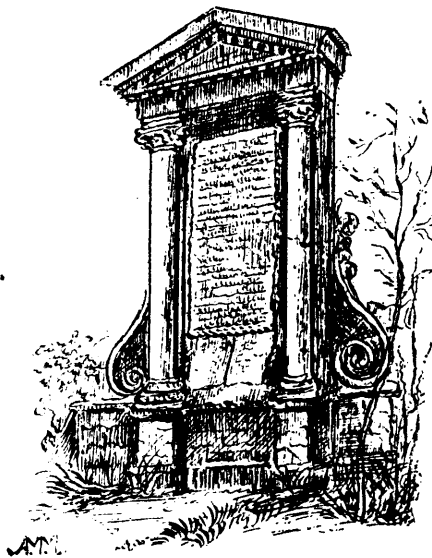


BLUIDY MACKENZIE'S TOMB.—GREYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD.



THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT.—GREYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD.

This is prefaced by a score of halting lines, that but poorly paraphrase the noble sentence of St. John the Divine: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It is for this spot, consecrated by something higher than rank or genius, that I have bespoken your reverent regard. For whatever your creed, O fellow-pilgrim, and whatever mine, we must be poor creatures if we cannot honour the men, by whatever name they are called—Covenanters, Non-jurors, Jesuits—who have had the courage to die for conscience sake. It is so easy to sit by our comfortable firesides and fight old battles over; taking this or that side, as fancy or feeling may dictate; with nothing to be responsible for and nothing to suffer. It is so hard to be just to

those who fought those same battles in grim earnest. We are learning to understand that there were devout souls before the Reformation; let us not, therefore, belittle the reformers. There is a tendency to do this; to exaggerate their faults and mistakes, to find something ridiculous in themselves. Scott, good man as he was, had a keen eye for their failings, though none for his royal patron's vices. Let us go at once to the root of the matter. We owe to the reformers of England and Scotland nothing less than Civil and Religious Liberty; and I, for one, scorn to accept the gift and revile the giver.

"*Diversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis*;"—by divers ways Jerusalem is reached. And by one of them—and not a very devious one, I am sure—the brave Covenanters, from "wild, dark, stormy, tender Scotland," went home to God.

A. M. MACLEOD.

A Young Poet to His Dead Master.

Your songs were great, and all the world
Stopped in its hurrying onward rush,
To hear the voice that slowed the moon
And o'er the waters dropped a hush.

And now, my master, I would write
And tell mankind of all your worth,
But still I fear that my dull words
Would blur your glory on the earth.

So, master, let your echoes fly,
And let your lyric words ring wide,
And let the memories of your life
Lie like a charm upon the tide.

I sing, but what are all my songs
To those great tones in which you sing.
My songs are scoffed at by the fool,
And yours are treasured by the king.

You wore a laurel when on earth,
You wear an amaranth above;
You wore a rose-bud when with us,
But now the full-blown rose of love.

But I, I wear no laurels yet,
No marks of honour deck my robe;
My songs can only touch one heart,
While yours are honoured by a globe.

Now, Master, though my harp is new,
Though all the strings are out of tune,
And may not stir a nation's soul,
I yet can sing a lover's tune.

G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS,
The Rectory, Fredericton, N. B.

[We have pleasure in publishing the above. Master Roberts, who is but thirteen years of age, bids fair to follow closely in the footsteps of his illustrious brother, the Professor.—ED. D. I.]



DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FOOTBALL TEAM, HALIFAX.