

Collego, the one founded in 1456 and the other in 1512, were amalgamated and became the United Collego in 1747. There is also the clerical collego of St. Mary's, all three being now included in the University. Hithor,

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;

flock students yearly to these venerable halls of learning.

The tall, square tower of St. Regulus is the first landmark that challenges the attention of the traveller from the east coast to the city.

St. Regulus, or St. Rala, was a mediæval anchorite, and is thus referred to in *Marmion*, where the Palmer explains why he may no longer tarry:—

For I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way;
To fair St. Andrews bound;
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St. Rule his holy lay
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.

The tower is one of the oldest erections in this country, being built somewhere about 1127-1144. It is one hundred and eight feet in height, and from this high altitude, which, I need not say, commands a magnificent view, Dr. Chalmers was wont to take his astronomical observations. Inside, on the first landing, the transom beam of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada is still preserved. In the floor of the little vestibule below are several lettered marble tablets in which loving survivors have pathetically tried to preserve for a while the individuality of the now indistinguishable dust. But indeed the ophermality of life is vividly realized here, among these mouldering generations who all forgotten lie around the base of this hoary but still substantial tower.

The cathedral was built a considerable time after St. Regulus; and it was consecrated after the deliverance of Hangoekburn in presence of Robert Bruce as an act of gratitude and homage to that warrior and patriot. The proportions of this noble old pile, as still indicated, were magnificent; it was tall, strong and massive, and the records tell how its copper-covered roof shone in the sun and was seen far out at sea. An hundred and fifty years were spent in its erection, but what can withstand the fury of an enraged people—in one single day of the Reformation it was destroyed, when as Tennant sings:—

Among the steer, strabash and strife,
When bickerin' frae the towns o' Fife,
Great bangs o' bodies thick and rife,
Gaed to Sanct Andrew's toon;
And wi' John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the cathedral doon.

It is now floored with graves. One of the walls is completely obliterated, and on being enquired the reason of this the caretaker calmly replied:—"Oo, the wretches juist made a quarry o't."

The castle stands on a high stratified sloping rock, looking out on a wide stretch of tawny sands, up over which unceasingly the foaming surges of the tide roll and recede, with an ever-swelling, far-dying roar. It was originally built in 1200, but after having been taken and retaken repeatedly it was at last demolished to prevent further seizure. About the end of the 14th century however, it was again re-built, and in it James I. was educated and James II. born.

Crossing what was once a drawbridge over a now dry moat, I went to see the famous, or rather infamous bottle dungeon, where in the "good old days" they imprisoned people who dared to differ from the powers that then were, either in religion or politics. A gnome-like specimen of humanity, old and bent, noticeably unwashed, and with a dew-drop pendant from the point of his fat nose, conducted me thither. He tremblingly lit two miserable bits of candle which were stuck into holes in the ends of a flat strip of wood a little over a foot long, and with a string attached to the middle thereof he swung the dim-lights slowly down into the dungeon. For some twelve or thirteen feet down it looks like a well constructed draw-well, but of smooth, perpendicular masonry, without one single jutting stone whereunto a human foot might cling. This is the neck of the "bottle." At the base of this it suddenly widens out to about sixteen feet, which is hewn out of the solid rock to the depth of another five feet or so making in all a distance of some eighteen feet downward of utter blackness, for the mouth of the dungeon itself is a dark, unlighted, over-arching chamber. As I peered down into the gloom made visible by the swinging candles, the old gnome in a cut-and-dry monotone recited for my behoof the history of this horrible dungeon, but to my unlistening ears it might have been the incantation of a weird wizard, for my thoughts were with the heroes who, in defence of the liberty which we now so jauntily enjoy, blanch not nor quailed, as in its sightless and soundless gloom they awaited their doom of death by slow fire. Strong must have been their faith and stout their hearts, for into that dread darkness came—

No voice from the upper world,
And no change of night and day;
No record to mark the dreary hours,
As they slowly pass away.

But only the stormy wave,
As it leaps against the rock,
May be heard within that gloomy cave,
With a faint and distant shock.

It was in a room adjoining this dungeon where he had been confined, that the gentle, handsome, and scholarly Wishart, while awaiting martyrdom at the stake, dispensed to a few of the faithful the first Protestant service of the Lord's supper in Scotland.

Want of space forbids further enumeration of the many other places of interest such as the Martyrs' Mount, the Madras College, ancient walls, and Culdee ruins. I can only suggest to those having means and leisure that no finer place for the recuperation of body and mind can be found than old St. Andrews. Here is delightful sea-bathing—on a glorious sea-beach, wild, rugged and picturesque, with long reaches of shining yellow sands girded and framed in rocks. The Witch Lake is the gentlemen's bathing quarters, used for drowning witches in the olden time; and there are pleasanter stretches of less grim memory for the use of ladies. The long, green, breezy links are always alive with golfers, for the royal old game is still a favourite, although, unlike our national game, it is monopolized by one class in a way not to be understood by a transatlantic mind.

At five o'clock in the afternoon I went to hear Andrew Lang, who is now delivering a series of lectures on Natural Theology to the students of the University. The hall in which the audience were assembled was "large and commodious," and the walls were adorned by some very fine life-size portraits of Principal Shairp and others connected with the professoriate. The hall itself, however, was, to my mind, not so artistic in construction as our Convocation Hall in Toronto University.

Mr. Lang is tall, rather military looking, of pale complexion, and impresses one as being a gentleman, and scholarly. His hair, which is now gray, he wears pretty long, parted near the middle of the forehead, and thrown back from a full high brow. He wears side whiskers, somewhat darker than his hair, but his moustache is jet black and abundant. He also sports an eyeglass, which seems to bother him so much, as to compel him to dispense with it at intervals. His speech, though rapid, is distinct. At first, I found it difficult to get accustomed to the sound and pronunciation of many of his words. It was the first time in my life I had ever heard a Scotchman, and a Fifeman to boot, speak with such an ultra-Anglican accent. His constant use of the "ow" sound in pronouncing "O" reminded me unpleasantly and incongruously of the Salvation Army twang, with which we in Toronto are so familiar. For instance, in speaking of the natives of the Gold Coast, he says: "The neytives of the gowld coast." Apart from this defect, the lecture was a rare treat; the fruit of much research, evincing profound and original thought, which he presented in a clear and attractive manner. I was glad and thankful for the privilege of hearing it. I cannot think of anything more *apropos* with which to conclude than this quotation from his very beautiful poem, which for the delectation of those of your readers who may not have seen it, I now transcribe from his book.

ALMA MATRES.

St. Andrews 1862.—Oxford 1865.

St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound,
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endures, and still decay
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat,
Ghostlike and shadowy they stand,
Clear mirrored in the wet sea sand.

O, ruined chapel, long ago,
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh budded mountain ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall!
The tough roots broke the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous;
We did not dream, we could not know
How soon the fates would sunder us.

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the Scarlet Gown
And glowing sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
And now I watch you, and to me
It seems as if I touched his hand!

And therefore art thou yet more dear
O, little city gray and sore;
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,

And lonely by the lonely sea
Than those fair halls on Isis' side,
Where youth an hour gave back to me!

All these hath Oxford, all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the Scarlet Gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me.

The castle stands on a precipitous rock looking out on a wide stretch of tawny sands, over which, continually, the foaming surges roll and recede with an ever swelling, far-dying roar.—*Jessie Kerr Lawson, in The Week.*

Philosophy triumphs easily over the past and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.—*Rochefoucauld.*

OUR WATCH TOWER.

The Church is a great educator. It lays the corner stone of all morality, as well as spirituality, in the love of God, and in the love of man. It imparts correct thought, and clear ideas on the great themes of human concern. It unveils the hereafter, and brings men under the powers of the world to come. Its ability for this service lies in its faith in, and faithful use of, God's own Word, and not in any eloquence or wisdom of man. Let it veer from this, and it is at once out of its course, and is in peril of wreck.

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Every minister is a teacher, who has a class of larger or smaller dimensions. He is entrusted with the instruction of that class in all the will of God. He is not at liberty to pass by any part of that will for any reason whatever. He is, in the exercise of faith, to declare the whole counsel of God. The faith required by Him may be a severe strain upon his spirit, but that is to be borne, in order that there may be any chance whatever of accomplishing any good. It is only by a faith in God, and in God's truth, that he can be effective in the fair, full, forceful presentation of the "great things of God's law."

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A holy life is the ultimate object of all preaching. The sins it contends with, lurk in every part of the nature. So that the searching truth must go into the hidden parts and drive them forth, and slay them. Faithful and fearless is the dealing this calls for—an heroic laying of the Word of God upon the evil thing, let it be what it may. Warning must stir the soul, precept must impel it, promise must win it to do the thing that is right in God's esteem. Every agency within the volume of revelation must come into play, and keep its own field.

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"Life" is the chief demand that the pulpit makes on the pew to-day. That is correct, but the life must be fed with the sincere milk of the Word. Doctrine must underlie duty. The Word must determine the walk. The way must run along the lines marked out by the will of God. The life must be such as is in accord with the faith of Jesus Christ.

Care must be taken that the life is one formed on Scriptural principles and fashioned after the example of Jesus Christ. No other life will serve the ends sought by God in the establishment of His Church.

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Giving is a great Christian duty. And performed in the right spirit is a prime means of grace, and brings solid satisfaction to the soul. No one can be found mourning over his giving, who has been actuated by the proper motive—"for Christ's sake."

How sadly has the grace been marred by the mean and miserable expedients adopted by many congregations. The giving grace has been crippled and almost killed out of Christian hearts by unwarrantable and unscriptural means of raising money. It is time the tea selling and show business were relegated to the parties to whom it belongs, and Christian people were made to realize that giving is to be freely done, that is, without receiving an entertainment for the twenty-five cents they pay. Ah! it is pay and it is purchase—not Christian giving at all. And this very thing blots out the fair lines of divine teaching ament this matter. Why not take God's way, and say farewell to man's invention?

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The social element in Church life is abundantly provided for in the assemblies, in the charities, and in the working together of the members. Every holy assembly, whether on Sabbath or during the week, every fulfilment of divine injunction cultivates the social element. The Church plans are too often worldly, purely so. They move along carnal and sensuous lines, instead of along spiritual lines. They take the low level instead of the high level route. No marvel they end in utter disappointment and disgust. They do not break up cliques, they do not blend.

Elements that are uncongenial, they do not weld the mass sweetly and strongly together—only God's Spirit can do that, and He does do that wherever His commandments are obeyed.

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Let God have a fair chance in giving character to His Church. He is interfered with and hindered in working out His conception by the opposition of merely human ideas. Men would mend God's mind. Their implication is that He is deficient in wisdom. His plans need improvement. They are not the best that could be devised. Let God's plan be scrupulously carried out. It will demand faith, prayer, persistent fighting and cross bearing, but in the end it will most gloriously justify itself. In its growth it will overthrow and sweep into oblivion scores of pet notions, and worldly alliances, and unworthy and laborious works, but in their place it will leave "a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

SENTINEL.

By appointment of numerous Sabbath Associations on both sides of the sea, the week beginning April 7 (including also April 14), is set apart as the World's Week of Prayer for the Sabbath. It is hoped that it will be observed by prayer and conference on the relations of the Christian Sabbath or Lord's Day to the Church, to the nation and to the individual, in Sabbath schools, preachers' meetings, prayer-meetings and pulpits!