

as her memory was cherished by the poet when he was alive.

It is a sight to which Greenock can take visitors, assured that they will not readily forget.

The sun had passed the meridian by a few hours, the shadows were lengthening, not a cloud was to be seen in the clear blue, the kirkyard bathed in sun-light and perfectly beautiful, such were the favorable conditions under which we saw and left the quiet resting-place of Highland Mary.

How much "Mary" did for Robbie Burns! She took him to a higher plane than he ever reached before, and held him there. Blessed Highland Mary. And how much has Robbie Burns done for the human race by his meeting with the lovely Celtic maiden?

Greenock has a great trust committed to it, and it is kept in the kirkyard of Old West Kirk, a kirk which for more than a hundred years was the only church in Greenock, and may be a pre-Reformation kirk.

In the disused kirkyard of the Old West Kirk is the grave of "Highland Mary," with an elaborate sculpture by Mossman. The grave is marked by a large, monumental slab, and adorned with a well carved group in low relief, representing the parting of the lovers, surmounted by a figure of Grief. The monument bears the name of "Mary," and under the figures are the two lines:

Oh! Mary, dear, departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?

The monument was erected in 1842, by public subscription and is surrounded by a railing, enclosing a small piece of ground, which has been decorated by flowers and plants loved and sang of by the poet. The kirkyard is the charge of Greenock Burns' Club.

Must not attempt to tell about the beauties seen on the way from Greenock to Tarbet, on Loch Fyne. These beauties and heart-moving scenes were not unexpected and, therefore, are excluded from our notes. A few of the names of places will be given, and they will be sufficient for the knowing ones: Dunbarton Castle, Dunoon, Rothesay, Colintrave, Kyles of Bute, Tighnabruaich.

Slept in Tarbet, and in the morning had "inter alia," herrings, for breakfast, which a country man, and evidently a judge of herrings, who kindly acted as divider amongst us, pronounced as "na sae bad," in answer to a question from his companion.

The coach from Campbelltown, 38 miles away, we found would not be in till noon, and, as our first resting point was only 12 miles from us, we decided to walk. And walk we did, on the King's highway.

Twelve miles on foot through the Highlands of Scotland, on the King's Highway, in sunshine most brilliant, fanned by a breeze as soft and gentle as he ever could wish; cheered by an occasional glint of the blue sea, Highland cattle here and there, also flocks of sheep, haymakers, keepers of hunting-lodges, etc., etc. Such was our lot on that August morning.

Clachan, Kintyre, under Tarbet, Loch Fyne, was our home for a week. We had not seen it for more than fifty years. Then Kintyre was full of people; every farm had a tenant and work people; now it is all given up to raising sheep and cattle.

Standing on the top of the Dun, some 350 feet above sea-level, from which the adjacent farms can be seen for some distance round, I directed the attention of my companion, who kindly came with me