

But swifter far the Spirit passed o'er the awakened throng ;  
God's presence with his message went as living waters flow,  
And thus His Spirit blessed our sires two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago, afar, no Gospel sound was known,  
The heathen man, unheeded then, bowed down to wood and stone ;  
But better days have dawned on us—our missionary band  
Are publishing salvation now on India's golden strand,  
And to the sons of Abraham our sons appointed go,  
To Judah's race, rejected, scorned, two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago was seen the proud and mitred brow  
Frowning on Scotland's envied Kirk as it is frowning now ;  
But enemies in church and state may threaten stern decree,  
Her ministers are men of prayer, her people still are free ;  
Nor threat, nor interdict, nor wile of legislative show  
Shall change the men whose fathers bled two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago o'er graves the blue-bell drooped its head,  
The purple heather sadly waved above the honored dead ;  
The mist lay heavy on the hill, the lav'rock ceased to soar,  
And Scotland mourned her martyred sons on mountain and on moor.  
And still her's is a mourning church ; but He who made her so  
Is nigh to aid her as He was two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago the hand of massacre was nigh,  
And far and wide, o'er Erin's land, was heard the midnight cry.  
Now Presbyterian Ulster rests in happiness and peace,  
While crimes in distant provinces from year to year increase.  
O Lord ! their bondage quickly turn as streams in south that flow,  
For Popery is the same it was two hundred years ago."

Papa read with the trumpet tone of triumph in his voice, aunt and mamma were enthusiastic listeners, and when he had finished reading they broke forth into praise of the verses, their writer, and the event commemorated.

Then the conversation turned to Scotland, its heroes, martyrs and bards—to the great men, giants on the earth, who stood in the forefront of the battle, and counted not their lives dear unto them in their zeal for the Lord's truth and the people's liberties.

While they talked of these things a part of me rejoiced in my Scottish ancestry, and my small share in the hereditary glories of Presbyterianism, while another part went out secretly after my dead mother and the despised O's and Macs from which she sprung.

From such conversations as these I got some knowledge of the men whom my father delighted to honour—Wishart and Patrick Hamilton, who for the truth's sake passed through the fire to Him whom they loved ;

Knox, that warrior of the Lord, who, warring not on his own charges, was able against all odds to stamp his own individuality on a nation and make the lines true :

" A virtuous populace shall rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around the much loved Isle ; "

Peden and Cargill and Cameron of the " days of darkness and blood," when the ministers of the word were hunted like the partridges on the mountains, when, like Nehemiah's builders, they wrought with one hand in the work and in the other held a weapon ; saintly Samuel Rutherford, who did not build his nest in any of this world's trees, and many another noble name.

And there were living men of whom my father said, they were worthy to stand in the place of the mighty dead.

A great Scottish minister called Chalmers was the chief of these ; and there was a Mr. McDonald, surnamed Ferintosh, I did not know why, and our own Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, whose name was