

swearing by High Heaven to do to him and all who were against them, as they had done to them. Bigots, forsooth! But for such men, where had been Presbyterianism to-day?

We are going to *Penpont*, in Dumfriesshire, in response to an invitation from the parish minister, the Rev. Andrew Paton, known to most of my readers as the assistant minister of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, for five years, from 1864 to 1869. Alighting at the station of Thornhill, I found an omnibus in waiting, which set me down at the gate of one of the sweetest manses in Scotland, just at "the gloamin'." I have a distinct recollection of that avenue, shaded with rodedendrons and laurels and bay-trees; of the large, well-finished, elegantly furnished manse; of the entrance porch, covered with its beautiful evergreen creeper; of the stately new Gothic Church close by, with its tall stone steeple; of the view from the sloping terrace in front, with the River Scarr winding round the wide amphitheatre of hills, rolling its swollen tributary flood towards the Nith; and, notably, of yonder "bonnie" Maxwellton braes, "where early fa's the dew." The quiet beauty of the scene is not to be forgotten. Nor do I forget the warm grasp of the minister's hand, nor those eyes lighted up with friendly recognition. How we talked!—regardless of the sma' hours—of dear old Scotia, of "dear Norman," of Canada and Canadians, and of Rome, too, where my friend had spent the past winter as chaplain. Next morning we made an early call on the neighbouring minister, Mr. Jardine, of Kier, who has also a lovely manse, a mile off. Altogether, the parish and its surroundings are attractive beyond most of the rural parishes of Scotland. It is twelve miles long, the whole population being about 1,350. The parish church is well supported, having 250 communicants. The stipend is "seventeen chalders," which being interpreted, means about \$1,500 of our money. The Presbytery of Penpont comprises ten parishes, all save one under the patronage of the Duke of Buccleuch. The ministers are nearly all young men, who maintain an *esprit du corps* by fre-

quent friendly intercourse with one another, and I may as well say here, what I feel bound to say before I close, that the young Ministers of the Church of Scotland are nobly doing her work, and that the thing that used to be called "moderation" is not to be found amongst them.

The lion of Dumfriesshire is Drumlanrig Castle, in this immediate vicinity. It is the principal seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, and one of the noblest residences in Scotland. The castle is two hundred years old, a huge square pile of Norman architecture, surmounted by turrets, domes and minarets. It is approached by a broad avenue, lined with grand old trees, and surrounded by a park of 2,000 acres of green sward, in which herds of polled Angus cattle and wild West Highlanders roam at will among pheasants and partridges and other game, as tame as barn-door fowls. The number of people employed on the estate is in keeping with ducal rank and wealth. Here is the chief gardener's Elizabethan villa; there, the factor's mansion, the architect's house, the gamekeeper's lodge. Yonder, is a cluster of workshops and the humbler dwellings of the labourers, detachments of whom are seen mowing broad passages through the pastures, where noble ladies may walk without wetting their delicate feet with dew, or drive in their barouche, or ride on horseback as it shall please them to do. Everywhere preparations are being pushed on for the daily expected return of "the family" from London. Just fancy the time and money that must be expended every time the Ducal retinue comes to spend a couple of months in Scotland—and that is once a year! For months, perhaps, the Castle resounds with the clatter of artificers' hammers. Carpets are relaid, hangings re-hung, old pictures are uncovered, old wainscoting re-polished, the lawns are shaven—everything, outdoors and in, put into apple-pie order. A special train must be engaged for these seven or eight souls, accompanied by their seventy retainers—butlers, bakers, coachmen, lady's maids, cooks, grooms, valets; what not? Added to these, the permanent staff at the castle, and, say, two score of