

pier every day, and carry you to all points on the Firth for a small charge. The view from our "apartments" is very fine. The river is here four or five miles wide, bounded on the south by the Renfrewshire hills and on the north by the mountains of Argyllshire. On the further side we can see the fashionable resorts of Innerkip and Wemyss Bay. On this side the whole shore is a continuous line of beauty as far as Innellan and Toward. The drive along the margin of the sea is most romantic, the road being studded with a succession of villas, and mansions of every conceivable style of architecture, embowered in clumps of the richest foliage and adorned with flowering shrubs of every hue—the rhododendron, the laburnum, the white and yellow broom, and the crimson hawthorn being in full blow at present. Then the days are so long. We can see to read a newspaper out of doors at ten o'clock at night, and up to that hour we listen to the song of the blackbird and mavis, we frequently hear the cornkraik and the peesweep, but as yet I have only once heard the plaintive note of the cuckoo. I do not like to say anything disrespectful of the weather, but we have only had one fine day since we came to this place. Maybe it will tak a thocht and mend; in the meantime we draw our chair up to the blazing fire and feel unspeakably thankful that we have had even that one day.

Dunoon is one of the oldest of the summer resorts on the Clyde, with the single exception of Rothesay; in point of situation it is unrivalled. It has the advantage of Rothesay in being more convenient of access. Apart from the everlasting hills which lie at its back, the most marked features of the place are the Castle Hill and the parish church. The former, rising in conical shape from the lip of the water, is crowned with the remains of an ancient castle reminding you on a small scale of some of the headlands of the Rhine. The view from the top of this hill is very fine, and the history of the locality centres in this old heap of rubbish, once "the capital castle of the lordship of Cowal, and in more recent times one of the royal castles of Scotland." It was long the family seat of the Lamonts, but the clan and even the name is almost extinct now in this neighbourhood. They were dispossessed by the Argylls after the manner of Highlanders—by dirk and claymore,

and now the Argylls have in their turn disappeared and given place to the *Sassenachs*. They don't own a foot of land in the parish although one of the present Duke's hereditary titles is "Keeper of the Castle of Dunoon." The modern castle adjoining the old site is a handsome marine villa occupied by Mr. Gilchrist, sr., partner of the famous shipbuilding firm of Barclay and Curle.

The population of Dunoon is about 6,000 and that of the parish upwards of 8,000. There are four Presbyterian churches in the town—the Parish Church, the Free Church, the U. P. and the Free Gaelic. Besides these there are two Episcopal Churches—Scotch and English—a patent illustration of dissent within dissent. Although Presbyterian division exists here in the mildest form, one cannot help wishing that the brethren could all see eye to eye, as they will one day. There is a Baptist Church also, but neither Methodist nor Congregational; neither of these bodies, elsewhere so aggressive, having much foothold in Scotland. The parish minister is the Rev. John Cameron, D.D., a native of Pictou, N. S., who commenced his ministry at Dundee in the Presbytery of Montreal. He was appointed minister of the Lowland parish of Campbellton in 1864, and has now been twelve years in Dunoon. His church is seated for 1,000 and there are over 700 communicants on the roll. Although a proficient in the Gaelic tongue, Dr. Cameron has ceased to preach in that language since he left Canada. That looks as if the Gaelic were dying out in Scotland, for the people of Argyllshire were at a time, not very remote, entirely Celtic. The Free Church is a splendid building in the centre of the town, quite like a cathedral. The U. P. Church, less pretentious, is also a handsome edifice erected in 1875. The "Manse" of Scotland are a peculiar feature of the country, many of them are very handsome, and all of them have an air of taste and comfort. Those in Dunoon belong to the first class. The glebe attached to the parish manse covers eighteen acres in the centre of the town, and is becoming very valuable for feuing purposes, the revenues derived from it bringing up the stipend to some \$3,500. There are sixteen parishes in the Presbytery, besides four Chapels of Ease, the ministers of which, though ordained, have not a seat in Presbytery—I speak of the Established