

all closed. Sympathy forbade a visit to any teacher during vacation. Found the old Grammar school of this ancient city in a fine, modern building. The school-yard is comparatively small which may be accounted for by the fact, that the school is in the heart of the city.

One beautiful forenoon (all the days were fine, during the four weeks we were in the Old Country) while sitting on Gilmore Hill, the site of the university, musing on the past and what vital influences Glasgow exerted upon us (Highlands) by its university and through the Macleods for three generations at least, two young men came to me and put the query: Can we see the Clyde? The natural answer, let us try, was given. We then experimented with the unaided eye, but not a glint of the busy Clyde could we see. The men turned out to be citizens of the U.S.A., one from Pennsylvania, the other from Kentucky. We took words and gloried in our original homeland.

It was my good fortune to visit one of the chief industries of Glasgow. The acting foreman was most obliging, took me over all the establishment, now some hundreds of years old, explaining fully their mode of work and the products. And while he was doing this I asked about prices and profits and in so doing touched a sore point. He informed me that their profits were very much reduced, almost nothing, and this is the case, said he, though we are most economical in saving and selling all by-products as well as improving our machinery. I asked for his explanation for this untoward state of affairs. His answer was that it is all owing to competition and chiefly to the competition from America; because while their productions are duty free into our country, they charge us such a high rate

for admission to their markets, that there is scarcely anything left for the manufacturers of Great Britain, and he added, very emphatically, "It is real mean of them. We will have to revise our manner of dealing with them."

Greenock, on the south bank of the Firth of Clyde and 22 miles nearer the sea than Glasgow, with which it is connected by two competing lines of railway, Greenock is the starting point for many who visit the Highlands and Western Isles. Those who wish to throw an ungenerous gibe at Greenock, say that it is always raining in Greenock. Untrue, this saying, for finer weather could not be than we had every time we were in the thriving town of Greenock.

In this age of industry and science, every one has heard and holds in honour the name of James Watt, the famous engineer. James Watt belongs to Greenock, and has been specially honoured in various ways by the citizens thereof.

The sweet singer of Israel has the rare distinction of having voiced for man, his sense of two of his deepest griefs: the loss of a companion and the loss of a son.

Every parent in the keenness of his sorrow, cries out almost instinctively in the words used by the Hebrew poet to give expression to the agony he endures at the loss of a son. The bard of Scotland has the unique honor of telling forth in equally felicitous terms the aching void felt by those who have lost one dear to them as their own soul.

Here lies all that is mortal of Mary, in one of the most attractive spots in Greenock, that quiet resting-place—where

"Mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that loved me dearly."

is held in reverence almost as great