

some one may derive a lesson from it. Of a sudden, the engine bell rang, and the ponderous machinery stopped short. The sea had suddenly become white. Was it ice? No. Evidently the cautious captain had been deceived for once in his life. It proved to be only schools of fish—herring probably—disporting themselves on the surface of the water, and causing such an effulgent phosphorescent illumination of the sea as is seldom seen. It spread over areas of many acres, and had all the appearance of masses of field ice precisely where such danger was to be apprehended. Captain Wylie, who was on the bridge at the time, may have inwardly laughed at his mistake, yet he taught us a lesson, if indeed he did not preach a good nautical sermon. After leaving Merville we groped our way down the channel in a dense fog. That utmost caution is needed in such a case is admitted on all hands; but what risks will some mariners run to gain a few hours! That same night, within a few miles of us, a fine ship of the Anchor Line went on the rocks and became a total wreck! How like the fate of many on the great ocean of life—almost saved, yet lost.

By the old town of Chester, with its grand cathedral, and ancient walls, and curious "rows" of overhanging houses, and well-defined traces of Roman occupancy, we pass into beautiful Wales, and catch the first inspiration arising from renewed contact with the scenes and sounds of the dear old land of hill and dale and wooded copse, and fragrant hedgerows, and hear again the song of the mavis and the plaintive note of the cuckoo. It is fine. But we are not in Scotland yet. The most direct route thither is *via* the border town of Carlisle, a place of many attractions, too. Here the Rev. James Mackie, sometime assistant minister of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, is minister of the National Scotch Church congregation—for there are still a few Presbyterians south of the Tweed who, as we venture to think, from a mistaken idea of loyalty to sentiment, have not yet cast in their lot with their brethren of the Presbyterian Church of England. From small beginnings, however, Mr. Mackie has gathered about him a large congregation, who think none the less of their pastor that to his other accomplishments he has added some experience of colonial life and work. Indeed I think that many of the young ministers of Scotland might, with advantage to themselves, take an extra session in some of our Canadian colleges, and a year or two of work in some of our mission fields. Passing on to Glasgow, you traverse a well-tilled and fertile country, and cannot help being struck with the tidiness of the farm steadings and the mathematical exactness of

the lines drawn by skilled ploughmen, whose motto seems to be that whatever is worth doing should be well done. You may not find much to interest you in Glasgow, but its various industries are on a large scale. You ought, at least, to visit the shrine of "St. Mungo"—the finest cathedral in Scotland—and the new College, and if you have a taste for mechanics, the birthplace of the *Parisian*. Go to Edinburgh. Walk about it and tell its towers. Every point of view will disclose fresh charms—the Castle Hill, the Colton Hill, Arthur's seat, the Princes street gardens; its churches, hospitals, schools and colleges; its three great Assembly Halls. If you should see nothing else in Scotland, see Edinburgh. Every step you take in it will bring to your mind associations that will do you good. You may come in contact with some of the master-minds of the day; at any rate, you cannot fail to be refreshed by memories of many who have left their mark on the pages of history, and whose names have been to you as household words. "Doon the water," in the West of Scotland, means, along the shores of Clyde. I do not suppose that anywhere in this world you will find such a combination of beauty and grandeur as in these summer resorts of hundreds of thousands of Scottish people. At one of the most romantic points, on the Gareloch, I was agreeably surprised to meet one of our Canadian ministers, the Rev. Charles Tanner, in the very act, as I believe, of interviewing a canny Scot with a view to obtaining a subscription from him towards the funds of our Board of French Evangelization. The following item of his experience in connection with his canvass, if it is a digression, is too good to be omitted. In a certain village he had called upon an invalid, who had been confined to his home for years, and received from him his customary contribution of five pounds for our French work. Next day he preached in the parish church, and at the close of his sermon gave a full account of the mission. On retiring to the vestry a letter was put into his hands. It was from the invalid friend, who, by means of the telephone, had heard in his chamber every word that was said in the pulpit, and who now sent, in addition, *ten pounds* as an expression of his satisfaction with the statements that had been made. From other quarters I was glad to learn that Mr. Tanner's mode of presenting this subject to the British public has been eminently judicious and satisfactory. We spent a delightful hour at the manse of Dunoon. What a lovely place it is! The Rev. John Cameron is the parish minister. He is a Nova Scotian by birth, and for some years was minister of Dundee, in the Presbytery of Montreal. His church, which is