

among his children, the old man sits among his creations.

There is something too, in the general structure of this huge pile, ending in a pinnacle two hundred feet high, which would assure even a foreigner, who may never have heard of the great novelist, or read any of his masterpieces, that his was a genius of first rank. By a winding stair the tourist can reach the top, from which a fine view of the city is obtained.

We pass on down the street and notice the bronze statue of David Livingstone. The National Gallery of Paintings, an imposing building which gives, even to the passer-by, that suggestion of ancient Greece which reminds one of that vaunting title, "Modern Athens," which is sometimes attached to it. But we have almost forgotten that we are on Prince's street, at the fashionable hour, and that living men and women are about us. The mid-street is full of carriages, cabs and hansoms, and the pavement is crowded with an even more mingled mass of human beings. Now we meet, perhaps, several hearty looking, well-fed, well-bred men walking arm in arm,—a fashion more *possible* than in London,—perhaps an "advocate" who has done with his clients for the day, linked to some well-known local divine who has spent the morning in his study and come out before dinner to meet his friends and talk of doings in Kirk and State. Again—it is a pair of straight-up, stiff-collared youths not yet out of their teens. Of couples there are many—elderly merchants and their wives, young clerks and students with their sweethearts; perhaps a newly-married pair, here and there, marked out by their studied determination not to be noticed, who have come to Edinburgh to spend part of their honeymoon. Of laughing school-girls and hobbledehoy school-boys there are not few. We dare not speak of the dresses. The ladies are seldom gorgeous in their attire: good taste and even severe taste is the law in Edinburgh, and showiness is regarded as vulgar. But as we pass along, studying our brothers and sisters, we near the west end of Prince's street. We hear sounds of music from the Gardens opposite, and if we were to look inside them we would find just such another stream of people, wandering back and forward along the grassy walks, talking with more animation, and looking more full of soul than those we have seen, since the sound of music has, as always, drawn out Nature's kindlier and tenderer side.

At length we come towards the end of our promenade. We have had to miss much, as we have gone on, and time fails us to mark the beautiful dry-goods and jewelry stores, the handsome Edinburgh Hotel, with others scarce-

ly falling behind it, the clubs, the art galleries, and the little arcade which has in it more a suggestion than achievement.

As we end our walk we look back to see again this pleasant street, with its fine houses, its handsome hotels, its attractive stores, on the one side, and its fair gardens and monuments on the other, and we wonder what the ancient denizens of the Old Town would think of it all. Would Queen Mary think her old-time capital had become like the gay Paris which stole her heart? and would John Knox, whom, with all his ruggedness, Scotland has never failed to venerate, turn once more into restored St. Giles' to mourn perhaps somewhat over "*sleeker times*" and "*smoother men*," but most of all, make its walls ring again with brave words of truth and righteousness? and how the old "*dean*," whom Jenny Geddes so signally surprised, would find, not only in the new Cathedral of St. Mary, but even in the church of St. Giles' and elsewhere, things more to his liking.—L.

#### NOTES ON CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The people of China are both physically and metaphorically our antipodes, being the very opposite of ourselves in many of their characteristics, manners, and customs. The American Presbyterian Mission considers it necessary for missionaries to spend the first two years almost wholly in the study of the language, in order to have a fair start before taking up any of the burden of active mission work. But while this will suffice to get a start in the use of the language, it is by no means sufficient to get a practical knowledge of the manners and customs, modes of thought; in short of the character of this strange people. Five years of study and observation are not too much to enable a man to present intelligently and effectually spiritual truths to a material people in their own tongue. Disastrous would be the results to our work were the gift of tongues of the day of Pentecost continued to the church. Fully as much harm as good would be done through ignorance of the character of the people.

We are fully as strange to the Chinese as they are to us. There is an immense amount of ignorance of each other on both sides. We have been asked hundreds of times if it is not true that we foreigners are one hundred years old when we are born, and that we count backward in reckoning the age, (e.g.) a person tells them that he is thirty-five years of age, they immediately reach the conclusion that he is sixty-five by their count. On first thought this may be considered a joke perpetrated upon them by some foreigner, but on closer consideration it seems more likely to be an exaggerated