

St. Andrews is a little off the main lines of travel, and for this reason is quite generally left to one side by sight-seers. But the Presbyterian who has a pride in his ecclesiastical ancestry can not well afford to slight it. This grave and venerable city was once the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, and impressive remnants of the Cathedral palace of the primates are still standing. The gigantic proportions of this, the most magnificent church of Scotland in pre-reformation days, may still be traced, and its beautiful and elaborate ornamentation may be judged by the few specimens remaining. The total internal length from east to west was 358 feet, and from north to south, including the transepts, 166 feet.

Very near to the ruins of the Cathedral are the ruins of the castle. To stand within the enclosure indicated by scattered portions of the walls still remaining, and to recall the history wrought on that spot, is almost enough to make the blood run cold at this distance of time. Just in front of this castle, two of the earliest martyrs of the Scotch Reformation were burned, Patrick Hamilton, in 1528, and George Wishart, in 1546. The annals of that period contain few nobler names, and few that excite a more pathetic interest. Patrick Hamilton was of noble birth, according to the flesh, and when born of the Spirit, he became a choice servant of Christ. After completing his education at Paris, and learning the ways of the Lord more perfectly by reading the works of Luther and Melancthon, he retired to his native land, filled with a restless desire to make Christ known to his benighted fellow-countrymen. The tragic result is soon told. He preached a few weeks, was apprehended, asked to recant, and refusing, was tied to a stake and burned. Eighteen years afterward, the gentle and lovely Wishart suffered a like fate in the same place. From an upper window of this castle, Cardinal Beaton, then the Primate of Scotland, looked out on the burning form of Wishart, and gloated over his dying agonies. The patient martyr had friends. These secured admission by night to the castle and assassinated the Cardinal. They then fortified themselves and endured a protracted siege. John Knox, who had been a disciple of Wishart, knowing that those who had burnt the master would be glad to see the pupil put out of the way, took refuge in the castle with the assassins of the Cardinal. It was during the time of the siege that John Knox was called by a congregation of the inmates of the castle to preach. We are standing, then, on the spot where that mighty voice was first lifted up to proclaim Christ's evangel. That event marked a new era in the history of Scotland, and of the world.

The most interesting object which we saw in the old castle, or for that matter in St. Andrews's, was the Bottle Dungeon, so called from its being shaped somewhat like a bottle. The keeper led us down into a subterranean vault, and pointed our attention to what looked like the mouth of a large well. This is the opening of the neck of the bottle. He hooked a lantern on a pole and lowered it in the hole, and by means of the light we could see where the neck ended and the bottle began. The neck is seven feet in diameter, and the bottle seventeen. The dungeon is twenty four feet deep. Prisoners were lowered through the neck of the bottle by means of a basket. When at the bottom, they found themselves in the heart of a solid rock to which not one ray of light was admitted. The idea of escaping from there could only be entertained by a lunatic. It is said that Hamilton and Wishart were confined in this gloomy pit before their execution. It is further said that the assassins of Cardinal Beaton, having no other way to dispose of the body, put it in salt and threw it down here, where it lay for seven weeks.—Editorial Correspondence, Presbyterian Standard.

What's Wrong with the School System?

The other day a young man, shovily garbed in the very pronounced style of dress affected by present-day youth, swaggered into a large city restaurant

which I sometimes frequent, and, with all the arrogance of the nouveau riche, seated himself opposite me. Thrusting forth his legs, without taking any pains to avoid kicking my shins, and, what was a degree worse, without apologizing for the injury inflicted, he took a comprehensive view of the room, as if to behold the impression he had created, and then reached across the table for the bill of fare, which chanced to lie beside my plate. I forestalled his move and politely handed the card to him. Without vouchsafing "a thank you", he literally snatched it from me and proceeded to look over its contents. By this time a waitress had come up, and stood awaiting the youngster's orders.

"Bring me some of this here liver and bacon," he commanded haughtily, "and apple pie, with a good big hunk of ice cream on it. Get a wiggle on, Susie."

This done, the youth condescended to notice me. His look wore that half-resentful, half-supercilious air, which seemed to say, "Well, old guy, what's the matter with you? What business is it of yours how I behave? I'm not in school any longer; I can do as I jolly well please."

Before Susie had returned with his liver and bacon, and his apple pie, with a big hunk of ice cream on it, I had finished my repast, and betaken myself sadly away, wondering what the rising generation was coming to, anyway.

Business men, who have occasion to employ boys and girls in their offices, have many complaints to offer now-a-days about the capabilities, the deportment, and even the honesty of a great part of those who enter business life. There seems to be a serious lack somewhere, and the deficiency is very generally attributed to defects in the school system. The nature of these defects evidently impresses different people in different ways, for an investigation carried on among a number of business men revealed quite a variety of opinion. On only one point were they unanimous, and that was in the belief that the school system must be remedied before there can be any decided improvement.

A manufacturer gave it as his opinion that the schools had been turned into machines, that the scholars were treated individually on identically the same lines, despite marked differences in constitution and ability, and that they were each and all educated up to a pattern. The human element and the kindly guiding hand were conspicuously lacking. The result was that boys and girls were crammed full of knowledge which was out of harmony with their gifts—that they missed many things which would have helped to develop their abilities along congenial lines, and that they were started in life improperly equipped for the work to which they were later consigned.

How far is this true? Let any one who reads these lines take a retrospective view of his school life, and see how it fits in with his own case. Did any one of the half-dozen teachers in your public school course depart from the every-day routine of prescribed studies to take a personal interest in your work, to encourage you to take up and follow out those studies for which you had a special aptitude, to fit your present training to your future calling? Perhaps some few may have experienced the blessing of having such teachers, but the number of these great men and women educators is few and far between. They were mostly content to get through the day's drudgery in the ordered way, and to cram into their scholars the text-book lessons as they came along.

But, it will be objected, it is not the system you are blaming, but the teacher. Not at all, the inefficient teacher, the system teacher, is the fruit of the system himself or herself, and is limited by the requirements of the system. Until the system of teaching is reformed, there can be no teachers of the kind eulogized. Some years ago before the system became so very much systematized, there were teachers of strong personality and originality, who graduated from their schools boys and girls of like qualities. These boys and girls went into the world to cope with the problems of the times, and they solved them in the strength of their own

initiative. But to-day, the average system-graduated boy seems powerless to act outside of the limits in which he has been trained.

#### THE LAW OF INCREASE.

It is illustrated by the harvest field. The abundant grain into which the farmer drives his reaper does not spring up by some happy chance, so that he goes to sleep with his fields uncultivated and bare and wakes to find them waving with wheat and corn ready for the garner. What he gathers is the increase of what he sowed. The soil, the air, the sunshine, and the rains have enlarged his stores because he gave them something to work with. He brought to them what he had, and they have rewarded him by giving him more.

This law is illustrated in the accumulation of wealth. Men who have grown rich by their own exertions have told us that the greatest difficulty they had to surmount was in getting together their first thousand dollars. After that success came more easily, and as the thousands multiplied, more easily still. It was because in the processes of trade money makes more money. If a man can bring capital into the industrial or commercial operations of the country, they will give him good returns, and the larger the capital he brings, other things being equal, the larger will be his increase. He gets more by investing what he has.

The law is illustrated in the accumulation of intellectual treasures. The youth who has learned to read and write, and gathered some scraps of information will not become educated and wise by mere wishing. If he wants more knowledge, he must begin by using what he has. His ability to read must be applied. If he wants to be able to think in wider ranges and on more various subjects, he must commence by thinking clearly and intently within the range that is now open to him, and on the subjects with which he is already familiar. Between the crude knowledge of Isaac Newton, the boy, and the luminous learning of Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, there was an unbroken continuity.

The law of increase is illustrated in the Christian life. We grow in the graces by the practice of them. They may be feeble in their beginnings, but such as they are, they must be the seed of larger growths if we are to have them at all. Take patience for example. With what a small amount of it we start! Nor will the Spirit help our infirmities of temper, curing us of our irritabilities in some magical way, so that we will wake up some day to find ourselves rulers of our spirits. The only way to increase our patience is to cultivate our present stock of it. If we can preserve our serenity, under the raspings of to-day's work and cares, we will find it easier to do it tomorrow.

And what is true of patience, is true of all the other Christian graces. It is through exercising ourselves in them that they grow from more to more, and in no other way can we expect them to increase.

But it is one of our strange inconsistencies that we too often ignore this law of increase as it operates in the Christian life. We recognize it as decisive in other relations, and we conform to it if we are in earnest, as farmers, business men or students. We do not, of course, dispute it, theoretically, in the higher sphere, but so faras practical consequences are concerned ignoring it is as disastrous as denying it. The natural explanation would seem to be that we are less interested in religious values than in secular ones. Certain it is that if we addressed ourselves to the problem of how to be better men and women as we do to the problem of how to get on in the world, our treasures in heaven would be vastly greater than they now are. Nor would we find it a hardship to do for the sake of imperishable character what we are glad to do for the sake of accumulating more of the riches that perish in the using. Nay, by as much as the former transcends the latter in importance, by so much the more earnestly would we conform to the law of increase in those higher relations where the gains become an eternal possession. Lutheran Observer.