

TO LONDON

placed in the new church, he got this: "How would the pulpit do, sir?" Through Saturday-night prayer, the fire is in Mr. Brown's pulpit on Sabbath and it works well—there is not a cold corner in the building. When the Holy Ghost is in the pulpit, it is hard to keep Him out of the pew.



EDINBURGH

THE Thames has long been telling a running story of England's greatness. Good and bad, open and secret, she has been telling all she knew, but old Grannie Sea, like love, has been burying the bad and giving out only the noble and true. Deep down and sealed, she keeps her secrets and breathes only sanctified tales to the wind. Long may her winnowed story be breath and spirit to other lands!

In this Jekyll-and-Hyde round of existence we often snarl at what does not fall into line with our own opinions; but fault-finding is easy and seldom profitable. One thing, England is harder to find fault with than almost any other country. This morning is beautifully calm, and Dr. Jekyll is lifting his hat to himself as he remembers that he is a British subject. Of course, London is another reason why the hat takes the air; for it is a time of farewell, and then a spin north to Edinburgh.

To have been in London, if only for a week, leaves something to be remembered. We cannot