

her feet ; with her crown of sacred Architecture hanging over her among the mists and the little primeval shrine mounted upon her highest ridge ; with her Palace, all too small for the requirements of an enlarged and splendid royalty, and the great crouched and dormant sentinel of nature watching over her thro' all the centuries ; with her Partner, sober and ample like a comely matron, attended by all the modern arts and comforts, seated at the Mother's feet : Edinburgh can never be less than Royal, one of the crowned and Queenly cities of the world. It does not need for this distinction that there should be millions of inhabitants within her walls, or all the great threads of industry and wealth gathered in her hands. The pathos of much that is past and over for ever, the awe of many tragedies, a recollection almost more true than any reality of the present of ages and glories gone add a charm which the wealthiest and greatest interests of to-day cannot give, to the city, always living, always stirring, where she stands amidst traditionary smoke and mist, the grey Metropolis of the North, the Edinburgh of a thousand fond associations, our own romantic Town !"

Thursday the 21st May opened brightly. The whole City was moved and clad in holiday attire. Every city and town, and village and hamlet has sent forth its tributary rill to swell the mighty, moving, living tide which found its rendezvous and reservoir at the Capital. We had not seen a General Assembly for seven and forty years. The last two we had attended were at Glasgow in the Autumn of 1843, the Disruption Year, when we heard Thomas Chalmers preach, and at Caronwells Hall, that quaint and curious gathering place when the Free Church dwelt in tents in May 1844—when Dr. Thomas Brown of St. John's, Glasgow, presided, the venerable Minister of my Glasgow College days.

#### LEVEE AT HOLYROOD.

As we were delegated to represent our Church at both the General Assemblies, we find ourselves by 11 o'clock in Holyrood Palace, to attend the levee of the Lord High Commissioner, the Marquis of Tweeddale. From this ancient Home of the Scottish Sovereigns, with its grim turrets and gaunt open gateway, flashed its annual gleam of royalty. The scarlet yeomen with their glancing halberds were there ; the horsemen curvetting in the spacious yard outside. Within the quadrangle collect representatives of the nobility and gentry of the land, the Lord Provost (a worthy M. P.) and the Magistrates of the city in their scarlet robes of office, gowned professors from the Univer-