

Our Contributors.

SOME FURTHER HINTS ON HOLIDAYS.

BY KNOXIAN.

There was an American citizen in this country some years ago who said he passed safely through the American war by keeping one principle steadily before his mind. The principle that saved him in many battles was, "One live coward is worth more to the nation than ten dead heroes." Steadfast adherence to this principle kept him out of danger. There is nothing like being guided by a principle of some kind. In travelling the guiding principle many adopt is

BE SELFISH.

In our last paper we left our tourist at the railway station. He was gathering his traps and getting ready to go to his hotel. Now see how you—if you are that tourist—can apply this principle:

Get into the 'bus.
Spread yourself out as much as possible.
Don't sit close to the next passenger. That would make room.

Lay your grip-sack on the seat.
Put your overcoat down on the seat opposite.
Make room for nobody.
Complain if the 'bus goes fast.
Complain if it goes slow.

IN THE HOTEL.

Now you are in your hotel. There is a fine field for operations here. Be selfish. Develop the "hog." Begin work the moment you enter. Begin in this way: Insist that the clerk wait upon you first. Of course there may be a score of other people, but what of that? Have we not Apostolic authority—"Let each esteem himself better than others"? Now go on.

Ask the best room.
Complain if you can't get the best room.
Expect a room on the first floor at the same figures as one in the garret.
Storm if you don't get it.
Threaten to go to some other house.
Threaten to write to the newspapers.
Make a fuss generally.

Now you have your room and the boy comes along to carry up your baggage. Order him around as if he were an inferior animal. What is the use in a man going on a "tower" if he cannot indulge in the luxury of ordering a boy? If you can't "boss" somebody you might as well be at home. Around home, where you are not anybody in particular, the people never allow you to "boss" them. Now's your time. Improve your opportunity. Scold the boy. Boys have no friends. Perhaps the boy is earning money to support a widowed mother. Possibly he has neither father, mother nor friend. What of that? Away from home you must put on airs and be somebody, and one of the few things you can do to attract attention is to abuse that boy.

Now you are in your room.
Complain about the air.
Complain about the carpet.
Complain about the bed.
Complain about the looking-glass.
Complain about the wash-stand.
Complain about everything.
Having complained about everything, now turn and scold the boy. Of course he furnished the room. He is responsible, and ought to be blamed if things are not exactly right. It is much safer to scold the boy than scold a larger person. If you spoke to the landlord as you speak to the boy he might take you to the door and give you a new start in life. You might experience the expulsive power, not of a new affection but of an entirely different kind of force.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

The bell rings for tea. Now is your golden opportunity. A man who cannot find fault with his meals can never gain distinction as a traveller of a certain kind. The kind is none of the best. Now begin. If the waiter shows you to one table always say you want to sit at some other one. What is the use in a man going on a "tower" if he can't worry the waiters. You have to wait on yourself at home, so make the most of the opportunity and order waiters around when you have a chance. Having made trouble about your table, now proceed to find fault with everything on the table.

Complain about the meat.
And about the bread.
And about the potatoes.
And about the tea.
Complain about everything on the table.
Order the waiters in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the whole room.
Eat with your knife.
Pick your teeth with your fork.

When you leave the dining room and come out into the hall or office, be sure to pose as a distinguished person. If you can find anybody foolish enough to listen, bore him with stories about your travels, the number of places you have visited, the number of distinguished people you have met, and all that sort of thing. As you tell these stories don't allow the hatchet incident related of the youthful Washington to trouble you.

ANOTHER FINE OPPORTUNITY.

There are few places in which one can display selfishness

in a more odious form than on a crowded steamboat. A few general hints on this field of operations must suffice.

When you go on board always fight for the best stateroom, and grumble during the whole trip if you don't get it.

When you enter the dining room try and push yourself as near the head of the table as you can. The captain may not ask you to sit beside him, but force yourself on him.

Try and attract attention by shouting at the waiters, talking loud and making yourself a nuisance generally.

Find fault with everything and everybody. Be disagreeable. Be selfish. Take for granted that every railway, every steamboat, every hotel in the country, was built for your special benefit.

By keeping these few instructions steadily before your mind, if you do not enjoy your own holiday you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have kept a number of other people from enjoying theirs.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D. SC., OF KNOX CHURCH, OWEN SOUND.

FROM EDINBURGH TO DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, GLASGOW, PAISLEY—THE LOVELY KYLES OF BUTE—A SABBATH IN THE HIGHLANDS—THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS—REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

Aberdeen is an elegant and well-built city, and from the materials employed, consisting chiefly of light grey native granite, is called

THE GRANITE CITY.

Several important additions have been made of late to the public edifices in the principal thoroughfares, and by the erection of these buildings the somewhat monotonous and unbroken uniformity of outline which characterized Union Street has been considerably relieved by the introduction of less massive and more ornate architectural features. The principal statues in the city are those of the late Duke of Gordon—died 1836—in grey granite, ten feet high; Queen Victoria, in white Sicilian marble; Prince Albert, bronze, natural size, sitting posture; and a curious rough stone figure, of unknown date, to Sir William Wallace.

In addition to these a life-size bronze statue of General Gordon, standing on a granite pedestal, ten feet in height, has recently been placed at the archway leading to Gordon College. It bears the following inscription:—

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, R.E., C.B.

Major-General. Born 26th January, 1833.

Fell in his country's service at Khartoum, January, 1885.

Dedicated to his memory by members of the Gordon Clan.

"I have done my best for the honour of our country."

Khartoum, Dec. 14, 1884.

Old Machar Cathedral is an interesting relic of antiquity. It was commenced about the year 1357, occupied nearly 170 years in building, and did not remain entire fifty years. What is still left is the oldest part, viz.: the nave and side aisles, 126 feet long and 62 feet broad, now used as the parish Church. It is chiefly built of out-layer granite stone, and, while the plainest Scottish cathedral, is the only one of granite in the kingdom. On the flat, pannelled ceiling of the nave are forty-eight heraldic shields of the princes, nobles and bishops who aided in its erection.

There are many delightful walks and drives in Aberdeen and vicinity. Allan Vale and Nellfield Cemeteries are beautifully kept, and well repay a visit.

DUTHIE PARK.

This beautiful park, the gift of Miss Duthie, was opened by the Princess Beatrice in October, 1883, and contributes greatly to the health and recreation of the city. The Queen passed through Aberdeen during our visit there. After receiving an address of welcome from the town council, she immediately went on by special train to Ballater, and thence drove to Balmoral. Sabbath, the second of November, 1873, was a memorable day in Scotland and in Britain. Then the daughter of a hundred kings—many of whom were papists and persecutors—the head of the Church of England—a Church on which, as on England itself, the sun never sets—partook for the first time of the communion at the table of the Scottish Church, and would, we believe had occasion served, have done the same at any evangelical table throughout her vast dominions. Surely it was an era in the history of the British Churches. Here was free communion stamped with royal patent and sanctioned by royal example! Here was a rehearsal of that better time when the Lord shall be one and His name one throughout the earth, and when, if universal incorporation be but a dream, yet universal charity and fraternity shall prevail as a reality—a rehearsal not the less impressive because made by the banks of the ever-murmuring Dee and under the shadow of the giant mountains of Braemar. And if it be asked what moved our noble Sovereign to such an action, if Englishmen say, and say justly, it was the influence of Dean Stanley, Scotchmen may add "aided by the kindred power of the late Norman MacLeod and of Dr. John Caird!" These men stood in the midst of their contemporaries

Like some tall cliff that lifts its reverend form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head!

THE SCENERY OF DEESIDE.

The scenery of Deeside has very distinctive features. Like the glens we met in the Western Highlands, always open, often narrow and closed in by mountains that overhang the path, Deeside has a princely width and shows its stern forces piled away in a background "so near, yet so far" as to enable you to measure the sublimity of its vast ranges of peak and precipice. From Ballater to Braemar every turn of the road brings some fresh surprise. The lower hills rise in massive groups, here clothed with pine and birch, and there presenting sheets of gloriously empurpled heather. Granite boulders lie tossed about the hillsides or are piled over level tracts, as if there once had been a battle of the giants. Even the hills in the foreground are as a rampart guarding the great solitudes which rise to the snow-clad precipices of Locknagar, and the long waving line of the monarchs who lift their crests into far depths of sky. There is a crisp freshness in the air like that of early morning upon the Alps. It is a delight to breathe it. You fill your lungs with it as a thirsty man would drink from a clear spring. The atmosphere is pure as the cloudless heaven, and the breeze, laden with the scent of the pine or with the sweet breath of the birch, is at once soothing and exhilarating. The colouring is marvellous. In August there is a glow of heather everywhere, except where the deep green of the pine woods—half-concealing, half-revealing the metallic lustre of the stems—spreads its rich darkness on the lower hills, or where the birch hangs its feathery tresses of quivering leaves. In later autumns the scene assumes another aspect. The mountains are clothed with brown, and the birches, touched by the early frost, turn into every tint from that of flaming fire to palest gold, from the glow of russet to the yellow of the daffodil. It is scarcely a matter of surprise that our gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, makes this her favourite retreat from the excitement and pageantry of Court life.

From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides!

GLASGOW, THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL.

"Business! What do the prideful Edinburgh bodies know about real business?" Such was the question Sir Walter Scott put into the mouth of the redoubtable Bailie Nicol Jarvie in his novel "Rob Roy," and could his honour come to life again, he would, no doubt, ask the same question now were the superiority of Glasgow to Edinburgh to be in the least impugned. The old order changeth. Glasgow has progressed in these one hundred years almost beyond belief. From being an unimportant provincial town, it has become a city larger than Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen combined. It claims to be second city of the empire, and it will never rest until it has made good that claim against its great rival, Liverpool.

Glasgow is the world's greatest ship-building yard; its ship-builders and engineers are known everywhere; its ships are on every sea. Its trade with the Continent, and particularly with the United States and the Colonies, is most extensive. It sends—for Lanarkshire is a very rich mineral country—its coal, iron, and steel to the four quarters of the globe. It makes all kinds of machinery, and has an important trade in food supplies and articles of dress. In short, it is a universal provider.

We wish we could find space to speak of the palatial buildings, or draw for you a picture of the throng in Argyle Street at noon, or take you over the Exchange between three and four in the afternoon, or inspect some of the works, or in a quiet hour visit the Cathedral (you know what Andrew Fair-service said about it), or peep into the Mitchell Library after dusk. Then again, it would be pleasant to visit the splendid new university at Gilmorehill, and to take a turn up Sauchiehall Street and a stroll into the West-End Park, and last but not least, to see the great river that has made Glasgow what it is. Of course, too, we should like to tell you something about John Elder, James Nasmyth, Henry Glassford Bell, Sir Archibald Alison, Norman Macleod, Principal Caird, John Buchanan Lang, Profs. Henry Drummond and Marcus Dods, and the other great men connected with the city. But all these themes would, as St John says, fill so many volumes that the world would not be able to contain them.

We were not a little disappointed in not hearing some of the great preachers of Glasgow. We had on our list Dr. James Stalker, author of "Imago Christi," Dr. John Marshall Lang, and last but not least, Principal Caird. But the fates were against us; we were there at the wrong season; they had gone into a desert place to rest a while. It was our privilege while in the Kyles of Bute to meet Prof. Edward Caird, the principal's brother. Philosophy is his subject in Glasgow University. Principal Caird has been a long time in Glasgow; in 1858 he removed there and has continued there ever since. After some years of great popularity as a preacher there, he resigned his charge, and became a professor of the theology. In this new sphere he has won fresh and verdant laurels. We have been privileged to read very copious notes of his theological lectures, taken down by one of his students, and were delighted not only with the ability and learning, but still more with the exceeding candour and sweetness of the judgment he pronounces on divers theories and opinions. Of prejudice and *odium theologicum* he seemed absolutely devoid. Holding his own mild and moderate evangelical convictions firmly and faithfully, he has yet the amplest charity for those who differ from him, and remembers always that he sits in the professor's chair, not as an advo-