

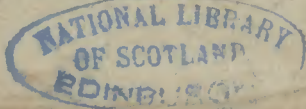


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HISTORY OF
The Scottish Martyrs.

A SELECTION OF
AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE
PAMPHLETS;
 COMPRISING
 LIVES OF GREAT WARRIORS & STATESMEN,
 BATTLES ON SEA & LAND,
 HISTORIES OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES,
 ACCOUNTS OF WONDERFUL EVENTS, SINGULAR
 CHARACTERS, AND NOTORIOUS OFFENDERS,
 USEFUL FAMILY RECEIPTS, COOKERY, &c. &c.
 EDINBURGH,
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By R. Altarice, Leuh.





HISTORY OF THE *Scottish Martyrs.*

WHEN the doctrines of the Reformation were first introduced into Scotland, the Catholic clergy, in the true spirit of bigotry and intolerance peculiar to their religion, determined to arrest their progress, by adopting a system of cruel and unrelenting persecution against all who propagated or favoured them. Their inhumanity, however, had a direct contrary effect to that which was expected or intended. In this, as in all cases of excessive or unmerited severity, sympathy was excited for the sufferers; and, by a natural consequence, a presentiment feeling of detestation became to be entertained for their persecutors. And thus the

Catholic clergy, in place of subduing the hostile doctrines which were abroad, and regaining the confidence of mankind, which their immorality and knavery had forfeited, hastened the dissemination of the one; and the total annihilation of the other.

Amongst the first who introduced the reformed doctrines, or, as they were then called, heresies, into Scotland, was Patrick Hamilton, abbot of Fern, near Brechin; and he was also the first in that country who fell a martyr to the cause of the reformed religion. Hamilton, who was only twenty-three years of age at the time of his death, was connected with the first families in the kingdom; he was nephew to the Earl of Arran by his father, and to the duke of Albany by his mother. This amiable young man, for he was of a mild and inoffensive disposition, having returned from Germany, whether he had gone for improvement, and where he had imbibed the doctrines of Luther, was summoned before a council, held at St. Andrew's, by Archbishop Beaton, and accused of heresy by bishops, abbots, friars, black and grey, who had all assembled to sit in judgment on one whose doctrines struck at the root of their power and of their worldly comforts. Hamilton's principal accuser, on this occasion, was an infamous knave, a friar of the name of Campbell, who had been appointed to associate with the unsuspecting abbot in order to discern the nature and extent of his heretical tenets. This he accomplished by affecting to coincide with the opinions of his victim; whom, by this treachery, he led on to a full disclosure of his sentiments on the subject of religion, and the then state of the church. When Hamilton was brought before the council, Campbell stepped forward as his accuser, and read the articles of his impeachment.

These, as no uninteresting specimen of the religious sentiments of the early Reformers, and of the rapid progress which they seem to have made in the knowledge of truth, we shall give at some length. He was accused of having said, "That it is lawful for any man to read the word of God, and especially the New Testament," considered a heinous offence by the Catholic clergy. "I said not so," replied Hamilton, "but I said, and still say, that it is lawful to all men to read the word of God, that they may understand it, that they may acknowledge and repent of their sins, and thus amend their lives by faith and repentance, and finally attain to salvation by Jesus Christ." "I see by this answer," replied his accuser Campbell, "that you acknowledge the accusation brought against you." "I acknowledge nothing," said Hamilton, "but what I have just now spoken in presence of this assembly." Campbell now proceeded to the other points of the charge. "You have further said," he continued, "that it is not lawful to worship imagery." "I say nothing further," replied Hamilton, "than as God speaks to men in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in the second commandment, Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, &c. thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them." "Know ye not," said Campbell, addressing him, "that the book of imagery is the book of laud and praise, to put the people in remembrance of his holy saints that wrought for their salvation?" "It ought to be the true preaching of the word of God," replied Hamilton, "that should put the people in remembrance of Christ." "You say," continued his accuser, "that it is but lost labour to pray to saints, and especially to the blessed Virgin Mary, John, James, Peter, and Paul, to be the

Mediators unto Christ for us." "I say with Paul," replied Hamilton, "that there is no Mediator between God and us but Christ Jesus his Son, and whoever he be that calls upon saints detracts from the honour which is due to Christ alone." "You have said," continued Hamilton's persecutor, "that it is in vain to sing mass or dirgies for the dead who are in purgatory." "Brother," he replied, "I have not read in the scriptures of any such place as purgatory, nor do I believe that there is any thing can save the soul of man but the blood of the Redeemer; which ransom is not to be found in any earthly form or ceremony, neither in mass, in matins, nor dirges, but in repentance of our sins, and faith in Jesus Christ." "My lords, now," said Campbell, "to hear he denies the institution of the holy church, and the authority of our holy father the Pope, we need not therefore proceed any farther in our accusations." In this sentiment his bigotted judges perfectly coincided. His fortitude and calm resolution, his enlightened ideas on the subject of religion, his clear exposition at once of some of the principal truths of the gospel, and of some of the leading errors of the Roman church, shewed them how dangerous an enemy they had to contend with. His judges, fully impressed with this opinion, immediately condemned him to suffer death.

Hamilton was accordingly brought forth from the Abbey Kirk of St. Andrew's to the place destined for his execution, where a huge pile of wood wherewith to burn him was already prepared. When at the stake, he was asked, "If he would recant his heretical tenets?" and it was held out to him that if he did so his life should be spared. This proposal he treated with the utmost contempt, saying, "I will not

deny the confession I have made from any fear of the torments which you may inflict on me. I infinitely prefer that my body should be burnt in this fire for my acknowledgment of my trust in Christ, than that my soul should burn in unquenchable fire for denying my faith." When in the act of being bound to the stake, Hamilton again exclaimed, "I here, in presence of all assembled, appeal to God against the judgment which has been passed upon me; and I summon you, Sir Friar," he continued, addressing Campbell, who was standing by, "before the awful tribunal of God, within forty days, to answer before the supreme judge of all for the false testimony which you have borne against me." The martyr now addressed a short prayer to the Almighty. So soon as he ceased speaking, his executioners attempted to fire the pile, which was to consume him, but it would not kindle; after the lapse of a considerable length of time, and many ineffectual efforts, one Myrtown, a baker, whether from motives of clemency or cruelty, hastily procured a quantity of dry straw, which readily ignating instantly set the whole in a blaze, and in a very short time reduced to ashes the mortal part of the first martyr to the reformed church in Scotland. It is said, that a sudden gust of wind flung the flames, in which Hamilton was suffering, in the face of the treacherous friar who had denounced him, scorching him severely, and burning away the front of his cowl. We are farther told, that, at that instant, the wretched man suddenly struck with horror for the crime which he had committed, in the bringing an innocent man to a violent and most painful death, became instantly insane; and, from that moment until the termination of his miserable existence, which, it is

related, took place precisely forty days afterwards, wandered about a forlorn and hideous lunatic.

The severity exercised upon Hamilton had a direct contrary effect to that which was hoped for by his prosecutor. Previous to his martyrdom, he had successfully disseminated the opinions which he himself entertained on the important subject of religion; he had preached openly and abroad, and was, on every occasion, in the discharge of this duty, attended by vast multitudes; who, delighted with his instructions, and captivated by his mild and affable manner, so opposite to the haughty bearing of the Romish clergy, readily appreciated the great truths which he divulged, and became converts to his faith. The patience, therefore, and calm resignation with which they saw their youthful guide and teacher meet the terrible fate to which he was doomed, had the effect only of rendering his memory more dear, and his tenets more popular.

The consequence was, a general spirit of disaffection to the church, which her clergy endeavoured to suppress by committing, from time to time, some hapless victim to the flames. The first of these, after Hamilton's martyrdom, was one Friar Forrest, who was condemned to be burnt as a heretic merely for having said that "Patrick Hamilton died a martyr." Whilst his persecutors were consulting about the place and manner of the unhappy man's execution, John Lindsay, one of the bishop's attendants, who secretly favoured the new doctrine, said, "If ye will burn any more do it in a hollow cellar, for the smoke of Master Patrick Hamilton hath infected all those on whom it blew." This significant remark, however, had but little effect on those to whom it was addressed. They saw that

their power and authority was in danger; and, in the darkest spirit of bigotry, they determined to seek safety by pursuing a course of bloody and relentless persecution. Accordingly, soon after the execution of Forrest, several persons accused of heresy were summoned to Holyroodhouse, all of them, however, having the terrors of a violent and painful death too distinctly before their eyes, recanted; excepting Thomas Forrest, Vicar of Dollar, Norman Galloway, and David Straiton. These three, more resolute than the others, obstinately maintained their opinions, and were, in consequence, condemned to die.

The principal heresies with which Forrest was charged were, That he had given back again to his parishioners certain customary church donations, saying, "he had no right to them." When this charge was preferred against the benevolent man, he simply replied, "I gave them again to those who had more occasion for them than I had." An answer which, though breathing the purest spirit of christianity, produced no effect on the haughty, avaricious, and bigotted persecutors to whom it was addressed. The next charge was, That he had taught his parishioners to say their pater noster, the creed, and the ten commandments in English. To this he again replied, looking to his accuser, "Brother, my people are so rude and barbarous that they understand not the Latin tongue in which these things are written. I therefore deemed it my duty to make the words of their salvation intelligible to them, by presenting them with these words in their native language." Whilst repelling the third point of accusation, he was abruptly asked by his unrelenting accuser, "Where he found the statements which he was then advancing?" "In the book which

is in my sleeve," replied the persecuted man. On this his accuser, starting to his feet, rudely pulled the book, which was the New Testament, out of his sleeve; and, holding it aloft, exultingly exclaimed, "Behold, he has that book of heresy in his sleeve, which alone has created all the schisms and disturbances in the church." "Brother," said Forrest, still maintaining the calm equanimity of temper which was natural to him, "Brother," he said, "God forgive you; ye ought and should speak with more reverence of the evangel of Jesus Christ than to call it a book of heresy." "Heretic," furiously exclaimed his accuser, "dost thou not know that it is contrary to the canons of our church to have a Testament in the English language? Art thou ignorant that this alone is sufficient guilt to bring thee to the stake?" For such crimes and sentiments as these were men, at this period; doomed to suffer death in one of its most terrible forms.

To this brief sketch of the martyrdom of Thomas Forrest, we shall add an anecdote of the bishop of Duxkeld, with which the former is connected. The bishop, who was Forrest's ordinary, having learnt that he was in the habit occasionally of introducing heresies into his discourses, desired him to forbear: adding, that, if he persevered in taking such liberties, he would certainly draw down the vengeance of the church upon his head; "but," continued he, "if you can find a good gospel, or a good epistle, that makes for the liberty of the holy church, teach that, and leave the rest alone." To this orthodox piece of advice Forrest answered, "I have read both the new Testament and the old, and I never found an ill epistle, or an ill gospel, in any of them." "That may be," replied the ignorant but good natured

bishop, "but for my part, I thank God I have lived comfortably for many years, and never knew one word either of the old or new Testament. I content me with my portress (prayer book) and pontifical, (a book of ceremonies) and, if you leave not these fantasies, you will repent when you cannot mend it." To this concluding remark Forrest replied, in the true spirit of a martyr, "I thought it my duty to do as I did, and laid my account with any danger that might follow."

Victims to the embryo doctrines of the reformed religion and ecclesiastical persecution began now to follow each other with quick succession. Jerome Russel, a grey friar, and Thomas Kennedy, a young man from Ayr, not 18 years of age, was accused at Glasgow of heresy. Kennedy, as was natural to his years, overcome with terror at the prospect of the dreadful punishment which awaited him, was, in the hour of trial, disposed to recant, and to save his life by denying the points laid to his charge. When, however, he heard the intrepid answers of Russel, his companion in misfortune, who scorned to shun danger by apostasy, he became calm and resolute. Throwing himself upon his knees, he exclaimed in the tone and manner of rapturous enthusiasm, "Wonderful, O Lord, is thy love and mercy to me, a miserable wretch, for even now I would have denied thee, and thy Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, my only Saviour. Thou, by thine own hand, hast pulled me back from the bottom of hell, and given me to feel more heavenly comfort, which hath removed the ungodly fear that before oppressed my mind. Now, I defy death," he added, addressing his judges, "do what you please, I praise God I am ready." Whilst the fire was preparing in which these heroic victims of papal persecution were to

suffer, **Russet** continued encouraging and comforting his young companion in martyrdom, who now looked boldly and proudly in the face of death. They both endured the torments to which they were subjected without uttering the slightest complaint, or exhibiting by any sign the excruciating agonies which they must have felt.

The next sufferer in the cause of religion, to whose fate any particular interest is attached, was the celebrated **George Wishart**, school-master at Montrose. This martyr, like **Patrick Hamilton**, had spent some years abroad, it is believed at Geneva, where he had imbibed the principal tenets of Calvin. On his return from thence, he began to preach in various parts of Scotland, and was every where received with the most cordial welcome. His exertions in propagating the doctrine of Reformation, tended greatly to strengthen the popularity which these doctrines had already attained, and which were daily gaining ground throughout the whole kingdom in defiance of the merciless system of persecution which the clergy had adopted to suppress them.

Wishart, though extremely obnoxious to the clergy, continued for some time to escape their vengeance. An opportunity however of seizing him, for which they anxiously looked, at length offered, and it was eagerly embraced. **Cardinal Beaton** learnt, with a satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal, that **Wishart** was at **Ormiston**, within six miles of **St Andrews**, and hastily communicating the joyful tidings to the governor of the castle, he prevailed upon him, though extremely reluctant, to dispatch a party of men to apprehend him. The laird of **Ormiston**, at whose house, and under whose protection he was, stoutly refused to deliver him up. On learning this, the Car-

Cardinal himself got on horseback, in the middle of the night, so eager was he in pursuit of his prey, and accompanied by the governor, proceeded to Ormiston house, and again demanded that Wishart should be delivered up. Ormiston, however, still refused, and his obstinacy would have baffled the Cardinal, but for the interference of the Earl of Bothwell, who, with friendly intentions towards Wishart, offered, as a neutral party, to take charge of him, and on this understanding he was put into their power. Bothwell almost immediately after permitted himself to be prevailed upon to deliver his charge into the hands of the Cardinal, upon promises which were never meant to be kept, of fair dealing and mild treatment. Beaton, now in possession of his victim, returned triumphantly to St Andrews. On his arrival, he instantly sent Wishart to a loathsome dungeon, in a gloomy building called the Sea Tower, where he remained confined for eight weeks. At the expiry of that period he was brought to trial before a council, consisting of bishops, abbots, priors, grey and black friars and canons, and monks of all sorts, with the sanguinary cardinal at the head. Some days before that appointed for Wishart's trial, the Cardinal, as if in mockery of justice and legal forms, sent a summons to his dungeon commanding his appearance before the council. Wishart, struck with the absurdity of this proceeding, addressing himself to the messenger, said, "What occasion has my lord Cardinal to summon me to answer for doctrines openly before him by whom I am bound in irons, so that he can compel me to compare when he thinks fit. It is right," he added ironically, "that ye keep up old forms and ceremonies."

The trial of Wishart, if that can be called a

trial where a man is judged by his enemies, and those of the most bigotted and merciless kind, was conducted, though with little justice, with a vast deal of ceremony, with the view of impressing the beholders with awe, and of shrouding in splendid forms and solemn etiquette the presence of iniquity and malice.

On the morning of the trial the Cardinal's men at arms were ordered to attend in their most warlike array, armed with spears, and clothed in armour. They escorted the bishops and priests who went in procession to the Abbey Church, the place appointed for Wishart's trial. When these dignitaries had taken their places, Wishart was sent for, and conveyed to the church by the Captain of the Castle in which he had been confined. As he entered the door, a poor decrepid old man solicited him for alms. Wishart paused a moment, flung him his purse, and passed on. The proceedings of the council were opened by a long sermon from John Windram, dean of St. Andrews; who, amongst other things, enforced the necessity of putting down heretics with the "sword of the spirit;" that they ought not to be permitted to live, but should be delivered over when ever they were found to the arm of the civil law. When Windram had concluded, a miscreant of the name of John Lather stood forward, and read from a long roll the different points of accusation against Wishart. When these were ended, he dropped upon his knees; addressed a short and silent prayer to the Almighty, then rising he modestly but firmly entered in the discussion of his doctrines, and of the charges brought against him; a privilege which his judges were at first for denying him, saying amongst themselves, "If we give him leave to preach, he is so exercised in the

scriptures, and so gifted with speech, that he will persuade the people to his opinion." Wishart, on hearing these remarks, craved that he might be tried by a competent and impartial judge. On saying this, Lather, his accuser, roared out at the utmost stretch of his voice, "Is not my lord cardinal second person of Scotland, chancellor thereof, archbishop of St. Andrew's, bishop of Menapoire in France, commendator of Arbroath, legatus natus, &c. is not he," he said in concluding this pompous detail of his patron's titles, "a sufficient judge for you?" Wishart calmly replied, "I refuse not, my lord cardinal; but I desire the word of God to be my judge, and the temporal estate, and some of your lordship's, my auditors; because: I am here my lord cardinal's prisoner, who is on this account no ways fit to be my judge." For this language alone, which was called seditious and criminal by the minions of the cardinal, Wishart would have been instantly sentenced to death, had it not been for the interference of certain persons present, who represented that it might be dangerous to put him to death without at least the appearance of a trial. In consequence of this suggestion he was at length permitted to proceed in his defence.

In this he neither made any concessions from fear, nor denied any of the principles he inculcated from inability to defend them; but, on the contrary, he calmly and dispassionately encountered each point of accusation if founded on truth, (for many of them were false,) exhibiting in a light which would have carried conviction to all but his judges of the reasonableness and soundness of his religious sentiments. The ability and resolution with which Wishart conducted himself in place of exciting the commiseration and respect

of his persecutors, only strengthened their obduration, and confirmed his own fate. He was condemned to die the death of a heretic. When sentence of death was passed on Mr Wishart, he was carried back to the chamber which he had occupied previous to his trial.

At the hour of noon, the Captain of the Castle, and the gentlemen who were him, going to dinner to the Captain's room, the latter invited Mr Wishart to join them if he felt disposed to eat. "With much good will," replied Wishart, "for I am better content to eat with you this day than ever I was in my life, because I know you to be good, godly, and honest men." When they approached the table he added, "I request that you all sit down, and that there may be silence in the house until I ask a blessing on this meat, which we shall eat as brothers in Christ, and thereafter I will take my leave of you." The table being now covered, and wine and bread placed on it, Wishart began his exhortation. When he concluded, he broke a little bread, took a glass of wine, handed another to the captain, and thereafter to each of the company present, blessing it in the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. When dinner was ended, Wishart, after delivering another short exhortation, retired to his chamber, where he continued in contemplation and prayer until the cardinal and bishops were ready to witness his execution.

He was now waited upon by two executioners, the one bringing along with him a coat of buckram, and the other several small bags of gunpowder. Having put the buckram coat upon Mr Wishart, and disposed the bags of powder around his person in such a manner as was best calculated to annoy him when they should be exploded, he

was conducted to the puter chamber of the captain of the guard, where he was kept until the preparations for his execution were completed. Part of these preparations consisted in loading the great guns with which the castle of St. Andrews was guarded, and placing cushions and cloths for the accommodation of the cardinal and bishops on the tops of the walls which overlooked the place appointed for Mr. Wishart's execution. The gentlemen and men at arms, belonging to the lordly prelate's establishment, were also ordered to put on their armour, and surround the scaffold. Every thing being ready, the officers and executioners, or rather tormentors, of whom there were several, now proceeded to the apartment occupied by Wishart, whom they led forth in the midst of a noisy flourish of trumpets, and other warlike instruments. When brought to the scaffold, to which he was immediately bound with strong iron chains, he desired liberty to address a short prayer to that Great Being into whose presence he was about to appear. Having concluded his devotions, the pile on which he was to suffer was fired; the flames, during their progress, igniting the bags of powder hung around the person of the miserable sufferer, was heard at short intervals exploding with a great noise, and materially increasing the agonies of the dying martyr. The captain of the guard exhorting him to remember God, and ask forgiveness of his sins;—he replied, as calmly and collectedly as if the flames which were rapidly consuming him had been playing harmlessly around his limbs, "Captain, God forgive you man who is revelling in such splendour, and so much at ease on yonder wall, but within a very short time he shall lie an object of more disgust than he is now of envy." When he had

pronounced this prophetic sentence;—for the cardinal in about three months afterwards was assassinated in his own castle, and his body hung over the very wall from which he had witnessed the martyrdom of Mr Wishart,—a rope which had been previously fastened around his neck, was suddenly drawn so tight as to disable him from further speech. The fire already blazing furiously around him, was now also enlarged by the addition of more fuel, and its vehemence increased by the executioners stirring it up with their halberts. In a few minutes more the tragedy was completed.

We shall add but one or two more, though there were several besides, to this list of those who perished in the cause of religion previous to the Reformation. The sufferers to whom we allude were a poor woman of the name of Stark, with her husband, who lived at Perth, Adam Wallace, and Walter Mylne, an old man upwards of 80 years of age.

The former was apprehended for refusing to pray to the Virgin Mary when she was in labour, saying, “That she would only pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ.” Her husband was condemned at the same time for having behaved disrespectfully to an image of St Francis. This miserable pair requested, as a last favour, that they might be permitted to die together; but, as the modes of their execution were different, the woman being condemned to be drowned, and the husband to be hanged, the request was not complied with. She was, however, allowed to accompany her husband to the place of execution. While on this melancholy journey, she continued to exhort him to patience and constancy for the cause of Christ; and, at the instant of parting from him, said,

“Husband, be glad, we have lived together many joyful days, and this day we ought to esteem the most joyful of all, because now we shall have happiness for ever. Therefore I will not bid you good night, for we shall shortly meet in the kingdom of heaven.”

After the execution of the husband the woman was taken to a pool of water not far distant, when having commended her children to the charity of her neighbours, and giving a little babe who was at her breast to a nurse, she died with a fortitude and resignation worthy of the cause for which she suffered.

The next who suffered in the cause of the Reformed doctrines was Adam Wallace, who was burned upon the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. Among several other things he was accused of denying purgatory,—maintaining that prayers made to the saints and for the dead were superstitious,—calling the mass an idolatrous service, and affirming that the bread and wine in the sacrament after the words of consecration remained bread and wine. He was also accused of usurping the office of a preacher, having no lawful calling thereto. His answer to this charge, like that of several others in similar circumstances, was extremely affecting. “I never thought myself,” he said, “worthy of so excellent a vocation as the calling of a preacher, nor did I ever presume to preach. In some private places, it is true,” he continued, “I have read a part of the Scriptures at times and made a short exhortation thereon, to those that would hear me.” It was replied, that he ought not to have meddled with the scripture. “I esteemed it,” he answered, “the duty of every Christian to seek the knowledge of God’s word and the assurance of his own salvation, which was

not to be found but in the scriptures." One of his haughty judges now asked, "What then shall be left to the bishops and churchmen to do if every man shall become a babbler upon the Bible?" Wallace replied, "It becomes you to speak more reverently of God and of his blessed word, though you and I, and five thousand more, would read the Bible and confer together upon it, yet we would leave more to the bishops to do than either they will or can do; for we leave to them the preaching of the gospel of Christ, and the feeding of the flock which he hath redeemed by his own blood, which is burden heavy enough; neither do we them any wrong in working out our own salvation." As a natural consequence of such an investigation as this in these days, Wallace was condemned to death. The superintendence of the execution was committed to the Lord Provost, who would not permit him to address the people. He died with all the fortitude and resignation becoming a martyr to the sacred truths of religion.

Mylne was apprehended by Sir Hugh Currie and Sir George Strachan, emissaries of the bishop of St. Andrews, while warming himself by the fire in a poor man's house in Dysart, and while in the act of instructing his hostess in her duty towards her children in bringing them up in the fear of God. He was conveyed to St. Andrews, and entered into the presence of the bishops; who lost no time in convening a number of abbots and other churchmen in the abbey church, which was generally made the scene of such proceedings, in order to his trial. The council having assembled, the Maltman, a friar, agreeably to the usual practice on these occasions, opened the business of this ecclesiastical court by a sermon, in which he denounced the Catholic church, anathematized its ene-

mies, and invoked in a special manner the vengeance of heaven on heretics; whom, by a miserable portion of scripture, he represented as detestable in the sight both of God and man. The whole discussion was wound up with particular reflexion on the prisoners, and the enjoining his immediate punishment. This concluded, they proceeded to interrogate him. "Why," said Andrew Oliphant, his accuser, "did ye visit various houses, treating and seducing the people to heresy, and teaching them charms and enchantments, to withhold them from God's service?" "I did not so," replied Mylne, "I held no man from the church of God, nor from God's service, but have rather allured them thereto with all the means in my power." "But was ye not a priest," again said Oliphant, "and why hast thou left thy charge?" "I was," replied the poor man, "but it was held in such contempt that I could not earn a subsistence by it. I served the cure of Luncarty twenty years, and I believe no man in that parish will say aught of me, but that I lived as a true Christian ought to do. My Lord Innesmeath himself will bear witness that he never heard me teach erroneous doctrines." "Then why did ye leave your parish?" continued his accuser. "Because," he answered, "as well as others, we were compelled to fly to avoid the vengeance of that cruel cardinal, (Beaton) who sought our lives for preaching the word of God. From this cause I am driven to the necessity of wandering about for a subsistence; but yet miserable and dependent as I am, I cannot bear cursing and swearing, a blasphemation of the word of God, even in the house in which I seek food and shelter, without reproving it and exhorting to better conduct; "

it was thus you found me engaged, when you seized upon me, and brought me here.

When this poor and inoffensive man was asked, if he would acknowledge his errors, and save his life by a public recantation, he replied, in a similar spirit of heroism with those who had gone before him in the path of martyrdom.—“That will I not: I am a poor servant of God’s, often retiring to my bed without food or worldly comforts of any kind, yet I desire no more wealth on earth, for I trust to meet my reward in heaven; so with me therefore as ye think best; I will patiently abide your judgment.” But, he affectingly added, “better it were if your lordships gave me some little thing to relieve the wants of my poor wife and children who are like to perish for want; for myself I care not how soon I die.” Neither the extreme age of this venerable and worthy old man, nor his poverty, nor the pathetic language which he delivered, produced the slightest effect on his obdurate and bigotted judges, who immediately condemned him to death.

The principles of reform, however, had now become so general, and had taken such deep root, that the sentences of the ecclesiastical courts were with greater difficulty, and more timidly carried into execution than at an earlier period. In the instance of Mylne, the bishop of St Andrews could find no one for some time who would undertake to carry the sentence passed upon that poor man into effect. In the dilemma he sent for the provost of St Andrews, who was also steward of his regality for the time, and desired him to execute the sentence of the court on Mylne. The provost stoutly replied, “That will I not, my lord; I will have no share in persecuting the servant of God. Any duty pertaining to my office, which I

may lawfully and conscientiously perform; I am ready to execute at your command, but I will not meddle with that innocent man, who is one of God's servants, and who preaches his word."—"Provost," replied the mortified prelate, "you know you are my judge, and steward of my regalitie, and ought to punish all who transgress within my bounds."—"It is true," replied the Provost "and if your lordships pleases, I will take him and have him tried by a lawful assize of his peers but not otherwise shall I meddle with him." A wretch named Somerville was at length found who undertook the office of executioner; but the difficulties of the unhappy man's persecutors did not terminate here. Such was the sympathy which his fate excited in St Andrews, that none in the town would either sell or lend a single rope to bind him to the stake, every one hiding whatever he possessed of that article. Determined to carry their point, the ropes of the bishop's pavilion were employed, and at length the murder of the unfortunate man was effected.

When this poor innocent old man was brought to the stake, he was stripped of his outermost clothes, and stuffed all round with powder; and in this condition was placed upon the scaffold. His brutal executioners, regardless of humanity and unaffected by his grey hairs and fettered limbs, calling out to him in mockery to recant. "I wonder," he patiently replied to these taunts "that ye would thus heap condemnation on your own heads, by putting innocent men to a cruel death, without either the fear or love of God before your eyes. As for me," he affecting to add, "my dying now is of little consequence for I am fourscore and two years, and had therefore in the course of nature much longer

time to live. But mark what I say, Many and powerful enemies shall arise to you from the ashes of my bones, who shall scatter you over the face of the earth; nor shall the best of you die so worthy a death as that which I am about to suffer. I trust in God," he concluded, "I shall be the last in Scotland who shall perish in this cause." With these words he exhorted the people to pray for him, then recommending his soul to his God, and offering the sacrifice of his life for his sake, he prepared himself to his fate.

With the death of this poor old man may be said to have terminated the reign of papal persecution in Scotland. The reformed doctrines had already sapped the foundations of the Catholic church, and the tottering superstructure was about to tumble about the ears of its architects. The gross immorality of the Catholic clergy,—their overweening ambition and insolence,—their enormous wealth, which left nearly all in poverty but themselves, accumulated by fraud and extortion,—their engrossing avarice which, not contented with nearly two-thirds of the wealth of the riches of the kingdom, would have had the whole: These considerations, added to the horror which their cruelty in the cases we have just related, besides many others, had inspired, hastened on that revolution in the church, which purer and more rational views of Christianity was gradually effecting. In Scotland the public mind had, for some years previous to that great event, been prepared for some mighty change in matters of religion; and this predisposition was in no small degree owing to the writings of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, who wrote several dramatic sketches in which the Catholic clergy were represented in the most ludicrous light: their sensuality, their hypocrisy, and their

fradulence, were the constant theme of his song, and the never-failing subjects of his satires and his wit.

We have now brought our brief narrative to a close. The spirit of reformation had now spread far and wide.—every day the popular ferment increased. It was in vain that the terrified leaders of the church summoned councils, enacted laws, and denounced punishment against all those who favoured the reformed doctrines. Every hour increased their own weakness, and added to the strength of their enemies; until, at length, the blow was struck.—Popery fell—and the pure church of God, simple but majestic, arose. John Knox, a man singularly adapted to the times in which he lived, now appeared upon the field; and, by his bold and fearless bearing, completed the work which less talented and less courageous men had begun. On his return from Geneva, whither some years before he had been compelled to fly to avoid the fury of cardinal Beaton, this celebrated reformer hastened to Perth, (then called St Johnstone) where a great number of the Congregation, as the favourers of the reformation then called themselves, had assembled. He there preached, to a numerous and attentive audience a most animated and impressive sermon, particularly inculcating how inconsistent the worship of images was with the word of God.

For a more full and particular account of the Reformation see the **LIFE OF JOHN KNOX**

No. V.