

men, so far from falling down and worshipping Him, cried out : "Away with Him ; crucify Him !" A Mr. Tait of Montreal who was present on the occasion, vouched for the truth of the story, adding that the face of Dr. Robertson shewed that he felt the rebuke.

From the finest street in the most beautiful capital of Europe, the constant resort of wealth, culture, and fashion, it is but a few steps to what was in 1837, purlieus as degraded as could be found in the darkest abodes of heathendom : The Grassmarket, the Cowgate, the West Port and the Cannongate. The "Maiden" that gave it celebrity in the olden time had of course disappeared from the Grassmarket, but by the curious it may still be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquarians—that "Maiden" of which the noble Marquis of Argyle, before placing his head on the block, had said that "it was the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed."

A hundred years had not effaced the memory of the barbarous doings of the Porteous mob in the West Port ; and in my time people were telling the still magic story of Burke and Hare—the foulest blot on the escutcheons of the City. For it was here, too, that the diabolical traffic in human remains was carried on for years without detection. How many innocent and unsuspecting men and women were lured to their death by these ruffians to supply anatomists with bodies, will never be known. Lord Cockburn, who was himself counsel for one of the incriminated, states that within a year or two, certainly not less than sixteen people had thus been murdered by these men—suffocated skilfully, to prevent any mutilation of the subjects ; the murderers suffered the penalty of the law ; the anatomists, who were the accomplices and abettors of the crime—men who stood at the top of their profession—were left unwhipped of justice for their part in the transaction. Thanks to Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie, Dwight L. Moodie, Dr. Moxey and other philanthropists, a brighter day dawned on the old town of Edinburgh.

I was two years at the Edinburgh Academy, and if I made slow progress with my studies, I formed a romantic attachment to Edinburgh which intervening years and dividing seas have not lessened and Edinburgh is to me "a joy forever"—in itself so