

she had so many vacant. But this consideration does not affect the principle that is at stake. The question is, Have the Trustees of all our colleges, or only of this one, unlimited power in making such appointments, and can ministers leave their own fields of labour to reinforce the staff of our numerous colleges without the Church having any say in the matter?

There is one idea suggested by such arrangements in addition to that to which you refer. You suggest the propriety of endowing lectureships, and the idea is a good one, which we may hope some day to see realized. But since our colleges are so greatly burdened in carrying a complete staff of Professors, might not these lectureships be extended, and by means of these the theological education of our students be carried on more economically. If our Principals and Trustees were to select a few of our leading theologians, as in the present case, to lecture each session to the students, would it not be better for the students, as well as more economical, and besides, aid in developing the study of theology among our increasingly numerous Doctors of Divinity, and Probationers, and school Principals? I think the idea is worthy of consideration, and hope it will not be out of place to mention these questions suggested by this admirable arrangement. And that this idea of developing more generally the lectureship mode of tuition, for which we have many ministers and probationers who are admirably fitted, may not be lost sight of.

The Church naturally feels deeply interested in the subject. There is no more important work to which any one could be appointed than the training of our young men, and the Church does not generally entrust the selection of her agents for this duty, to any other than herself.

More might be said on this subject, which is one of great importance, especially in the present day, but I leave the consideration of it to those more intimately acquainted with the working of our colleges, and with the principles of the Presbyterian church. DUBIUS.

TRAINING OF THE YOUNG IN PRESBYTERIAN PRINCIPLES.

Dr. Cochrane preached on St. Andrew's day before the Brantford St. Andrew's Society to a crowded congregation, taking for his subject the text:—"I remember the days of old, which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generations to come the praises of the Lord, and the wonderful works that he hath done."

The following extracts are worthy of perusal:

"The Jewish nation perpetuated its history, and inspired that fervent patriotism which still possesses the race, by handing down from generation to generation the story of God's mighty acts. It was the direct command of Jehovah, that their children should be early indoctrinated in Bible truth, and made to understand the way by which the fathers had been led. 'These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.' 'Take heed to thyself, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons.' The meaning of every new event and institution in the history of Israel, was to be explained, and impressed upon the minds of the young.

"The result of such parental and home instructions was just what might be expected. Their love of country was intense, and their devotion to her interests supreme. When near Mount Zion and within sight of the Holy City, their joy was unbounded; when separated by exile their sorrow was too deep for expression, and bordered on despair. How fondly they loved their land, and mourned over their own backslidings and the desolations of the Sanctuary, is touchingly expressed in the 137th Psalm. The temple was now in ruins and the once busy streets of Jerusalem now deserted. The land was waste and inhabited by strangers, while far from home, strangers and exiles, they sat by the rivers of Babylon. In such circumstances, what could they do but weep in silence, as they remembered Zion?"

After referring to the tender memories that on such an occasion cluster around the scenes of boyhood, he goes on to say:

"But not these things alone, to-night, demand our

reverence. We pay homage to the past because of the privileges it has conferred upon us in the present. If civilization and learning have now attained a point in advance of any former age, let us never forget the men, nor despise their labors, who gave a stimulus to thought and laid the foundations of moral worth and social happiness in days long gone by. Those civil and political principles and institutions, which are now the glory of Christian lands, were wrought out and built up in days when the few had to fight the many;—when men looked to the invisible more than the tangible, and when honest, out-spoken sentiments were rewarded by fetters, imprisonment and death. To the wisdom of her statesmen—the heroism of her Covenanters—the valor of her soldier citizens—the industry of her peasantry—in a word, to that unquenchable faith in God's sovereignty, which possessed the inmost heart of the Scottish nation, do we owe our noblest gifts in the nineteenth century: our peaceful homes and law-abiding communities; our undisturbed sanctuaries, and our constitutional liberties. As the great Edward Irving, apostrophizing his countrymen, well and truly says: 'Ye were a nation of families, and every head of a family was a king and a priest in his house, which was a house of God and a gate of Heaven. Your peasantry were as the sons of kings in their gravity and wisdom. They were men who held communion with the King of Heaven. Oh, never again till our King comes shall the world witness such a chosen seed and noble vine as were planted among the most desolate wilds of the north.'

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"But it is not only meet that we should gratefully remember departed worth, and record their names and deeds in granite and marble columns;—we owe it to them, when we pass away, that their memory shall be held as sacredly, and appreciated as highly, by our successors. 'Those things that our fathers have told us, we must not hide from our children, but show to the generation to come the wonderful works that the Lord hath done.' If we cannot go with them hand in hand, and stand by Bannockburn, Drumclog, Bothwell Bridge, Aird's Moss, the Grassmarket, and Greyfriars' churchyard, where mighty battles of the faith were fought—if not always won—we can picture to them such scenes, and as the Grecian patriot appealed to the shades of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis, inspire their hearts with the noblest emotions and rouse their enthusiasm to like deeds of daring. We can tell them what made and kept Scotland free from the tyranny of priestcraft and the perfidiousness of kings—how it was she was seldom vanquished and never conquered—how that in these days of storm and conflict, there sprung up freedom of thought and action—the right to judge of rulers and overthrow tyranny—the principle that the many are not made for the few, but the government for the elevation of the many, and the good of society at large. We can tell them of her admirable system of education, her schools and universities for rich and poor alike: where the shepherd's son sits side by side with the son of the peer, in the halls of science, letters and theology, and better still of that religious training associated with Sabbath homes and Scottish Sabbaths, whereby piety became ingrained in the heart of youth, and God-fearing men were prepared to become the pillars of the state. By such careful instruction, may we not hope to foster in our children a love for the grand old past, and a sincere desire to

"Snatch from the ashes of their sires
The embers of their former fires."

There is need for such training of the youth of the present age. Our young men and women are thoroughly drilled in the Greek and Roman classics. They are far ahead of their fathers in the range of their studies. But these are so general and discursive as to ignore to a great extent the history of periods that were momentous in the results for good to the human race. The time afforded in our schools for the study of the endless subjects, that now form the curriculum, does not admit of more than merest outline of national characteristics. And perhaps it is just as well that the principles which underlie great periods in our national history should be explained by men who have a love for what is manly and honourable in conduct, and not left to ignorant, conceited and prejudiced *litterateurs*, who scoff at what is sacred, and eulogise what is infamous and vile. What is wanted is that fathers and mothers, after the example of Sir Walter Scott, though with greater love for historical facts, should tell their children and grand-

children of a hoary past never to be forgotten, and names that can never be mentioned but with reverence.

To narrate the history of these days is an easy task, compared with the tragic deaths of the actors in these struggles. They *made history, and in the presence of their children* died to preserve intact the liberty of conscience. James Guthrie, the Scottish martyr, had a son about four or five years old, so young indeed, and therefore so ignorant of the dismal tragedy that was approaching, that he could scarcely be kept from playing in the streets on the day of his father's execution. Guthrie, whose soul yearned over his boy, so soon to become an orphan, took him upon his knee and gave him such advice as was suited to his capacity. 'Willie,' he said, 'they will tell you, and cast up to you, that your father was hanged; but think not shame of it, for it is upon a good cause.' After the execution the martyr's head was set upon the Nether Bow Post, as a spectacle for the finger of scorn to point at. Among those who repaired thither, and looked up at the long grey hairs rustling in the wind, and the features embrowning and drying in the sun, one little boy was often seen gazing fixedly upon that countenance, with looks of love and terror, and still returning day after day, and hour after hour, as if there was for him a language in that silent head, which none else could hear. That child was Willie Guthrie, the little 'Willie' of the Martyr's last affectionate counsels and cares. His love for playing in the streets was over now, a new occupation had absorbed him, and as he returned from these pilgrimages, we may conceive with what feelings his mother heard him, when enquiring where he had been, his reply was, 'I have been seeing my father's head.' In such a stern school were the children of our ancestors taught, and right well were the lessons learned. The conflict was long and painful, but victorious, for

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Finally, reference is made to the sufferings of the Argyles in the Scottish persecutions. He says:

'It is fitting to night that the Sons of Saint Andrew in Canada, above all other citizens, should join in the hearty congratulations, that have welcomed to our shores, our Governor-General and his royal consort. In devotion to the throne, Scotchmen have never been deficient, even when suffering persecution sufficient to make wise men mad. We give Victoria's daughter the sincere greetings of loyal hearts, not only for her own moral worth and varied graces, but for the sake of her royal mother, whose life and reign has been the glory of Great Britain and the admiration of the world. But as Scotchmen we cherish peculiar feelings in receiving as the representative of royalty, a man whose forefathers, in days when constitutional Government was crushed, heroically laid their head beneath the axe rather than submit to tyranny and wrong. So long as the heath covered mountains of Scotland remain, the name of Argyle will be gratefully remembered. On the 27th day of May, 1661, first in time and first in rank of Charles' victims, the Marquis of Argyle suffered death, as the proto-martyr of covenanting times. History records no grander event than the bearing of Archibald, Earl of Argyle, when condemned, and on the scaffold. Receiving his sentence kneeling, he rose and said, 'I had the honor to set the crown upon the King's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own.' On the day of his execution, when his attendant clergyman put the question, 'what cheer my lord?' 'Good cheer, sir,' was the reply, 'the Lord hath again confirmed and said to me from heaven, son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' Then with steady step, calm pulse, and unmoved countenance, after earnest prayer, he knelt before the axe, gave the signal, and the weapon fell. 'I could die as a Roman,' said Argyle, 'but choose rather to die as a Christian,' and as such he died. Twenty-four years afterwards, on June 30th, 1685, another Argyle died under the executioner's axe, saying as he went to join his martyred father: 'I die not only a Protestant, but with a heart hatred of Popery, prelacy, and all superstition whatever.' These noblemen—noble not only by birth but by gracious endowments, have left behind them characters which their enemies have failed to depreciate or asperse. We can ask no greater blessing for Lord Lorne, than that he may walk in the footsteps of his illustrious father, and maintain undimmed the glory that gilds the escutcheon of Argyle. That name means liberty of conscience