

TO LONDON

morning meeting will back up what we have said. It was hardly worth while for the minister to preach so good a sermon to a few military gentlemen and a handful of other people. The sermon was indeed good; without the shadow of necessity for Jennie Geddes' stool to check the inroads of Popery. Perhaps the stool might have been used to advantage in putting a little more life into the service—stone walls, stone pillars, stone everything; stone people too, that is what the eye has in view. A kirkful of covenanters, and a Knox in the pulpit might have made a considerable improvement in the atmosphere. However, it was bonnie to see the Highlanders in kilt and plume, set their right feet in line at the kirk door and march off to the barracks.

Afternoon finds us on the way to St. Cuthbert's to hear the famous Dr. McGregor. His church has been under repairs, and had, on a previous Sabbath been dedicated anew. The congregation is large and attentive, with an air of advanced society abounding in every part. Indeed it is a congregation that seems to demand the upper tone of ritual to distinguish it from the common; and its demands are not in vain, for we have much more of the Anglican form of worship than is generally counted good Presbyterianism. Reading of lessons, reading of prayers, chanting, and other performances, are precisely what we do not expect. Indeed, the first part of the service is quite a showy affair; and so is the doctor when he