

friendly advances made in this spirit to have been discourteously repelled, and the repellants were not those who are generally credited with erecting the loftiest barrier walls.

Probably the greatest real barrier to a mutual approach of churches is traditionalism. They cannot forget their individual church history. The Congregationalist looks lovingly back to Cromwell and Milton, the Methodist to the Wesleys; the Baptist rises to the defence of the generally abused Anabaptists of Germany, and the Anglican, according as he is low or high, either glories in the Marian martyrs, or traces his orders back to the Apostles through Augustine of Canterbury. Few people know more of the history of their own church and less of that of others than Presbyterians. They have a famous history. Their church a reformation one, in many respects the reformation church, in Scotland, France, Holland, parts of Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia and Hungary, and a pre-reformation one in Italy, Presbyterians claim the best Protestant title to Catholicity. But the British Presbyterian rests chiefly in Knox and Melville, in the witnesses for the Truth who preceded them, and in the martyrs of the Covenant a century later. Most of these memories, together with those which belong peculiarly to Reformed Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, and Free Churchmen, are

memories of wrongs inflicted and injuries wrought in the past. These memories are honouring to the heroes of the past, the saints of the Presbyterian calendar, but they are something more than that. The Presbyterian has always been an unflinching sufferer for conscience sake, and a brave fighter, but he has also always been a good traditional hater, a Celt, a Corsican, a veritable Red Indian among Churchmen. The Wesleyan was shamefully treated when first he made his fervent appeals in a century of deadness, but I am not aware that he bears any grudge at the successors of the clergymen who encouraged the brutal mobs he suffered from. The Congregationalist had to accompany his Presbyterian brother out into a cold world on Black Bartholomew's day, but he makes no shibboleth of that day. The Baptist is so taken up with *baptismo* that he rarely strays into the near past to find Mr. Spilsbury setting up his first English congregation and preparing victims for persecution. The Anglican had his ups and downs in England and Scotland, but, having given more than he received of the latter, has agreed to be magnanimous and let bygones be bygones. But the loyal Presbyterian, like the Scot who execrates the memory of Menteith and Home, hands down the names of the apostate Sharpe and his colleagues to the undying hatred of his children's children. When completing my theological