

as a choice morsel for the last—we proceeded by Dieppe and Rouen to Paris. I care not much for mere sight seeing, but what merit would there be in feeling indifferent to the noble specimens of the world's industry and art which were attracting to the French capital men of all countries and of all ranks too, from crowned heads to hard working mechanics. I am glad to see by the latest newspaper reports, how the courtesy of the Emperor has not been withheld from those English workmen who went over as representatives of their brethren of the crafts, to see and learn, perhaps to teach also. School teachers, in like manner, and associations of every sort who sought the sight, with reference to material or moral and educational uses, were greeted even with imperial welcome. It must have been gratifying to every christian, at least every protestant, to see in not the least prominent compartment of the exposition, an open store for sale of Bibles and tracts—at the instance of British and American Societies. Not only Bibles, but parts of Bibles, Gospels and Epistles in French, German, English, &c., were there in every tempting form and colour. Besides some tracts for distribution, we bought a small French "John," and also a "Peter," which served during a large portion of our tour for a better purpose than for exercising in the language, though for that purpose also. I was pleased to learn from the Book agent that priests in considerable number had looked in, and had purchased or accepted copies of the Word, or portions of it.

A Paris Sabbath is too well known to be remote from what some call Presbyterian rigidity. I knew, by report, as others knew, how theatres and other places of amusement are open on the sacred day—they say, even more frequented. What I saw was, that workmen were busy at their stone and mortar, ascending and descending their temporary scaffolds, as on any week day. This sight met my eyes when I passed the great opera house in course of erection near the rue de Province, as I sought and returned from a Protestant place of worship in that street. This and one or two other French Protestant churches were kindly lent at certain hours for religious services in the English language, besides the churches generally in use by British and American residents in Paris.

Ministers from England, Scotland, Ireland and America were there—some sent by their respective churches, specially to preach during the Exhibition months. Principal Tulloch and the Rev. Mr. Burns, of Kirkliston represented the Scottish Presbyterians, and I took part with the latter in his work, by preaching for him one afternoon. I took the opportunity of waiting on in the same place at the French service—heard a very animated French discourse—and was delighted with the fervour and harmony with which a very considerable Protestant congregation joined in singing their Evangelic songs. I thought of the days of St. Bartholomew, and of the edict of Nantes as I looked on these representatives and descendants of the Huguenots. The plaintive airs—the grave countenances of the singers—seemed to besit those who had been familiar from childhood with the stories of their martyrs.

But now I pass at once—having mentioned the martyrs—to my reminiscences of Germany. When at Frankfort and Mayence—places memorable in connection with the invention of printing, and where Guttenburg and Schoeffer are duly monumented, I felt desirous, being so near to Worms and Spires, to see these scenes of Luther's labours—the very cradle, with Wittemberg, of our Protestantism. So to Worms and Spires we dedicated one day. We entered the large Cathedrals in those two towns—it was a Saturday—no service going on—and while waiting for the doorkeeper or guide, I had time to cast an eye at the tiles of the houses, and remembered Luther's undaunted reply to a message sent by his friend Spalatin—"Go