

## FROM LONELAND

recall what we have never known; and even a short visit to the world's capital packs an upper shelf full of facts to be taken down and conned over at another time. Such a hurried run about the city, is only a dumping in of the pirns for future weaving. What kind of cloth appears, depends on how we manage the bobbins. Ill-winded pirns are a sair trachle; but maybe we'll tell ye some ither day how they came oot in this case.

Ho, for Auld Reekie, the modern Athens! What family relation there is between reek and Greek has not been told. Maybe it is because both bring a blear to the eye and a sniff to the nose. Or what is more likely: one refers to the educational, and the other to the industrial side of the Scottish Capital. There's Sandy the stoker lad and Tam that's tae be the minister; both are at the furnace mouth—one shovelling in coal and the other learning. When they finish, each will have his own black trade-mark; and who can tell which will bless the world more—the reek that comes from the funnel or that from the lum-hat?

The Auld Toon, the New Toon, the Castle, St. Giles, Princess Street, Sir Walter's monument, the Gardens, and what not; all invite long and close examination. John Knox' house, too, reminds us of the man, and captures the student of Church history.

For one who can be content with a life of ease, or do-as-you-please, Edinburgh offers many attractions; but it is not to be thought of as a paradise.