

paper came home had to sit down and read it through; and if, as sometimes it happened, a treacherous moisture was detected in the eye of the reader, by those sharp eyes following not the printed page, but the reader's lips, *that* piece had to be read over again!

There were ninety-five scholars present. A missionary, or other special collection had been taken up, and I was amused at the sharpness of the two "Deacons." It seems the scholars elect from among themselves, two deacons to manage the financial affairs of the school. They were particularly careful about noting the amount of the collection; and in due time will be just as careful about its disbursement according to the expressed wishes of the donors.

Several schools have a "vacation" in the summer. It did not strike me as wise, but perhaps there are more reasons for it than my scanty opportunities allowed me to gather. In this particular school, ten weeks would be *vacant*. The reason assigned was that so many families and so many teachers went to the country that the school necessarily dwindled away if kept on, and so they give it up for midsummer and early autumn. The "Mission Schools" are generally kept up, though there was the same difficulty about teachers. One however that I visited, I found was closing for four weeks. This latter school, which was recruited from amongst the most miserable inhabitants of a most miserable "close," contained between fifty and sixty scholars. The usual attendance was near two hundred; but the close of the school and the *fine weather* had kept them away. The parents took no interest in *sending* the children; and too often they needed to be followed and sought out again and again with a watchfulness and weariness seldom appreciated on earth, but recorded in Heaven. The superintendent of the school, who was also a day-school teacher in the neighbourhood, assured me that many of the scholars present, though to my eyes respectably dressed, belonged to most degraded and worthless parents. He pointed out two or three girls half-way up their "teens," (that slippery, slippery path for city children!) who by their own industry and thrift and good conduct were doing wonders in raising their parent's miserable households from the degradation of dissipation and drunkenness. I learned that there was another similar school in an adjoining "close," kept up by the same organization.

Coming out from the direction of the Cowgate to the High Street, very near the house of stern old John Knox, I encountered a stream of people filling all the street. Fortunately the streets in Edinburgh are well paved, and kept very clean; and when the day is dry, the middle of some streets is almost as much used as the sidewalk. I had intended to go at six o'clock to the Sunday School connected with Dr. Guthrie's church, and as it was still too early, I looked round for another opening. Following some little girls through a chapel door, I lit upon a large and well-conducted school belonging to a Baptist Church. Introducing myself to the superintendent as a friend of Sunday Schools from abroad, (there is a *Free-masonry* in the Sunday School work,—and it is the easiest thing in the world for those who have been pulling in the same direction separately, to pull *together* when they come in contact!) I took a survey of the operations. I now began to be struck with the fact that in Edinburgh there was no *lack of teachers*. This is a standing trouble in almost every part of Canada. We can get scholars, but cannot always get the right number and the right kind of teachers. I learned that the teachers,