, a cathedral it might almost be called, had taken the place of the modest village kirk, and a handsome new