

To "ye Medicos," who propose coming across the ocean next spring or later, by all means steer for Edinburgh, and be there before, or at least by May 1st. All summer courses of lectures begin punctually at that date. The Royal Infirmary, which is the great and practically the only students' hospital, is situated very conveniently near the University. Attendance at the Infirmary is free to graduates not reading for British degrees. Canadian grads., intending to practice at home, are now very generally (and very wisely I think) neglecting British degrees. By so doing, their own degrees are held in better repute, big fees are saved, and most important of all, men are able to devote themselves almost exclusively to practical and clinical work, strengthening their weaker points by courses of University lectures as desired.

Living in Edinburgh or London is higher than in Kingston, but an economical man does not need to go to extremes.

After the summer in Edinburgh, nothing it seems to me is better than six months in London, or a year, if the time can possibly be spared. An all-round clinical course may be taken at one of the great London hospitals, —fees rather large as compared with our Kingston ideas —or several courses in as many special or general hospitals. Opportunities are great here, and the advantages derived from six to twelve months close observation and application in the great Scotch and English capitals can scarcely be over-estimated. Then no one, medical or otherwise, can come over here to live for months amongst strangers, people who talk and act and think more or less differently from what we do at home, without being benefited consciously or unconsciously in very many ways.

London winter weather is interesting to one who has never experienced it before. Just now there's a layer of snow about three inches thick in the closed parks and other inaccessible places. This is nicely covered over with a rather even layer of beautiful black, grimy soot. But on the stone-paved streets and broad flag-paved sidewalks, the snow, as fast as it falls, is churned up by the constant traffic into slush and mud. There is always more or less fog and smoke hanging over the city, but about four days out of the seven, for a few weeks back, we have had the genuine old-fashioned London smoke-fog (see a late issue of *Punch* for details of a method to enable pedestrians to avoid accidents on the streets). The sun has been visible as often as once every three or four weeks, though not to shine. Through the smoky atmosphere it is just a big blood-red disc. This appearance coupled with its very low altitude—just above the houses even at noon—constantly reminds us of sunset at home.

The poverty stricken ones, men, women and children, are sadly numerous in this great rich city. We see them on almost every street and every corner. Tomorrow, the best day of all the year to them, some scores of thousands will receive big generous Christmas dinners, free. The well-known essentials for the Englishman's holiday dinner, viz: an abundance of good beef and plum-pudding are given out by the ton.

A rather sharp day determined us to get out our fur

caps. There are a few of us Canadians in this house, but we were scarcely on the street when we found ourselves the objects of much attention. Everybody stared; young people turned round to look, while the small boy giggled and raised a general shout of "'Oo's yer 'atter?" "Where'd ye git that 'at?" etc. Evidently nobody had ever seen a cap before.

Double-decked street-cars and omnibuses are very convenient. But telephones and the electric light are almost, and stoves altogether, unknown. Grate-fires are a nuisance, and I'll be glad when the time comes to return home to the best country in all the world—our native Canada.

With very best wishes of the season to all the boys.

Yours truly,

OMAR L. KILBORN.

We have also received a letter from another of our old graduates, O. Bennett, B.A., who in company with E. G. Walker, B.A., and R. T. Whitman, B.A., is attending the Free Church College at Edinburgh. We are sure that a few extracts will be interesting to our readers. He writes:

When I arrived at Edinburgh I found Walker had taken up lodgings in the same house with Dick Whiteman. Before coming to Edinburgh Dick had been for about a year in Belfast. We attend the Free Church College only. Walker and I take Pastoral and Homiletic Theology under Blaikie, N. T. Criticism under Dodds, Systematic Theology under Laidlaw and an occasional lecture on O. T. Criticism. There are about 180 students at the Free Church College. I attend Free St. George's, Dr. Whyte's; Walker goes to St. Cuthbert's, J. McGregor's, while Dick goes to a U. P. Church.

Our board comes to a pound per week. We have a large sitting room and two bedrooms. It seems a good deal to pay and is rather luxurious looking, but the only alternative is a very inferior article, indeed.

We have visited various places of interest in and about Edinburgh. Soon after coming we took a run down to Melrose (Shannonville and Lonsdale not included) and saw the abbey. We have also visited John Knox's house, St. Giles cathedral, Greyfriars cemetery, the Forth bridge at Queensferry, which is as high as the cross on the top of St. Paul's and taking all its dimensions into consideration is generally considered the largest bridge in the world. A few weeks ago we visited Holyrood palace. As we passed through the banqueting hall where many a huge old revelry has been held we saw the portraits of the 100 Scotch kings and queens dating from earliest times. Some of them are very antiquated looking, indeed. As we passed along we duly admired and venerated these hoary old portraits and were just on the point of being carried away with our enthusiasm, when we were told by the guard that these portraits were all painted by contract by some local artist within the last few years. I think the management of the palace had especially in view the American tourist, who, they say, goes about with eyes and mouth wide open and note book in hand. The spot of paint on the floor of one of the corridors, which has done duty for