

Editorial Correspondence.

TOWARDS EDINBURGH.

AT ten o'clock on the night of the second of April we left the Bonaventure Station, Montreal, *en route* for Halifax, via the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways. The distance—858 miles—was accomplished not only without fatigue, but with great comfort, in forty-one hours—a marvellous result certainly, seeing that we encountered the severest snow-storm of the winter and had to plough our way through snow-drifts in some places as high as the windows of the Pullman car. How different from a time not so very remote, when it took us ten days to accomplish the same distance—attended with indescribable discomfort! Canada has just reason to be proud of her railways, and their management.

At four o'clock p. m., on the fifth, the good ship "Sardinian" let go her moorings and steamed swiftly out of the finest harbour in the world. At four o'clock on the 14th, we landed at Liverpool—exactly nine days. As we may have something to say about the return passage in the same ship, we shall say no more about this pleasant, uneventful voyage. Nor shall we expatiate upon the attractions of Liverpool—its splendid docks, and forests of masts, its enormous floating wharves, its public buildings, crowded thoroughfares, and its dray-horses—all noteworthy. Our business lies in Scotland, and we take the quickest route, by the London and N. Western, to Carlisle—a fine old border town, justly proud of its ancient Castle and grand Cathedral. The average speed of the "Limited mail" over this road is 40 miles an hour including stoppages. We ran ninety miles without halting in an hour and fifty minutes. Dr. Snodgrass, ex-principal of Queen's College, Kingston, awaited my arrival and escorted me to the manse of Canobie. The parish of that name is in the county of Dum-

fries, contiguous to the English border. It is one of the most beautiful in the South of Scotland. Every inch of it belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch—the most liberal and popular of landlords. The church is large and comely. It and the manse are finely situated on the bank of the Esk, and both are in keeping with the charming repose of the surrounding scenery which suggests the *beau ideal* of a quiet rural parish. Here one realizes the proverbial sanctity of a Scottish sabbath morn, as you see the people from distant parts, gathering in groups around the church, and then joining in worship just as their fathers did a hundred years ago. They are a people not given to change. The same reverent attention to the Word: the same postures during prayer and praise: the old practice of taking the collection at the church door. No organ question has ever disturbed the equanimity of this people. The Free Church, at a respectable distance from the other, also occupies a good site. It was pleasant to hear that the best relations exist betwixt the two ministers and their respective congregations. Mr. Milne has been here since 1843, so he has become an Institution. The singing in his church was exquisite, and for the first time in a Presbyterian church, I remember hearing the Lord's prayer *chaunted* during the service with fine effect. We explored the length and breadth of the parish, and visited neighbouring parishes—Gretna green, of romantic notoriety, and Half-morton, where Mr. Burnet, brother of the incumbent of Martintown, Ont., has ministered to an attached people for thirty six years, and Langholm, the seat of Presbytery. The Gretna-green marriages, still valid in law but not recognized by the Church, are now seldom resorted to. The drive from Canobie to Langholm along the valley of the Esk, by the old stage road from London to Edinburgh, is very picturesque. And Langholm is "quite a place," with very fine Established and Free Churches. A Canadian, Mr. James Cormack,