

seen in the old Parliament Hall. Within the Kirkyard also is the family plot of Sir Walter Scott, and in it are the graves of his father, Walter Scott, W. S. and his brother and sister.

During late years burials in the old Kirkyard have been prohibited on sanitary grounds, but it is hoped that it will remain for all years to come a reminder of the struggle and strife for the liberty and privileges which we to-day enjoy with so little thought of how they were won for us.

'87.

O! TEMPORA!

The giant wheels were creaking and rolling and the fiery steeds were tossing their manes and pawing the air as they carried god Phœbus forward on his endless journey. The light-hearted god was merrily whistling, "We'll roll the old chariot along," and flicking the horses' ears with his long whip as he whistled and hummed and chuckled and laughed in glee at the good pace he was keeping.

Old Father Time came flying by and gladly accepted the offer of a lift; not often did he rest and never unless as now he was still going unceasingly onward. The merry god who had lent him a helping hand and beckoned him to take a seat on the chariot edge, became even more hilarious at the sight of Old Time's tired, worn-out face, and it was not long before his quips and queries brightened his companion enough to elicit the following story:

"As I was flying along down there I saw a pretty funny thing: Some urchin, with an eye to business, bored an auger hole in the water clock that told his old teacher, whom he called Socrates, when school should close, and the result was so satisfying that Socrates, who had made the clock himself, went to bed just now supperless, wondering why in Hades the sun had not set."

Phœbus laughed still more and whipped up his horses; Old Time flew on and Socrates got up next morning, they say, feeling so refreshed that he wrote a sonnet for the current number of the *Athenium*.

Centuries past and Father Time once more flew over the cities and plains of old earth. In a crowded room an old professor was standing close to his transit instrument waiting for the tiny wires in the giant tube to be crossed by the tardy sun; nought broke the silence save the ticking of the many clocks that stared stupidly at the silent professor and his silent class.

"Phœbus is late, very late," so say the electric bells that tingle clearly in through the open window from the many rooms of the old college. But Phœbus is behind the cloud and may be has passed the wires without showing his face; so think the class till suddenly a hushed exclamation broke from their many lips as a faint shadow crossed the sheet of white paper on which the transit instrument threw a round disc of light. It was old Time, who had winged his weary way along through the clouds and cast that shadow.

"'Twas the second limb of the sun," said the professor, and his word was law.

Rapid calculation found the old Sidereal clock to have gained two seconds; a little more work and the meantime fell short of the meantime clock by about five minutes, for that clock showed about twenty minutes after twelve.

"That clock is wrong," said the students, for their watches said that it was between 12:05 and 12:10.

"That clock is right," said the professor, and as he spoke in at the open window slowly twanged the twelve strokes of the college clock that had gathered the students for the class; and the professor looked vacantly out of the window. He was wondering whether to enforce his words or not.

The class went on and the lecture was drawing to a close; students were talking and students were laughing; students were yawning and some were asleep, but waking or dreaming each face broke into a smile, and the professor nervously hitched his chair to the table, when with measured strokes and slow the great town clock brought word that noon had come. Promptly at the fourth clang of the iron bell burst in the low rumbling of the gun fired beyond the town, telling to unbelieving ears that the clock was four strokes fast.

"Funny that the gun always fires at the fourth stroke," whispered the class, but they ceased their libellous murmurs as their professor cleared his throat and in a voice that always found ready listeners, began to say:

"It is easy to see that my class finds it hard to listen to the voices of so many masters; I who have had far better opportunity to study time and its measurement have often almost given up in despair." The old man smiled faintly and went on: "Now that we have the assistance of electricity, and have seen what it can do, it seems to me a mere piece of hard-headedness that we have never utilized it to give us a common time system. For ages past we have taken the durations of night and day, the apparent revolution of the sun as our basis of measurement. We have put up with all his irregularities and written volumes of tables connecting his motions with those of the stars, and we are apparently quite content to go on in the steps of our fathers. What I am going to say is a mere fancy, but I see no reason why earth's clocks should never tick in unison. Think of the vast advantage to be gained by a common time system. Now an event will happen at the antipodes, say at sunrise, and only calculation will tell us what time in our day or night it was. We leave a great city in the morning to go to our place of business across the river, and we reach the opposite bank five minutes before we started; I have crossed such a river, and we have to set our watches back every time we cross a line westwards where people attempt to bring their time nearer to that of the sun at that place. Is not this ridiculous?"

Supposing then, in some vast business centre on the globe, there were a station well equipped by all the nations of the earth, and that at this station a gigantic clock was kept to Sidereal time, corrected day by day and never allowed to lose a second. And supposing that in every town and every village a similar clock on a smaller scale indicated from moment to moment exactly the same time, Sidereal time—star time, which would not depend on old Sol's vagaries at all.

Would there not be an immense advantage? And would it not be easy? Electric wires and electric currents could easily connect the vast system of clocks, even by making their pendulums vibrate in unison—an easy matter.