

glories, while the names of those who have fallen may in after days be the inspiration of a whole army.

But in a much higher sense, we hesitate not to say, that the Church ought to regard her martyrs' roll as her highest honour, and generally she does so. What does the Scottish Presbyterian look back upon, in the past history of the Church, with the highest satisfaction? Is it not to those struggles in which so much of the best blood of Scotland flowed freely for the testimony of Jesus? Whence arises the veneration with which thousands in all countries regard this land? Far exceeding the honour which she deserves for her patriotic struggles—and the achievements of her sons in science and art—is the affectionate reverence, of the devout at least, towards her glens and mountains as the spots where the martyrs of Jesus lived and died. Far deeper than any feelings which the glories of her landscape might inspire is the interest with which they contemplate the solitary glens where these humble witnesses prayed and worshipped their covenant God—the leather hills stained by their blood—or the graves, it may be nameless, where they sleep their last sleep.

We believe then that a new and peculiar honour has just been conferred upon our Church. She is not merely descended from a Church of martyrs—she *is herself a Church of martyrs*. She has had honours already conferred upon her, not indeed to be proud of, but calling for humble gratitude to God, “in whose hand it is to make great” She has had her fathers, who amid toil and privation planted this Church in the wilderness, and whose labours are written as with a sunbeam on the very landscapes of our country. She has had and still has her learned professors, toiling for the intellectual and spiritual advancement of our country—she has had and still has her faithful pastors, breaking the bread of life in village and hamlet, and in many a solitary dwelling—she has had and still has her devoted eldership, “the messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ”—she has had and still has her thousands of praying people, exemplifying the beauties of holiness in the circle of private life—she has her faithful missionaries, who in devotedness and success may take a high rank with any who have laboured in the Church since the Apostles left the stage of time. And in the matter of union she has been privileged to take a step, whose influence is telling widely in other lands. But now she has something more, and perhaps even greater, than any of these, she has her white robed martyrs before the throne. What are we, O God, that we should be thus honoured of thee!

Nor is this a fruitless and useless honour. The memory of the martyrs of Christ is a living reality. Subordinate to the influences of the Holy Ghost, it is one of the most inspiring influences which a Church can possess. The Scottish martyrs still live in the influence which their lives and deaths exert upon Scottish Presbyterians, not only in Scotland, but where they have wandered to the farthest bounds of the earth—on the prairies of America and in the sheep-walks of Australia, aye, and upon their descendants there, from generation to generation—teaching them to value the heavenly principles for which they bled—surrounding them with new responsibilities—supplying solemn safeguards against dishonouring a profession sanctified by such holy memories, inspiring them with holy principles, and inspiring them to deeds of “high emprise,” and in the time of trial to play the men for our people and for the cities of our God.”

God grant that it may be so with us! May it be found that Mr. Gordon's mantle fell when he ascended, and that it has been seized by many of a kindred spirit—and may the whole Church be roused to act a part worthy of her new responsibilities.