

passed a servant girl cleaning a window about the fifth story, and remarked to her, "Eh, lassie, sic a *clype* I'm gacin' to get;" but it might be fathered now on New York or Philadelphia. There is no trouble getting to the top of these Titanic houses, for they are all furnished with one or more "elevators," or, as we should call them, "lifts," which land you in a few seconds in any story you wish to visit. Hydraulic pressure furnishes the power, and the only drawback to your satisfaction is pity for the monotonous life of the man or boy in charge, engaged all day long in working the apparatus.

The Americans have a wonderful way of scenting out men (and women too) who are supposed to be able to speak in public. Professor Shaw of Lincoln University, son-in-law of an old friend (his wife is a daughter of the late Rev. William Arnot of Edinburgh), found us out at Philadelphia, and invited us to pay a visit to his college. Mr. Shaw being an old student of mine at Edinburgh, and his wife an old friend of us both, brief though our time was, we could not but accept the invitation. Lincoln University is situated between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is designed for training men of colour for the ministry. It is of recent origin; and though it has made excellent progress during its short career, the term "university" (as in many other instances in America) denotes not what it already is, but what it aspires to be. Though under Presbyterian auspices, it is open to young men of all evangelical denominations; and it has no fewer than one hundred and sixty students. The only department of the university thoroughly equipped is the theological. Professor Shaw has the chair of Hebrew, and he maintains stoutly that negro students are as capable as any other of proficiency in Hebrew, and indeed in all other branches of liberal study. He maintains that the mixture of blood is not the explanation of this, inasmuch as