

Windsor Castle comes away satisfied that our Queen has a very good house to live in.

It's a long leap from Windsor to Edinburgh, but, if we are to see Ireland to-night long strides will be necessary, and there must be few stopping-places by the way. Edinburgh is a beautiful city—it would be wrong to say more beautiful than Paris, but for its size it will compare favourably even with Paris.

Its natural advantages are great, built, as it is, on ridges that slope up into lofty hills, like the Castle Hill on one side and Calton Hill on the other. The streets, too, are wide and well laid out, kept in good order, and clean, while the stores are solid-looking stone buildings. Between Calton Hill and the Castle there is a ravine which is kept as a public garden, and as, from either hill, you have this continually under your eye, you must of necessity be always looking at something attractive. Princes Street, the principal street of the city, is built only on one side; the other side is a terrace overlooking these gardens, and on this terrace, with much taste, they have erected their monuments to Scotland's great men—Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Allan Ramsay, and others.

Of course, I am speaking now of the New Town. The Old Town, which is reached by crossing this ravine, and which is built on a ridge that extends from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, is something very different. Some of the houses are ten storeys high. Some of the lanes are not more than four feet wide, and, as these are crowded with tenement houses, it would be better, perhaps, not to attempt any description of the sights, sounds and odours that are presented to the different senses as we make our way as rapidly as possible to more inviting streets and courts.

St. Giles' Church, where John Knox preached, is in High Street, and his house stands on a bend of the same street, where it turns into the Cannongate, and leads down to Holyrood Palace, where Knox's Queen, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, lived in daily dread of her terrible subject, Knox. At the Chalmers' Memorial Church I had the pleasure of listening to a man whose sweet hymns we often sing, Dr. Horatio Bonar. He is a fine-looking old gentleman, and makes a good impression on you by his dignified appearance. He is slow in his delivery, but every word tells, and he never seems to waste a word, rather making his sentences abrupt, through a fear, one would think, of weakening what he had to say by a rounded phrase. Glasgow is distant from Edinburgh a little over forty miles by rail, and you can, if you like, make the journey in an hour; but to get to Glasgow through the Trossachs takes a whole day, and it is well worth the roundabout journey it gives you. I don't think that Scotchmen need leave their own country to see bold and romantic landscapes. The scenery coming through the Trossachs will compare very favourably even with Switzerland. It is a quieter style of beauty. The mountains are not so lofty, and the lakes are not so large, but they have a beauty of their own of which Scotchmen may well feel proud.

I may here say that the Trossachs is a district made famous as the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lakes," and thoroughly to enjoy the journey a fair knowledge of that poem is necessary. Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond are not as high as the mountains in Switzerland, but their shape and colour greatly help them. Heather in full bloom, when it covers a whole mountain side, is a sight worth seeing. Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, especially the latter, remind you very forcibly of the lakes you see from the top of the Rigi. But the whole route, from Edinburgh over the field of Bannockburn to Stirling, then on to Callendar, and through Roderick Dhu's country to Loch Katrine, thence by boat and stage to Invesnaid, where you take boat again on Loch Lomond, brings you through a district of romantic beauty and lands you in a city that will very soon take all the romance away.

Glasgow is very much larger than Edinburgh, built with the same kind of limestone. The streets are long, straight and wide, well paved, but not over clean. The traffic through the city is enormous, and the people seem intent only on making money. It seemed to me as I sailed down the Clyde to Greenock that Glasgow must be doing the whole carrying trade of the world! After leaving Greenock we get out to sea, and get into bed to wake up in the morning at Belfast.