

only enhance the intrinsic value of the degree, but would enhance its value as a testimonial of scholarship, and get rid of one of the worst features of the honor system, the necessity for cram.

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Another much needed reform within our universities is compulsory matriculation. Not only is the present system of admitting a candidate upon his own recommendation a source of weakness and embarrassment to the various professors in the universities, but it is a manifest injustice to the High Schools. They are the natural feeders of the universities, and if they are to do their work properly they must get it to do.

The age in which we live demands men of high intellectual and moral culture to oppose its materialistic tendencies. We must have men of sympathy, of earnest effort and patient waiting for the fruit of labor, to feel the pulse of the social life, to direct its energies into upward channels and humbly and patiently lead the way. Such men are no mushroom growth. They are the result of patient assimilation of the thought and action of the great and good and earnest effort to realize these thoughts and actions in their own lives.

LITERATURE.

GREYFRIARS KIRKYARD, EDINBURGH.

IN the heart of the Athens of the North, closed in by a moss-clad wall from the too inquisitive eye of the thoughtless, lonely amid surrounding life, quiet amid the roar of moving commerce, lies the historic Kirkyard of Greyfriars; and in all Edinburgh there is perhaps no place better worthy of a visit by one who finds an interest in the study of Scottish character and Scottish life.

Here in company with one of Edinburgh's most patriotic citizens it was my good fortune to spend a beautiful summer's evening in June, wandering about among the time-worn and smoke-encrusted tombstones and learning the histories, some bright, some dark, of those over whose ashes we trod. High above us as we stood among the tombs towered the grey and gloomy Castle, clear cut against the blue sky, but brighter than usual with the red rays of the setting sun, its small windows glistening and glittering like diamonds in a mighty mass of rock. Not to think of the past was impossible. Here to the old Kirk over four hundred years ago was brought the young prince royal of Scotland (afterwards James IV.) to celebrate his betrothal to the royal maid of England, Cecilia, and here was confirmed the treaty of peace between these nations, founded on the basis of this betrothal. Here nearly two centuries later was enacted that scene of the 28th of February, 1638, so momentous to Scottish civil and religious liberty, when with weeping eyes and drawn swords peer and peasant subscribed their names to the National Covenant and vowed to devote life and fortune to Scotland's Church and to oppose the hated dogmas and doctrines which the headstrong and obstinate Charles was endeavoring to force upon them. Here a few years later came the English vandal, Cromwell, and even the heavy walls of Greyfriars did not escape the desecration in

which he so much delighted, for most of the woodwork of the church afforded fuel for his fires.

Saddest and most pitiful of all was the scene witnessed here in 1679. Into an enclosure scarce large enough for a few hundred to move about in were herded like cattle over twelve hundred of those poor Covenanters of both sexes and of all ages, whom the over-crowded prisons could not hold. Here they remained for five long months exposed to the sun by day, the heavy dews by night, the rain, the wind and the storm, with no other roof above them but the drifting clouds and no other bed than the rank grass which grew in its hideous luxuriance from the graves beneath them. As if their misery was not great enough, they had to bear the brutal treatment of their guards, and when relief came to many it was in the form of death—either mental or bodily. They were buried where they died, but their memory still lives, for in the north-east corner of the burying-ground, where most of the poor unfortunates were buried, stands that grim monument of their sufferings and trial—the Martyrs' monument—a tall, pillared tablet with the following inscription even now growing dim with age:

"Halt, passenger! take heed what you see—
This tomb doth show for what some men did die;
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood,
Adhering to the covenants and laws,
Establishing the same; which was the cause
Their lives were sacrificed unto the lusts
Of prelatists abjured; though here their dust
Lies mix't with murderers and other crew
Whom justice justly did to death pursue.
But as for them no cause was to be found
Worthy of death; but only they were found
Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing
For the prerogative of Christ, their king,
Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie's head,
And all along to Mr. Kenwick's blood.
They did endure the wrath of enemies,
Reproaches, tortures, death and injuries,
But they're those who from such troubles came
And now triumph in Glory with the Lamb."

"From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquise of Argyle
"was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1638, that Mr. James
"Kenwick suffered, were, one way or other, murdered and
"destroyed for the same cause about eighteen thousand, of
"whom were executed at Edinburgh about a hundred of noble-
"men and gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for
"Jesus Christ, the most of them lie here."

Such is the record which might be called the glory of the Kirkyard, and while we stood with uncovered heads beside the grave and read the inscription on the monument we could not but feel that the lives and deaths of these martyrs had not been in vain.

The memories of the tombs were not all so mournful, for as we wandered about we found the chiselled marble marking the resting place of the sons of some of Scotland's brightest days, who living were Scotland's life, and who in their graves are Scotland's inspiration. Here is the grave of the historian Buchanan, marked by a very fine bronze bust of himself, placed there by the munificence of one of his great admirers, David Laing, the celebrated lawyer and founder of the Advocates' library. Not far distant are the tombs of the gentle Allan Ramsay and the just and upright Lord President Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a beautiful statue of whom may be