

noekburn, and mark the position of the meeting hosts, and recall Burns's "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled"—the finest war-song ever written; breathing such fiery valour in every line—the ring of the broad-sword and battle-axe in every word. Of course Scotchmen cherish the memory of Bannockburn proudly—as well they may. It is on record that a splenetic Englishman once remarked to a sturdy Scot that "no man of taste or sense would think of remaining any time in such a wretched country as Scotland." The reply of Sandy was rather grim:—"Tastes differ," he said. "I'se tak' ye to a place no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha'e been for five hunder years, an' they've nae thoct o' leavin' yet!"

A short excursion to the Trosachs and Loch Lomond deserves a passing notice. Leaving Edinburgh in the morning, I found myself in the evening gazing from an eminence on the quiet waters of Loch Katrine, famous as the scene of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. In another way Katrine has been of late rendered famous. Science has utilized its pelucid waters, without in the least marring its beauties. This lake now supplies the great city of Glasgow with water. Through a most difficult mountainous country, the water is conveyed a distance of 36 miles; and thus the toiling thousands of Glasgow are drinking the pure, sweet waters of this Highland Lake. These water-works are among the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Embarking in a small steamer, you traverse the entire length of Loch Katrine, revelling in its loveliness—Ben A'an and Ben Venue towering aloft. Ellen's Isle is passed, where the Lady of the Lake first encountered Fitz James. Scott has thrown the magic spell of his genius over the whole scene, and made it all hallowed ground. On landing at the extremity of the Lake, a drive of five miles takes you to Inversnaid, on the shore of Loch Lomond. On the road you pass the original residence of the renowned freebooter, Rob Roy. His haunts are all around, for this is the Macgregor country. I feel how utterly inadequate are my poor words to convey any idea of the marvellous beauties of Loch Lomond. To form a proper conception of these you must visit it, and float on its bright bosom for half a summer's day, as I did, when there is not a cloud in the sky, and then a mental picture of the lovely scene is obtained which will remain for life. The full vision of its majestic beauty acts like a charm in imparting a deep feeling of serenity. The consciousness of being in contact with some of the loveliest and grandest of the Creator's works, lifts the soul to higher levels, and produces a holy calm. Every mile of progress reveals new miracles of beauty, as the green islands, long promontories, bright emerald shores flash into view. Towering majestic over the scene is Ben Lomond, with its broad shoulders and lofty summit, the monarch of the whole.

Some of the Highland names of localities here are pretty and expressive—such as Ben Venue, Ben Voirlich, Rowardennan, and Inversnaid, where Wordsworth saw the pretty Highland maid whom he has rendered immortal. Others of these Highland appellations are, however, quite enough to dislocate the jaws of a Saxon, in his efforts to pronounce them. Here are two or three specimens: Ardeheanachrochan, Crianlarich, Stronachlocher, Ballachulish, Sligachan. Only a Highlander can give them the proper intonation.