

shouting, 'John Knox is come.' Barques that were quitting port bore up to signal ships at sea. Shepherds were summoned from their stations, students were aroused from their books, sentinels on watch-towers when challenging those who approached, were answered 'John Knox is come.'" The sound of this name paralysed the plans of foes, and revived the hopes of friends. And from that hour till now wherever the echoes of his potent voice or the skirts of his wondrous mantle float over the districts to which God's love gave him, we owe a debt of deathless gratitude to one of the truest of the true, one of the bravest of the brave, whom brave, true men should delight to honour.

Reverting to that era with its confusions and convulsions out of which have sprung our order and repose, well may we endorse the tribute of Carlyle to our arch reformer. "His great message was, 'let men know that they are men, created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity.'" This message he did deliver with a man's strength and found a people to believe him. Of such an achievement were it to be made once only, the outcomes are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot die. The country has attained majority; a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. The national character originated in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on, and, above all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox."

Besides, later epochs were brought to mind by sketches of other celebrated places. Killiecrankie, with its wild Pass carried us mentally to the martyrs "wha ance, upon auld Scotia's hills, were hunted like the paitrick, were hacked with swords and shot wit guns, frae Tummel's banks to Ettrick." Stirling, with its verdan