

them, to "rise up and call her blessed." from personal narration of a catastrophe Their tender consideration for her, from witnessed, or as having taken place in the least to the greatest, had a touch of one's immediate vicinity, the events of chivalry in it, and I always consider that winter night, with that wild ele- that privileged fireside interview, gener- mental strife. Almost within stone's ously set apart from all other visitors, throw of them, while the family were on as sacred to friendship. In her I was their knees at evening prayer, amid the constantly reminded of the description howling wind and the frenzied waves, given of "Lady Christian," and felt that that bridge went down, with its freight "to see the raiment of her life about of human life, without a survivor to tell her, one should see the way she has the tale, or the possibility of help or made the body and vesture of her home; hope from either shore. In the morn- the sweet attitude in which she stands ing, the first realization the family had with mother, children and friends; the of the mournful tragedy was the awful moral and spiritual grouping, and all in absence of the familiar structure span- the light of the shining of God's face ning the Tay from shore to shore. A upon his heaven; a heaven that lies here dread blank, that needed no words of and there in hearts and households and explanation—of import too significant societies, not only where the kingdom to require it.

has begun to come," but wherever she may aid it to enter.

The tie which binds those who mourn the same dead is greater than that which unites those who love the same living. The family residence, one and one-half miles out from town, is approached by a long avenue, and is surrounded by extensive grounds. It is of gray stone, and in its solidity, its heraldic carvings, its arched passages and massive walls, four or five feet in thickness, looks like a house with a history; and it has one, in so far that it is over four hundred years old, and once harbored, for a time, Prince Charlie, who planted the gnarled and twisted oak tree, which one sees from the drawing-room windows.

The Tay assumes noble proportions at Dundee, and the house commands, diagonally opposite, the new railway bridge over the river, with its curve a mile and a half long, which was, at the time of our visit, in process of construction. We all remember the fearful disaster in connection with the railway train of the old bridge, and our hostess described to us, in vivid language, with that appealing and impressive intentness that comes

Our invitation to our friend's home was for a week, but, to our regret, we had but a day to give, and of that we made the most. Dining early, after the seclusion of the forenoon, with the children and governess, contrary to the customary late dinner, we drove, in the afternoon, around the city and to the park and eastern necropolis. These grounds cover nearly forty acres in extent, and are tastefully laid out, with many handsome monuments, and with a greatly diversified landscape, commanding, at various points, extensive views of the Tay and the surrounding country. Dundee is the third town in Scotland in extent of population, and is the principal seat of the linen trade in Great Britain. The houses are many of them old, lofty and dark, and, with its gloomy streets, it bears some resemblance to a continental city. It is a place of great importance as a maritime town.

The Albert Institute, erected in honor of the late Prince Consort, contains, on the lower floor, the free library, being the first of its kind, I believe, established in any of the large towns of Scotland.