

"Once."

Steadfast and calm was the brave young face; silent and firm the young lip.

"Speak, thou young fool!" cried one of the soldiers, roughly. "Dost think we shall not catch Robert Brock? Thy silence does but delay his death an hour or so. Save thy life and speak."

"I canna stain my han' wi' blood."

"Twice."

The fair, green smiling earth below, the high arched heaven above, the broad stream murmuring over its rocky bed, the sweet voiced birds making glad the morning air, all nature bright, and pure, and beautiful, speaking of goodness and love to the ears that heard not, to scarred and cruel hearts.

"Thrice. Fire!"

Once more the curling smoke! Once more the blood-stained turf! Down the mountain side pressed the soldiers eager for their prey, and the waters flowed calmly on over the silent dead. Up toward the clear blue sky was turned the proud young face of the murdered boy, and the fair hair of his "bonny wee sister" floated over his bare brown breast, and only the crimsoned wave and deeply dyed turf bore witness of the cruel deed; but God and the angels watched over the lonely resting-place of the little Scottish martyrs.—*Nash. Ch. Adv.*

[In this way our forefathers suffered to secure our religious liberties. Let us guard them well! Little cause have men to grumble in Nova Scotia! ]—Ed.

#### CARLYLE'S ESTIMATE OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

**C**ARLYLE said its translators were honest men who indulged in no vagaries, but gave literal renderings, under pain of eternal damnation. Hence it is absolutely the best translation in the world. He spoke of the Bible as the Grand Old Book, crammed full of all manner of practical wisdom and sublimity—a veritable and articulate Divine message for the heavenward guidance of man.

Referring to the New Version of the Scriptures, then being prepared, he said that, of course, but for such revision, we would not have had our present translation, so that he could not logically oppose it; but that his whole feeling went sorely against altering a single word or phrase, for he liked to use the very words his mother had taught him; and that dear old associations should be undisturb-

ed. For long no book had by him been read so much and so often. It was not only interesting as matter of fact, and unapproachable in style, but entirely satisfactory; because, while glowing with the Divine, it was also intensely human, and, in short, the real thing to which a man could turn for all kinds of need.

He often read through a whole prophet or epistle at a time so as to take in the scope; and again, at other times he liked to dwell lovingly and thoughtfully on a single utterance, till its light entered the soul, like a morning sunbeam streaming in through the chink of a closed window-shutter.—*The Christian Leader.*

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**W**E beg to remind our Ministers and Elders of their duties to the MONTHLY RECORD, according to the Injunction of last Synod. It is not right to leave too much work to one or two, even if they be willing and uncomplaining. Let every loyal man and woman do their duty; and especially every Minister and Elder, as well as every Agent, according to the Synod's resolution. We are doing our level best; but we need the aid of one and all in this good work. A story is told of a good willing horse being overload-