

the great Statue of Liberty. Monday morning we were astir by five o'clock, and an hour or two later were safely moored at the Anchor Wharf. As this was my third visit, I had no new sensations, but could enjoy the interest of fresher passengers looking out for the first time on the American shore. But I well remembered the sensation of my own first visit, at the marvellous metamorphosis which the shore presented as compared with former times: instead of the Red Indian with his plume waving over his head and his tomahawk by his side, one looked out on magnificent cities, whose wharves and docks, railways and steamboats, churches and colleges, and smiling suburban villas, proclaimed the triumph of industry and art. There used to be a story of a Pope asking an American pilgrim to the Vatican whether the aborigines or the English were the more numerous in New York! But we must pass in haste from the sentimental to the battle of life, and submit the contents of our travelling-boxes to the keen eye of the custom-house officer. Whether he was overawed by our respectability, or otherwise impressed in our favour, we know not, but he gave us a very easy inspection. We bade a hasty adieu to our fellow-passengers—such of them as were within reach—and in half-an-hour were comfortably quartered in the Grand Union Hotel.

My long and well-known connection with the General Presbyterian Alliance (called by the public the "Pan-Presbyterian," and by the profane the "Pan"), which brings Americans and Scotsmen into right friendly relations, procured for me an unexpected welcome. Before I had left the steamer, a minute of the American branch was placed in my hands, couched in very complimentary terms, welcoming me to America, and appointing my dear friend Dr. Schafl and three other friends to look after me in New York, and hold some kind of public meeting. The public meeting was out of the question, for I was unable to remain long enough in