

vestibule and up a broad stair—and we found ourselves in the gallery of one of the city churches. A psalm, as rendered in the common version, was chanted. It was evidently no new thing in that church, as the congregation very generally joined in the exercise: I confess to a lingering prejudice against chanting, choirs, and instrumental music; not in the abstract, but from the impossibility I have found of adapting my likings to their *manner*, as I have found it. These prejudices, however, were not increased by this morning's experiences.

The sermon was on the words, "Love the Brotherhood." First was an exposition of the command, to "love our neighbour as ourselves," intended to show not only our duty of loving all men, but our *special* duty of loving with a *special* love those here distinguished by the name of the "Brotherhood." Then an enquiry "Who constituted the Brotherhood?" Not the members of our own church—not those christians calling themselves by the same distinctive ecclesiastical name—but all those, who, by receiving Christ, have received the adoption of sons, and have thus become *children* of our Father, and *brethren* of ours. A little more such preaching would do good in the world. We need often to be reminded that the door of entrance to the spiritual privileges of our churches, and to our christian brotherly love and fellowship, should be just as wide as the door to the kingdom of Heaven *no wider, and no narrower!*

The churches in Edinburgh, as generally throughout Scotland, have but a short interval between the forenoon and afternoon services—about an hour. Some Sabbath Schools are held before the morning service, many about four o'clock in the afternoon, and a few at both seasons. I found that at the church in which I had worshipped, an afternoon school was held at half-past two, the hour of service. It struck me as being an unusual arrangement. However, I determined to be present. At three o'clock I dropped in on them. There were three schools during the day; first a morning school, mostly filled by those whose parents worshipped nowhere—straggling children picked up in the lanes and streets of the city; then the school in which I found myself, which was intended for the children of the congregation; and last, a school at half-past four, for the scholars of the morning. The advantages of the half-past two arrangement seemed to be these, that families came, all together, to church; and the children, instead of occupying the pews beside their parents, went down to the basement and had their own "service;" for the exercises largely consisted of familiar expositions by the teacher, with singing, &c. The only disadvantage that occurred to me, was the self-deprivation on the part of the gentlemen conducting the school, of the privileges of the worshipping assembly up stairs. But it is ever "more blessed to give than to receive."

There was a library in connection with the Mission School, but none in this one. Neither was there any periodicals given out. The latter might have been advantageously adopted. The affections of many a little one are firmly entwined for life around the Sunday School, by the early attraction of these little papers and those little hymns. I once asked a little three-year old in Canada West "what she went to Sunday School for? she could'n't read!" "Oh" said she, "I go to *sing*, and to get a *paper!*" And sing she did! and I, who have neither musical gifts nor training, have since caught several tunes from her singing! and as to reading—whoever was at hand when the