

MY VISIT TO THE CHURCHES IN SCOTLAND.

No. 2.

I closed my last communication, on board the Great Eastern a few miles from Liverpool. The great ship dropped her anchor below the bar about 8 o'clock on the evening of Saturday the first of August. Though it was about eleven before any of the passengers were landed in Liverpool, I hastened to the Railway station and found that a train left for Kendal at half-past one on Sabbath morning. I reached the residence of my old friend and fellow student, Mr. Taylor, about six o'clock that same morning.

He gave me a cordial and hearty welcome to the old world. Brother Taylor has been pastor of the Church in Kendal for quite a number of years. He has done a good work for Christ and his cause in that locality. The Church has greatly increased under his ministry, and his people were under the necessity of enlarging the place of worship recently. I heard him preach two very excellent discourses. Being one of the Professors in the Theological Hall in Glasgow he left on the following day for that city. On the evening I gave a short address and presented the claims of Canada.

The next place which I visited on my way to Scotland was *Barnard Castle*.

It is an old romantic town. The scenery all around it is rich and beautiful. The river Tees runs through it. The ruins of the old Castle and Abbey tell us of departed glory and remind us of the fact that generation after generation pass away and are forgotten. I went up the River, crossed the Abbey bridge, came down the Yorkshire side, crossed the fairy bridge, went along the banks of the Greatta, and visited what is called Sir Walter Scott's Cave. It is situated in the grounds of Rokeby. Sir Walter is said to have written some of his well known works there. The whole scenery is certainly well fitted to charm all who love the beautiful in nature, and to wake up the poet's powers, as well as occupy the historian's pen. The friends which we visited in *Barnard Castle* were very kind, and we shall not soon forget the pleasure which we enjoyed.

I then went to New-Castle-upon-Tyne expecting to see the Rev. J. H. Rutherford; in this however I was disappointed as he was from home. New-Castle, as every one knows, is a large and very busy town. When we looked at the vast multitudes of coal pits all around this ancient place, and the multitudes of dirty, dingy, smoking furnaces that meet the eye every where, and the black appearance of the entire town, we thought that Old Castle instead of New-Castle would be a more appropriate designation.

Late in the evening of the same day I reached Falkirk, my birth place and where I spent the years of my boyhood. Mr. W. Gillies and his family gave me a most hearty welcome. Mrs. Gillies and myself being the only surviving members of the family, our meeting after more than fourteen years of separation was one of joy and affectionate greeting. O how blessed it must be to meet our dear friends in heaven never more to part!

On Friday morning I went to Glasgow, the largest and most important city in Scotland. It has grown considerably within the last fifteen