

still and deep, but when clear of the shadows of the great pass, it broadens before us in all its beauty, calm as a sheet of glass, mirroring sky and mountain." And when first embarked on its lovely waters our hearts respond to the hymn of praise to the bountiful Giver, who made the earth so beautiful for the use and delight of His creature man. Blue sky occasionally swept by windy shadows produce effects of light and shade, and, to quote from the poet Scott,

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

As we advance new beauties continually greet us. Mountains rise against the sky like ruined battlements, at whose feet white waters break in foam and spray. Here is a reach of white pebbly beach against which small boats are resting, and there a bright stream comes down with a leap and a rush as if impatient to lose itself in the bosom of the Loch. We pass Ellen's Isle, inseparably associated with Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," which, apart from this fiction, has an interest as the ancient asylum of women and children of the Scottish Clans, when their homes were ravished by pursuing enemies in those old days of wrong-doing, when the only law that prevailed in the Highlands was the law of might—"that they should take who have the power"—and they only could keep who were strong enough to defy oppression. This accounts for the many strongly built castles on high places, most of which are now in ruins.

Another coach ride through a bare and desolate country, the mountains covered by broken boulders, the intervening hollows filled by heathery moors low and damp, we come to Inversnaid, where there is a fine waterfall, the noise of whose rushing waters is heard after we embark on Loch Lomond, the "Queen of the Scottish lakes." Its length, twenty-one miles, width, varying from a-half to five miles. It is a mountain lake and lies completely cradled among high hills, its eastern

waters washing the base of the Grampians, which culminate in the huge mass of Ben Lomond."

The scenery is very beautiful, "like a fair inland sea surrounded by picturesque heights, differing widely in character. Toward the head of the Loch, majestic with thunder-smitten heads and precipitous descents, but as we near the southern end, the hills slope into gentle, rounded outlines, with broad, smooth meadows, leafy vales, and patches of dark, green woods. There are bold promontories which break up the waters into foaming eddies, and beautiful islands studding its bosom

"As quietly as spots of sky among the evening clouds."

Landing at Balloch and taking train, we bid farewell to the Loch and the far-off shadows of Ben Lomond, 3,193 feet above the sea. Ben Ledi, Ben A'an, Ben Venue and other giants, pass the castled hill of Dornbarton, which is closely connected with the story of "Mary, Queen of Scots," and, reaching the river Clyde, with its ship-studded shores, steam into the city of Glasgow, the commercial and industrial capital of Scotland. This is the second city in the kingdom, and its water supply is derived from Loch Katrine.

There is a fine square, with statues of eminent men, and fine public buildings, its streets are wide and cleanly, and we enjoy our two day's stay. Here, also, we find a Friends' meeting-house in a quiet court, attending the mid-week meeting, which is larger than usual on account of the presence of an eminent minister, and we felt it was a good meeting.

From Glasgow we reach Kilmarnock in the "land of Burns," make an excursion to Ayr, where there is a monument to the Ayrshire ploughman and poet, down by the river Doon, which ripples peacefully by.

"Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine."

It is spanned by the old "Brig