

Edinburgh.

In this number of SUNSHINE we give a few views of Edinburgh. We are certain that they will be prized by our readers. Edinburgh is one of the world's classic cities. Other cities may lead her in industrial activities, but none can compare with her in her influence in the higher realms of thought.

When other cities shall have been forgotten, the sweet memories of Edinburgh shall remain. It is because of her educational and moral influences that she has become so dear to the hearts of all peoples, especially the Scot. It is unnecessary for SUNSHINE to dwell upon the interesting history of Edinburgh, for any encyclopædia will give this in greater detail than we can hope to do with the space at our command, and in dealing with a record such as Edinburgh has had, brevity is disastrous.

We give the words of one who stood on Calton Hill, and with his observing eyes drew into his mind the landscape, and has painted this matchless picture :

"From the top of the Calton Hill you look down upon hundreds of blue smoke-wreaths curling upward from the chimneys of the resting and restful town, and in every direction the prospect is one of opulence and peace. A thousand years of history are here crystallised within the circuit of a single glance, and while you gaze upon one of the grandest emblems that the world contains of a storied and romantic past, you behold likewise a living and resplendent pageant of the beauty of to-day. Nowhere else are the past and the present so lovingly blended. There, in the centre, towers the great crown of St. Giles. Hardby are the quaint slopes of the Canongate—teeming with illustrious, or picturesque, or terrible figures of long ago. Yonder the glorious Castle Crag looks steadfastly westward—its manifold, wonderful col-

ors continuously changing in the changeful daylight. Down in the valley Holyrood, haunted by a myriad of memories and by one resplendent face and entrancing presence, nestles at the foot of the giant Salisbury Crag ; while the dark, rivened peak of Arthur's Seat rears itself supremely over the whole stupendous scene. Southward and westward, in the distance, extends the bleak range of the Pentland Hills ; eastward the cone of Berwick Law and the desolate Bass Rock seem to cleave the sea ; and northward, beyond the glistening crystal of the Forth,—with the white lines of embattled Inchkeith like a diamond on its bosom,—the lovely Lomonds, the virginal mountain breasts of Fife, are bared to the kiss of heaven. It is such a picture as words can but faintly suggest ; but when you look upon it you readily comprehend the pride and the passion with which a Scotsman loves his native land.

"The capital of Scotland is not only beautiful but eloquent. The present writer does not assume to describe it, or to instruct the reader concerning it, but only to declare that at every step the sensitive mind is impressed with the splendid intellect, the individual force, and the romantic charm of the Scottish character, as it is commemorated and displayed in this delightful place. What a wealth of significance it possesses may be indicated by even the most meagre record and the most superficial commentary upon the passing events of a traveller's ordinary day. The greatest name in the literature of Scotland is Walter Scott. He lived and labored for twenty-four years in the modest three-story, gray stone house which is No. 39 Castle Street. It has been my privilege to enter that house, and to stand in the room in which Scott began the novel of Waverley. Many years roll backward under the

