

now in her sixty-seventh year, and the fiftieth of her reign, wears her years well. The cares of state have left no visible impress on her countenance; she is still the same unostentatious, uncommonly sensible, womanly woman she has ever been, with a warm heart to sympathize with her subjects. She was very plainly attired. In the carriage with her was the Princess Beatrice (Princess of Battenburg) and the Duchess of Connaught, wife of Prince Arthur. The procession was not a long one and the military escort was very small. Next to seeing the Queen was the pleasure of meeting a number of Canadians, among whom were Rev. Dr. Jenkins, pastor emeritus of St. Paul's Church, with Mrs. Jenkins and their little John A.; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robertson and son, and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ramsay, all of Montreal; also Rev. S. S. Stobbs, for some time minister of St. Matthew's Church, Montreal, now of the Elder Street Church, Edinburgh. A day was given to East Lothian, where high farming has transformed a district of country possessing no exceptional natural advantages into the garden of Scotland. Most of the men who made it what it is have now passed away, and I was sorry to hear that a very large portion of the land is now farmed by the landlords, tenants being now unable to pay the high rents which obtained in years gone by when grain commanded higher prices. The fields are still beautiful to look upon, but, as the last of a long line of princely tenant-farmers said to me, "There is no money in the business." Indeed the "Land Question" in Scotland, as in other parts of Britain, is becoming a very important one. At North Berwick we renewed our memories of the Bass Rock, Tantallon Castle, and the Law. We reported ourselves at the manse, but, fortunately for Dr. Sprott, he was away for his holidays. We had, however, a pleasant interview with Rev. John McMurtrie who was here for his holidays. Mr. M. having been loosed from his charge of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, is doing a noble work for the Church of Scotland as convener of its Foreign Mission Committee, devoting all his time and energies in endeavoring to inspire the congregations of the Church with enthusiasm like his own, and in organizing missionary associations wherever it is found possible to do so.

On the Sunday, we worshipped in St.

Cuthbert's in the morning and in St. Giles in the evening. Both churches were filled to their utmost capacity, not less than 3,000 being present. In the former, we heard Dr. McGregor, as I thought, at his best. In his own homely but telling and effective way he said a number of remarkably good things in illustration of his text,—*"Rejoice, and again I say rejoice."* He emphatically characterized his countrymen as being stern, morose, and severe, and standing greatly in need of being brightened and sweetened by the gospel of joy and gladness. He was not one of those who thought that the Christian should always wear a long face. He held that every innocent recreation should be encouraged, as tending to increase the sum of human happiness and to lessen the misery that exists in the world. One impression made upon my mind by the services of the day was, that the pulpit has not yet lost its power and influence.

By the North British Railway we reached London comfortably in eleven hours. The distance may be about 400 miles. This route follows the sea coast for a considerable distance, and we have pleasing glimpses of Dunbar, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Lindisfarne—the "Holy Isle" of early Christianity in Northumberland—Alnwick Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Durham with its richly endowed grand old cathedral, its Bishop's Palace, and other adjuncts of a great ecclesiastical establishment which have survived the wear and tear of many centuries and are still in a wonderful state of preservation. *"Twenty minutes for refreshment at York!"* How can we better spend the time than by having a look at one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in England? A thing of beauty, a joy forever, is this massive yet graceful Minster. It was the time of the daily afternoon service, so that it was open; but are not such sacred edifices always open? Yes, and another admirable thing is they are open to rich and poor alike, without money and without price. At Doncaster, famous the world over for its race-course, there is another fine cathedral, also at Peterboro', whose Bishop holds a prominent place among the great preachers of England.

One would require to be at least a month in London to realize what a wonderful city it is—how much to command admiration on the one hand and commiseration on the other. It has now a population of about