

doubt the Jezebel who dogged his steps, and pulled him rudely by the sleeve or coat-tail as occasion offered, called him "her own," she was a tall, pale-faced, hateful looking creature; without eyebrows, which intensified her ill looks. Some portion of their luggage was amissing and "he was to blame for it; she knew it would be so; the muddling creature that he was!" How she dragged that poor man about from post to pillar, from the luggage van to the omnibus and back again to the van with unwomanly upbraidings and jesticulations! It was a caution. I could have choked her with complacency. But not so this good man. He was a genuine cross-bearer. That woman he evidently regarded as his appointed thorn, "the messenger of Satan to buffet him." Was it because of his bodily infirmities that he was thus held up to ridicule? Then, what stronger plea need we, that even in point of physique the standard-bearers of the Cross should be "picked men." Depend upon it, it is only one minister in a thousand, only such men as the Apostle Paul and Dr. McGregor of Edinburgh, that can afford to glory in their infirmities.

Any summer morning you may leave Glasgow at seven o'clock, Callander at nine, lunch at the Trossachs at one; by half-past two you may be on Lochlomond, and, if you like, you can return to Glasgow in time for an early dinner. You can do this for a few shillings. Hundreds do it daily. One should have travelled much before attributing to any given spot of this earth unequalled loveliness. This much may be said, however, in regard to the route in question, that it would be difficult to point to any other ten-hours-journey combining greater beauty and diversity of scenery. Add to this that it is haunted, so to speak, with the shades of Roderick Dhu and "Rob Roy McGregor, O;" and if there is a spark of the poetic element in your Scottish mind these scenes will fan it into a flame. We are just going to have a peep at this fairy land. At six o'clock in the morning we leave Perth; at a quarter before eight we find ourselves in an old town, so

quiet, you plainly hear the echo of your own foot-fall as you pace its narrow streets. The author of the Canadian boat song never saw St. Anne's, and neither did Tannahill this beautiful place that he has married in song to "*Sweet Jessie the flower of DUNBLANE.*" While breakfast was getting ready there was time to inspect the Cathedral—a very fine specimen of Gothic Architecture dating from the year 1240, that is to say it is six hundred and thirty-two years' old! Such monuments of by-gone days are unspeakably touching. You admire them as ruins, and yet would fain see them as they *were*. Well, you have both aspects here; for one half of the Cathedral of Dunblane is a grand roofless ruin, the other, in perfect preservation is now used as the parish church. The work of "restoration," which has been going on for years under Sir Gilbert Scott, is still in progress, and it makes one's heart swell with gratitude to observe the loving care of the Government for these venerable buildings which are thus being preserved for the interest and instruction of our children's children. Every now and then, as the work goes on, new features are being brought to light, disclosing gems of architecture that were either plastered over or hidden by stone and lime walls during the time of the Reformation to prevent their demolition by ruthless hands. By a winding staircase we mounted to the top of the Cathedral wall. So thick is it up here that we walked on it through an arched gallery the length and breadth of the building, the sides of it being pierced with clerestory windows through which you look down upon the graveyard on the one hand and the Cathedral floor on the the other. The great central tower, that stands as it were between the living and the dead, is the oldest part of the edifice. It belongs to three periods. Its base, of red sand stone, is supposed to date from the sixth century, and to have been built by the Culdees from Iona. Perhaps some of my readers will hardly believe this. I do. And more, that there are sermons in these old stones! The main body of the tower, as far the roof-