

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

Fair Edinburgh.

By Prof. John Moore.

All tourists who go to Scotland visit Edinburgh. This city abounds with objects and associations of very great interest. It would require a large volume to describe them. This was the capital of Scotland when it was an independent nation. The physical position of the city is remarkably fine, not surpassed, if equalled, by that of any of the capitals of Europe. Travellers have noticed a striking resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens. This is one of the great centres of learning and civilization in the world's history. A prominent object is Holyrood palace. Mary, Queen of Scots, resided here more than 300 years ago. Her apartments constitute an interesting feature. They remain as they were when occupied by her. The bed and other relics are still preserved, which I saw.

On the high street leading to the famous castle still stands the house where John Knox lived. On this stands the edifice where the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland meets once a year. The first was held in 1560, at which John Knox was present, then minister of Edinburgh. This assembly meets in May, and is opened by a grand display, which is the great day of the year in the city. I was happily there on that day and witnessed the brilliant military pageant. The scene struck me peculiarly, as an American, at the re-opening of an ecclesiastical body. The sovereign is represented by a commissioner representing the Queen, and personally opens the assembly. I had an invitation sent me signed by the moderator to attend what is called the moderators' breakfast, at the Waterloo Hotel. I went, and a finer company of Christian ladies and gentlemen I never met. I was pleased to notice that there were no wines or intoxicating liquors on the occasion, which showed a marked progress from what the custom was in former times.

Edinburgh is noted as a great educational and literary centre, and I think I may safely say that it has done more for philosophy and literature the last 200 years than any other city in Europe. If I were challenged to produce the proof, this I am confident I could do. In the cause of religion and philanthropy its record is before the world.

The University of Edinburgh was founded in 1582. I visited it several times and heard some of the lectures by the professors, and had access to the library. The buildings have a very imposing appearance. There is a professorship of the Gaelic language, with an endowment of \$60,000. It must be mainly a sinecure as very few of the students avail themselves of the instruction.

Princess street is the principal one and is a mile in length. Some travellers regard it as the finest street in Europe. In the central part, opposite the Royal Hotel, stands that most beautiful monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Among the many competitors who sent in plans anonymously, from which the one judged best might be selected, was that of a young architect by the name of Kemp, which was decided upon as superior to all others. He died suddenly before the structure was completed. The design is that of a monumental cross, the central tower being supported by four arches. The niches are filled with figures of Scott's heroes and heroines, and in the central canopy underneath is the marble statue of Scott. An internal spiral stair conducts to the top, the monument being about 100 feet in height. In 1840 the foundation stone was laid. I ascended by the stairs and enjoyed the magnificent view. The structure cost \$80,000, which was all raised by subscription.

The Antiquarian Museum and National Gal-

lery are on the same street, not far from this monument. The collection of stone and bronze implements, sepulchral remains, and personal ornaments, representing the ancient Pictish and Roman times, is most extensive. The curiosities representing later times are most interesting. Among these I saw the branks, a Scottish instrument made of brass, and fastened upon the head for the purpose of serving "as a corrector of incorrigible scolds;" the thumbkine, a well-known instrument of torture, much used on the covenanters; there was another Scottish instrument called the maiden, who bestowed her fatal caresses on some of the noblest men of Scotland, which has been styled "the grandmother or grand-aunt of that sainted female, the French guillotine;" the stool that Janet Geddes threw at the dean's head in St. Giles; and one of the banners of the covenant borne at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. During the winter I spent in Edinburgh I viewed and studied those remarkable relics several times.

This city has always been noted for its able preachers. The names of Chalmers, Guthrie, and others of modern times naturally suggest themselves. The standard of ministerial education is high, and there is generally more life in the pulpit than formerly. I can fully adopt the estimate of an eminent clergyman, given some time since, after a visit to his native Scotland: "Taken as a whole, the Edinburgh preachers are fair representatives of the Scottish preachers generally. Those, therefore, who wish to form a just estimate of the spirit and power of the pulpit in Scotland have only to hear them repeatedly in their respective places of worship. They hold doctrinal views somewhat diverse, though essentially one, adopt different styles of preaching, and, in some respects, different styles of life. Yet they manifestly belong to the same great family, and preach the same glorious gospel. They are remarkably distinguished for their strong common sense, laborious habits, pious spirit, and practical usefulness. Occasionally they come into keen polemical strife; but it amounts to little more than a gladiatorial exhibition, or, rather, a light skirmishing, without malice prepense or much evil result."

During my long stay in Edinburgh a sad case occurred which I will here mention. The epidemic called the "grip" was quite prevalent. Dr. Porteous, one of the leading Presbyterian pastors, was attacked by it, who engaged me to supply his pulpit on the Sabbath. When I went to the church the first news I heard was that he died the night before. A terrible gloom of course rested on all present. He was an able man as a preacher and author. It is a comforting thought that, though the workmen die, the work goes on.

His Language.

The wise men ask, "What language did Christ speak?"

They cavil, argue, search, and little prove. O sages! leave your Syriac and your Greek! Each heart contains the knowledge that you seek:

Christ spoke the universal language—Love!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Century.

Some time ago the Liverpool branch of the Women's Presbyterian Missionary Association undertook the entire support of a lady medical missionary, in addition to their ordinary contributions. They have now handed over to the treasurer of the Women's Association the sum of £300 for the outfit, passage, medical grant, and first year's salary of their first representative. Dr. Tina Alexander, of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh. Miss Alexander sails for China on the 21st October.

Bible Stories: Good and Bad.

Some people had told Jesus that a number of men had been killed in the temple by the soldiers, who had been sent there by Pilate, the Roman ruler. Now they thought because the men had been killed in this way, they must have been the most wicked people living in Jerusalem. But Jesus said, "No; even good men are sometimes killed by bad men. Take care to turn from your own evil ways, else God will punish you worse than that." Jesus then told them of eighteen men upon whom a tower had fallen and crushed them to pieces. He said, "You think that they also were very bad men, because they died in this dreadful way. But I tell you that whether those men were good or bad, if you are bad, and don't ask God to forgive you, He will punish you in a worse way than that. But He loves you, and it would grieve Him to do it."

A certain man had a fig tree in his vine garden, and when the time of figs came he found none on the tree. He came the next year, and still there was none. So he said, "That is very strange! I will let it alone for another year, perhaps I shall find a lot of good figs upon it when I come again." Well, he came the next year, and again there was not a single fig upon it. Yet this fig tree had had the same care as the other trees in the vine garden. Then he said to his gardener, "How is this? For three years I have come seeking fruit, but find none. It is a bad tree, cut it down; it is of no use at all; and put another tree in its place." But the gardener was fond of his trees and took great pains with them, and could not bear to cut any tree down. So he said, "Master, don't cut it down just yet, give it one more chance till next year. I will take extra pains with it this year. I will dig about it and put manure round it, and next year when you come, you will no doubt find it full of ripe figs, as upon your other trees." And if next year the master came and found the tree full of fruit, would he not be glad? and would not the patient, painstaking gardener be glad too?

God is very patient with us. He is "kind even to the unthankful and the evil." But He will not always be kind to the evil. A day of reckoning comes. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." C.H.P.

The missionary is coming more and more into recognition, and is spreading and multiplying his power in all lands. Twenty years ago he was an unknown quantity in Uganda, Africa, a district which contains a population of 19,000,000. To-day there are in that region five hundred Christian churches and six hundred teachers. God's cause does not lack for workmen, nor for opening fields. With consecrated wealth, the whole earth could speedily be compassed with Gospel heralds and Gospel agencies.

In a new book an author undertakes to prove that there is no Anglo-Saxon race. Such an effort was wholly unnecessary; but Anglo-Saxon has come to mean a mixed race speaking the English language. It has been pointed out that Anglo-Celtic would be a better term than Anglo-Saxon. Usage, however, has established it as applying to the people of the British Isles and their descendants all over the world. "It gives," says the Montreal Witness, "the idea of an aggressive, adventurous, liberty-loving, world-subduing race, proud of its Norse-Celtic-Saxon-Norman blood, and longing to extend the blessings of its free institutions and love of order to all other races of men. Books may be written to prove there is no Anglo-Saxon race, but it would take many books to show what it is and what it has done in the world."