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THE

MARTYRS AND COVENANTERS

OF

SCOTLAND.

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CONTENTS.

THE MARTYRS AND COVENANTERS.

I said my harp should sleep for aye—flung by—a useless thing:
I said that thou, my joyous muse, must curb thy eager wing;
I said that I must onward press, my pilgrim path along,
Nor cheer me, as in days gone by, with the glad voice of song.

Vain thought for him who strays alone o'er this wild, martyr land!
I feel a spell upon me here I may not dare withstand.
If on these scenes that stretch around mine eye unmoved should look,
The murmuring streams would speak to me with sadly mild rebuke.

For still they seem to whisper, as they sweep their pebbled bed,
The names of those who here, of old, for Jesus lived and bled;
And still they seem to image, in their pure and peaceful flow,
The holy lives of those who dwelt beside them long ago.

Each rock and cave, each woody holm, preserves their memory still;
There stands for them a monument in every rugged hill;
And yet along the mountain side a lingering echo floats,
Where oft of old their song of praise sent up its joyful notes.

The old familiar voices upon the breezes come,
And while all Nature speaks aloud, shall man alone be dumb?
Ah! no; nor is his voice unheard: the same rejoicing strain
That gladdened once the wilderness, is thrilling there again.

'Tis heard by Renwick's simple tomb, amid the green Glencairn;
'Tis heard amid the heathy wilds of lone and drear Carsphairn;
'Tis heard beside the silvery Ken, and by the banks of Ayr,
Where Welch and Guthrie raised of old the voice of praise and prayer.

'Tis heard where lie the bones of him* who lived to preach and pray,
And died with prayer upon his lips amid the bloody fray;
'Tis heard where pours the winding Nith, and sweeps the placid Dee;
It mingles with the voice of streams, and with the sounding sea.

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* Cameron, of whom it was said that he "lived preaching and praying, and died praying and fighting."

'Tis heard beside the rude gray stones,* where oft, in days of old,
The holy convocation met, the sacred feast to hold:
Green Anworth's† heights have heard afar the same triumphant song,
And all the echoing rocks around, the hallowed strain prolong.

'Tis heard where'er the memory lives of those whose blood was shed
Like water in the glorious cause of Christ, their living head;
'Tis heard where'er a Christian's heart to Christ's high call responds,
And shakes from off his fearless soul the world's debasing bonds.

'Tis heard from thousand voices now of steadfast men and true,
Where once the scattered remnant met, the faithful but the few.
And still more loud that strain shall swell, though hand should join in hand,
From moor to hill, from hill to shore, to drive the dauntless band.

Vain thought, that they whose breasts are warmed with blood of martyred sires,
Whose song of praise unsilenced rose, mid tortures, chains, and fires,
Should shrink because the tempest-gloom haugs lowering o'er their path,
Or quall before the ruder storm of man's relentless wrath!

Vain thought, that they whose eyes are fixed in confidence and love
On Him who deigned to leave for them his glorious home above,
And for the joy before Him set, such bitter anguish bore,
Should fear to tread the roughest way which He has trod before!

Ah! no: where'er the Shepherd leads, the trusting sheep will go—
Rejoicing still to follow Him, because His voice they know;
And pleasant is the path to them, though rugged oft it be,
Where yet the footsteps of the flock are traced along the lea.

REV. J. G. SMALL.

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* The Communion Stones at Irongray.
† Where Rutherford was for some time minister.

PATRICK HAMILTON.

BORN 1504.—MARTYRED 1528.

THE first person who was honored to proclaim the doctrines of the Reformation in Scotland, and to seal them with his blood, was PATRICK HAMILTON. This amiable and accomplished young gentleman was of noble extraction, and nearly allied to the royal family, being nephew of the Earl of Arran and of the Duke of Albany.

Being designed by his relations for the Church, there had been conferred on him, even in infancy, the abbacy of Ferne,—a foretaste of the wealth and honors to which he might aspire, and a stimulus to quicken his ambition. But while his friends were anticipating for him a splendid career of worldly pomp and power, a very different path was preparing for him. The ambitious and worldly, yet ignorant priesthood, by whom he was surrounded, began to mark with jealous eye his altered manner, to note suspiciously the praise he gave to the study of ancient literature in preference to the dry logic of the schools, and the severe terms in which he condemned the abounding corruptions of the Church. Partly, perhaps, to

avoid the danger to which he was thus exposing himself, but chiefly to obtain a more complete knowledge of the doctrines of the Reformation, he resolved to visit the Continent in 1526. With this view he naturally directed his course to Wittemberg, where he was speedily honored with the friendship and esteem of Luther and Melancthon. After enjoying the benefit of their society for a short time, he proceeded to the University of Marbourg, where he obtained the instructions of the celebrated Francis Lambert. But the more that his own mind acquired of the knowledge of divine truth, the more earnestly did he long to return and communicate that knowledge to his beloved countrymen.

The return to Scotland of this noble youth at once attracted all eyes, as if a new star had appeared in the heavens. His instructions were listened to with the deepest attention, and the doctrines which he taught began to spread rapidly throughout the kingdom. His high birth, reputation for learning, the attractive elegance of his youthful aspect, and the persuasive graces of his courteous demeanor, rendered his influence almost irresistible. James Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrews, was at that time primate of the Church and chancellor of the kingdom,—a cruel and crafty man, who scrupled at no means, however flagitious, for

effecting his purposes. He and the other popish clergy saw no safety to their cause but in his destruction; and they proceeded to frame their murderous plans with fiendlike ingenuity. Being apprehensive that the young king might not readily be persuaded to sanction the death of one who stood to him in the near relationship of cousin, they contrived to send him on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Dothess, or Duthack, in Ross-shire. They next decoyed Patrick Hamilton to St. Andrews, on the pretence of wishing to have a free conference with him on religious subjects. Pursuing their perfidious plot, they caused Alexander Campbell, prior of the Blackfriars, to hold several interviews with him, and even to seem to concede to his opinions so far as to draw from him a full avowal of them. Their measures being now ripe for execution, they caused him to be apprehended under night, and committed to the castle.

The very next day he was brought before the archbishop, and a large convention of bishops, abbots, priors, and other dignitaries and doctors of the Church, and there charged with maintaining and propagating heretical opinions.

The sentence of condemnation was pronounced; and, to give it all the weight of authority, every person of name and rank, civil

and ecclesiastical, was induced to sign it; amongst whom was the Earl of Cassilis, a boy of thirteen years of age. Arrangements were then made to carry it into effect that very day. The pile was erected in front of the College of St. Salvador, and the youthful martyr hurried to the stake. Before being bound, he divested himself of his outer garments, and gave them to his servant, who had attended him faithfully and affectionately for a number of years, accompanying the gift with these tender and pathetic words:—"This stuff will not help me in the fire, and will profit thee. After this you can receive from me no more good, but the example of my death, which, I pray thee, keep in mind; for, albeit it be bitter to the flesh, and fearful in man's judgment, yet it is the entrance into eternal life, which none shall possess that denies Christ Jesus before this wicked generation." A train of gunpowder, laid for the purpose of setting fire to the pile, exploded ineffectually, scorching his left side and face, but leaving the mass unkindled. While they were procuring materials of a more combustible nature, the calm spirit of the scorched sufferer poured itself forth in earnest exhortations and instructions to the pitying spectators. Meanwhile, the friars who stood around him kept molesting him, crying out, "Convert, heretic; call upon our Lady; say,

Salve regina." "Depart and trouble me not," he said, "ye messengers of Satan." One of them in particular, called Friar Campbell, rendered himself conspicuous for his rudeness in disturbing the last moments of the martyr. "Thou wicked man," said Hamilton, addressing him, "thou knowest that I am not an heretic, and that it is the truth of God for which I now suffer—so much didst thou confess unto me in private—and thereupon I appeal thee to answer before the judgment-seat of Christ." At length the fire was kindled, and, amidst the noise and fury of the flames, he was distinctly heard pronouncing these last words:—"How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm! How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Thus died Patrick Hamilton, the first Scottish martyr, on the last day of February 1528, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He died a victim to the malice and the treachery of the popish priesthood; but his death did more to recommend the cause for which he suffered to the heart of Scotland, than could have been accomplished by a lengthened life,—as a sudden flash of lightning at once rends the gnarled oak of a thousand years, and yields a glimpse of the strong glories of heaven.

The report of the martyrdom of this noble

youth spread rapidly through the kingdom, and men began to inquire why Patrick Hamilton was burned, and what were the opinions which he had held and maintained to the death. The archbishop and his familiars, alarmed and irritated, spoke of burning some, in order to terrify and silence others; but a bystander, with a mixture of shrewdness and mockery, warned the archbishop to act warily, and if he burned any more, to burn them in cellars; "for the smoke," said he, "of Mr. Patrick Hamilton hath infected as many as it blew upon." He

> "Had borne his faculties so meek, had been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Did plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking off!"

GEORGE WISHART.

BORN 1501. MARTYRED 1546.

George Wishart was brother of the Laird of Pittarow, in Mearns. He had been banished by the instigation of the Bishop of Brechin, for teaching the Greek language in Montrose, and had resided for some years at the

University of Cambridge. In the year 1544 he returned to his native country, in the company of the commissioners who had been sent to negotiate a treaty with Henry VIII. of England. Immediately upon his arrival in Scotland, he began to preach the doctrines of evangelical truth with such warm and persuasive eloquence, as at once to attract, and soften, and convince the crowding audiences, who wept, and glowed, and trembled as he preached. In the accounts transmitted by contemporary writers of this eminent Christian martyr, we seem to trace the features of a character of surpassing loveliness, bearing a close resemblance, in its chief lineaments, to that of the beloved Apostle John,—so mild, gentle, patient, and unresisting,—his lips touched with a live coal from off the altar, and his heart overflowing with holy love to God, and compassionate affection to mankind. The citizens of Montrose, and especially of Dundee, felt and owned the power of his heavenly eloquence; and much of his time and labors were spent in the latter place.

Cardinal Beaton was soon informed of Wishart's preaching, and of the deep impression it was producing in Dundee. Instigated by him, Robert Mill, a man of great authority in the town, openly commanded him to leave the place, and trouble them no more with his ser-

mons. Expressing his pity and regret that they were thus refusing to listen to the message of salvation, he took his departure, along with some of his friends, to Ayrshire. There his preaching was attended with equal success, and, of course, excited equal hostilily in the breasts of the bishops and clergy. The Archbishop of Glasgow hastened to the town of Ayr, to prevent Wishart from preaching in the church; and the sheriff of the county prevented him from preaching in the church of Mauchline. But this was a small hindrance to the zealous martyr. He could preach in the market-place, in the fields, or on the hillside, with equal readiness, and with equal success in convincing his hearers.

Hearing that the plague had visited Dundee, he hastened to the scene of death with as much earnestness as others were flying from it. "They are now in trouble, and need comfort," he said; "and perchance the hand of God will make them now to magnify and reverence that Word, which before, for fear of men, they set at licht part." He was received with great joy by the inhabitants; sermon was intimated for the very next day; and as the plague was still raging in the place, he took his station upon the head of the east gate, the infected standing without the gate, and those that were free within; and there he preached to

them on these appropriate words in the 107th Psalm, "He sent his word, and healed them;" adding, by way of paraphrase, "It is neither herb nor plaster, O Lord, but thy word haills all." "By the which sermon," says Knox, "he raised up the hearts of all that heard him that they regardit not death, but jugit thame mair happie that sould depairt, than sic as sould remain behind." His concern for the bodies of his fellow-men was not less distinguished than his love to their souls. When not preaching, he was constantly employed in visiting the sick, and ministering to the wants of the poor; exposing himself, without fear, to the risk of infection.

But, in truth, the life of Wishart was in greater danger from his persecutors than from the pestilence. One day, as he was descending from his elevated position on the gate after sermon, he observed a man standing at the foot of the stairs, and immediately suspecting his purpose, he laid hold of his hand, saying, "My friend, what would ye do?" taking from him, at the same time, a dagger which he held concealed under his gown. The wretch was so confounded, that he confessed on the spot that he was a priest, who had been bribed by Cardinal Beaton to assassinate Wishart. The people, on hearing this, would have torn him to pieces, but the good minister took the

assassin into his arms, and saved his life. "No," said he, "he has done me no harm, but rather good; he has let us understand what we may fear; in times to come we will watch better."

The promptitude and quick penetration displayed by Wishart on this occasion may be explained on ordinary principles. Knox himself tells us that he marked the priest, "because he was maist scharp of eye and judgment." But the following incident, which occurred soon after, is not so easily explained: When at Montrose, he received a letter, purporting to come from an intimate friend who had been taken suddenly ill, and was anxious to see him before his death. Wishart set out in the company of a few friends, but had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile when he suddenly stopped, and said to them, "I am forbidden of God to go this journey; will some of you be pleased to ride to yonder place (pointing to a little hill), and see what you find, for I apprehend there is a plot against my life." They went to the hill, and discovered some sixty horsemen concealed behind it, ready to intercept him. It turned out that the letter was a forgery of the cardinal's, and Wishart once more escaped; but, with a presentiment soon after verified, he said to his friends on their return, "I know that I shall end my life

in the hands of that blood-thirsty man; but it will not be after this manner." "I know assuredly my travail is nigh an end," he said on another occasion, with something like the spirit of ancient prophecy, "but God will send you comfort after me. This realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ's Gospel, as clearly as any realm ever was since the days of the apostles; the house of God shall be built in it; yea, it shall not lack (whatsoever enemies shall devise to the contrary) the very topstone. Neither shall this be long in doing; for there shall not many suffer after me."

But the time of his martyrdom was at hand. After preaching at Haddington, he went to Ormiston, accompanied by the proprietor, and by Crichton of Brunston and Sandilands of Calder. John Knox wished to have accompanied him also, but Wishart refused to permit him, saying, "Go back to your pupils; one is sufficient for one sacrifice." During the night, the house was beset by armed horsemen, headed by the Earl of Bothwell; while the regent and the cardinal were but a short way distant with a larger force, so that resistance was in vain. Ormiston, however, refused to yield up Wishart, till Bothwell pledged his honor to protect his life from the cardinal's hatred; or, if he should find that to be impracticable, to restore him again to the protection

of his friends. But the cardinal and the queen-dowager persuaded Bothwell to violate his pledge; and Wishart was carried to St. Andrews, and left there a prisoner, in the power of his deadly foe.

The cardinal gave orders that Wishart should be summoned to trial, and marched in state to the Abbey Church, accompanied by the Archbishop of Glasgow, and a great number of bishops, abbots, and other clerical dignitaries, and attended by a large body of retainers in military array. Eighteen articles of accusation were prepared against Wishart. He answered them all calmly and mildly, but with great strength of reasoning, and full proof of all his opinions from Scripture. He was nevertheless condemned by the unanimous voice of the assembled popish prelates and clergy, and sentence passed, adjudging him to be burnt to death, as a heretic, on the following day.

Wishart passed the intervening night in the chamber of the captain of the castle, occupying the greater part of it in prayer. Early next morning, the second day of March, 1546, he requested to converse with Winram, the sub-prior, who came immediately, and, after some private conversation, returned to the cardinal, to request that the sacrament might be given to the prisoner. This was refused; but being

invited by the captain to breakfast with him, Wishart prayed, exhorted, and distributed bread and wine to those who were present,—thus commemorating, as fully as circumstances would permit, the dying love of Him for whose sake he was himself so soon to die. He then retired to his private apartment, and remained in prayer till those came who were appointed to take him to the place of execution. They divested him of his usual attire, clad him with a loose garment of black linen, and fastened bags of gunpowder to various parts of his body; and when thus arrayed, he was conducted to an outer room near the gate of the castle, to wait there till the rest of the hideous preparations should be completed.

The cardinal, in the meantime, had commanded a stake to be fixed in the ground, and combustible materials to be piled around it, in front of one of the castle gates, near the priory; and, lest the friends of Wishart should attempt a rescue, he had also given directions that all the cannons and other ordnance of the castle should be pointed to the place of execution. The battlements and windows of the fore-tower of the castle were hung with tapestry, and spread with rich cushions, that the cardinal and the prelates might, in state, and at their ease, feast their eyes upon the torments of the martyred servant of the Lord.

All things being now prepared, Wishart was led to the stake, with his hands bound behind his back, a rope round his neck, and an iron chain about his waist. When he reached the spot, he kneeled down and prayed aloud, saying thrice, "O, thou Saviour of the world, have mercy on me! Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands!" He then rose and addressed the people, exhorting them not to be offended with the Word of God, notwithstanding the torments which they saw prepared for him; and entreated them to accept, believe, and obey the Word of God; and expressed entire forgiveness of his enemies and persecutors. Then the executioner, casting himself upon his knees before the martyr, begged to be forgiven for the deed he was about unwillingly to do. Wishart, desiring him to draw near him, kissed his cheek, saying, "Lo, here is a token that I forgive thee; my heart, do thine office!" The sounding of a trumpet gave the signal; the martyr was tied to the stake, and the fire was kindled around him, exploding the gunpowder, but not putting an end to his sufferings. The captain perceiving him still alive, drew near the pile and bade him be of good courage. Wishart replied with unfaltering voice, "This fire torments my body, but no way abates my spirit." Then looking towards the cardinal, he said,

"He who in such state from that high place feedeth his eyes with my torments, within few days shall be hanged out at the same window, to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leaneth there in pride." As he ended these words the executioner tightened the rope that was about his neck, and the fire now blazing fiercely, he was speedily consumed to ashes.

Thus died George Wishart, one of the most amiable, eloquent, and truly pious men that ever endured the tortures and obtained the crown of Christian martyrdom. But his death, while it seemed the triumph of the cardinal's power, proved to be the consummation of his guilt, and the knell summoning him to judgment.

He was not unaware of the indignation which his cruelties had excited; but his haughty spirit determined him to brave the hostility which he had provoked. For this purpose he gave his illegitimate daughter in marriage to the Earl of Crawford, thereby to confirm his personal influence; and began to fortify more strongly his archiepiscopal palace or castle, at St. Andrews. This latter scheme, from which he hoped security, prepared the way for his death. A plot was formed against him, and the conspirators came privately and separate from each other, so as to avoid causing suspicion, to St. Andrews, on the even-

ing of the 28th of May. Next morning, as the workmen employed in fortifying the castle were assembling, they entered separately, till the whole number, sixteen in all, had obtained admission. They then siezed the porter, took possession of the keys, and secured the gates; and going from room to room, either put out the domestics or locked them up. Having thus mastered the castle, they proceeded to the apartment occupied by the cardinal, who was still asleep,—so quietly had the whole affair been conducted. Starting at length out of his slumbers, the cardinal demanded the cause of the noise; and learning that the castle was in the hands of his enemies, he at first attempted to escape, but finding that to be impracticable, he barricaded his chamber-door, and then held parley with those by whom it was assailed. The assailants refused to promise him his life; and, as the door resisted their efforts to force it, they called for fire to burn it open. Upon this the door was opened, and the cardinal throwing himself despairingly into a chair, cried out, "I am a priest, I am a priest; ye will not slay me!" John Lesly and Peter Carmichael struck him hastily with their daggers, but James Melville interposed, and putting them aside, said, "This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity." Then turn-

ing to the cardinal, and presenting the point of his sword to his breast, he continued:—"Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which, albeit the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries it for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to avenge it. For here, before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldest have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou has been and remainest an obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy evangel." With these words he struck the wretched and trembling man twice or thrice through the body; whose expiring breath was spent in crying, "I am a priest, I am a priest! fy, fy, all is gone!" Thus died David Beaton, cardinal, and archbishop of St. Andrews, without uttering one word of repentance or of prayer, on the 29th day of May 1546, leaving behind him a name, by common consent, unrivalled in Scottish annals for a fearful combination of evil qualities.

WALTER MILL.

Walter Mill was the last martyr of the Reformation who was condemned as a heretic during the life of the profligate and remorseless Cardinal Beaton. Like some others, he had escaped from the fury of Beaton, and owed the preservation of his life for a few years to his concealment in a foreign land; but after he returned home, the spies of the archbishop hunted him out. It might have been thought that their appetite for blood had been sated, and that they might have spared an aged man in his eighty-second year, whom the course of nature was very soon to lay in the grave. The blood of God's saints has always filled the cup in which Popery has most delighted, and she is but true to the horrible thirst of her nature, when neither age nor sex are suffered to stand in the way of her gratification. The martyr-fires, which had blazed a few years before, must be lighted again for Walter Mill. But his pile was the last they kindled in Scotland; and, secure as the oppressors seemed, it was in the ashes of that very fire that God saw meet their own oppression should be extinguished.

Mill had been educated in the errors of Ro-

manism, and became priest of Lunan, in the county of Angus. When he came to a knowledge of the truth, he left off saying mass. For this reason, in 1538, he was condemned by Cardinal Beaton: and but for his escape to Germany, he would have perished in the flames. In the land of his exile he married, and acquired an ampler knowledge of divine truth in the society of the Reformers. When he returned to Scotland, the infirmities of age prevented him from making any prominent display of his principles. He lived in retirement; but even in his seclusion the old man caused his light so to shine before others, that they took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. As far as he could, he "went about doing good;" speaking words of rebuke wherever he saw wickedness, and imparting instruction in the principles of Christianity to his poor countrymen, who were perishing for lack of knowledge.

This was too much for the patience of the successors of the persecutors of Hamilton and Wishart. The converted priest was not to be permitted to spend his last days in leading sinners to the knowledge of the Saviour. Accordingly, Mill was seized at Dysart, and imprisoned in the Castle of St Andrews. Bribery, threats, and flattery, to induce him to abandon his principles, were tried in vain. The last

martyr of the First Reformation was a nobler man than many who, in the day of trouble and rebuke, have walked in the steps of Judas —and he refused a place which was offered him for life in the Abbey of Dunfermline, if he would deny the doctrines he had lately been teaching.

Affluence courted him on the one hand, and a fiery stake threatened him on the other; but the martyr made choice of the better part, knowing well that if he suffered with Jesus, he should also reign with Him. The heroism and the lofty principle of the noble old man administer a most instructive rebuke to all the baser spirits, who, in every age of the Church's sufferings, have been ready to betray their Master, and sell great principles for a price as sordid as "a mess of pottage." Mill was brought to trial before the prelates, who were assembled in the Cathedral of St Andrews. His first act was to kneel and pray in the presence of his murderers, until Oliphant, a minion of the priesthood and a priest himself, called on him to arise, and answer to the articles of charge. "You keep my Lord of St. Andrews too long here," was the rude complaint of the insolent priest to the martyr on his knees. But the old man cared not for those who only could kill the body, and he continued in supplication to the Father of mercies in his hour of

trial, until he made known all his requests; and when he arose, he told his persecutors that he "ought to obey God rather than man," and that he served a mightier Lord than the Lord of St Andrews. "When he came to make his defence," says the martyrologist of our venerated Covenanters, "he was so old, feeble, and exhausted, that it was feared none would hear him; but as soon as he began to speak, he surprised them all; his voice making the church to ring, and his quickness and courage astonishing his very enemies."

The Popish sacraments, the celibacy and licentiousness of the priests, the idolatry of the mass, the inefficiency of the bishops in the oversight of the Saviour's flock, the uncriptural nature and the loose practices connected with their pilgrimages, as well as other Popish errors, he denounced with singular boldness and fidelity.

To the last he refused to recant; and when the sentence was pronounced against him, ordaining him to be delivered to the temporal judge to be burnt as a heretic, his persecutors could not find a temporal judge willing to take the odium of his condemnation. The Provost of St Andrews, who also acted as bailie of the bishop's regality, refused to discharge the disgraceful office, and even left the city, that he might not be a partaker in the sins of those who shed the blood of Walter Mill. Even the

archbishop's chamberlain shrunk from the work which his master had so much at heart. The horror of the citizens was so great at the cruelty and oppression which was manifested in the case of this venerable man, that no one, for any price, would sell the bishop's servants a cord to bind him to the stake; and even this appliance for the martyrdom had at last to be procured by taking a rope from the bishop's own pavilion.

Public opinion, at a peroid when the voice seldom spoke, seemed to put the prelates to a stand. But the compassion of the people, and the strong and universal conviction of the innocence of Mill, had no effect on the priesthood,—they determined that Mill should die; and at length, after they had to a certain extent been baffled, and the execution delayed a day longer than they intended, the archbishop, by an illegal act, in an age when oppression was law (although even then the popular conscience proved too strong for it), induced by bribery one of his creatures, a domestic of his own, named Alexander Sommerville, to pass sentence as a temporal judge. Any barefaced pretence of legal forms was enough for them, and the same day that Mill was condemned, his stake was erected, and his spirit returned to his Maker.

His dying moments were as triumphant as any part of the ordeal through which he had

previously passed. A band of armed men, under the guidance of Sommerville, led him forth, and guarded the place of execution. The same priest who had interrupted his devotions at the trial, accompanied with others, played a similar part when the aged saint came to the stake. The martyr paused when he came in view of the pile, but Oliphant commanded him to proceed; nevertheless he declined to go forward voluntarily, on the ground that the law of God forbade him to lay violent hands upon himself, but said that he would go readily, if his slayers would but put forth their hands, as taking part in his death. On this, the heartless priest pushed the old man roughly forward, when he proceeded to the stake, exclaiming triumphantly, in the words of the Psalmist, "I will go to the altar of God." His last request was, that he might be permitted to address the people; but this Oliphant sternly refused, and told the martyr that the bishops were already offended at his much speaking.

The harshness of the priest, however, roused the indignation of the spectators, who, while they loudly exclaimed that the priests would yet have to bewail that day, insisted that Mill should be allowed to speak. The spirit and determination thus evinced by the populace overawed the oppressors, and the aged martyr, after commending his soul to God, spoke for a

little, amid the tears and groans of those who heard him:—"Dear friends," said he, "the cause why I suffer this day, is not for any crime laid to my charge, though I acknowledge myself a miserable sinner before God, but only for the defence of the truths of Jesus Christ set forth in the Old and New Testaments. I praise God, that he hath called me, among the rest of his servants, to seal his truth with my life; and as I have received it of him, so I willingly offer it up for his glory. Therefore, as ye would escape eternal death, be no longer seduced by the lies of bishops, abbots, friars, monks, and the rest of that sect of Antichrist; but depend only upon Jesus Christ and his mercy, that so ye may be delivered from condemnation."

His address made a very solemn impression; and his calmness and his heroic self-possession throughout were as remarkable as ever distinguished the dying scene of any martyr. He still scorned every proposal of recantation; and just before he was bound to the stake, he turned to the priests, and spoke to them as boldly as he had done at his trial: "I marvel at your rage," he said, "ye hypocrites, who do so cruelly pursue the servants of God! As for me, I am now eighty-two years old, and cannot live long by course of nature; but a hundred shall rise out of my ashes, who shall

scatter you, ye hypocrites and persecutors of God's people; and such of you as now think yourselves the best shall not die such an honest death as I now do. I trust in God I shall be the last who shall suffer death in this fashion for this cause in this land." His words proved true; and so great was the horror which was excited over the whole kingdom, on account of this most cruel martyrdom, that, although the Papists had had more victims, it is probable they would scarcely have had the temerity to venture on another public exhibition of the stake. The citizens of St. Andrews reared a *cairn* over the spot where the martyr died; and though the priests often caused the huge pile of stones to be removed, the next morning saw it as often restored by the populace. The Papists had not another martyr to slay; and probably, after they had silenced Walter Mill, they thought themselves secure. But this martyrdom, more than all the rest that went before it, prepared the nation to rise up and drive an infamous priesthood from the sanctuary they had made desolate. It caused the people to bind themselves solemnly together, and to declare that, rather than suffer such oppression longer, they would take up arms for the destruction of Popery.

And thus the last and most cruel murder which was perpetrated, previous to the First

Reformation, hastened the downfall of the Papacy in Scotland more than any other act could have done. The very year that followed the burning of Mill brought John Knox home again, and a living voice rung through the length and breadth of Scotland, which made every tyrant within its borders tremble. The old man was silent, but a mightier instrument preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ in his room; and while the last efforts of the aged martyr, in his opposition to Antichrist, were crushed, the vigorous powers of the most undaunted champion—not even excepting Luther—the Reformation ever saw, were provided to fan the embers which yet lived over the martyrdom of Mill. That venerable man was by no means remarkable either for learning or eloquence. He was just like one of the many converted priests who may have suffered, and of whom we may never have heard. But when he was the last and only preacher of righteousness to whom the people of God had to listen—with the exception, perhaps, of those retained by some of the nobles as private chaplains—and when the oppressors took that last stay away, and there seemed no hope, God provided a man whose very name, when it was told he had slept a night in Scotland, filled the hearts of the Papists with dismay.

It is thus that the Father of mercies causes

light to arise out of the greatest darkness ; and when his people see no help from the hand of man, He raises up a deliverer even from the ashes of the dead. Paul was made an apostle when the Church was trembling for a persecutor ; and it has been even so in the history of the religious liberties of Scotland. There have been many dark hours in the experience of our fathers, but there have been many bright ones too. There has been much oppression, but there have been many imperishable triumphs. There have been some traitors, but there have been many great and patriotic men. Let the sons of Amalek take the last privilege that God's people struggle to retain, if we learn from the past, the very act of their victory is the first step to their own certain destruction. The consummation of their tyranny is just the deed which God designed to make firmer and more glorious the impregnable stability of the Redeemer's crown.

THE MARTYR.

In chains a servant of the Lord
Was hurried to the stake,
Confiding in his Saviour's word,
To suffer for his sake,—

His sake, who shed his richest blood,
Without a murmuring breath;
And soothed the dreadful wrath of God
With His victorious death.

Though marching to a fiery doom,
His soul was free from care;
The agonies of martyrdom
He viewed devoid of fear.
Nay, joy itself shone o'er his face,
In rays divinely mild;
"Father, I feel thy strengthening grace!"
He said, and sweetly smiled.

When tears he saw, and sighs he heard,
And all around was grief:
"Weep not for me, saints of the Lord,
My sufferings will be brief.
Each moment higher throbs my heart,
At thought of joys to come;
The fire that burns the mortal part
Shall light my spirit home."

The cords pressed hard his aged frame,
And bound him to the pole;
Fresh lustre o'er his visage came,—
Fresh glory filled his soul.
He hailed the twilight of his woes,
And, to the eye of faith,
The Sun of Righteousness arose
Beyond the realms of death.

The fire was lit, and fiercely blazed;
The martyr longed to die;
Thrice clapped his withered hands, then raised
To heaven his joyous eye,—
"For me my Lord was crucified;
I hail thee, cross of Christ!—
Welcome, eternal life!" he cried;
And flew to endless rest.

R. Furman.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

JAMES GUTHRIE, minister of Stirling, was one of the martyrs of the Restoration. The chief accusation against him was his declinature of the king and council's competency to judge, *in the first instance*, respecting matters purely ecclesiastical, such as presbyterial acts and letters, preaching, and the discharge of what belonged peculiarly to the ministerial function. This declinature had been presented to the king and council at Perth in February, 1651; and though the king had managed to procure a sentence of deposition against him in the packed Assembly of St. Andrews and Dundee, yet as that Assembly was not recognized as free and lawful by the Church, the sentence fell into abeyance, and Guthrie continued to discharge his ministerial duties, till he was seized by the Committee of Estates. A bitter prejudice was entertained against him on account of his having been the person selected, in 1650, to pronounce the sentence of excommunication against the Earl of Middleton, who was now the king's commissioner. A story is told, though with some

variations, of a message having been sent to Mr. Guthrie by the king (some say by a nobleman), to delay pronouncing that sentence. The messenger arrived on Sabbath morning, as he was putting on his cloak to go to church; and the last bell having been rung, Mr. Guthrie was perplexed, not knowing how to act on such a short notice. "My heart," said his wife, "what the Lord gives you light and clearness to do, that do, without giving any positive answer to the messenger." He went, and to the messenger's astonishment, pronounced the sentence of excommunication. Though the Commission of the Church relaxed Middleton from the sentence shortly after, yet it is believed that he never forgave nor forgot what Mr. Guthrie did that day, and that this worthy man fell a sacrifice to his personal revenge, as well as to Archbishop Sharp's ambition.

His indictment charged him with various offences, amounting, in the eyes of his adversaries, to the charge of high treason; and among the rest, his being the author of a piece entitled "The Causes of the Lord's Wrath," and his accession to the Westland Remonstrance. Mr. Guthrie's speech in his own defence is one of the most eloquent and triumphant vindications that was ever perhaps made before a court of justice; but neither the acknowledged piety

of the man, the innocence of his character, nor the eloquence of his address, had any weight on the minds of judges who were determined that he should suffer, with the view of striking terror into the rest, and paving the way for the innovations which they contemplated.

"My Lord," said this eminent man to his partial judge, "my conscience I cannot submit, but this old crazy body and mortal flesh I do submit to do with it whatsoever you will, whether by death, or banishment, or imprisonment, or anything else; only I beseech you to ponder well what profit there is in my blood. It is not the extinguishing me or many others that will extinguish the Covenant and work of reformation since the year 1638. My blood, bondage, or banishment will contribute more for the propagation of those things than my life or liberty could do, though I should live many years." But his persecutors would have their malice gratified and their thirst for blood satiated. The Christian martyr is beyond the reach of fear. So was it with Guthrie.

He was condemned "to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh as a traitor, on the 1st of June, 1661, and thereafter his head to be struck off and affixed on the Netherbow; his estate to be confiscated, his coat-of-arms torn and reversed, and his children declared incapable, in all time coming, to enjoy any office, digni-

ties, possessions, lands, or goods, movable or immovable, or anything within this kingdom." This dreadful doom he received with the utmost composure, saying, "My lords, let never this sentence affect you more than it does me; and let never my blood be required of the king's family."

On the night before his execution, when sealing some letters, he was observed to stamp the wax crosswise, thus marring the impression. "I have no more to do," said he, "with coats-of-arms." At supper with his friends that night, he was cheerful even to pleasantry. On his way to the scaffold, his arms being pinioned, he requested that one of them might be slackened so far as to allow him to support his tottering frame on a staff, while walking down the street to the place of execution. On the fatal ladder "he spoke an hour," says Burnet, who saw him suffer, "with the composedness of one who was delivering a sermon rather than his last words." Referring to the Covenants, he said, "These sacred, solemn, public oaths of God, I believe, can be loosed or dispensed with by no person, party, or power upon earth, but are still binding upon these kingdoms, and will be so forever hereafter; and are ratified and sealed by the conversion of many thousand souls since our entering thereinto. I take God to record upon my soul," he added, "I would

not exchange this scaffold with the palace or mitre of the greatest prelate in Britain." He forewarned all of the wrath of God upon Scotland, and of the sufferings they might expect, if they continued faithful; and just before he was turned over, lifting the napkin from his face, he cried,—"The Covenants, the Covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving!"

It would be improper to omit noticing the well-known anecdote, which is said to rest on good authority, that a considerable time after the death of Mr. Guthrie, when the Earl of Middleton was passing the Netherbow, a few drops of blood fell from the head of the martyr on the carriage, and that the marks could never be effaced. But the following is better deserving of attention, as an illustration of the profound respect in which the faithful clergy of Scotland were then held by the people. The headless corpse of Mr. Guthrie was put into a coffin and carried into the old kirk aisle, where it was decently prepared for interment by a number of ladies of high respectability. Some of the ladies having been observed to dip their napkins in the blood of the martyr, Sir Archibald Primrose challenged them for doing so, representing it as a piece of Popish superstition; when one of them, who was afterwards married to Sir Thomas Burnet, replied, "We intend not to abuse it to superstition or idola-

try, but to hold that bloody napkin up to heaven, with our address that the Lord would remember the innocent blood that is spilt." While thus employed, a genteel young man approached, and poured on the body a phial of rich perfume, the odor of which filled the whole church. On observing this, one of the ladies exclaimed, "God bless you, Sir, for this labor of love which you have shown to the slain body of a servant of Jesus Christ!" The young man, without speaking a word, made a low bow and retired.

BLAIR, RUTHERFORD, DICKSON, AND DOUGLAS.

An English merchant, who had occasion to visit Scotland, in the way of his business, about the year 1650, happened to hear three of the most eminent of the Scottish ministers of that age,—Robert Blair, Samuel Rutherford, and David Dickson. Being asked, on his return, what news he had brought from Scotland, the gentleman, who had never shown any sense of religion before, replied, "Great and good

news! I went to St. Andrew's, where I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man (Mr. Blair); and he showed me *the majesty of God.* After him, I heard a little, fair man (Mr. Rutherford); and he showed me *the loveliness of Christ.* I then went to Irvine, where I heard a well-favored, proper old man, with a long beard (Mr. Dickson); and that man showed me *all my heart.*" "The whole General Assembly," says Wodrow, "could not have given a better character of the three men."

Mr. Robert Blair was a man of mild and amiable temper; he was originally settled at Bangor in Ireland, on which occasion, as he refused to be ordained after the prelatic form, the bishop of the diocese agreed to be present with the other ministers only in the character of a presbyter. Driven by a less charitable bishop from Ireland, he took refuge in his native country, where he was first settled at Ayr, and afterwards translated to St. Andrews. Polite and affable in his manners, he was chosen by Charles I., after the death of Henderson, as his chaplain in Scotland; an office which he discharged with the most scrupulous fidelity. The whole vitality of the kingdom seemed to be poured, at this time, into the heart of the church, and all the strong energies of the Scottish mind were directed to religious topics in a more exclusive manner than they had ever

previously been. The writings of the protesters are thoroughly pervaded by a spirit of fervent piety, and contain principles of the loftiest order, stated in language of great force, and even dignity, of which we find but few similar instances in the productions of their opponents. To prove this assertion it is enough to name the works of Blair, Rutherford, Binning, Guthrie, Durham, Trail, Gray, and many others scarcely their inferiors. "I verily believe," says Kirkton, "there were more souls converted to Christ in that short period of time (Cromwell's Protectorate,) than in any season since the Reformation, though of triple its duration."

Samuel Rutherford is one of those characters whom every one thinks he should know by his writings as familiarly as if he had seen him face to face. Eager, ethereal and imaginative, ever soaring and singing, the high notes of his devotion fall down on the ear with a singular effect, as if the music came from heaven rather than from earth. Rutherford was the most popular preacher of his day; but it is not so generally known that he was as much distinguished for his learning and metaphysical attainments, as for his eloquence and devotion.* He received invitations to the

* His Letters, with all their faults, which are those of the age, have excellencies which must be felt to the end of time.

chair of philosophy in more than one of the foreign universities; but such was his love to his native country, that he would not desert her in the midst of her troubles. The following anecdote of his infancy, though it approaches the marvellous, is so characteristic of the future man, that it deserves to be preserved. While amusing himself with some of his companions, Samuel, then a mere child, fell into a deep well; the rest of the children ran off to alarm his parents, who, on reaching the spot, were astonished to find him seated on an adjoining hillock, cold and dripping. On being questioned how he had got there, he replied that "a bonnie white man came and drew him out of the well." The minutest particulars concerning such a person are interesting; the following are curious:—"I have known many great and good ministers in this Church," said an aged contemporary pastor who survived the Revolution; "but for such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherford was, I never knew one in Scotland like him to whom so many great gifts were given; for he seemed to be altogether taken up with everything good, and excellent, and useful. He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechizing, always writing and studying. He

"Hold off the Bible," said Richard Baxter, "such a book the world never saw the like."

had two quick eyes; and when he walked, it was observed that he held aye his face upward. He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of *skreigh* that I never heard the like. Many times I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit, when he came to speak of Jesus Christ; he was never in his right element but when he was commending Him. He would have fallen asleep in bed speaking of Christ." Rutherford was a stanch Protester; but controversy, though he excelled in it, seemed to be alien to his nature. "One day, when preaching in Edinburgh, after dwelling for some time on the differences of the day, he broke out with—'Woe is unto us for these sad divisions, that make us lose the fair scent of the Rose of Sharon!' and then he went on commending Christ, going over all his precious styles and titles about a quarter of an hour; upon which the laird of Glanderston said, in a loud whisper, 'Aye, now you are right—hold you there.'" Rutherford died in 1661, shortly after his book called *Lex Rex* was burnt by the hangman at Edinburgh, and at the gates of the New College of St. Andrews, where he was regent and professor of divinity.* He departed

* "It was much easier to burn the book than to answer it," says Wodrow. When Charles II. read *Lex Rex*, he said, with his native shrewdness, that it would scarcely ever get an answer; and his words have proved true.

just in time to avoid an ignominious death; for though everybody knew he was dying, the council had, with impotent malice, summoned him to appear before them at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. When the summons came, he said,—"Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior Judge and judicatory, and I behoove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." When they returned, and told that he was dying, the Parliament, with a few dissenting voices, voted that he should not be allowed to die in the college! Upon this Lord Burleigh said,—"Ye have voted that honest man out of his college, but ye cannot vote him out of heaven." Among his brethren who came to pray with him on his death-bed, were Mr. Wood, a Resolutioner, but an excellent man, and Mr. Honeyman, who afterwards was made a bishop, and distinguished himself for his opposition to the cause of God. It was observed that, when Mr. Wood prayed, the dying man was not much affected; but when Honeyman was engaged, he wept all the time of the prayer. Being afterwards asked his reason for this, he replied,—"Mr. Wood and I will meet again, though we be now to part; but alas for poor Honeyman, he and I will never meet again in another world, and this made me weep.'

When dying, he frequently repeated,—"Oh, for arms to embrace Him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp! I hear him saying to me, Come up hither!" And thus, says honest Howie, "the renowned eagle took its flight into the mountains of spices."

THE DEATH-BED OF RUTHERFORD.

Tread lightly thro' the darkened room, for a sick man lieth there,
And 'mid the dimness only stirs the whispered breath of prayer,
As anxious hearts take watch by turns beside the lowly bed,
Where sleep the awful stillness wears that soon must wrap the dead!

Hours hath he known of fevered pain; but now his rest is calm,
As tho' upon the spirit worn, distilled some healing balm;
It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed words,
Or drinks once more the matin song of Anwoth's "blessed birds."*

Oh! green and fresh upon his soul those early haunts arise,—
His kirk! his home! his wild wood walk!—with all their memories;
The very rushing of the burn by which so oft he trod,
The while on eagle wings of faith his spirit met its God!

A smile hath brightened on his lip,—a light around his brow,
Oh! surely "words unspeakable" that dreamer listeth now;
And glories of the upper sky his raptured senses steep,
Blent with the whispers of His love who gives His loved ones sleep!

But hark!—a sound!—a tramp of horse!—a loud, harsh, wrangling din!
Oh! rudely on that dream of heaven this world hath broken in;
In vain affection's earnest plea,—the intruders forward press,
And with a struggling spasm of pain he wakes to consciousness!

Strange lights are streaming thro' the room,—strange forms are round his bed;
Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and sound of dread,—
"False to thy country's honored laws, and to thy sovereign lord,
I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou traitor Rutherford!"

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* "Onely I think the swallows and sparrows that build their nests in the kirk of Anworth, blessed birds."—Rutherford's Letters.

Feebly the sick man raised his hand,—his hand so thin and pale,—
And something in the hollow eye made that rude speaker quail:
"Man! thou hast sped thine errand well!—yet is it wasted breath,
Except the great ones of the earth can break my tryst with death!

"A few brief days, or briefer hours, and I am going home,
Unto mine own prepared place, where but few great ones come!
And to the judgment-seat of Him who sealed me with His seal,
'Gainst evil tongues and evil men I make my last appeal!

"A traitor was His name on earth!—a felon's doom His fate!
Thrice welcome were my Master's cup! but it hath come too late;
The summons of that mightiest King, to whom all kings must bow,
Is on me for an earlier day,—is on me even now!

"I hear! I hear! the chariot wheels that bring my Saviour nigh;
For me He bears a golden crown,—a harp of melody;
For me He opens wide His arms,—He shows His wounded side;
Lord! 'tis my passport into life!—I live, for Thou hast died!"

They give his writings to the flames,—they brand his grave with shame;
A hissing in the mouth of fools, becomes his honored name,—
And darkness wraps awhile the land for which he prayed and strove,
But blessed in the Lord his death,—and blest his rest above!

P.

DAVID DICK, or DICKSON, minister at Irvine, was a very different character, yet almost equally eminent. His zeal against the "Perth Articles" exposed him to the rage of the bishops, who summoned him before the High Commission Court, and after subjecting him to the most insulting treatment, banished him to Turriff, in the north of Scotland. To all this Mr. Dickson meekly replied, "The will of the Lord be done; though ye cast me off, the Lord will take me up. Send me whither you will, I hope my Master will go with me, as being his own weak servant." By the intercession of the Earl of Eglinton, whose Countess, though

reared in her youth amidst the splendor of a court, was an ornament to her Christian profession, and exerted all her influence for the promotion of religion and the protection of its faithful ministers, Dickson was restored to his beloved people in Irvine. After his return, in 1623, his ministry was singularly honored of God for the conviction and conversion of multitudes. Crowds of persons, under spiritual concern, came from all the parishes round about Irvine, and many settled in the neighborhood, to enjoy his ministrations. Thus encouraged, Mr. Dickson began a weekly lecture on the Mondays, being the market day in Irvine, when the town was thronged with people from the country. The people from the parish of Stewarton, especially, availed themselves of this privilege, to which they were strongly encouraged by their own minister. The impression produced upon them was very extraordinary. In a large hall within the manse, there would often be assembled upwards of a hundred persons, under deep impressions of religion, waiting to converse with the minister, whose public discourses had led them to discover the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" And it was by means of these week-day discourses and meetings that the famous Stewarton revival, or *the Stewarton sickness*,

as it was derisively called, began, and spread afterwards from house to house for many miles along the valley in Ayrshire, through which the Stewarton water runs. Extravagancies, as might be expected, took place during this period of excitement, from which some took occasion to bring reproach on the good work; but these were checked and condemned by Mr. Dickson and others who conversed with them; and the sacred character of the work was attested by the solid, serious, and practical piety which distinguished the converts. Many who had been well known as most abandoned characters and mockers at religion, being drawn by motives of curiosity to attend these lectures, afterwards became completely changed, showing by their life and conversation, that the Lord had "opened their hearts to attend to the things spoken" by his servant. Such was the success which accompanied the ministrations of Mr. Dickson, when at Irvine. He was afterwards translated, first to Glasgow, and afterwards to Edinburgh, in both of which cities he officiated as professor of divinity. His contemporaries have preserved many of his remarkable sayings, which show him to have been a man of great shrewdness and sagacity, mixed with a peculiar vein of humor. He was singularly successful in dissecting the human heart, and winning souls to the Redeemer.

He was a man of strong nerve and undaunted resolution in the discharge of his duty, of which the following anecdote may serve as an illustration:—On one occasion, when riding between Edinburgh and Glasgow, he was attacked by robbers. Instead of giving way to his fears, Mr. Dickson boldly admonished them of their danger in regard to their souls, and concluded by earnestly exhorting them to try some other profession more safe and creditable than that in which they were engaged. Some years after this, when quietly seated in the College of Edinburgh, he was surprised by receiving the present of a pipe of wine, accompanied with a message, that the gentleman who sent it requested the pleasure of drinking a glass of the wine with him next evening in his study. The request was granted; and, in the course of conversation, the gentleman, after finding that the minister retained no recollection of having seen him before, informed him that he was one of the robbers who had attacked him,—that he had been seriously impressed by his admonition,—and that, having adopted his advice, he had prospered in foreign trade, and now came to thank his benefactor.

But, perhaps, one of the noblest characters of the period, though less known, was Mr. Robert Douglas, minister of Edinburgh. He had formerly been a chaplain in the army of

Gustavus Adolphus; and, when leaving his service, that celebrated prince and warrior pronounced the following eulogium on his character:—"There goes a man who, for wisdom and prudence, might be a counsellor to any king in Europe; who for gravity, might be a moderator to any assembly in the world; and who, for his skill in military affairs, might be the general of any army." Like many of the ministers at this period, he was connected by birth with some of the best families in the land. Majestic in his appearance, and princely in his bearing, there was something so authoritative about him, that one has said he never could look at him without a sensation of awe. Though a Resolutioner, he took an active part in endeavoring to secure the liberties of the Church of Scotland after the Restoration, and carried on a correspondence with James Sharp, when in London, in which the designs of that unhappy apostate were artfully covered over with high professions of regard to the Presbyterian interest. Mr. Douglas, though deceived for a time by Sharp's duplicity, at length discovered his real character. We are informed, that when Sharp returned to Scotland, he himself affecting no ambition for the prelacy, pressed the acceptance of the see of St. Andrews upon Mr. Douglas. He told him that he clearly perceived that the king

was determined on introducing Episcopacy, and that he knew none fitter for the office of primate than Mr. Douglas, who had better accept, lest a worse should be appointed. The honest Presbyterian saw into the secret soul of the hypocrite; and when he had given his own decided refusal, demanded of his former friend, what he would do himself were the offer made to him. Sharp hesitated, and rose to take his leave. Douglas accompanied him to the door. "James," said he, "I perceive you are clear,—I see you will engage,—you will be bishop of St. Andrews; take it then," he added, laying his hand on Sharp's shoulder,—"*and the curse of God with it!*"

"The subject," says Sir Walter Scott, relating this scene, "might suit a painter." We may add, with equal truth, that the subject affords matter of solemn warning to the Christian minister, and of serious reflection to all "Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

HUGH M'KAIL.

HUGH M'KAIL was made the victim of persecution, in consequence of his connection with the Rising at Pentland. He was a young preacher, learned, eloquent, and eminently pious. He had been but a short while with the insurgents, and had left them before the day of the battle, unable to endure the fatigue to which they were exposed; but he had, on one occasion, when preaching, and having cause to speak of the sufferings of the Church in all ages, said, that it had been persecuted by a Pharaoh on the throne, a Haman in the State, and a Judas in the Church; and though he made no application of this statement, it had reached the ears of Sharp, who thought himself alluded to under the character of Judas. For this he would have been laid hold of at the time, had he not gone abroad, and escaped for a little the prelate's rage. But he was now in the hands of his enemy, and was to suffer the dire effects of implacable revenge.

When he was brought before the council, he was interrogated respecting the leaders of the insurrection, and what correspondence they

had, either at home or abroad. He declared himself utterly unacquainted with any such correspondence; and frankly stated how far he had taken part in their proceedings. The instrument of torture called the "boots" was then laid before him, and he was informed that, if he did not confess, it should be applied next day. This instrument of cruelty had not been used in Scotland for upwards of forty years before, and its very appearance had been forgotten by the people; but the bishops and other rulers had got a new pair made for the occasion, and they were brought into frequent requisition during the subsequent years. This instrument was made of four pieces of narrow boards strongly bound together, of a competent size for the leg. Into this case, after the criminal's limb was laid in, wedges were driven down with a hammer, which caused intolerable pain, and frequently mangled the limb in a shocking manner, compressing the flesh, and even forcing the marrow out of the bone. On the following day he was again brought before the council, and again ordered to confess, on the pain of immediate torture. He declared solemnly that he had no more to confess. The executioner then placed his leg in the horrid instrument, applied the wedge, and proceeded to his hideous task. When one heavy blow had driven in the wedge, and crushed the

limb severely, he was again urged to confess, but in vain. Blow after blow succeeded, at considerable intervals, protracting the terrible agony; but still, with true Christian fortitude, the heroic martyr possessed his soul in patience. Seven or eight successive blows had crushed the flesh and sinews to the very bone, when he protested solemnly in the sight of God, that he could say no more, though all the joints of his body were in as great torture as that poor leg. Yet thrice more the wedge was driven in, till the bone itself was shattered by its iron compression, and a heavy swoon relieved him from longer consciousness of the mortal agony. He was carried back to prison; and soon afterwards condemned to death.

Between the day of his condemnation and that of his death, his mind was in a continual state of holy joy and heavenly peace. When brought to the place of execution, he was more than serene; he was filled with unutterable transport. The extreme youthfulness and delicacy of his appearance, the comeliness and composure of his countenance, struck every beholder,—a thrill of mingled pity and horror ran through the crowd; and while those given to swearing cursed the bishops, others were frequently praying for the youthful martyr. On taking hold of the ladder to go up, he said in an audible voice,—"I care no more to go up

this ladder, and over it, than if I were to go to my father's house." Then turning to his fellow-sufferers, he cried, "Friends, be not afraid; every step in this ladder is a degree nearer to heaven." Before being turned over, he removed the napkin from his face, saying,—"I hope you perceive no alteration or discouragement in my countenance and carriage; and as it may be your wonder, so I profess it is a wonder to myself; and I will tell you the reason of it. Besides the justice of my cause, this is my comfort, what was said of Lazarus when he died, that the angels did carry his soul to Abraham's bosom; so that, as there is a great solemnity here, of a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out of windows; so there is a greater and more solemn preparation of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom." He then ended with that noble burst of Christian eloquence, so much admired and so often imitated: "And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father, and mother, friends and relations; farewell, the world, and all delights; farewell, meat and drink; farewell, sun, moon, and stars. Welcome, God and Father; welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant; welcome, blessed Spirit of grace, the God of

all consolation; welcome, glory; welcome, eternal life; welcome, death. O Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed my soul, Lord God of truth."

Thus passed from earth, on the 22d of December 1666, one of the brightest, purest, and most sanctified spirits that ever animated a mere human form; a victim to prelatic tyranny, and a rejoicing martyr for Christ's sole kingly dominion over his Church, and for that sacred Covenant in which the Church of Scotland had vowed allegiance to her Divine and only Head and King. Till the records of time shall have melted into those of eternity, the name of that young Christian martyr will be held in most affectionate remembrance, and frequent admiration, by every true Scottish Presbyterian, and will be regarded by the Church of Scotland as one of the fairest jewels that ever she was honored to add to the conquering Redeemer's crown of glory.

It is almost too disgraceful to human nature to record, that before the death of M'Kail, and after several executions had taken place, a letter came from the king, prohibiting any more lives from being taken; but Sharp suppressed this letter till after the death of M'Kail, so that he may justly be charged with the cold, deliberate murder of that guiltless youth, and of violating the most sacred prerogative of the crown,

that he might perpetrate the monstrous deed. This barbarous conduct of Sharp, which was generally known at the time, tended greatly to increase the detestation in which he and his coadjutors were held by the people.

HETHERINGTON.

SPENCE, CARSTARES, AND JERVISWOOD.

THE absolute injustice as well as cruelty of the Courts in the latter end of the reign of Charles II., were shown peculiarly in the trials of SPENCE, CARSTARES, and JERVISWOOD. Mr. William Spence had been secretary to the Earl of Argyle, and it was thought that he must be capable of giving important information respecting the supposed connection of the Scottish Presbyterians with the Rye-house Plot, a scheme planned to prevent the succession of the Duke of York after Charles II. He had been kept for some time in prison, heavily loaded with iron fetters, which were struck off that he might be examined by torture. The torture of the "boot" failed to wring from him any such disclosure as the council wished. He was then sent back to prison; and an order of almost unparalleled atrocity was issued

by the council, that a party of soldiers should keep watch beside the exhausted sufferer, and not permit him to sleep day nor night till he should confess. Several days together—Burnet says eight or nine—was this fearfully barbarous order enforced; and when even this could not shake his constancy, he was subjected to the torture of the "thumbkin," or "thumb-screw." The utmost which they succeeded finally in extorting from the worn-out sufferer, was his assistance in deciphering a letter written in secret characters by Argyle, in which the purpose of preventing the Duke of York's succession was mentioned, but nothing tending to corroborate the charge of intended assassination. The names of Carstares and Baillie of Jerviswood were contained in Argyle's letter, and this exposed them to the wrath of the council.

Carstares had been apprehended in England, and, contrary to the provisions of English law, was sent down to Scotland to be tried. The mention of his name in the papers deciphered by Spence exposed him to the severity of the Scottish council. He endured the torture of the "thumbkin" for an hour and a-half, with unwavering fortitude, refusing to answer any questions by which he might be led to criminate other parties. When released from torture and remanded to prison, he learned

that the imformation derived from Spence contained nearly all that the questions to be proposed to him could involve, and accordingly he consented to answer without further torture, stipulating that his answers should not be used as evidence against the persons accused, nor himself confronted with them as a witness. These stipulations were, as usual, immediately violated, and an unfair account of his confession published, and attempted to be used against Jerviswood, on whose death the council was bent. It deserves to be recorded, to the credit of Carstares, that he was in the possession of State secrets greatly more important than those which the council were attempting to wring from him, the offer to discover which would have secured him from torture. But when Carstares had answered to the questions directly put by the council, they seem to have concluded that he was acquainted with nothing more; and after a short additional imprisonment, he was permitted to leave the kingdom and retire to Holland, where he remained till the time of the Revolution.

The trial of Baillie of Jerviswood came next, and demands attention, as peculiarly atrocious. Baillie was a man of great natural abilities, soundness of judgment, and high integrity and blamelessness of character. He was now considerably advanced in years, and

his constitution greatly broken and enfeebled by sufferings and imprisonment; yet his life, evidently drawing near its close, was sought by his enemies, because they were aware of the high estimation in which he was held by the Presbyterians, whose proceedings and plans might be comparatively paralyzed by the loss of such a man. The main accusation against Jerviswood had reference to the conspiracy of the English patriots, Russel and Sidney; but there was a miserable deficiency of evidence to substantiate the charge. Every attempt was made by the "bloody Mackenzie" to supplement this deficiency; even the confession of Carstares was brought forward as corroborative evidence, contrary to the express stipulations into which the council entered with Carstares himself. Baillie was manifestly dying; but this only stimulated the council to hasten forward his trial, that they might enjoy the gratification of shaking rudely the ebbing sands of his life. When brought before the court, the venerable man was wrapped in his dressing-gown, as he had risen from his sick-bed, and attended by his sister-in-law, daughter of the celebrated Warriston, who supported him from time to time with cordials during the course of the trial. Mackenzie pressed the charges against him with the most malignant bitterness of language. At last the

venerable man slowly rose, defended himself against the articles of the accusation, solemnly declared his detestation of all plots against the lives of his Majesty and his royal brother; then fixing his eyes on Mackenzie, asked how he could in public so violently accuse him of what in private he had declared he did not believe him guilty? The advocate quailed beneath the searching power of that calm clear eye, and confusedly stammered out, "Jerviswood, I own what you say; my thoughts there were as a private man; but what I say here is by the special direction of the privy council;" and, pointing to the clerk, added, "he knows my orders." "Well," replied Jerviswood, "if you have one conscience for yourself and another for the council, I pray God forgive you; I do;"—then turning to the Justice-General, he said, "My Lord, I trouble your Lordships no further." But neither the dignity of truth nor the pathetic language of innocence could move the cruel conclave. He was pronounced guilty, and condemned to die the same day, his head to be cut off, his body quartered, and the mutilated parts to be affixed upon conspicuous places in the chief towns in the kingdom. When this barbarous sentence was intimated to him, he answered, "My Lords, the time is short,—the sentence is sharp: but I thank my God, who hath made me as fit to die as you

are to live." The brief interval between the sentence and its execution was to him one of joy unspeakable and full of glory. His bodily weakness and sufferings were unfelt, in the anticipation of the glory, honor, and immortality of that heavenly inheritance into which he was about to enter. The hour came. His devoted sister-in-law, Warriston's heroic daughter, supported his sinking frame to the scaffold; stood with him there, while, leaning on her shoulder, he attempted to address the deeply agitated and sympathizing spectators; and left him not till, after the drums of the soldiery had drowned his voice, and the rude hand of the executioner had hurried on the final deed, she beheld his earthly sufferings closed, withdrawing then from a place where she had undergone what may well be termed a martyrdom of the heart.

HETHERINGTON.

JOHN BROWN OF PRIESTHILL.

The pause in the persecution in Scotland, occasioned by the death of Charles II., and the accession of James II., was of brief duration; and the military judges resumed their murderous career with increased eagerness, making the whole south and west of Scotland one scene of indiscriminate carnage. Claverhouse had Dumfriesshire and Galloway assigned to him as his peculiar domain. To Grierson of Lagg, and Windram, were given districts of the latter county, over which they might spread devastation at will; while Claverhouse himself, like a superior fiend, traversed the whole province, cheering on the red exterminators, a bloodier and fiercer glare of destruction marking the spot where he was present, or the path along which he had swept. At times, marking out a district, and mustering a sufficient force, he would drive all the inhabitants into one spot, gird them round with the armed soldiery, and compel them to swear allegiance to James, and to take the test and the oath of abjuration, instant death being the penalty of refusal or hesitation. At other times he would collect all the children from six to ten years of

age, draw up a line of soldiers before them, and order them to pray, for the hour of death was come; then, while in the agony of mortal terror, would offer them their lives if they would discover where their friends, their fathers, or their elder brothers were concealed, causing occasionally the troops to fire over their heads, to increase their fear and stimulate their discoveries. Nor did he hesitate to stain his own hands with the blood of his guiltless victims, rather than they should escape, when the troops showed signs of reluctance. Of this the death of JOHN BROWN of Priesthill is a fearful instance.

John Brown lived at a place called Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, and earned his subsistence by the humble employment of a carrier. He was a man of deep personal piety, but had not joined in any acts of open resistance to the government. He was, however, hated by the curate, because of his sincere attachment to Presbyterian principles, his refusal to attend upon that worthless man's degraded ministry, and the shelter which his solitary abode occasionally furnished to the persecuted wanderers and their ministers. Of this information had been given to Claverhouse, who immediately determined on his death. On the morning of the 1st of May, day having scarcely dawned, Brown, while at work in the fields,

was surprised by a troop of dragoons, led by Claverhouse himself. He was brought back to his own house, and there the usual ensnaring questions were put to him, the brief examination closing by Claverhouse saying to him, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die." Calmly the martyr kneeled down upon the heath, and poured forth the emotions of his heart in a strain of such fervent and lofty devotion as to move the rude and hardened soldiery, if not to tears of repentance, at least to strong though transient remorse. Thrice was he interrupted by the relentless Claverhouse, who exclaimed that "he had given him time to pray, but not to preach." Turning to the merciless man, he answered, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor of praying, if you call this preaching," and continued his devotions, untroubled, unconfused. When he stopped, Claverhouse bade him take farewell of his wife and children. Turning to the afflicted woman, who was standing beside him, with one infant in her arms and another clinging to her knee, he said, "Now, Isabel, the day is come that I told you would come, when I first spoke to you of marriage." "Indeed, John," replied she, "I can willingly part with you. "Then," said he, "that is all my desire; I have no more to do but die; I have been in case [prepared] to meet death for many

years." After he had kissed his wife and children, Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to fire. They hesitated; the prayers of the martyr were still sounding in their ears; they positively refused. Enraged at their delay and refusal, Claverhouse with his own hand shot him through the head; then turning to the new-made widow, in a voice of fiend-like mockery, said, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I ever thought much good of him," she answered, "and as much now as ever." "It were but justice to lay thee beside him," exclaimed the murderer. "If you were permitted," replied she, "I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length: but how will you answer for this morning's work?" "To man, I can be answerable," said the ruthless persecutor; "and as for God, I will take Him in my own hand!" and wheeling about, rode off at the head of his horror-stricken troop. The poor woman laid down her fatherless infant on the ground, and taking the kerchief from her neck and bosom, wound it about the mangled head of her beloved husband, straightened his stiffening body, covered it with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him, with one infant on her knee, and the other again clasped closely to her desolate heart. Not a friend or a neighbor was near in the dismal solitude of that dark hour, to aid her in per-

forming the last sad duties of humanity, "it being a very desert place, where never victual grew;" but she was not alone, for her soul felt the strong support of her very present God.

HETHERINGTON.

About the same period of time to which the above refers, a lieutenant and three soldiers passing along the road, found a poor man sleeping on a bank, with a small pocket-bible lying near him. This circumstance having roused their suspicions, they awoke the man, and asked him if he would pray for the king? He replied that he would with all his heart. The lieutenant was about to let him go, when one of the soldiers said—"But, sir, will you renounce the Covenant?" The man hesitated a moment; but on the question being repeated, he firmly replied,—"Indeed, sir, I'll as soon renounce my baptism." Upon this, without further ceremony, they shot the poor man on the spot. Five of the wanderers had taken refuge in a cave near Ingliston, in the parish of Glencairn. Their place of concealment was discovered to the enemy by a base "intelligencer," who had formerly associated with them, pretending to be one of the sufferers. When the soldiers came up, they first fired into the cave, and then rushing in, brought them forth

to execution. Without any questions being put, or any offers of mercy made, the whole five were immediately shot by orders of the commanding officer. One of them being observed to be still alive, a wretch drew his sword and thrust him through the body. The dying man raised himself, and, weltering in his own blood and that of his companions, cried out, with his last breath,—"Though every hair of my head was a man, I would die all those deaths for Christ and his cause."

M'Crie.

ANDREW HISLOP, AND MARGARET WILSON.

From the murder of John Brown, just narrated, Claverhouse proceeded to the county of Dumfries, where another victim fell into his hands, and was dragged to the house of Johnstone of Westerraw or Westerhall. This man, Andrew Hislop, Claverhouse would have spared, his mind, as he himself afterwards acknowledged, not being able to shake off the deep impression which John Brown's prayer had made; but Johnstone insisted on his death, and orders were given to a Highland officer who was with the party to shoot the man.

He refused, and drew off his troops, declaring that he would fight Claverhouse and his dragoons rather than do so barbarous a deed. Claverhouse then commanded three of his own men to execute the sentence, and this time they did not refuse. Placing the innocent man before them, they desired him to draw his bonnet over his eyes. Raising it higher on his dauntless brow, and stretching out his hand, in which he held his Bible, he replied, that he could look his death-bringers in the face without fear, charging them to answer for what they had done, and were about to do, at the great day when they should be judged by that book,—and so fell, a dreadless martyr for the Truth.

On the same day in which Hislop was thus murdered, the 11th of May, a still more hideous crime was committed near Wigton, in Upper Galloway. Gilbert Wilson occupied a farm belonging to the laird of Castlestewart, in the parish of Penningham. He and his wife had both yielded to the acts enforcing conformity to Prelacy; but his children had imbibed higher principles, and refused to conform. At length they were compelled to quit their father's house and join the persecuted wanderers, that they might avoid falling into the hands of the soldiers. MARGARET WILSON, aged about eighteen, her brother Thomas, aged

sixteen, and their sister Agnes, aged only thirteen, were all thus compelled to seek refuge in the wild moors of Upper Galloway; and by the dreadful intercommuning act, their parents were forbidden to give them food or shelter, under the penalty attached to treason. In the slight pause of persecution which took place at the death of Charles, the two sisters ventured to quit the desert solitudes, and to come to Wigton, where they resided a short time in the house of an aged and pious widow, named MARGARET M'LAUCHLAN. A base wretch, named Stuart, gave information against them, and they were all three dragged to prison. After they had lain there for some weeks, and had suffered much inhuman treatment, they were brought to trial before Lagg and Major Windram, who commanded the military force in that district. As if to stretch this mockery of justice to the utmost extreme at once of cruelty and of intense absurdity, these three helpless women were accused of rebellion at Bothwell Bridge and Airdsmoss, and also of having been present at twenty conventicles. This accusation it was impossible to urge; but they were required to take the abjuration oath, which all three refused, and were accordingly condemned to die. The specific terms of the sentence were, that they should be tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water

of Blednock, where it meets the sea, and there be drowned by the tide. From this dreadful doom the entreaties of the distracted father prevailed so far as to rescue the innocent girl of thirteen, yet only by the payment of one hundred pounds sterling to the merciless and mercenary murderers. But nothing could avail to save the lives of the young woman and her widowed friend.

The day of execution came, the 11th of May, bright, it may be, with the fresh smiles of the reviving year, but dark and terrible to many a sympathizing heart. Windram and his troop guarded the victims to the place of doom, accompanied by a crowd of people, filled with fear and wonder, and still doubting whether yet the horrid deed would be done. The stakes were driven deep into the oozy sand. That to which the aged widow was tied was placed farthest in, that she might perish first. The tide began to flow,—the water rose around them,—the hoarse rough billows came advancing on, swelling and mounting, inch by inch, over limb, and breast, and neck, and lip, of the pious and venerable matron, while her young companion in martyrdom, still in shallower water, gazed on the awful scene, and knew that in a few minutes more her sufferings would be the same. At this dreadful moment some heartless ruffian

asked Margaret Wilson what she thought now of her fellow-martyr in her dying agonies? Calmly she answered, "What do I see but Christ, in one of his members, wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us; for He sends none a warfare on their own charges." But the water now began to swell cold and deadly round and over her own bosom; and, that her last breath might be expended in the worship of God, she sung the 25th Psalm, repeated a portion of the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and prayed till her voice was lost amid the rising waves. Before life was quite extinct, the torturers cut the cords that bound her to the stake, dragged her out, waited till she was restored to consciousness, and then asked her if she would pray for the king. She answered, "I wish the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none." "Dear Margaret," exclaimed one of the spectators, in accents of love and sorrow, "say God save the king, say God save the king!" With the steady composure of one for whom life had few attractions, and death no terrors, she replied, "God save him if He will, for it is his salvation I desire." Her relatives and friends immediately cried aloud to Windram, "Oh, sir, she has said it, she has said it!" The ruthless monster, reluctant thus to lose his victim, required her to

swear the abjuration oath. In the same firm tone she answered, "I will not; I am one of Christ's children; let me go!" By his command she was again plunged into the heaving waters, and, after a brief struggle, the spirit of this virgin martyr entered into the rest and peace of everlasting happiness.

This, and similar instances of heroic Christian fortitude, were termed by the persecutors, and will still be termed by their apologists, instances of obstinate fanaticism. But the true Christian can comprehend how their souls had obtained both an earnest and foretaste of heaven, in that love of God and communion with Him which had been imparted to them by "the spirit of adoption;" and how, feeling that "the Son had made them free," they recognized it as their bounden duty and their great privilege, to defend the rights and liberties of Christ's spiritual kingdom; willing to die rather than violate their allegiance to their Divine Redeemer, by yielding to a sinful mortal that sole supremacy and lordship over the conscience which belongs to Him alone, and that high and undivided sovereignty over His Church, which is the inalienable prerogative of the Mediator's crown.

HETHERINGTON.

MUIRHEAD OF MONKTON:

AND

THE COTTARS OF CARMACOUP.

THE Rev. Mr. MUIRHEAD, the subject of the following sketch, lived in Monkton, in Ayrshire, of which he was minister some time after the Indulgence. He was, however, deprived of his charge because he harbored for a week, in his house, a pious outlawed preacher. But though thus forbidden by the law to preach, he kept conventicles in his own house, which were frequented by the serious people in the neighborhood. His practice, in this respect, was peculiarly offensive to the ruling party, who forthwith proceeded to apprehend him. There was, in the vicinity of his residence, a secluded spot in the corner of a field, to which he was in the habit of retiring for secret devotion. This place was encircled with tall broom, and densely guarded by the prickly whins. In the heart of these bushes he found a sanctuary, and a place of retreat, in which he spent many a hallowed hour. It happened one evening, when a party of soldiers came to his house, for the purpose of apprehending him, that he

had retired to his asylum among the bushes to conclude the day with prayer, and continued longer in the exercise than usual. Little did the worthy man suspect that, during the brief space of his retirement, his enemies were actually within his house in quest of him. They had arrived almost at the moment he disappeared among the broom, and continued searching with the utmost eagerness till within a few minutes of his return, when, having been unsuccessful, they left the place. On Mr. Muirhead entering his house, he found all within in a state of confusion, and was anxious to know the cause. Of this he was not long ignorant, and was both astonished and delighted to find that Providence had shielded him in a manner so unforeseen.

It was now obvious to this worthy servant of Christ, that his ruin was plotted by his enemies, and that he must instantly provide for his safety. His own house could afford him no security, as his foes might invade it at any hour, either by day or night, and, therefore, another place of refuge was immediately sought for. It was considered, that as his retreat among the bushes in the field was known to none but to his household, it might be adopted as a suitable hiding-place, to which he might for a season resort. Accordingly preparations were made with all due celerity and

secrecy, to render the place as comfortable as possible. Blankets were furnished in abundance, and spread on the grassy floor, as a couch on which to repose by night, and on which to sit by day, in the concealment of the bushes. There was, however, among the few friends who were attached to Mr. Muirhead, and who regularly attended the meetings held for prayer and conference, one like Judas among the little family of disciples, who was determined to betray the venerable man to his enemies on the first opportunity. Mr. Muirhead continued to meet with the little conventicle on every fitting occasion. On a certain day on which the meeting was to take place, the saintly man having crept from his hiding-place, was walking in a retired corner of the field, to avoid observation, when he was noticed by a man at some distance. This individual was one of his warmest friends, who had at the same time a near relation in great affliction, and at the point of death. He accordingly walked up to Mr. Muirhead, and requested him to accompany him to the sick chamber of his kinsman. With this invitation he promptly complied, and proceeded with all speed to the house of the dying man. As they were passing on, they observed a company of horsemen advancing in the direction of the village, of the design of whose visit Mr. Muir-

head had no doubt. Having reached the house where his assistance was required, he spent the evening with the afflicted person, knowing that it was in vain to return to the meeting, as it must have been dispersed by the soldiers.

During the absence of Mr. Muirhead, the friends met according to appointment, and as they were waiting the arrival of the minister to conduct their devotions, a party of horsemen rode up to the door. The troopers dismounted, and burst into the apartment, expecting to seize Mr. Muirhead without much trouble in the midst of the company. The little conventicle was thrown into confusion and dismay, expecting to be severely handled by the rude and unmannerly dragoons. They demanded Mr. Muirhead as their prisoner in the king's name, but every one was ready to affirm that he was not present. This assertion, however, was not so easily to be credited by the soldiers, who, on seeing a venerable-looking old man in the assembly, instantly concluded that he was the individual sought for, and him they seized, and bound on the spot. Having thus, as they opined, secured their prey, they dispersed the meeting, and marched away with their captive. They had not gone far, however, when, having discovered their mistake, they dismissed

the poor man with what they considered suitable admonitions.

In the meantime, Mrs. Muirhead was in great distress about her husband. He had not appeared at the meeting at the time appointed; he was not to be found in his hiding-place; no person had seen him; and she concluded that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. She spent a perplexed and wakeful night, bewailing the fate of her honored husband, and her own helpless condition; but, to her delight and surprise, her affectionate husband, having returned from the cottage, presented himself in the apartment. Her heart swelled with gratitude to the Preserver of their lives. Mr. Muirhead explained the reason of his absence; and she informed him of the visit and behavior of the dragoons, and, at the same time, expressed her suspicions of treachery on the part of an individual belonging to the meeting. Mr. Muirhead was unwilling to admit the idea, that any one of their professed friends could be so base as to act in such a manner. "I am nevertheless of opinion," said she, "that there is a traitor among us, who, for the sake of worldly advantage, has engaged to work our ruin; and that traitor I believe to be John Guthrie. I observed him yesterday smiling to the leader of the troops, and talking to him in a very familiar way; the which, if he had

been a true-hearted friend, I do not think he would have done."

In a short time this same individual called on Mr. Muirhead, and congratulated him on his happy escape from the dragoons, and requested him to call another meeting of the friends that night, as it was not likely that they would be disturbed by a visit from the soldiers so soon after the occurence of the preceding evening. Mr. Muirhead, who was unwilling to entertain suspicions of John Guthrie, said that he was engaged to spend the evening with Thomas M'Murtrie, the sick man, and that therefore he would defer the meeting till another time.

Accordingly, Mr. Muirhead met in the evening with a few friends in M'Murtrie's house, where he engaged in religious exercises along with the dying Christian. The devotions of the party, however, were unexpectedly interrupted by the sudden intrusion of John Guthrie, attended by Captain Grierson, and a company of soldiers. Mr. Muirhead was at the moment of their entrance on his knees at prayer, and Grierson, without ceremony, made him his prisoner on the spot. The scene was truly affecting,—the venerable saint was forcibly raised from his kneeling posture, the house was filled with weeping and consternation, and the afflicted man, now very near the end of

his pilgrimage, gave signs, in the midst of the tumult, that all within his breast was peace.

Grierson committed the prisoner to the care of two of his troopers, with special charges to prevent his escape. On their way to Dumfries, they had occasion to pass through a wood, where the following incident occurred:—It was clear moonlight, and the soldiers were able to march with nearly as much precision as in the open day. As they were threading their way among the trees, a number of persons were seen running to and fro, in great confusion. Grierson instantly concluded that they were a company of covenanters, whom the soldiers' passing through the wood had incidentally disturbed in their concealment. The command was given to pursue, and to fire on the fugitives. The two men who guarded Mr. Muirhead hastily tied him to a tree, and speedily followed their comrades in the pursuit. The loud report of fire-arms was heard at frequent intervals in the gloomy retreats of the forest, and Mr. Muirhead, reflecting for a moment on the possibility of extricating himself, found that he was but loosely attached to the tree, and he easily succeeded in untying the cords. Having disengaged himself from his bonds, he darted away among the thickets, in the direction of his home. As he was wending his way through the underwood, he was observed by one of the

soldiers, who, taking his aim in the glimmering moonlight, fired, and wounded him on the knee which instantly stayed his flight. He was seized the second time; and when Grierson had routed the party in the wood, he commanded two of his strongest men to carry him on their shoulders to the place where the horses were stationed. In passing through the wood, Grierson observed some persons skulking among the trees, and fearing lest a shot should reach him from among the bushes, he ordered his men to march at full speed. The two dragoons who were carrying the prisoner, being impeded with their burden, were unable to proceed with the requisite celerity, and Grierson became impatient. It happened that, in passing through the wood, they had to cross a stream; and when they arrived at the ford, it occurred to the leader of the party, that the most expeditious way of disposing of their prisoner would be to throw him into the water. Accordingly, when the two men were in the midst of the torrent, and scarcely able to keep their footing under the weight of their burden, he commanded them to cast the "rebel" into the pool and leave him to his fate. To this command the soldiers, hardened as they were, hesitated to yield obedience, which being observed by Grierson, he came behind, and, with one forcible and remorseless push, plunged him into the

deepest part of the river, where he sank to the bottom, and was no more heard of. In this way was a godly and inoffensive man treated by a base and truculent persecutor, in whose breast a feeling of compassion had no place. He died a martyr, and has a name among the worthies, "who loved not their lives unto the death," and his memorial deserves to be rescued from oblivion, and to be kept in perpetual remembrance.

THE COTTARS OF CARMACOUP.

During the persecution an act was passed by the Privy Council, by which every landlord was made responsible for those who lived on their grounds, and were subjected to heavy fines and imprisonment if they failed to lodge due information against all who entertained covenanting principles. The laird of Carmacoup, after the passing of this act, became solicitous about his own safety, on account of the number of his cottars whose religious principles, he had good reason to believe, were in accordance with those of the covenanters. Not a few of them had imbibed the opinions of the persecuted party; for the hills of Carmacoup, and the retreats of its woods and streams,

were frequented by the wanderers, and the ravines and caves around Cairntable afforded shelter to many a helpless covenanter in the dark and troubled day. In this way the cottars had frequent opportunities of intercourse with the sufferers, and this had led them to examine and to adopt their principles.

All these poor people, with a few exceptions, received notice to quit their habitations, and remove from the lands at the first term. Tradition says that "thirty chimneys ceased to smoke on Whitsunday at noon, on the fair lands of Carmacoup." At a meeting which had been held a few days prior to their removal, the cottagers agreed to convene on the morning of the day of their departure, for the purpose of engaging in devotional exercises before they separated to seek other residences. The eventful morning came; it was clear and beautiful; the sun rose in a cloudless sky. The lark was carolling his song high in the air, and the lambs were gambolling on the grassy knolls, as they moved slowly and mournfully to the place of meeting. It was a solemn assembly; sorrow was depicted on every countenance, a sleepless night was passed by all, the eyes of some were red with weeping, and the warm tears bedewed many a fair cheek.

When all were convened, they formed themselves into a circle on the bent, and a venerable

father being placed, by universal consent, in the middle of the ring, began the devotional exercises by singing a Psalm. He then read a portion of Scripture adapted to their circumstances, and kneeling down on the brown heath, he poured forth a prayer full of holy fervor and childlike confidence in God, and committed the helpless and destitute company of worshippers to the particular care of that Saviour—for attachment to whose cause they were now called to suffer hardships, and to submit to banishment from their native place.

It was interesting to see a company of honest peasants, who had not now a place in the world which they could call their home, invoking Him, who, when on earth, had not where to lay his head. The spirits of the party were refreshed by means of this heavenly communion, and by means of the Christian converse they had together; and having girded up the loins of their minds, they were prepared to follow the leadings of Providence, and to submit in all things to the disposal of their heavenly Father. And sweet was the inward peace they enjoyed, when, for conscience' sake, they were called to forsake their earthly all. When they arose to separate, the aged saint stood up in the midst of them, and pronounced the following prayer: "May He who was with the

patriarchs in their wanderings, even the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, go with us. Amen."

SIMPSON.

THOMAS HARKNESS, ANDREW CLARK, AND SAMUEL M'EWAN.

IN the summer of 1684, THOMAS HARKNESS, along with ANDREW CLARK of Leadhills, and SAMUEL M'EWAN of Glencairn, was seized by Claverhouse, when like a fury he was roaming through all the places of Nithsdale, where he hoped to apprehend the "rebels" as they were termed, who had been engaged in the rescue of some prisoners at Enterkin. He came upon the three helpless men, as they were sleeping in the fields, in the parish of Closeburn. They were so fast asleep that the soldiers had to rouse them; and when they opened their eyes, and saw their enemies standing over them, like ravenous beasts ready to pounce on their prey, they attempted to flee, but in vain; for the soldiers, who, on account of the affair at Enterkin, were exceedingly enraged, wounded them and took them prisoners. Whether any of them were at Enterkin, or not, does not appear; but the soldiers deponed that they were,

and therefore they were conveyed to Edinburgh, and were condemned to die on the same day on which they were tried. "They were," says Wodrow, "brought into Edinburgh about one of the clock, and that same day they were sentenced, and executed about five of the clock." This evidently shows how eagerly their enemies thirsted for their blood. But though the summons was hasty, they were not unprepared; they lived with death constantly before them, and were in hourly expectation of meeting with the last enemy. Their brethren were daily falling on the moors and hills around them, and therefore they held themselves in constant readiness to meet with a similar fate. The interval between the sentence and execution was short; but brief as the period was, they drew up a conjunct testimony to that truth in behalf of which they suffered. This testimony, though expressed in a few words, is worthy of notice, and is as follows:—

"The joint testimony of Thomas Harkness, Andrew Clark, and Samuel M'Ewan, from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, August 5, [1684.]

"Dear friends, and relations whatsomever, we think fit to acquaint you, that we bless the Lord that ever we were ordained to give a

public testimony, who are so great sinners. Blessed be He that we were born to bear witness for him, and blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ that ordained the Gospel, and the truths of it, which He sealed with his own blood; and many a worthy Christian gone before us hath sealed them. We were questioned for not owning the king's authority. We answered, that we owned all authority that is allowed by the written word of God, sealed by Christ's blood. Now, our dear friends, we entreat you to stand to the truth, and especially all ye that are our own relations, and all that love and wait for the coming of Christ. He will come and not tarry, and reward every one according to their deeds in the body. We bless the Lord that we are not a whit discouraged, but content to lay down our life with cheerfulness, and boldness, and courage; and if we had a hundred lives, we would willingly quit with them all for the truth of Christ. Good news! Christ is no worse than He promised. Now we take our leave of all our friends and acquaintances, and declare we are heartily content with our lot, and that He hath brought us hither to witness for him and his truth. We leave our testimony against Popery, and all other false doctrine that is not according to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which is the only word of God. Dear friends,

be valiant for God, for He is as good as his promise. Him that overcometh He will make a pillar in His temple. Our time is short, and we have little to spare, having got our sentence at one of the clock this afternoon, and are to die at five this day; and so we will say no more, but farewell all friends and relations, and welcome heaven, and Christ, and the cross for Christ's sake.

"THOMAS HARKNESS,
"ANDREW CLARK,
"SAMUEL M'EWAN."

In this short statement, emitted by these three plain countrymen on the very eve of their death, of which they were not apprised sooner than four brief hours before it happened, we perceive no confusion nor perturbation, but an admirable calmness of spirit, and Christian fortitude, and confidence in God. The peace and evenness of mind which they displayed, proves that the experience of the truth on the heart is a reality, and that the faith of the Gospel is capable of sustaining the soul in the most trying and appalling circumstance. Had any of their enemies received the sentence of death in themselves as they did, we can easily conceive the trepidation into which they would have been thrown, and their blank consternation in the immediate prospect of death; for the soul,

without hope in God, and a well grounded confidence in his favor, is, at that solemn moment, like a ship torn from its anchorage, and tossed by the raging winds on the tempestuous bosom of a troubled sea. Oh! how precious is that Gospel which supports the soul amid all the cares, and anxieties, and tribulations of life, and at last, in death, soothes the heart into a sweet and holy serenity, which enables the believer to triumph even in the moment of dissolution.

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

HEMANS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!

The thousands that, uncheer'd by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resign'd the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known,
The still sad glory of their name
Hallows no mountain unto Fame;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim love and awe repair,
So let it be!—like him whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret,—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God.

DANIEL M'MICHAEL.

DANIEL M'MICHAEL was born at Dalzien, on the Water of Scar. We have no notice, however, respecting the time and the manner, in which his mind was first savingly impressed with the truth. Whether it was in early youth, or in riper years, that he became the subject of a gracious change, tradition has not informed us. The fact, however, is certain, that he was a true believer, a genuine follower of the Saviour, and that he was honored to seal his testimony with his blood. From the circumstance of his name being inserted in the "Fugitive Roll," it would appear that his principles, as a nonconformist, were well known, and that he was especially marked by his enemies. In the Roll referred to he is designated "Daniel M'Michael in Lurgfoot." The place is now called Blairfoot, and belongs to the farm of Burn, in the parish of Morton. In this locality there was a cave by the side of a moun-

tain stream, to which, in those days, the Covenanters often resorted. It was a hallowed retreat to many, not only as a place of refuge from their foes, but as a sanctuary of heavenly fellowship. Daniel M'Michael's house at Blairfoot was something like the house of the good John Brown of Priesthill. It was a little church, a meeting-place to all the religious people in the district, who assembled there for the purpose of Christian fellowship and prayer. The wanderers who had located themselves in the dens and wilds of the neighboring mountains, frequently stole to Daniel's cottage, to spend the hours of a cold and stormy winter's evening in spiritual intercourse; and many a weary outcast found it a Bethel for God's presence, and communion with his saints. In the dreary month of January 1685, Daniel was confined to his bed of a fever, caught it is not said how, but in all probability brought on by his frequent exposure to cold and wet when he was obliged to withdraw himself from the face of his foes, to the bleak and inclement deserts. The worthy men who lay in concealment in the vicinity often visited Daniel in his affliction, and prayed and discoursed like men who were on the wing to a better world. By means of these heavenly communings his spirit was refreshed, and even in his body he felt himself strengthened. One day a company of these

pious persons met at Blairfoot for the purpose of engaging in religious exercises, and they adopted the common precaution of stationing a friend as a warder to give notice in case of danger. At this time Captain Dalziel and Lieutenant Straiton, with a party of fifty soldiers, were ranging the country in quest of fugitives. A person of the name of Muncie, who acted as a spy or informer, had received notice of the meeting that was being held in M'Michael's house, and he lost no time in communicating information of the circumstance to the commander of the troops, who led his company without delay to Blairfoot. The watchman, however, observed their approach, and hastened to the house with the unwelcome tidings. The party within instantly prepared for flight; but in their haste to be gone they forgot not their sickly brother. They knew that, if he was left alone, his affliction would procure him no exemption from the ill usage with which the soldiers might be disposed to treat him, and therefore they determined to remove him from his bed, and carry him along with them. Accordingly they wrapt him in the warm bedclothes, and conveyed him with all speed, and unobserved, to the cave. Here in the dark, cold cell they made for him a bed, as soft and comfortable as circumstances would admit of; and when matters were arranged in the best

manner possible, they fled to the hills. Dalziel and his party arrived at Blairfoot, but found nobody. It was obvious that the little conventicle had been warned of their approach, and that in their flight they could not be far distant. The troopers then spread themselves abroad in pursuit of the fugitives, and, whether of their own finding, or guided by some person who knew the place, they reached the cave in which the sick man was lying. No pity was shown to him in his distressful situation; he was rudely seized, and carried off to Durrisdeer, where he remained in custody during the night. Many questions were put to him, which he declined to answer, and many things laid to his charge which he denied. He was told that unless he owned the Church and State, and took the oath that might be put to him, he must die. "Sir," said he, "that is what in all things I cannot do, but very cheerfully I submit to the Lord's disposal as to my life." Dalziel replied, "Do you not know that your life is in my hand?" "No, sir," answered he, "I know that my life is in the Lord's hand, and if He see good he can make you the instrument to take it away." He was told that he might prepare for death, for he should die on the morrow. To this he said, "If my life must go for His cause, I am willing; my God will prepare me." The night before his death, "he en-

joyed," says Wodrow, "a sweet time of communion and fellowship with God, and great outlets of joy and consolation, so that some of the soldiers desired to die his death, and not a few convictions were left in their bosoms." By this means the Lord strengthened his servant whom he called forth to witness for his truth, and prepared him with spiritual fortitude, and hope, and joy, for the endurance of the trial which was before him. Next day he was conducted to Dalveen, the fields of which were to be converted into the scene of a bloody tragedy, and from which his ransomed soul, "from insult springing," was to ascend to the throne of God to obtain the martyr's crown. When he arrived at the spot, sickly and feeble, he was permitted to engage for a brief space in those devotional exercises which were befitting a person in his situation, a favor not granted to every one. When he had ended his devotions, he addressed himself in a very grave and solemn manner to Dalziel, who had lent himself to work wickedness, and to make havoc of the Church. The napkin was then tied round his face, but this faithful witness for Christ, who loved not his life unto the death, lifted up his voice, and said aloud, "Lord, Thou broughtest Daniel through many trials, and hath brought me, Thy servant, hither to witness for Thee and Thy cause; into Thy hands I commit my spirit,

and hope to praise thee through all eternity." The signal was then given, and four soldiers poured the contents of their muskets into his body, and the warm blood flowed from the wounds in purple streams on the grassy sod. His pains were of short continuance, and his happy spirit, emancipated from its frail tenement, exulted in its victory over death, and winged its way to the regions of eternal repose. His memory is still warmly cherished by the people of the neighborhood, whose boast it is that his ashes rest in their church-yard, and that the spot on which he fell is pointed out by a suitable monument.

SIMPSON.

MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

THE first martyr after the Revolution was the MARQUIS of ARGYLL. This nobleman had protested against the execution of Charles I.; he was among the first who invited Charles II. to Scotland, and placed the crown upon his head; but all this could not atone for the active share he had taken, during the civil wars, in guiding the affairs of the nation, and oposing the measures of the court. Charles enter-

tained a mortal aversion to him, for the liberty which he had taken in privately warning him against Malignants, and for heading the Presbyterians in imposing on him the Covenant as the condition of their submission. Accordingly, on going up to London to congratulate the king on his restoration, Argyll was thrown into the Tower, from whence he was transported by sea to Edinburgh, to stand his trial for high treason. No less than fourteen charges were brought against him; all of which he so satisfactorily disproved, that his judges were on the point of sending a deputation to the king, stating the difficulty which they had in finding any plausible ground for his condemnation, when they were relieved from their embarrassment by an act of the basest description recorded in history. A rude knocking was heard at the Parliament door, and a packet was handed in, containing a number of confidential letters which had passed between Argyll and General Monk, and which the latter person had sent to be produced at the trial. This act of cold-blooded treachery sealed the doom of the marquis. Monk, who had been the active agent of Cromwell, was made Duke of Albermarle; and Argyll, who had only yielded to the usurper after resistance was vain, was sentenced to be beheaded!

The marquis received his sentence with great

serenity; and, on its being pronounced, said,—"I had the honor to set the crown upon the king's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own!" On arriving at the Tolbooth, he found his excellent lady waiting for him. "They have given me till Monday to be with you, my dear," said he, "therefore let us make for it." The afflicted wife, throwing herself into his arms, could not refrain from expressing her indignation at the unjust sentence. "The Lord will require it!" she cried, "the Lord will require it!" "Forbear, forbear," said the marquis, seeing his friends dissolved in tears around him; "truly I pity them; they know not what they are doing. They may shut me in where they please, but they cannot shut out God from me. I am as content to be here as I was in the Tower; was as content there as I was when at liberty; and hope to be as content on the scaffold as any of them all."

The marquis was constitutionally timorous; and in prison, referring to this, he desired those about him to observe that the Lord had heard his prayers, and delivered him from all his fears; and, indeed, the efforts of his friends were chiefly needed to repress his ardent longing for dissolution. The night before his execution, being engaged in settling some of his worldly affairs, his heart became so overpowered

with a sense of the love of God, that he could not conceal his emotions. "I thought," said he, "to have concealed the Lord's goodness—but it will not do. I am now ordering my worldly affairs, and God is sealing my charter to a better inheritance, and just now saying to me, *Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.*" On repeating these words, he burst into tears, and retired to the window to weep there; he then drew near the fire, and made as if he would stir it a little, to conceal his emotions—but all would not do; so that coming up to Mr. Hutchison, his chaplain; he said,—"I think His kindness overcomes me; but God is good to me, that he lets not too much of it here, for he knows I could not bear it."

Taking leave of his friends to go to the scaffold, the noble martyr said,—"I could die like a Roman, but choose rather to die as a Christian. Come away, gentlemen; he that goes first goes cleanliest." On his way out of prison he requested an interview with Mr. Guthrie, and embraced him in the most affectionate manner. "My lord," said Guthrie, "God hath been with you, he is with you, and will be with you; and such is my respect for your lordship, that if I were not under sentence of death myself, I could cheerfully die for your lordship!" When on the scaffold he showed the same composure, and spoke at some length

with great pertinency. He forgave all his enemies, and said he would condemn none. "God," said he, "hath laid engagements on Scotland. We are tied by Covenants to religion and reformation; those who were then unborn are yet engaged; and it passeth the power of all the magistrates under heaven to absolve from the oath of God. These times are like to be either very sinning or suffering times; and let Christians make their choice, there is a sad dilemma in the business, SIN OR SUFFER; and surely he that will choose the better part will choose to suffer. Others that will choose to sin, will not escape suffering; they shall suffer, but perhaps not as I do," pointing to the Maiden, the instrument of execution, "but worse. Mine is but temporal, theirs shall be eternal. When I shall be singing, they shall be howling. I have no more to say but to beg the Lord, that when I go away, he would bless every one that stayeth behind."

On approaching the Maiden, Mr. Hutchison said,—"My lord, now hold your grip sicker," meaning that he should hold fast his confidence in Christ. Argyll answered,—"Mr. Hutchison, you know what I said: I am not afraid to be surprised by fear." At this awful moment, his physician, having touched his pulse, found it beating at its usual rate—calm and strong. He knelt down cheerfully, and

having given the signal by lifting up his hand, the loaded knife of the Maiden fell, and struck off his head, which was affixed to the west end of the Tolbooth.

Thus fell, on the 27th of May 1661, the Marquis of Argyll, whose name and memory still bear the obloquy of the cause in which he suffered. Fain would we stay our narrative, to wipe off the foul slanders that have been heaped on him. We have only room to say, and we do it on the best authority, though in the words of honest Howie of Lochgoin,—"That he had piety for a Christian, sense for a counsellor, courage for a martyr, and a soul for a king." If ever any was, he might be said to be a true Scotsman.

M'Crie.

THE DISRUPTION OF 1662.

Having by martyrdom, as related before, removed out of the way the Marquis of Argyll and James Guthrie, two of the most active and influential supporters of Presbytery, the Court of Charles II. proceeded with its design of re-establishing Episcopacy. Though the king had sworn only about a year before, to maintain the Presbyterian discipline, he sent a let-

ter in August 1661, to the Scottish council, in which, after reciting the inconveniences of that form of government, and asserting its inconsistency with monarchy, he says,—"Wherefore we declare our firm resolution to *interpose our royal authority* for restoring the Church of Scotland to its right government by bishops, as it was before the late troubles." A parliament was called, which, through intimidation, and various other means, was induced to approve of this resolution; and a proclamation was immediately issued, announcing the restoration of the bishops, prohibiting meetings of Synods and Assemblies, and forbidding all preaching against the change, on pain of imprisonment. And thus, by the mere will and mandate of the king, and without consulting the Church in any form, Episcopacy was again established in a country which had always opposed it, and where the former attempt to plant it had been followed with the most disastrous consequences.

Nothing leaves a darker blot on the history of our country, than the ease and dispatch with which this change was effected. When, in the beginning of the following year, presbyteries, and even sessions, were discharged from meeting, until authorized by the bishops, the greater part of the presbyteries, instead of making a stand for their religious liberties, tamely submitted to the proclamation; so that the

Presbyterians justly exposed themselves to the taunt which an English historian cast on them, that "Presbytery fell without the honor of a dissolution." It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose, because Prelacy met with so little resistance at its first introduction, that the body of the people were favorable to the change, or indifferent to their ancient polity. Many, no doubt, especially among the nobility, had become wearied of Christ's yoke; many, too, worn out with intestine discords, were disposed to hail peace on almost any terms; and the general licentiousness of manners introduced with the Restoration, contributed greatly to foster these dispositions. But it was not to such causes that Prelacy was indebted for its triumph. It was brought in partly by stratagem, and partly by the main force of royal proclamations, fenced with the terrors of imprisonment, confiscation, and the gibbet. The secret history of the time reveals the real source of these proclamations, in the plottings of a set of avaricious and unprincipled courtiers, whose sole object was to enrich themselves, by inflicting fines and confiscations on those noblemen and gentlemen who had taken an active share in the previous reforming period. For this purpose, Scotland was excluded from the act of indemnity, long after the benefits of that act had been extended to England; and our

country was left at the mercy of a succession of harpies, who first preyed upon her vitals, and then upon one another.

James Sharp, afterwards archbishop of St. Andrews, was sent to London to negotiate with the Government, but, with deep dissimulation, he carried on a deceitful correspondence with his brethren, in which he artfully concealed the intentions of Government, and when he came down to Scotland, he practised the same deception so successfully, that his brethren never suspected his design till it was ripe for execution.

It is doubtful, however, whether all these causes combined would have succeeded in prostrating the liberties of the Church, had they not been aided by the lamentable dissentions within her own pale, between the rival parties of the Resolutioners and Protestors; and it was the artful policy of Sharp and others to prevent them from coalescing. By their mutual jealousies they were prevented from joining in any common measure for the safety of the Church. In addition to all this, most of the eminent men who had guided her councils during the reforming period, were now in the dust, or sinking under the weight of years. The Earl of Loudoun, the most eloquent and courageous of the champions of the Covenant, died in March 1662. Many of the old ministers

died from pure grief at seeing the goodly fabric which had cost Scotland so much to rear, and which was hallowed in their eyes by so many sacred associations, threatened with destruction.

Still, however, with the exception of a few in the northern counties, the great body of the people were attached to Presbyterianism;—a great proportion of the nobility and gentry were on its side; and as to the ministers, they were so decidedly Presbyterian, that out of all the Presbyteries and Synods of Scotland, not one, with exception of *the Synod of Aberdeen*, disgaced itself by petitioning in favor of Prelacy.

Prelacy having been established by law in 1662, it became necessary to provide Scotland with bishops. Of the old bishops, none remained alive but one Sydserf, and he, it seems, was not deemed of sufficient dignity to confer Episcopal ordination,—"a flower," says Kirkton, "not to be found in a Scottish garden;" so that four of the ministers who were chosen for this office, viz., Sharp, Fairfoul, Hamilton, and Leighton, were summoned to London, where the ceremony of ordination was performed in Westminster Abbey. To crown the disgrace of their defection, the English bishops insisted on their acknowledging the nullity of their Presbyterian orders, by submitting to be ordained first deacons, then presbyters, and lastly bishops. Sharp pretended at first to

scruple at this degradation; but he soon submitted with the rest; on which the bishop of London said to him, that "it seemed to be Scots fashion to scruple at everything and to swallow everything." If the bishop formed his opinion of our nation from the sample of it before him, it was very natural for him so to express himself; for, with the exception of Leighton, every one of them had formerly professed great opposition to that form of government in which they now assumed such a conspicuous share. Sharp, who was made archbishop of St. Andrews, it is needless to characterize. Burnet informs us that Fairfoul, who was made archbishop of Glasgow, was a facetious man, insinuating and crafty; but he was a better physician than a divine. His life was scarce free from scandal; and he was eminent in nothing that belonged to his own function. He had not only sworn the Covenant, but had persuaded others to do it; and when one objected to him that it went against his conscience, he answered, "there were some very good medicines that could not be *chewed*, but were to be *swallowed* down. Hamilton, who was made bishop of Galloway, had equally distinguished himself for his zeal in the cause of the Covenant. Leighton, who was appointed to the diocese of Dunblane, was a character in every respect different from the rest. Evangelical in

his doctrine, but latitudinarian in his ecclesiastical views, "he did not think that the forms of government were settled by such positive laws as were unalterable, but looked on Episcopacy as the best form."

On the day after the arrival of the bishops, May 8, 1662, the Parliament passed an act restoring them to all their ancient prerogatives, spiritual and temporal; another restoring Patronage, and ordering all entrants to take collation from the bishop; and, not to burden the reader's memory with other acts rooting out every vestige of the previous Reformation, they passed the following declaration, which all persons in public trust were required to subscribe, and which became a convenient engine of persecution: "I do sincerely affirm and declare that I judge it unlawful for subjects, under pretext of reformation, or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants, or to take up arms against the king, or those commissioned by him; and all those gatherings, petitions, &c., that were used in the beginning, and carrying on of the late troubles, were unlawful and seditious. And particularly, that these oaths, whereof the one was commonly called the National Covenant (as it was sworn and subscribed in the year 1638, and thereafter), and the other entitled a Solemn League and Covenant, were and are in

themselves unlawful oaths, and that there lieth no obligation upon me, or any of the subjects, from the said oaths, to endeavor any alteration of the goverment in Church or state, as it is now established by the laws of the kingdom." It was absurd enough to require a person, not only to declare that he himself was not bound by these Covenants, but to pronounce absolution on all the rest of the subjects who had taken them. But the matter assumes a graver aspect, when it is considered that God was a party in these engagements, and that by this shameful act not only were these sacred deeds condemned by the law of the land, but the subjects were compelled to perjure themselves by formally renouncing a solemn obligation, which, if the matter of these Covenants was lawful, unquestionably lay both on themselves and on the whole nation.

The spirit of the ruling party was not long confined to Parliamentary enactments. The 29th of May 1652, being the anniversary of the king's restoration, was ordered to be kept as a day of public thanksgiving, or as they profanely termed it, "a holiday to the Lord." On this day the Covenants were torn in pieces at the cross of Edinburgh by the hands of the common hangman. The town of Linlithgow, at the same time, signalized itself by an act of wanton insult on these sacred bonds still

more revolting. After divine service the streets were filled with bonfires, and the fountain in the centre of the town was made to flow with wine. At the Cross was erected an arch upon four pillars, on one side of which appeared the the figure of an old hag with the Covenant in her hand, and the inscription, "A glorious Reformation." On the top was another figure representing the devil, with this lable in his mouth, "Stand to the cause." On the king's health being drunk, fire was applied to the frame, and the whole was reduced to ashes, amidst the shouts of a mob inflamed with liquor. This solemn burning of the Covenants was got up by the provost and minister of the place, both of whom had been Covenanters. By the more respectable class of the inhabitants it was witnessed with grief and horror, as a profane and daring affront offered to the God of heaven.

Still, though the Church courts, the official public organs of the Church's voice, had been closed, the ministers were allowed to occupy their pulpits; and it was deemed insufferable by Sharp and his associates, that they should do so without acknowledging their authority. Diocesan meetings were therefore appointed to be held in the different districts assigned to the bishops; but these, except in the north, were very ill attended. At length the Parliament ordained that all ministers should wait upon

these Episcopal courts, on pain of being held contemners of royal authority. To enforce this act, the Earl of Middleton and his commission made a tour to the west country. The scenes of prodigality, debauchery, and profaneness which took place during this circuit, were of such a kind as could not be rehearsed here without exciting feelings of disgust and horror in every well-constituted mind. On arriving at Glasgow, Fairfoul, the archbisop, complained to Middleton, that, notwithstanding the Act of Parliament, not one of the ministers had owned him as their bishop, and suggested to him the propriety of passing an act and proclamation, banishing all those ministers from their manses, parishes, and dioceses, who had been admitted since 1649, when patronage was abolished, unless they obtained a presentation from the lawful patron, and collation from the bishop of the diocese before the 1st of November. This was the first step toward the persecution; and it will be observed that it commenced under pretence of enforcing the old obnoxious law of patronage. Those who had been admitted since 1649 were, of course, young persons; they were men of piety, zeal, and popular talents; and having been admitted to their charges by the free call and consent of the people, they were greatly esteemed and beloved. The council agreed to issue the procla-

mation on the 4th of October, thus giving them less than a month's warning. "Duke Hamilton told me," says Burnet, "they were all *so drunk* that day, that they were not capable of considering anything that was laid before them, and would hear of nothing but executing the law, without any relenting or delay." And indeed it is difficult to conceive how any set of men in their sober senses could have adopted a course so infatuated, so plainly fitted to alienate from any government the best men of the country, and enlist against them the best feelings of our nature. The military were ordered to pull the ministers out of their pulpits, if they should presume to go on with their functions. Sir James Lockhart of Lee alone protested against this mad step, as calculated only to augment the public odium against the bishops, and asserted that the young ministers, before they would acknowledge Episcopacy, would suffer more than the loss of their stipends. The archbishop maintained that there would not be *ten* in all his diocese who would refuse to comply. Middleton, who had no idea of men throwing themselves and their families on the wide world, for the sake of a good conscience, sneered at the bare supposition. To his utter amazement, and to the unspeakable motification of the bishops, nearly *four hundred* ministers chose rather to be ejected from

their charges than comply. Turned out of their homes in the depth of winter, and deprived of all maintainance, they exhibited to their congregations a firmness of principle, which elevated and endeared them still more in their estimation; while the sudden and simultaneous shutting up of 400 chrches in one day, by which almost the whole of the west, and a great part of the south of Scotland, were deprived of their pastors, and a third of the ministers of the Church silenced, did more to alienate the minds of the populace, and seal the doom of prelacy, than any other plan that could have been devised. "The honest people," says Kirkton, "encouraged their ministers to enter upon the course of suffering; and many in Scotland rejoiced to see their ministers give that proof of their sincerity; for there were some who affirmed that not 20 ministers in Scotland would lose their stipends for refusing to sit with a bishop."

"Scotland," says Wodrow, "was never witness to such a Sabbath as the last on which those ministers preached; and I know no parallel to it, save the 17th of August, to the Presbyterians in England."* The people were dissolved in tears, and, at intervals, as the minis-

* St. Bartholomew's Day, when 2000 ministers were ejected for non-conformity,—a stroke of policy from which the Church of England has not recovered down to this day.

ter proceeded, there were loud wailings and involuntary bursts of sorrow. As an instance, we may refer to the parish of Irongray, of which Mr. John Welsh was minister, a faithful and courageous champion of the Covenant. An order was sent to apprehend him, which was executed by one Maxwell, a Papist. The whole parish assembled to convey their minister a little on his way, and the mournful procession followed him with tears and lamentations, till he came to the water of Cluden, where he was to take horse. There he was beset by his affectionate parishioners, who clung to him on all sides, and refused to part with him. With a heart almost broken, but resolved not to be detained, Mr. Welsh, after some of the ministers had knelt down and prayed, mounted his horse, the people still holding him. In order to extricate himself from them, he dashed into the water, and rode quickly away; but multitudes, both of men and women, rushed into the stream on foot, and followed him on the other side as long as he was in sight, rending the air with their cries and lamentations.

Another eminent minister who was expelled from his charge at this time, and who distinguished himself for the boldness with which he continued to preach in the open fields, was Mr. John Blackadder of Troqueer. One of his

sons, who was then a mere child, relates, with much simplicity, what happened on this occasion:—"A party of the king's guard of horse, called Blew-benders, came from Dumfries to Troqueer, to search for and apprehend my father, but found him not, for what occasion I know not. So soon as the party entered the close, and came into the house, with cursing and swearing, we that were children were frightened out of our little wits, and ran up stairs, and I among them; who, when I heard them all roaring in the room below, like so many breathing devils, I had the childish curiosity to get down on my belly, and peep through a hole in the floor above them, for to see what monsters of creatures they were; and it seems they were monsters indeed for cruelty, for one of them perceiving what I was doing, immediately drew his sword, and thrust it up where I was peeping, so that the mark of the point was scarce an inch from the hole, though no thanks to the murdering ruffian, who designed to run it up through my eye. Immediately after we were forced to pack up, bag and baggage, and remove to Glencairn, ten miles from Troqueer. We who were the children were put into cadger's creels, where one of us cried out, coming through the Bridge-end of Dumfries, 'I'm banisht, I'm banisht!' One happened to ask, Who has banished ye, my bairn?

He answered, 'Byte-the-sheep has banisht me.'"

The next point with the bishops was to supply the vacant pulpits; but this was not so easily accomplished as the emptying of them had been. Few or none in the south could be induced to enter the pulpits of the ejected ministers, and they were obliged to have recourse to the north country, where, from a variety of causes which we need not stay to specify, ever since the days when James VI. summoned his "northern men" to outvote the Assembly, there has been a general disposition to accommodate themselves to despotic measures, whether it might be to obey the king, or to "please the laird." There they procured a number of raw young lads and hungry expectants, "unstudied and unbred," says Kirkton, "who had all the properties of Jeroboam's priests, miserable in a world, and unable to subsist, which made them so much long for a stipend. So they went to their churches with the same intention as a shepherd contracts for herding a flock of cattle. A gentleman in the north, it is said, cursed the Presbyterian ministers, because, said he, "since they left their churches, we cannot get a lad to keep our cows; they turn all ministers." "They were the worst preachers I ever heard," says Bishop Burnet; "they were ignorant to a reproach, and many of them were openly vi-

cious. They were a disgrace to their orders and the sacred function; and were indeed *the dregs and refuse* of the northern parts. Those of them who arose above contempt or scandal, were men of such violent tempers that they were as much hated as the others were despised." In short, the patrons themselves were ashamed to present such creatures, and they were generally put in by the bishops.

These were not the men likely to reconcile the people to the loss of their favorite pastors. We need not be surprised to hear, that in different places attempts were made to resist their entrance into the churches; these, however, were chiefly by women and boys. At Irongray, the women, headed by one Margaret Smith, opposed the military who were guarding the curate, defending themselves under the kirk-dyke, and fairly beat them off with stones. For this feat Margaret was brought into Edinburgh, and condemned to banishment; but she told her tale so innocently, that she was allowed to escape. Other women, who followed the same course in many other places, were condemned to do penance, by having papers stuck on their heads, and afterwards being severely whipped.

The feeling against the intruders was intense throughout the country, and manifested itself in many different modes. An instance

may be recorded:—A curate in the west country, who felt deeply mortified at the extreme thinness of his audience, sent a threatening message to the women, that if they did not make their appearance at the church next day, he would inform against them. The women obeyed the mandate, but each of them came with a child in her arms; and the curate had not long proceeded in his service, when first one child began to cry, then another, till the whole of them joined in the chorus, and the voice of the preacher was drowned in a universal squall. It was in vain that he stormed and almost cursed at the women; they told him it was his own fault, and that they could, on no account, leave their children at home.

Matters, however, soon assumed a more serious aspect. At Edinburgh the ministers were treated with great rigor, being required either to submit to the present order of things, or desist from preaching, and retire from the city. The whole of them, rather than comply, submitted to the sentence, except one Robert Lawrie, who, being the only minister left behind, as a sort of nucleus to the new race of ministers, was designated by the people, *the nest-egg*. Prosecutions were next set on foot against some of the ministers who had dared to preach against the defections of the times,—among whom were Mr. Donald Cargill, Mr.

Thomas Wylie, Mr. M'Kail, and Mr. John Brown of Wamphray, whose names are well known in history. Many of the ministers were thrown into prison, and others escaped from death by a voluntary banishment.

M'Crie.

JOHNSTON OF WARRISTON.

Archibald Johnston made his first appearance on the stage of public life, in the famous Glasgow Assembly of 1638, when he was chosen clerk. A profound and accomplished lawyer, an eloquent speaker, and a man of the most active business habits, he took a prominent share in all the subsequent proceedings of the Covenanters, and was among the chief leaders in promoting the League between Scotland and England. His zeal in this cause, and his success in thwarting all the machinations of the royal party, and bringing some of them, particularly Montrose, to deserved punishment, during the civil war, exposed him to the special vengeance of the Government at the Restoration. Their enmity to his person on these accounts knew no bounds, though they attempted to conceal it under the pretext of an indictment, charging him with having

served under Cromwell, who had made him clerk-register, and advanced him to the bench. Convinced that nothing would satisfy them but his blood, Warriston retreated to the Continent, where he lived for some time in concealment. His enemies, however, with the slow but sure determination of the blood-hound, tracked him out; and at last one of their emissaries, a worthless creature of the name of Murray, usually called "Crooked Murray," discovered the good old man at an exercise in which he always took much delight,—at his prayers. Before this time, in addition to the infirmities of old age, he had been shamefully treated during an attack of illness at Hamburgh, by Dr. Bates, one of the king's physicians, "who," says a writer that must have been acquainted with the facts, "intending to kill him, did prescribe unto him poison for physic, and then caused to draw from this melancholy patient sixty ounces of blood, whereby he was brought near unto the gates of death, and made in a manner no man, having lost his memory, so that he could not remember what he had done or said a quarter of an hour before; in which condition he continued till his dying day." In this melancholy condition, he was dragged on board of ship, conducted from Leith, bare-headed and on foot, and lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinbugh. On being first brought before the coun-

cil, the poor old man, broken with disease, and bewildered with his situation, began to supplicate his judges in the most moving tones for mercy; at which Sharp and the other bishops who were present raised an inhuman laugh, and insulted the superannuated prisoner to his face. The scene had a different effect on the rest of the audience; for, says Sir George Mackenzie, "it moved all the spectators with a deep melancholy; and the chancellor, reflecting upon the man's great parts, former esteem, and the great share he had in all the late revolutions, could not deny some tears to the frailty of silly mankind." Warriston, however, afterwards recovered his self-possession, apologized to the court, on the grounds already mentioned, for his obvious imbecility, and submitted with resignation to the sentence of death which they pronounced on him. While in prison, the tenderness and spirituality of his frame, and the thankfulness with which he received any little attention that was paid him, gained the hearts even of some that had formerly hated him. His great concern was that he might be supported, and not be left to faint in the hour of trial. On his way to the scaffold, he frequently said to the people standing by, "Your prayers, your prayers." He delivered his last words on the scaffold with the utmost composure, using a paper to aid his shattered mem-

ory. On ascending the ladder, in doing which his feeble and tottering frame was assisted by some friends in deep mourning, he cried with great fervor, "I beseech you all who are the people of God, not to scar at sufferings for the sake of Christ, or stumble at anything of this kind falling out in these days, but be encouraged to suffer for him; for I assure you in the name of the Lord, he will bear your charges." While they were adjusting the rope around his neck, he added, "The Lord hath graciously comforted me." He then prayed, "Abba, Father, accept this thy poor sinful servant, coming unto thee through the merits of Jesus Christ." And crying out, "Oh pray, pray! praise, praise!" he was turned over, and expired without a struggle, with his hands lifted up to heaven.

Thus died Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston, July 22, 1663. We consider it due to the memory of this excellent man, to have dwelt thus long on the last scene of his life; for as there was no man who did more in his day for the advancement of the Reformation, so there is none whose character has been so grossly insulted and misrepresented; while his sufferings, at the close of his eventful life, have of late, very much in the spirit of those who inflicted them, been made the subject of cruel

mockery and heartless triumph. But "the triumphing of the wicked is short; and the time, we trust, has now come, when the attempt to revive such calumnies against our persecuted ancestors, will only prove the signal for the rising of a hundred voices to vindicate their memory.

To form a fair estimate of the character of Archibald Johnston, we must view it apart from the peculiar complexion of his religious and political creed. Granting the goodness of the cause he espoused, which rests on surer grounds than the merits or demerits of its supporters, he cannot be justly charged with having acted either dishonorably or with unbecoming violence in the prosecution of his measures. The sole offence with which his enemies could charge him, was his having accepted office under the Usurper; a crime, if crime it was, shared by many besides him, and which was confessed and regretted by none more cordially than by himself. But Warriston belonged to a class rarely to be met with now: he was a religious politician. The standard of his policy was the Word of God; his great and governing aim, the Divine glory. And, on this account, his name has suffered obloquy from a quarter where all who would follow his steps may expect similar treatment,

so long as society is composed, as it still is to such an alarming extent, of the godless and unbelieving.

M'Crie.

THE BOTHWELL BRIDGE PRISONERS.

The conduct of the Government of Charles II. towards the prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge was characterized by the most disgraceful injustice and inhumanity. An act of indemnity was passed, but accompanied by so many limitations, that the governors were left at ample liberty to select as many victims as they chose, to glut their vengeance, and appease the manes of Archbishop Sharp. Two ministers, Messrs King and Kid, who had been rescued by the Covenanters at Drumclog, were afterwards apprehended and brought to trial. These gentlemen proved most satisfactorily, that, though found among the insurgents, they had taken no share in their proceedings—that they were in fact detained among them by force—that they had refused to preach to them, and so far from encouraging them to rebellion, had used every argument to persuade them to return to their former loyalty and obedience; and that they had seized the first opportunity of

escaping before the battle at Bothwell Bridge. Notwithstanding these proofs of innocence, they were first subjected to the torture of the boots, and though nothing more could be elicited from them, they were condemned to die. On the afternoon of the same day, August 14, 1679, on which the king's indemnity had been published by the magistrates of Edinburgh amidst the sound of trumpets and ringing of bells, these two innocent men were led forth to execution. As they approached the gibbet, walking hand in hand, Mr. Kid remarked to his companion with a smile, "I have often heard and read of a *kid* sacrifice." On the scaffold they behaved with a serenity and fortitude becoming the cause in which they suffered. Both of them bore faithful witness to the covenanted Reformation, as attained between 1638 and 1650, testifying against the Public Resolutions, the Act Recissory, and other defections from that cause, but solemnly disclaiming the charge of rebellion under which they suffered, and vindicating themselves from the imputation of Jesuitism with which their enemies maliciously attempted to blacken their characters. "For that clause in my indictment," said Mr. Kid, "upon which my sentence of death is founded, viz., personal presence twice or thrice with that party whom they called rebels; for my own part, I never

judged them nor called them such. I acknowledge and do believe, there were a great many there that came in the simplicity of their own hearts, like those that followed Absalom long ago. I am as sure, on the other hand, that there was a great party there that had nothing before them but the repairing of the Lord's fallen work, and the restoring of the breach, which is wide as the sea; and I am apt to think that such of these who were most branded with mistakes will be found to have been most single. But for rebellion against his majesty's person or lawful authority," he added, "the Lord knows my soul abhorreth it, name and thing. Loyal I have been, and wills every Christian to be so; and I was ever of this judgment, to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." "I thank God," said Mr. King, "my heart doth not condemn me of any disloyalty. I have been loyal, and do recommend it to all to be obedient to the higher powers in the Lord. And that I preached at field-meetings, which is the other ground of my sentence, I am so far from acknowledging that the Gospel preached in that way was a rendezvousing in rebellion, as it is termed, that I bless the Lord that ever counted me worthy to be a witness to such meetings, which have been so wonderfully countenanced and owned, not only to the conviction, but even

to the conversion of many thousands. That I preached up rebellion and rising in arms against authority, I bless the Lord my conscience doth not condemn me in this, it never being my design; if I could have preached Christ and salvation in his name, that was my work; and herein have I walked according to the light and rule of the Word of God, and as it did become (though one of the meanest) a minister of the Gospel." Having made these solemn declarations of their principles, the two ministers were strangled to death, and their heads and arms having been cut off on another scaffold, were affixed beside the withered remains of James Guthrie.

The fate of the rest of the prisoners was hardly less deplorable. Twelve hundred of them were huddled together into the Greyfriars' churchyard, with no other lodging than the cold earth, and not a covering to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather—exposed to the brutal insults and ill-treatment of the soldiers who guarded them, and who, if any of them attempted to lift a hand or a head to relieve their posture, shot at them without mercy. In this condition they were confined for five months; a few of them contrived to make their escape over the wall; some of them were set free upon signing a bond, obliging themselves never to take up arms against his majesty;

and out of 400 who remained, some died in prison, others, worn out with hunger and suffering, were liberated on petitioning for liberty to sign the bond. The rest, to the number of 257, were banished as slaves to Barbadoes. Early in the morning, November 15, 1679, these poor prisoners, many of whom were laboring under disease contracted by their barbarous confinement, were taken out of the Greyfriars' churchyard, and, without any previous warning, either to themselves or their friends, were put aboard a ship in Leith roads, under the command of one Paterson, a Papist, who had contracted with the Government to transport them. There the 257 were stowed into a place hardly capable of containing a hundred persons, so closely packed that the greater part were obliged to stand, in order to make room for their sick and dying companions to stretch themselves; many of them fainted, or were suffocated from want of air; and the seamen, as if the spirit of persecution had infected their usually generous natures, treated them with an inhumanity too shocking to be described. At length, the vessel was overtaken by a storm on the coast of Orkney, and struck on the rocks; all might have easily escaped; but, after securing the crew, the inhuman captain ordered the hatches to be locked upon the prisoners:—some forty or fifty con-

trived to save themselves by clinging to the boards of the ship, but 200 met with a watery grave. The wretch who was guilty of this cold-blooded murder was never called to account. But the fate of those who perished was merciful, when compared with that of their companions who escaped this martyrdom. These were banished as slaves to the plantations in Jamaica and New Jersey, where they were compelled to labor under a burning sun, in the same gang with the negroes; and of 260 who were so disposed of at different times during the persecution, very few remained to be released from their bondage at the Revolution.

M'Crie.

JOHN WELSH.

Mr. John Welsh was the son of Josias Welsh, minister of Temple-patrick in Ireland, and grandson to the celebrated John Welsh of Ayr; and was, consequently, great-grandson of the illustrious reformer John Knox. He was settled in the parish of Irongray, from whence he was ejected in 1662; but, though compelled to leave the scene of his stated pastoral labors, Mr. Welsh did not remain idle; he

was constantly engaged in preaching at field-meetings, and frequently, notwithstanding all the edicts passed against him, returned and preached, sometimes once a-week, in his old parish, and baptized all the children. Nothing is more remarkable than the escapes which this faithful and undaunted minister met with on these occasions. He was present at Pentland, and at Bothwell Bridge; and at the latter place he took an active but unsuccessful part in endeavoring to allay the animosities about the Indulgence, and counselling the younger and more violent leaders to adopt moderate measures. "He was," says Kirkton, "a godly, meek, humble man, and a good popular preacher; but the boldest undertaker (adventurer) that ever I knew a minister in Christ's Church, old or late; for notwithstanding all the threatenings of the State, the great price of £500 set upon his head, the spite of bishops, the diligence of all blood-hounds, he maintained his difficult task of preaching upon the mountains of Scotland many times to many thousands, for near twenty years, and yet was kept always out of his enemies' hand. It is well known that bloody Claverhouse, upon intelligence that he was lurking in some secret place, would ride forty miles in a winter night, yet, when he came to the place, he always missed his prey. I have known Mr.

Welsh ride three days and two nights without sleep, and preach upon a mountain at midnight on one of the nights. He had for some time a dwelling-house near Tweedside, and sometimes when Tweed was strongly frozen, he preached in the middle of the river, that either he might shun the offence of both nations, or that two kingdoms might dispute his crime." After all his dangers, he died peaceably in his bed in London, on the 9th of January, 1681.

The intrepidity and self-possession of this worthy minister, to which, no doubt, under Providence, he owed many of his escapes, are illustrated by the following anecdote:—On one occasion, being pursued with unrelenting rigor, he was quite at a loss where to flee; but depending on Scottish hospitality, he called at the house of a gentleman of known hostility to field-preachers in general, and to himself in particular, though he had never seen Mr. Welsh before. He was kindly received. In the course of conversation, Welsh was mentioned, and the difficulty of getting hold of him. "I am sent," said Welsh, "to *apprehend rebels;* I know where he is to preach to-morrow, and will give you the rebel by the hand." The gentleman, overjoyed at this news, agreed to accompany his informant next morning. When they arrived, the congregation made way for the minister and his host. He desired the gentleman

to sit down on the chair, at which, to his utter astonishment, his guest of the previous night stood and preached. During the sermon, the gentleman seemed much affected; and, at the close, when Mr. Welsh, according to his promise, gave him his hand, he said:—"You said you were sent to apprehend rebels, and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day."

There is only one instance recorded in which Welsh spoke in a prophetic or foreboding strain, but it is one of the most remarkable we have met with. A profligate youth at the University of St. Andrews, who had come to hear Mr. Welsh preach, threw something at him in mockery, which struck him. Mr. Welsh paused, and, before the whole multitude, which was very large, said,—"I know not who has put this public affront on a servant of Jesus Christ; but be he who he may, I am persuaded there will be *more present at his death* than are hearing me preach this day!" It turned out to be a son of Sir James Stanfield of Newmilns, near Haddington; and, strange to say, some years after, this unhappy youth was executed for the murder of his own father.

As a specimen of the manner in which the loyal and peaceable Presbyterians, who suffered at this period, vindicated themselves, we might refer to the case of Mr. Archibald Riddle,

brother to the Laird of Riddle, who was charged, in 1680, with preaching at conventicles. Mr. Riddle denied that he had been preaching in the fields, but allowed that he had done so in private houses, while the people stood without doors. Preaching, even in private houses, without the consent of the incumbent of the parish, was now accounted high treason as well as preaching in the fields. "Will you be content," said the Lord Advocate, "to engage not to preach in the fields after this?" "My Lord, excuse me," said Riddle, "for I dare not come under any such engagement." "This is strange," observed the Advocate, "that Mr. Riddle, who has had so much respect to authority as not to preach in the fields since the indemnity, will not, out of the same respect, be content to engage to behave hereafter as he has behaved heretofore." "My Lord Advocate, I can answer somewhat for the time past, but not for the time to come; I have not, since the indemnity, judged myself under a necessity to preach out of a house; but I know not but He who has called me so to preach, may, before I go out of the world, call me to preach upon tops of mountains, yea, upon the seas; and I dare not come under any engagements to disobey his calls." "If I were of Mr. Riddle's principles," said the Advocate, "and did judge in my conscience that the laws of the land

were contrary to the laws of God, and that I could not conform to them, I would judge it my duty rather to go out of the nation and live elsewhere, rather than disturb the peace of the land by acting contrary to its laws." "My Lord," replied Mr. Riddle, "if I do anything contrary to the laws, I am liable to the punishment due by the law." "That is not sufficient," said the Advocate; "a subject that regards the public good of the land, should, for the peace and welfare thereof, either conform to the law or go out of the land." The reply of Mr. Riddle to this reasoning, which has been the convenient logic of persecuting governments at all times, is worthy of notice:—"My Lord, I doubt *that* argument would militate against Christ and his apostles as much as against us; for they both preached and acted otherwise against the laws of the land; and not only did *not* judge it their duty to go out of the land, but the apostles, on the contrary, reasoned with the rulers,—*whether it be better to obey God or man, judge ye.*" "Will you promise not to preach in the open fields?" cried the judge from the bench. "My Lord, I am willing to undergo what sufferings your Lordship will be pleased to inflict on me, rather than come under such an engagement."

M'Crie.

ALEXANDER HUME AND RICHARD CAMERON.

Alexander Hume of Hume was apprehended in 1682. This worthy gentleman, whose only real offence consisted in his having attended conventicles, was accused, without any proof, of having had intercourse with some of the Covenanters; and indeed it was part of the cruel mockery of justice then practised, to insert as a preamble in every indictment against Presbyterians, all the insurrections that had taken place, with the murder of Archbishop Sharp, though they had nothing more to do with these acts than the judges who sat on the bench before them;—a practice resembling that of the bloody inquisitors of Spain, who clothed the victims whom they condemned to the fire for heresy, with cloaks, on which hideous likenesses of monsters and devils were painted, to inflame the bigotry and quench the sympathy of the spectators. It is said that a remission of Mr. Hume's sentence came down from London several days before his execution, but was kept up by the Earl of Perth, a bigoted Papist and persecutor; and when his lady, Isabel Hume, fell on her knees before Lady

Perth to entreat for her husband's life, urging that she had five small children, she was repulsed in the most insulting manner, and in terms which cannot be here repeated. On the scaffold, this pious and excellent sufferer vindicated his character from the aspersions of those who had thirsted for his blood. "The world represents me as seditious and disloyal," he said, "but God is my witness, and my own conscience, of my innocency in this matter. I am loyal, and did ever judge obedience unto lawful authority my duty, and the duty of all Christians. I was never against the king's just power and greatness; but all a Christian doth must be of faith, for what clasheth with the command of God cannot be our duty; and I wish the Lord may help the king to do his duty to the people, and the people to do their duty to the king." He then said,—"My conscience bears me witness, I ever studied the good of my country. I hope I shall be no loser that I have gone so young a man off the stage of this world, seeing I am to make so blessed an exchange as to receive eternal life, the crown of glory. I bless His name he made me willing to take share with his persecuted people; for I hope I shall also share with them in their consolations. Farewell all earthly enjoyments; farewell my dear wife and children—dear indeed unto me, though not so dear as Christ,

for whom I now suffer the loss of all things; I leave them on the tender mercies of Christ. And now, Oh Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit; Lord Jesus receive my soul!" The fatal cord having been adjusted, he concluded by singing the last verse of the seventeenth psalm,—

> "But as for me, I thine own face
> In righteousness will see;
> And with thy likeness, when I wake,
> I satisfied shall be."

The above, and similar cases recorded in previous tracts, are sufficient attestations of the fact that there were many among the Presbyterians who suffered at this period perfectly unimpeachable in their loyalty, and whose only crime, even in the judgment of their accusers, was, that they would not, and could not comply with the dictates of human authority when these conflicted with the divine. And they show the falsehood of the pretence set up by the persecutors, that none were condemned during this period for their religion, but simply for sedition and rebellion. It is certain that there were some who went the length of disowning Charles and all his minions, and did not scruple to do so in the face of their persecutors; but the examples we have given (and many more might have been added) are suffi-

cient to prove that, even in the case of those who went this length, it was not simply because they refused allegiance to the tyrant, that they were condemned to die; but that they would have suffered with equal certainty, though they had professed the utmost loyalty, provided they qualified that profession by declaring that they could not obey him in matters of religion.

At the head of those who set the authority of the Government at defiance, and disowned all allegiance to the civil rulers, stood RICHARD CAMERON. He was originally of the Episcopal persuasion, but having been led to hear the Gospel preached in the fields, he forsook the curates, and took license from the *outed* ministers. He entered on his labors with all the ardor of a new convert, who, tracing his first serious impressions to field-preachings, could not bring himself to think with patience of those who availed themselves of the Indulgence. Finding that he could not help preaching against it, though he had come under a promise to refrain from it, he retired for a time to Holland, but returned after the stipulated period, in 1680, burning with a desire to disburden his conscience. His sermons were filled with predictions of the fall of the Stuarts, and the sufferings of Scotland which would precede it. But his course was brief; for in

July of that same year, Bruce of Earlshall, a violent persecutor, came upon him and his followers with a troop of dragoons, at a meeting held in a desert place, called Airsmoss. On seeing the enemy approach, and no way of escape, the people gathered close around their minister, when he offered up a short prayer, repeating thrice the memorable words,—"*Lord spare the green, and take the ripe!*" He then turned to his brother Michael, saying,—"Come, let us fight it to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the death that I have prayed for—to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies; and this is the day we will get the crown." And there, accordingly, he died, fighting manfully back to back with his brother. The enemy, foiled in their object, which was to bring him to an ignominious end, wreaked their vengeance on the inanimate body of the hero. They cut off his head and hands, and carried them to his father, who was then confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, tauntingly inquiring if he knew to whom they belonged. "I know, I know them," said the poor old man, taking them and affectionately kissing them; "they are my son's, my dear son's. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days." They were then fixed upon one of the ports of

the city, the hands close to the head, with the fingers upwards, as if in the posture of prayer. "There," said one of his persecutors, "there's the head and hands that lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting."

M'Crie.

The following beautiful tributary verses to the memory of those who fell at Airsmoss, were written by James Hislop, a native of the district where the skirmish took place. He composed them when only a shepherd boy, and when he had enjoyed few opportunities of improving his mind. They have frequently been reprinted, but seldom correctly. The following version is copied from the Scots Magazine for February 1821:—

CAMERONIAN DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the moorland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stane were the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's hame was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mang the heather was lying.

It was morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast,
On Wardlaw, and Cairn-Table, the clear shining dew,
Glistened sheen 'mang the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven in the white sunny cloud,
The sang of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,
Was the whistling of plovers and the bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness,

Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning.

Bnt ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from this scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood wonld bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron, were lying
Concealed 'mang the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brows was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
Bnt the melody died 'midst derison and laughter,
As the hosts of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous stood calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming.
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,—
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

ISABEL ALISON AND MARION HARVIE.

THE cruelties practised prior to the death of Charles II., have been justly described as "savage, worthy of cannibals; refined, worthy of fiends." By degrees, the whole frame of government seemed converted into one vast court of inquisition, in which the Episcopal clergy of all ranks held a conspicuous place, as informers, witnesses, or judges. The infliction of death seemed to be regarded by these inquisitors as too easy and summary a punishment to satiate their fury; the poor victims were insulted in the court, and even struck, when awaiting their doom, on the scaffold. "When James Robertson (who was executed with two others in 1682) offered to speak upon the scaffold, he was interrupted by the ruffling of drums; and when complaining of this, Johnston, the town-major, *beat him with his cane* at the foot of the ladder, in a most barbarous manner." Even mere children did not escape from the malignity of the persecutors. "A party of the enemy," says one who himself shared in the sufferings he describes, "came to search for some of the persecuted party. When the people of the house saw the enemy com-

ing, they fled out of the way; but the cruel enemy got my dear brother into their hands. They examined him concerning the persecuted people where they haunted; but he would not open his mouth to speak one word to them. They flattered him, they offered him money to tell where the Whigs were, but he would not speak; they held the point of a drawn sword to his naked breast; they fired a pistol over his head; they set him on horseback behind one of themselves, to be taken away and hanged; they tied a cloth on his face, and set him on his knees to be shot to death; they beat him with their swords and with their fists; they kicked him several times to the ground with their feet,—yet, after they had used all the cruelty they could, he would not open his mouth to speak one word to them; and although he was a comely proper child, going in ten years of age, yet they called him a vile ugly dumb devil, and beat him very sore, and then went on their way, leaving him lying on the ground, sore bleeding in the open fields."

Nothing, however, presents the Government in a more odious and despicable light than their treatment of the tender sex. The cruel usage of "comely proper children going in ten years of age," may be ascribed to the indiscriminate fury of a ruthless and unreflecting soldiery. But when we see simple unlettered

females dragged from the duties of the kitchen or the farm-yard, to answer for their religious belief before learned chancellors and mitred dignitaries, and sent to expatiate their *errors* by an ignominous death on the scaffold, we cannot reflect on the conduct of their inhuman persecutors without feelings of mingled indignation and contempt. The trial and execution of ISABEL ALISON, a young unmarried woman, in Perth, and another young female, MARION HARVIE may, as Wodrow has remarked, be well regarded as "a flaming proof of the iniquity of the period." Isabel had occasionally heard Mr. Cargill and others preach in the fields; and having, in her simplicity, acknowledged having held converse with some who had been declared rebels, a party of soldiers was forthwith sent to carry her to Edinburgh. When brought before the Council, the most captious and ensnaring questions were put to her, and she was brought, by threats and promises, to acknowledge that she had conversed with Rathillet, Balfour, and other characters obnoxious to the Government, expressed her approbation of the Sanquhar declaration, and disowned the authority of her judges. Marion Harvie, it would appear was still more humble in station than her companion. She was a servant girl, only about 20 years of age, and belonged to Borrowstouness. They had noth-

ing to lay to her charge but what she owned —namely, her being present at field-conventicles. When interrogated as to the Sanquhar declaration, and other papers, she knew nothing about them. Some of the counsellors told her, that "a rock, a cod and bobbins, would suit her better than these debates." "And yet," says Wodrow, "they cast them up to her, and murder her upon them." After being examined before the Council, these two poor women were brought before the criminal court. "This was the constant practice at this time, the one day to bring such as fell into their hands before the Council, and there engage them by captious questions into a confession of statutory crime, and next day to pannel them before the justiciary, where, if they were silent, they were asked if they would quit the testimony they had given yesterday." The answers given by these females to the interrogatories of their judges, which are recorded by themselves with great simplicity, manifest much good sense and quickness, with a mixture of those mistaken views as to the civil government into which it was very natural for such persons to fall. Both of the women were condemned to be hanged in the Grass-market, and the bloody sentence was executed on the 26th of January 1681. Just when they were going out to the place of execution, Bishop Paterson,

whose character, if we may believe the uniform testimony of the time was stained with vices of the lowest description, had the insolence to come into the prison and interrupt their devotions. "Marion," he began, "you said you would never hear a curate; now you shall be forced to hear one before you die;" upon which he ordered one of his curates to pray. As soon as he began, she said to her fellow-prisoner, "Come, Isabel, let us sing the twenty-third psalm." They did so, and drowned the voice of the curate. But this was not the only circumstance calculated to disturb and annoy these humble sufferers in their dying hour. They were executed in company with five profligate women who had been found guilty of murdering their own children, and railed on by one of the Episcopal functionaries, who assured them "they were on the road to damnation; while, without any evidence of their penitence, he was sending the other wicked wretches straight to heaven. However," it is added, "they were not commoved, but sang some suitable psalms on the scaffold, and prayed; and thus died with much composure and joy." Marion was remarkably supported. "Behold," she cried, "I hear my Beloved saying unto me 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.' I am not come here for murder! I am about twenty years of age; at

fourteen or fifteen I was a hearer of the curates and indulged, and then I was a blasphemer and a Sabbath breaker, and a chapter of the Bible was a burden to me; but since I heard this persecuted Gospel, I durst not blaspheme, nor break the Sabbath, and the Bible became my delight." Upon this the major called to the executioner to cast her over, and "the murderer presently choked her."

M'Crie.

JAMES GLENDINNING.

James Glendinning rented a sheep-farm in the vicinity of Cairntable, a high mountain to the east of Muirkirk. He was a young man of great bodily strength, of a powerful and reflective mind, and of a generous disposition. He married an amiable young woman, the daughter of a small proprietor somewhere in the neighborhood. They were Episcopalians, and attended the ministry of the curate of Muirkirk. His wife, who seems to have been a woman of considerable shrewdness, often conversed with him on the position of affairs in the trying times of persecution; and it was frequently observed by them, that there must certainly be something more than common in the

case of the covenanters, who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and who submitted to death itself, rather than renounce their principles. Their godly and inoffensive lives, and the great privations to which they were subjected, called forth the sympathy of Glendinning and his wife in their behalf, and they frequently opened their door with a hospitable welcome to those whom they deemed worthy but injured men. It happened on one occasion, that Glendinning, having gone to the metropolis with a flock of sheep for sale, witnessed the death of one of the martyrs in the Grass-market. The scene was novel and striking, and his attention was powerfully arrested. He heard the martyr's dying *confession*,—not of any crime of which he had been guilty, and for which he was now called to suffer, but of his faith in that Redeemer who on earth had shed his precious blood for the remission of sins,—and in that short confession, he probably heard more of the Gospel than he had heard during his whole lifetime before. He heard the martyr's dying *testimony*,—emitted against the prevailing errors of the time, and in favor of that truth in behalf of which a standard had been lifted up; and from this he must have learned more of the nature of that cause in which the covenanters where embarked, than had ever entered into his mind to conceive.

That maligned cause he now perceived to be the cause of God, and a cause worthy of all the contendings and sufferings of the dishonored remnant that walked with God, and was "faithful with the saints." He heard the martyr's last *prayer*,—a prayer which breathed of heaven, and which was expressive of the deepest penitence, and yet full of confidence and delight in God,—a prayer which uttered good-will to all men, and in which forgiveness was sought, even for those who were about to imbrue their hands in his blood. He witnessed "the martyr's heroic grappling with *death*," and the serenity and joy with which he surveyed the appalling apparatus of a public execution, and noticed the mysterious exultation which he seemed to feel the moment before he was launched into eternity. All this he witnessed with an absorption of mind, the effect of which was overwhelming and decisive. A new light shone into his mind; he felt himself the subject of emotions and determinations to which he had formerly been a total stranger; and he left the spot to which, while he witnessed this solemn and affecting spectacle, he was unconsciously riveted, with a heart which God had touched, and into which the elementary principles of saving truth had entered. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"—a seed sown in many hearts,

and which has been abundantly productive. The enemies of the truth were greatly outwitted by means of the public executions of the covenanters; for instead of deterring men from embracing their views, these exhibitions were an effective means of disseminating their principles, and of leading to inquiry respecting the reason of their sufferings, the uniform result of which, in every honest mind, was favorable to the cause of the oppressed. Their enemies, indeed, seemed ultimately to be aware of this fact; and hence, to prevent the effect which the speeches and the prayers of the sufferers on the scaffold had a tendency to produce on the multitude, recourse was had to the beating of drums to drown the voice of the speaker. The shootings which took place on the mountains and in the moors no doubt attracted sympathy in the different localities where they occurred; but the executions, which were witnessed in the crowded streets of a populous city, produced an effect on hundreds at once, and left impressions which were never effaced.

On Glendinning's return to his home, he detailed to his wife the various occurrences that he had witnessed in his journey, and especially the scene of martyrdom in Edinburgh. He made known the change that had taken place in his sentiments and feelings, and his determination to follow, for the future, the

cause of the persecuted. He departed from his house with a heart inclined to pity those who were subjected to unrighteous sufferings, though he did not understand the principles on which they acted and endured hardship; but he returned a new man, and with a heart not only well-disposed to the persecuted, but one with them,—and with a soul in unison with theirs, not simply on public grounds, but in the faith of Christ, the common Saviour, to whom it was now his intention to devote himself, and his household, and his all. To all this he found a ready response in the breast of his wife, whose soul was knit to his, and to whose superior judgment she was always prepared to bow; at the same time, she failed not to warn him of the difficulties which, on taking this step, he was likely to meet with, and the distress which, in all probability, would be brought on his household. They were fully aware of the spirit with which the party to which they hitherto belonged was actuated, and they had no reason to count on a dispensation in their favor, or that in their case the rigor of persecution would in any degree be abated; on the contrary, they had ground to suspect that their treatment would be even more severe than that of others. "Let us, my dear wife," said Glendinning, "commit the matter wholly to the God in whom we trust, and with whose

cause we are now identified; the Saviour in whom we believe will not forsake us in the day of trial." He then brought a Bible from the shelf, and placing it on the table, said, "There is one duty which among many others we have hitherto neglected,—I mean family worship; it is my intention, therefore, to perform that duty this evening." This service, by which a formal acknowledgment of God is made by a household, is now-a-days fallen into lamentable disuse among professing Christians. It is a duty, however, which no one who has any regard for the Divine honor, and regard for personal responsibility, or any concern for the spiritual welfare of a family, can possibly omit. The religion of that household in which God is not worshipped, is either extinct or greatly on the wane. They who refuse to engage in this simple and pleasant exercise, dishonor the Christian profession, and give no evidence that they have any part in Christ. Who can tell how much of the disorder, and unhappiness, and poverty, which prevail in many a household, may be owing to the neglect of this duty? while, on the other hand, the harmony and prosperity with which other families are blessed, may, through the Divine favor, be mainly attributed to the conscientious and Christian performance of this duty.

Glendinning having with his household en-

gaged in the worship of God, rose from his knees, and, walking across the floor, uncovered the cradle in which lay their infant child, and lifting the babe in his arms, placed him gently on his mother's knee, and in a firm and solemn tone, said, "I commit you, my dear wife, and this sweet babe, to the fatherly care of the great Shepherd of Israel, whom we have this evening avouched to be our God. As for me, I am resolved to live and to die adhering to that cause which we have now espoused; and if my days shall be cut short by the violence of persecution, God, the God under whose shadow we have taken shelter, will be to you a husband, and to this child, a father." It is easy to conceive the feelings of the loving husband and the tender wife on this occasion; but God comforted them by his grace, and fortified their hearts by his promise, under the forebodings of evil to come. "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

James Glendinning having now taken this decided step, made no secret of his change of principles, but on every occasion, when duty called, prudently and honestly avowed his sentiments. The rumor that Glendinning had now become a covenanter soon spread abroad.

The report reached the ears of the authorities, and it was decided that he should forthwith be treated as a malcontent; and Claverhouse, who was at that time harassing the west, dispatched one Morton with a small troop to apprehend him. Information of the circumstance having been communicated to Glendinning, he, at the earnest entreaty of his wife, reluctantly withdrew from his house on the night in which they had reason seriously to expect a visit from the dragoons. Accordingly, as was anticipated, Morton with his party arrived under the cloud of night at the house, and, entering in a body, expected to pounce at once upon their prey. The object of their search, however, was not within, and therefore in their rage and disappointment, they vowed all manner of vengeance on the defenceless and terror-stricken woman. Morton observing the cradle on the floor, turned down the clothes and rudely seized the sleeping babe by the tiny arm, and held him up naked and screaming before his mother's face, while in his right hand he grasped the keen and glittering blade, fiercely swearing that in one instant he would hew the sprawling brat in pieces, unless she revealed her husband's hiding-place. By this time Glendinning, who had removed to no great distance, had cautiously approached the house, with all the yearning solicitude of a husband

and a parent, to ascertain if possible, what the ruthless foe was doing within; and looking through a small window in the back part of the house, he witnessed the appalling scene described. All his manhood was roused in a moment, and without the calculation or the fear of consequences, he turned round to the entrance and rushed into the interior with his drawn sword. "Hold, ye murderers!" vociferated he, as he sprang to the rescue of his child: "hold, ye savage murderers! back, back, or I will sever your heads from your bodies." He tore his darling child from Morton's grasp, and aimed a furious blow at his head. The stroke fell upon a dragoon who had interfered, and by it he was stunned and driven backwards, and a second blow laid another trooper bleeding on the floor. Morton retreated to the entry, overawed by the terrific aspect of Glendinning, who was like a towering giant armed with the might of twenty men; and suspecting that others were at hand to aid him in the conflict, as he did not think it credible that one man durst venture alone, and without immediate support, into the midst of an armed band of troopers, he withdrew, and recalling his men, speedily left the place. After the departure of the soldiers, Glendinning soothed his wife and child the best way he could. They had met with a hard beginning, but it was not unex-

pected. The God in whom they trusted had preserved their lives, and for this their hearts swelled with gratitude; and the trying incident, instead of causing them to swerve from their purpose, confirmed them the more in their good resolutions, and led them to a firmer trust in the Saviour, and to a closer dependence on the God of their life. "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name." Glendinning and his wife now plainly saw that there was no rest nor safety for them in their native land, and they resolved to emigrate to Holland, which was an asylum to the persecuted people of God in this country. He was, it is said, a well-educated man, had a good address, and was endued with great martial heroism; and, through the kindness of some friends and gentlemen, he was introduced to the Prince of Orange, who promoted him to an honorable post in his army. His behavior amply justified the good opinion which the Prince and others had been led to form of him. He returned at the Revolution an officer in the Prince's army, and fought at the battle of Killicrankie where Claverhouse fell, and where he witnessed the death of his former antagonist, Morton. Thus did God preserve and prosper this worthy man, who, for the sake

of the truth, was willing to abandon all he possessed on earth, and even his own life. "Them that honor me, I will honor."

SIMPSON.

PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.*

SUGGESTED BY BONAR'S PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, EDINBURGH, IN 1843.

"To this spot did Peden, one of Cameron's dearest friends, repair. Harassed and vexed with personal sufferings, he sat down by the grave, and, meekly raising his eyes to heaven, prayed—'O to be wi' Richie!'"

A SOUND of conflict in the moss! but that hath passed away,
And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied lay;
But when the sun a second time his fitful splendors gave,
One slant ray rested, like a hope, on Cameron's new-made grave.

There had been watchers in the night! strange watchers gaunt and grim,
And wearily, with faint, lean hands, they toiled a grave for him;
But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled rest,
As orphan'd children sat they down, and wept upon his breast!

Oh! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones then—
A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of men;
They burrowed few and lonely 'mid the chill, dank mountain caves,
For those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr-graves.

A sword had RESTEN on the land!—it did not pass away:
Long had they watched and waited, but there dawned no brighter day!
And many had gone back from them who owned the truth of old;
Because of much iniquity their love was waxen cold!

* The following beautiful lines appeared anonymously in the WITNESS [Edinburgh] Newspaper.

There came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place of rest;
He cast him down upon the sod—he smote upon his breast—
He wept, as only strong men weep, when weep they must or die,
And "O to be wi' thee, Richie!" was still his bitter cry!

"My brother! O my brother! thou hast passed before thy time,
And thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple land of crime.
Who now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful band?—
Who now upraise the standard that is shattered in thine hand?

"Alas! alas for Scotland! the once beloved of Heaven!
The crown is fallen from her head, her holy garment riven:
The ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,
And the voice speaks loud in judgment which in love she would not hear!

"Alas! alas for Scotland! for her mighty ones are gone;
Thou, brother, thou art taken—I am left almost alone;
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is dried and lost—
A feeble and an aged man alone against a host!

"Oh, pleasant was it, Richie, when we two could counsel take,
And strengthen one another to be valiant for His sake;
Now seems it as the sap were dried from the old blasted tree,
And the homeless and the friendless would fain lie down with thee!"

It was an hour of weakness, as the old man bowed his head,
And a bitter anguish rent him as he communed with the dead!
It was an hour of conflict, and he groaned beneath the rod,
But the burthen rolled from off him as he communed with his God.

"My Father! O my Father! shall I pray the Tishbite's prayer,
And weary in the wilderness whilst THOU wouldst keep me there?
And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,
To testify for Zion's King, and the glory of His throne!

"O Jesus! blessed Jesus! I am poor, and frail, and weak;
Let me not utter of mine own, for idle words I speak!
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my faltering tongue,
And breathe Thy name into my soul, and so I shall be strong!

"I bless Thee for the quiet rest Thy servant taketh now;
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow;
For every weary step he trod in faithful following Thee,
And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right valiantly!

"I bless Thee for the hidden ones who yet uphold Thy name,
Who yet for Zion's King and Crown shall dare the death of shame;
I bless thee for the light that dawns even now upon my soul,*
And brightens all the narrow way with glory from the goal!

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* Peden was believed to possess the spirit of prophecy.

"The hour and power of darkness, it is fleeting fast away—
Light shall arise on Scotland—a glorious gospel day!
Woe, woe to the opposers!—they shall shrivel in his hand;
Thy King shall yet return to thee, thou covenanted land!

"I see a time of respite—but the people will not bow;
I see a time of judgment—even a darker time than now!
Then, Lord, uphold Thy faithful ones, as now Thou dost uphold,
And feed them, as Thou still hast fed Thy chosen flock of old.

"The glory! O the glory! it is bursting on my sight;
Lord! Thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding light!
Now let Thy good word be fulfilled, and let Thy kingdom come,
And, Lord, even in Thine own best time, take Thy poor servant home!"

Upon the wild and lone Airmoss down sank the twilight gray—
In storm and cloud the evening closed upon that cheerless day;
But Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were given,
And Cameron's grave had proved to him the very gate of heaven!

P.

COVENANTERS' SACRAMENT.

DISPENSATION OF THE SACRAMENT BY MESSRS BLACKADDER, RIDDEL, DICKSON, AND OTHERS, WHO AFTERWARDS BECAME MARTYRS ON THE BASS.

We entered on the administration of the holy ordinance, committing it and ourselves to the invisible protection of the Lord of Hosts, in whose name we were met together. Our trust was in the arm of Jehovah, which was better than weapons of war, or the strength of hills. If the God of Jacob was our refuge, we knew that our cause would prosper,—that in his favor there was more security than in all

the defences of art or of nature. The place was every way commodious, and seemed to be formed on purpose. It was a green and pleasant spot, fast by the water side (of the Whitader.) On either hand there was a spacious brae, in form of a half circle, covered with delightful pasture, and rising with a gentle slope to a goodly height. Above us was the clear blue sky, for it was a sweet and calm Sabbath morning, promising to be indeed one of the days of the Son of Man. There was a solemnity in the place befitting the occasion, and elevating the soul to a pure and holy frame. The communion tables were spread on the green by the water, and around them the people had arranged themselves in decent order. But the far greater multitude sat on the brae face, which was crowded from top to bottom, full as pleasant a sight as was ever seen of that sort. Each day, at the congregation's dismissing, the ministers, with their guards, and as many of the people as could, retired to their quarters in three several country towns, where they might be provided with necessaries for man and horse for payment.

Several of the yeomen refused to take money for their provisions, but cheerfully and abundantly invited both ministers and gentlemen each day at dismissing. The horsemen drew up in a body till the people left the place,

and then marched in goodly array behind at a little distance, until all were safely lodged in their quarters; dividing themselves into three squadrons, one for each town where were their respective lodgments. Each party had its own commander. Watches were regularly set in empty barns and other outhouses, where guards were placed during the night. Scouts were sent to look about, and get intelligence. In the morning, when the people returned to the meeting, the horsemen accompanied them; all the three parties met about a mile from the spot, and marched in a full body to the consecrated ground. The congregation being all fairly set in their places, the guardsmen took their several stations as formerly.

These accidental volunteers seem to have been the gift of Providence, and they secured the peace and the quiet of the audience; for from Saturday morning, when the work began, until Monday afternoon, we suffered not the least affront or molestation. At first, there was some apprehension; but the people sat undisturbed, and the whole was closed in as orderly a way as it had been in the time of Scotland's brightest noon. And, truly, the spectacle of so many grave, composed, and devout faces must have struck the adversaries with awe, and been more formidable than any outward ability of fierce looks and warlike array. We

desired not the countenance of earthly kings; there was a spiritual and divine majesty shining on the work, and sensible evidence that the great Master of assemblies was present in the midst. * * * * *

The ordinance of the last Supper, that memorial of His dying love till his second coming, was signally countenanced, and backed with power and refreshing from above. Blessed be God, for he hath visited and confirmed his heritage when it was weary. In that day, Zion put on the beauty of Sharon and Carmel; the mountains broke forth into singing, and the desert was made to bud and blossom as the rose. Few such days were seen in the desolate Church of Scotland, and few will ever witness the like. There was a rich and plentiful effusion of the Spirit shed abroad on many hearts. * * * * *

The tables were served by some gentlemen and persons of the gravest deportment. None were admitted without tokens, as usual, which were distributed on the Saturday, but only to such as were known to some of the ministers, or persons of trust, to be free of public scandals. All the regular forms were gone through. The communicants entered at one end, and retired at the other—a way being kept clear to take their seats again on the hillside. Mr. Welsh preached the action sermon, and served the

first two tables, as he was ordinarily put to do on such occasions. The other four ministers—Mr. Blackadder, Mr. Dickson, Mr. Riddel, and Mr. Rae—exhorted the rest in their turn. The table service was closed by Mr. Welsh with solemn thanksgiving. And solemn it was, and sweet, and edifying, to see the gravity and composure of all present, as well as all parts of the service. The communion was peaceably concluded—all the people heartily offering up their gratitude, and singing with a joyful noise to the Rock of their salvation. It was pleasing, as the night fell, to hear their melody swelling in full unison along the hill, the whole congregation joining with one accord, and praising God with the voice of psalms.

There were two long tables, and one short across the head, with seats on each side. About a hundred sat at every table; there was sixteen tables in all, so that about three thousand communicated that day.

Of the five ministers above mentioned, four were sent to the Bass:—

"1680. John Dickson, minister of Rutherglen. He was imprisoned seven years, and returned to his old parish at the Revolution.

"——. Archibald Riddel, a brother to Sir Walter Riddel, for preaching in the fields. He was confined three years, and went in Pitlochie's ship to New Jersey, where he suffered incredible hardships.

"1681. John Blackadder. Imprisoned four years and eight months.

"1684. John Rae, minister of Symington, for conventicles, baptizing children, &c."

The Bass, then, speaks with a most eloquent and touching voice of past attachment to great and good principles—of a past testimony to those principles given in the most trying circumstances—of past consistency in rejecting all ensnaring compromises—of past constancy, and faith, and patience—and last, not least, of God's fatherly care of his Church and of this nation, in bringing to a close, without civil contention or bloodshed, that long course of persecution for conscience' sake, of which the sufferings of the Martyrs of the Bass formed a part.

MEMOIRS OF BLACKADDER.

CHRISTIAN LOGAN AND HER DAUGHTER.

MANY a time have I stood when a boy, all alone, begining to be disturbed by the record of heroic or holy lives, in the kirk-yard, beside the GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS—the grave in which CHRISTIAN and HANNAH LOGAN, mo-

ther and daughter, were interred. Many a time have I listened to the story of their deaths, from the lips of one who knew well how to stir the hearts of the young, "till from their eyes they wiped the tears that sacred pity had engendered." Upwards of a hundred years old was she that eloquent narrator—the Minister's mother—yet she could hear a whisper, and read the Bible without spectacles—although we sometimes used to suspect her of pretending to be reading off the Book, when, in fact, she was reciting from memory. The venerable matron could not be more willing to tell, than were we to hear again and again, were it for the twentieth repetition, some old tragic event that gathered a deeper interest from every recital, as if on each we became better and better acquainted with the characters of those to whom it had befallen, till the chasm that time had dug between them and us disappeared; and we felt for the while that their happiness or misery and ours were essentially mingled and interdependent. At first she used, I well remember, to fix her solemn spirit-like eyes on our faces, to mark the different effects her story produced on her hearers; but ere long she became possessed wholly by the pathos of her own narrative, and with fluctuating features and earnest action of head and hands, poured forth her eloquence, as if

soliloquizing among the tombs. "Ay, ay, my dear boys, that is the grave o' the martyrs. My father saw them die. The tide o' the far-ebbed sea was again begining to flow, but the sands o' the bay o' death lay sae dry, that there were but few spots where a bairn could hae wat its feet.

"Thousands and tens o' thousands were standing a' roun' the edge of the bay—that was in shape just like that moon—and twa stakes were driven deep into the sand, that the waves o' the returning sea micht na loosen them—and then my father, who was but a boy like ane o' yourselves noo, waes me, didna he see wi' his ain een Christian Logan, and her wee dochter Hannah—for she was but eleven years auld—hurried alang by the enemies o' the Lord, and tied to their accursed stakes within the power o' the sea. He who holds the waters in the hollow o' his hand, thocht my father, will not suffer them to choke the prayer within those holy lips—but what kent he o' the dreadfu' judgments o' the Almighty? Dreadfu' as those judgments seemed to be, o' a' that crowd o' mortal creatures there were but only twa that drew their breath without a shudder—and these twa were Christian Logan and her beautifu' wee dochter Hannah wi' her rosy cheeks, for they blanched not in that last extremity, her blue een, and her gowden hair,

that glittered like a star in the darkness o' that dismal day. 'Mother, be not afraid,' she was heard to say, when the foam o' the first wave broke about their feet—and just as these words were uttered, all the great black clouds melted away from the sky, and the sun shone forth in the firmament like the all-seeing eye of God. The martyrs turned their faces a little towards one another, for that the cords could not wholly hinder, and wi' voices as steady and as clear as ever they sang the psalm wi' within the walls o' that kirk, did they, while the sea was mounting up—up from knee—waist—breast—neck—chin—lip—sing praises and thanksgivings unto God. As soon as Hannah's voice was drowned, it seemed as if her mother, before the water reached her own lips, bowed and gave up the ghost. While the people were all gazing, the heads of both martyrs disappeared, and nothing then was to be seen on the face o' the waters, but here and there a bit white breaking wave, or silly sea-bird that had come from afar, floating on the flow o' the tide into that sheltered bay. Back and back had aye fallen the people, as the tide was roarin' on wi' a hollow soun'—and now that the water was high above the heads o' the martyrs, what chained that dismal congregation to the sea-shore? It was the countenance o' a man that had suddenly come down from his hiding-place among

the moors,—and who now knew that his wife and daughter were bound to stakes deep down in the waters o' the very bay that his eyes beheld rolling, and his ears heard roaring—all the while that there was a God in heaven! Naebody could speak to him—although they all beseeched their Maker to have compassion upon him, and not to let his heart break and his reason fail in the uttermost distraction o' despair. 'The stakes! the stakes! Oh! Jesus! point out to me, with thy own scarred hand, the place where my wife and daughter are bound to the stakes,—and I may yet bear them up out of the sand, and bury the bodies ashore—to be restored to life! O brethren, brethren—said ye that my Christian and my Hannah have been for an hour below the sea? And was it from fear of fifty armed men, that so many thousand fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, rescued them not from such cruel, cruel death?' After uttering many more raving words, he suddenly plunged into the sea, and being a strong swimmer, was soon far out into the bay,—and led, as if by some holy instinct, even to the very place where the stake was fixed in the sand! Perfectly resigned had the martyrs been to their doom—but in the agonies o' that horrible death, there had been some struggles o' the mortal body, and the weight o' the waters had borne down

the stakes, so that, just as if they had been lashed to a spar to enable them to escape frae shipwreck, lo! both the bodies came floatin' to the surface, and his hand grasped, without knowing it, his ain Hannah's gowden hair,—sorely defiled, ye may weel think, wi' the sand; and baith their faces changed frae what they ance were by the wrench o' death. Father, mother, and daughter came all together to the shore,—and there was a cry went far and wide, up even to the hiding-places o' the faithful among the hags and cleuchs i' the moors, that the sea had given up the living, and that the martyrs were triumphant, even in this world, over the powers o' Sin and o' Death. Yea, they were indeed triumphant;—and well might the faithfu' sing aloud in the desert, 'O Death, where is thy sting, O Grave, where is thy victory?' for those three bodies were but as the weeds on which they lay stretched out to the pitying gaze of the multitude, but their spirits had gane to heaven, to receive the eternal rewards of sanctity and truth."

PROFESSOR WILSON.

REV. JAMES FRASER OF BREA.

Mr. Fraser, from various circumstances in his social position and history, stands at the head of the persecuted ministers of the north. His father was proprietor of the small estate in Cromarty, the name of which is commonly attached to his own. He was born in 1639—the year after the celebrated Glasgow Assembly. Having spent his early youth in fighting against convictions, he was, in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, brought to decision in the matter of personal religion. All the steps in his progress towards this happy consummation, he details with a wonderful analytic power, displaying great knowledge of the human heart; and this tracing out of the hidden springs and gradual progress of the inner life, he carries down till subsequent to the period of his entry on the ministry. The writing itself of the book—which, for some of the higher qualities necessary to such a composition, deserves to be classed with that burning record of an awakened soul, Bunyan's "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners"—had, as the author's first object, a beneficial influence on his own heart and intellect.

Being in Edinburgh, in 1663, he fell in with

some Quakers, and was much taken with their system. On farther consideration, however, he rejected it; and on a subsequent occasion he expresses his detestation of Quakerism in the strong terms common to that age. About the same time he began to have doubts of the propriety, or rather lawfulness, of hearing curates; and soon decided that he could no longer hear them—in the same year in which an Act of Parliament made it treason for any one to absent himself from his parish church. He had made up his mind to cast in his lot with the suffering Presbyterians.

But his convictions were not set at rest by a bold avowal of the forbidden religion. By-and-by, he felt that God had gifted, trained, and called him to the work of the ministry; and after a severe scrutiny of his own heart, he obeyed its promptings, and the importunities of the persecuted ministers. This was in 1672. In the same year he was married to a lady, whose friends being people of influence, frequently stood him in good stead in the evil days that followed. There was a lull at that time; and there was scarcely a week in which he did not preach three or four times. He lived then in the south country.

The days of quiet did not last long. Scarcely had he taken on himself the responsibilities of domestic life, when he was summoned before

the council for keeping conventicles, and outlawed for non-appearance. Soon after, we find his name among those of some hundreds who were intercummuned. By this barbarous sentence, hitherto attached only to crimes of the deepest dye, the victims were, by intent, placed beyond the bounds of civil and social life—all men, even the nearest relatives, being forbidden to speak with, shelter, or administer to them the slightest assistance or comfort, under the severest penalty. Like all extreme measures, this failed of its desired end. The persecuted party were thus pressed closer together; and most that the bishops gained was a deeper and still more general detestation. Notwithstanding this fearful sentence, Mr. Fraser lived and travelled, ministered and was ministered unto. He had frequently to flee from one hiding-place to another, and was often interrupted in the act of preaching by the approach of soldiers to apprehend him; yet he escaped the rage and cunning of his enemies,—God adding to the approval of his conscience the rewards of a fruitful ministry. His nest was also warm at home, when he could get there. He loved his wife with an impassioned fondness; and she knew and felt the value of the extraordinary man whose lot she had made her own. "In her," says he, "did I behold as in a glass, the Lord's love to me; by her were the sorrows of

my pilgrimage sweetened; and she made me frequently so forget my sorrows and griefs, that I was sometimes tempted to say, 'It is good for me to be here.'"

But what the arm of persecution failed to reach, the all-wise and merciful God saw meet to touch more directly with the finger of his providence. Only four years after his marriage, while absent in Northumberland, Mr. Fraser received intelligence that his wife was sick of a fever. He hastened home in "an extraordinary cloud of horror," and found she had died a few hours before his arrival—having in vain "called upon him during the greater part of her sickness."

Now he was free indeed. The noble principle which had all along animated him, had unbounded scope. His affections, having now no earthly lot or stay, flowed onward with all the intensity of his ardent nature toward the objects of his spiritual care. Bold, talented, and popular, he was one of those whom the government especially feared and hated, and he was classed along with other two for whose apprehension large sums were offered. His prudence, however, was equal to his courage; and for two years and a half after letters of intercommuning were issued against him, he contrived to elude the vigilance of his pursuers. His time at length came. It was on a Sab-

bath, in January, 1677. He had spent the day at the house of a friend, in Edinburgh, where he frequently preached. Hounded on by Sharpe, the town major had scented out the place of Mr. Fraser's retreat. He could even afford a little outlay on the affair; for the archbishop had proffered an addition to the government reward from his own privy purse. So he managed to corrupt a servant of the family. It was ten o'clock at night; the domestic supper had been finished; and Mr. Fraser was closing the sacred day, by "recommending the house and family to God by prayer," when he was interrupted by the entry of officers, and carried to prison.

Great was the joy of the archbishop as he dismissed the major, at midnight, with a present; and much did he long for the morning light, at the earliest dawn of which, with a morbid anxiety for the security of his victim, he sent word to the jailer to hold fast his charge, and keep him close, that no man might have access to him. That day, Mr. Fraser was brought before a committee of the privy council, and verbally charged with sedition, "rending the church of Christ, and holding field conventicles." It will give some idea of the "trials," as they were called, of the nonconformists of that age, if it is mentioned that, in most cases, a written indictment was con-

sidered altogether unnecessary; and as to proof, when that was considered essential, the alleged criminal was, if possible, made to furnish it,. by plying him with ensnaring questions—answers to which were often extracted by the boot or thumbkins. The reader will also recollect, that field conventicles—one of the counts in Mr. Fraser's verbal indictment, to be thus sustained—was a capital offence.

The committee, in general, were very civil, and did not seem disposed to deal towards him with peculiar harshness; but Sharpe, who had great influence among them, opened against the prisoner in a terrible invective, aggravating all his alleged offences, and making him appear a very odious and detestable criminal. Mr. Frazer, in reply, avowed that it had been his practice, as God gave him opportunity, and independent of a bishop's licence, to preach "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" and that so far was he from being either terrified or ashamed to own it, that, although of no mean extraction, yet he gloried most in, and counted it his greatest honor "to serve God in the Gospel of his Son." As for his loyalty, he cared not "although the principles of his heart were as visible and perceptible to their lordships as the external lineaments and traits of his countenance." He maintained his right to preach in

the house or in the field; but as to making any confession on the point of fact—especially regarding the latter, to which they had attached the penalty of death—he was resolved that no one should make him guilty of such a weakness. If they thirsted after his life, he, at all events, should not reach them the weapon. He also flatly refused to divulge the names of those who had ordained him; that being a matter involving others. All the other charges and ensnaring questions he met with a courage, skill, and presence of mind that drew repeated compliments from his inquisitors. But, determined not to be baffled, Sharpe turned even the talents and learning of his victim into grounds of severity; urging on his brother-councillors the danger of allowing such a man to go at large. The progress of the trial had been very unsatisfactory to the archbishop. The bold and skilful address of the prisoner, and his frank and unexpected professions of loyalty, were equally disconcerting. Mr. Fraser, from principle, had also withheld his titles from the spiritual lord during the whole proceedings. A member of council, seemingly out of compassion to the feelings of the aggrieved primate, charged the prisoner with ill-manners; to which the latter, while he gave his reasons for the omission, replied, good-humoredly, that he confessed he was

but a rude man, but hinted that the charge was scarcely worthy of the occasion.

He was remanded, and left alone—filled, at first, with melancholy apprehensions; "But, in my darkness," says he, "the Lord was a light round about me; him they could not shut out." He slept soundly and sweetly till six o'clock the following morning; when he was awakened by his jailer, and, in company with another prisoner, conveyed to the Bass, by a guard of twelve horse and thirty foot. On that solitary rock, he and his companion were received by the officer of a garrison consisting of eighteen to twenty soldiers. Mr. Fraser's description of this dreary Patmos of the Covenanters is so interesting, and so illustrative of many a captivity of those times, that we make no apology for inserting it.

"The Bass is a very high rock in the sea, two miles distant from the nearest point of land, which is south of it; covered it is with grass on the uppermost parts thereof, where is a garden where herbs grow, with some cherry trees, of the fruit of which I several times tasted; below which garden there is a chapel for divine service; but, in regard no minister was allowed for it, the ammunition of the garrison was kept therein. Landing here is very difficult and dangerous; for, if any storm blow, ye cannot enter because of the violence of the

swelling waves, which beat with a wonderful noise upon the rock, and sometimes in such a violent manner, that the broken waves reverberating on the rock with a mighty force, have come up over the walls of the garrison on the court before the prisoners' chambers, which is about twenty cubits height; and with a full sea you must land; or, if it be ebb, you must be either cranned up,* or climb with hands and feet up some steps artificially made on the rock, and must have help besides of those who are on the top of the rock, who pull you by the hand; nor is there any place of landing but one about the whole rock, which is of circumference some three-quarters of a mile—here you may land in a fair day and full sea without great hazard—the rest of it on every side being so high and steep; only, on the south side thereof, the rock falls a little level, where you ascend several steps till you come to the governor's house, and from that some steps higher you ascend to a level court, where a house for prisoners and soldiers is; whence likewise, by windings cut out of the rock, there is a path leading you to the top of the rock, whose height doth bear off all north, east, and west storms, lying open only to the south; and on the uppermost parts of the rock, there is grass sufficient to feed twenty or twenty-four

* Drawn up by means of a crane.

sheep, who are there very fat and good. In these uppermost parts of the rock were sundry walks, of some threescore feet length, and some very solitary, where we sometimes entertain ourselves. The accessible places were defended with several walls and cannon placed on them, which compassed only the south parts. The rest of the rock is defended by nature, by the huge height and steepness of the rock, being some forty cubits high in the lowest place. It was a part of a country gentleman's inheritance, which, falling from hand to hand, and changing many masters, it was at last bought by the king, who repaired the old houses and walls, and built some new houses for prisoners; and a garrison of twenty or twenty-four soldiers are sufficient, if courageous, to defend it from millions of men, and only expugnable by hunger. It is commanded by a lieutenant, who does reap thereby some considerable profit, which, besides his pay, may be one hundred pounds a-year and better. There is no fountain-water therein, and they are only served with rain that falls out of the clouds, and is preserved in some hollow caverns digged out of the rock. Their drink and provisions are carried from the other side by a boat, which only waits on the garrison, and hath a salary of six pounds yearly for keeping up the same, besides what they get of those persons

that come either to see the prisoners, or are curious to see the garrison. Here fowls of several sorts are to be found, who build in the clefts of the rock; the most considerable of which is the solan goose, whose young well-fledged, ready to fly, are taken, and so yield near one hundred pounds yearly, and might be much more, were they carefully improved."

In this melancholy place Mr. Fraser endured many sufferings. "It was sad," as he himself remarks, "to be cast out of the vineyard of God as useless; to be cut off from the society of those whose company was sweet; and to be brought into close and revolting contact with profane and obscene men." "It was then," says he, "that the days of old, when the candle of God shined upon my tabernacle; when my wife, children, and relations were about me, when I went with the multitude that kept holy day; then, I say, did these things of old come and assault my remembrance with a sensible affecting grief." The living was also hard. Water was sold at an exorbitant price; and sometimes in the spring season, the sole diet of the prisoners was some dried fish, with a portion of putrid or snow-water sprinkled with a little oatmeal for drink. The governor, too, and officers of the garrison made their unfortunate charge feel the effects of petty tyranny in all its malicious varieties. They broke up the

common meals of the prisoners, thereby increasing the expense of living, and forbade at times the exercise of social worship. Sometimes they would shut them closely up, and not allow them to speak to each other; and, again, they would allow them to meet together, but would themselves mingle in their company, and vex them with blasphemous jests, or seek to entrap them by introducing the discussion of public questions. The servants of the prisoners were also turned off, and they obliged to seek the services of others whose characters they knew not. These, the soldiers debauched; the officers treating such affairs with malicious ridicule, and in one instance rewarding the criminal party.

But even here, his lot, dark as it appeared, was sprinkled with many blessings; and he had much real enjoyment. He had health, a good conscience, and support under all his trials. When the caprice of his jailers did not interfere, he would pace the solitary terrace walks that skirted the precipices, and muse in silent joy amid the thunders of the surge that lashed the base of the rock—doubtless feeling that his strength and consolation lay in Him whose whisper is equally powerful to "still the noise of the waves, and the tumults of the people." He had, too, occasional visits of friends; and a new prisoner for Christ's sake

and the Gospel's, brought his contribution of love and social sympathy to the little circle of dwellers on the rock. As soon, also, as he was settled in his prison he formed a resolution and plan for self-improvement, viewing his imprisonment as a special opportunity to that end. Besides conducting social worship and exhorting twice a day, when "his masters" allowed it, and writing many letters, and some religious treatises, he meditated, prayed, and read the Scriptures much in private; he read in divinity; and he set himself diligently to the study of Hebrew and Greek;—so that on his release, at the end of two years and a half, he left the Bass a no less zealous, and a more accomplished preacher than he was at the period of commitment. He owed his liberty to the lawless justice of Sharpe's assassins. While that arch-enemy lived, no supplication could avail. His death, and the sad affair of Bothwell, induced a sort of indemnity to all mere nonconformists who were in bonds. Mr. Fraser, however, refused to give his promise that he would not continue to preach when and where he chose, and so had to find security for his reappearance at the call of the privy council.

He returned with renewed vigor to his laborious and perilous vocation; and again persecution waxed hot. The Duke of York, a cruel

bigot, came down to Scotland, apparently to enjoy the luxury of witnessing the application of the boot and thumbkin. The prelates had scarcely such a leader in the council, even in Sharpe. In his wanderings, Mr. Fraser had gone south; and as he returned, he preached in a barn. Hearing that he had been guilty of a field conventicle, the council were about to cite him and his surety—but on better information the citation was allowed to sleep. At this time, Mr. Fraser lay sick of an ague; and his terrified security, naturally desirous of making the most of this circumstance, represented it to the Lord Advocate. He mistook the nature of the bishops. The news had no sooner reached them, than, grasping with eager delight an opportunity of insuring a forfeit of the bail-bond, securing a second outlawry, and perhaps, punishing a cautioner who was something whiggish, they forwarded the citation in all haste. But they also were mistaken. It was indeed a serious case. Mr. Fraser had preached in a barn; but if only one man, woman, or child, had stood hearing outside, or lingered about the door from any cause, it was a *field* conventicle; the penalty was death; and the law was administered by parties who had few scruples about the means of conviction. But God had unexpectedly renewed the health of the noble-hearted confessor. He rose from

his bed, and, determined to die rather than injure his security, he, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, resolutely travelled from Ross to Edinburgh in the depth of winter. To the amazement of the council, he appeared before them within the time specified in the citation.

Mr. Fraser was, on this occasion, favored with a written indictment, but was denied time to prepare his defence. His extemporaneous pleadings before the council were managed with such spirit and talent, that the lay members would have discharged him—especially as he was free to purge himself, by oath, of the heaviest charge in his libel. The bishops, however, would not part with him so easily; and the matter being referred to them, he was sentenced to pay a fine of 5000 merks; to find security that he would preach no more in Scotland, or to leave the country; and to be remanded to prison in the meantime till the fine and security were produced. This sentence was pronounced amid the murmurs of the bystanders, who were much affected by his defence; some even of the members of the privy council were heard to declare that it was "hard measure."

In Edinburgh tolbooth, Mr. Fraser spent six weeks rather comfortably, having daily visits from good people of all classes, not excepting

even a few persons of rank. At the end of that period he was removed to Blackness castle, the governor of which, being young, ignorant, drunken, and capricious, frequently subjected his prisoner to unnecessary and illegal hardships and privations. After seven weeks confinement here, his brother-in-law, unknown to Mr. Fraser, seizing the opportunity of the absence of the Duke of York, and Paterson, bishop of Ross, presented a supplication to the council for his release, which was successful. His fine was remitted, on condition that he should immediately quit the kingdom.

The thoughts of exile were sad. But behold the superiority of the Christian citizenship. "A godly man in England or Ireland," said our exile to himself, "is more my countryman than a wicked Scotchman;" and for the rest, adds he, "surely goodness and mercy shall follow me." He soon became busy in London, holding meetings in private families, and assisting one of the Calamys in preaching. From the latter he received the first pecuniary acknowledgment that ever he had touched as a Christian minister. In Scotland, he had ministered and lived entirely at his own charges, but his circumstances were now altered, and his means seemed unequal to his support.

But he had been in London only thirteen

months when he was (July 1683) seized on suspicion of being concerned in the Rye-house plot. The king and Duke of York were present at his examination, which embraced subjects innumerable—what he knew of this thing or person, and what he *thought* of that. Mr. Fraser, with a bold and courteous magnanimity, answered,—for it was a question put by the king himself that called forth the reply,—that as to his actions he frankly submitted them to the cognizance of lawful authority; but his thoughts he reserved for the judgment of a higher tribunal, and declined being a precedent to any of his majesty's subjects in giving an account of them judicially, especially when they involved other persons." Refusing to take what was called "the Oxford oath," he was committed to Newgate. There he remained six months; and after his experience of Scotch prisons, he found that celebrated place of durance so pleasant, that had it not been that he was shut up from ministerial usefulness, he did not think his imprisonment worthy of the name of suffering.

On his release, he returned to his former mode of life; preaching when and where he had opportunity, and filling up every interval with diligent study. At the Revolution, he accepted the call of the people of Culross to

take the pastoral oversight of them; and in that charge he lived a useful and venerated minister till the end of the century.*

KING.

THE SOLITUDES.

THE solitudes were the wide and lonely field that was trodden by the feet of the wanderers of the Covenant, who retired to the upland districts to avoid their persecutors. These solitudes were of vast extent and of the most dreary description. Immeasurable tracts of desert heath, stretching for many miles on all sides, may be seen from the tops of any of the heights in the vicinity of the localities frequented by those holy men in the dismal day of Zion's troubles. The upper parts of Nithsdale, Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, and the higher wilds of Galloway, concealed in their solitary retreats crowds of fugitives, who had gathered in from all parts of the lower countries, where

* It is pleasing to see two such worthies as Fraser and Boston, (Author of Crook in the Lot and Fourfold State,) brought together. When the latter was a young man, he received an invitation to assist Mr. Fraser on a communion occasion, and preached in the kirk-yard of Culross. This was in 1698. "I think," says Mr. Boston, "that holy and learned man died not very long after."

they were more exposed to the notice of their enemies. The vast spaces of brown moorland, which in the mellow days of autumn are purpled o'er with the heather-bells, and all vocal with the humming bee, buzzing among the blooming heath and the fragrant flowrets of the wilderness, extracting their honeyed sweets with which to store their little cells, were admirably adapted for concealment and safety. Their undulating and shaggy surface, trodden only by the feet of the shepherds, and in some places but rarely even by them, admitted with difficulty the strolling troopers, who travelled everywhere in quest of their prey, and were often as sure a protection to the wanderers as the strong walls of a castle. These dangerous and inhospitable deserts were a terror to the military, who, when they entered them, were at a loss how to extricate themselves from the perilous footing, where even the most skilful and cautious had enough ado to pilot their way.

But these bleak and sterile tracts,—where now a dwelling is scarcely to be seen, not a dwelling, indeed, except here and there the lone huts of the shepherds, which, in the far distance, emit from their turf-clad chimneys the tiny columns of pale-blue smoke ascending tardily into the air,—were once thickly peopled. The ancient Celtic clans claimed these soli-

tudes as their own, and placed their habitations in the pleasant glades of the now decayed forests, and lived there an independent and hardy race, subsisting mainly by the chase. It is amazing to think how widely these tribes spread themselves in districts where now nothing but desolation reigns. Towns and villages, that have for many ages disappeared, once studded the bosom of the wilderness, and swarms of people were found in glens and wild recesses among the mountains, where no man dwells. These people of a forgotten age, who flourished at a period far remote from the commencement of our nation's history, have left indubitable monuments of their existence and of their populousness, in the names which they have imparted to hills and streams and places, so that scarcely a point in the bosom of the vast solitudes is without its Celtic appellation. These names, many of which sound in the ear with surpassing sweetness, are all highly descriptive, and are proofs that the race who imposed them were possessed of no common shrewdness, and were by no means destitute of even a poetical taste. Within the boundaries of the solitudes are to be found ancient battle-fields, with numerous graves lying from north to south with great uniformity, and countless cairns, not on heights only but on the heathy plains, indicating the resting-places

of illustrious persons, who, in these remote times, were deemed worthy of monumental remembrancers, but whose names and exploits have silently passed away into an oblivion out of which they never can be recalled.

These vast solitudes, which afforded our ancestors so wide an expanse through which to wander in seeking one place of retreat after another, embraced within their limits at that period large wooded spaces, and remnants of ancient forests densely set with underwood, especially in the glens and along the bases of the more abrupt mountains. These patches of natural wood, the representatives of the extensive forests which in former ages overspread the almost entire surface of the upland districts, admitted into their deep recesses companies of the suffering people, who there sheltered themselves for days and nights from the face of the persecuting foe. The military were not fond of venturing into these thickets, because they feared a shot from an unseen hand, on the supposition that the persecuted people would retaliate, and do to them as they themselves would have done in similar circumstances. In these hiding-places, they rested under the covert of the "green-wood tree," the leafy branches of which in the pleasant days of summer were filled with the charming warblers, whose sweet music blended in its

softest melody with the thrilling song of praise, which ascended from the little company met in the heart of the mantling bushes to worship the God of their salvation. In the wintry storms, when they durst not venture under a friendly roof, they betook themselves to the coverts of the wood, where, under the awning of the wide-spreading branches, they found a shelter from the wind and rain, and screened themselves from the drifting snow. It would appear that these forests had been preserved from the wasteful hand of man and other incidents, which since have almost entirely swept them away, as places of refuge to the destitute people, who were bearing witness for God's truth in that trying time. *We* could not screen ourselves as they did, the face of the desert being now so bare and open; but happily we need no such hiding-places.

The solitudes, in the times to which we refer, were without any regular thoroughfares. No roads intersected their almost impassible surface, so that no facilities were in this way afforded to the troopers who were sent out in pursuit of the wanderers. This circumstance was of immense consequence to the Covenanters, who, when once they got into the heart of the moorland, could with pretty much ease keep themselves out of the way of their pursuers, for they could flee away with lightly

foot where the military could make no progress. Hundreds were in this way preserved from capture and from death. These wastes are, even to this day, for the most part unprovided with roads, so that the traveller must find his dubious way over broken moss and rugged heath, without any path to guide his uncertain steps.

But that which in these solitudes favored the wanderers most of all, was the morasses. Into these no horsemen could penetrate; the attempt was attended with certain injury, if not immediate destruction. Not a few of the more daring of the troopers, we have reason to believe, perished in this way. In the heart of the sinking-fens, and behind the shelter of the deep moss-hags, a company of fugitives could have secured themselves, while the balls from the muskets of their pursuers whizzed innocuously over their heads, or sank without harm, into the soft mossy bank at their side. In some cases, they even appeared conspicuously in the middle of the moss, at a secure distance from the shot of the foe, who durst not venture, even on foot, to assail them in their retreat, and they persisted, in spite of the boldest threatenings, to retain their position, refusing to be dislodged, and even inviting the magnanimous troopers to approach, if they dared, their resting-place. On every occasion, the

wanderers sought, when surprised by the soldiers on the moors, the boggy ground, and ran at their utmost speed to reach it; while the horsemen as uniformly tried to get between them and the morass,—for they knew if once they reached its border, the game was up. In these places, however, they were sometimes greatly annoyed, being forced to stand for many hours in the cold and sluggy moss, while the soldiers kept watch to prevent their escape. In this way fevers and other diseases were caught, which brought many to an untimely grave. For many days, and even weeks, these mosses were the home of the sufferers, who were thankful for such a refuge. But the troopers were not without other hazards in their pursuits through the moorlands; for besides the dangers to which they were exposed among the mosses, there were perils of another kind, which perhaps were not suspected by them. These were wells of apparently small dimensions at the surface, and nearly covered with aquatic weeds, which almost prevented them from being seen. These wells are in some instances of amazing depth, occasionally of ten or twelve feet, when to look at them no one would suppose them to be more than as many inches. Into these fearful and treacherous depths the horse and his rider were in danger of plunging, to the certain destruc-

tion of both. This may probably account for the traditions among the people of the deserts, respecting the sudden disappearance of some of the troopers in the moors, who were never again heard of. Some of these wells have become dry, the water having found its way beneath between the layers of the rocks, and they present the appearance almost of a funnel, while others are of a different shape.

But, in these solitudes, there are also deep ravines that afforded places of shelter to the intercommuned Covenanters. These ravines have originally been formed by the sudden rushing of the waters adown the face of the steep mountains in the time of great thunder storms. The gushing of the rain from the bosom of the dark cloud descends with such an impetuosity as at once to cut a deep trench on the slope of the hill, when moss and soil and rocks are carried to the dale land beneath, and every succeeding deluge from the firmament ploughs it deeper and deeper, till it becomes a hideous chasm. These water-courses, some of which have been formed in ages long gone by, are filled with trees and shrubs overhanging the rocks, in which are many natural chambers and dark caverns, concealed by the mantling of the thick branches that droop pensively over the brook which murmurs o'er its rocky bed, as it pursues its way to the next tributary,

which accompanies it to the main stream that leads them to the ocean. The shelving sides of these ravines are precipitous and dangerous, but they were well known to the wanderers, who made themselves acquainted with every hiding-place, and the means by which they could reach them. In seasons of pursuit, they could descend with safety and find a secure lodgment in the rocky cavity below, when those who followed could only stand on the brink and look with awe over the beetling descent, down which the fugitives had conveyed themselves and eluded their grasp. The discharge of their fire-arms might startle the sweet songster in the bushes, and the leaden bullets booming through the rustling leaves might rebound from the face of the opposite rock, but the persons beneath were secure from harm. Sometimes it has been known that a trooper, more forward than his fellows in the eager pursuit of the fleeing Covenanters, has rushed headlong with his charger over the brink of the yawning cleft, and tumbled crashing through the bushes and over the rugged rocks to the streamlet in the bottom. No places afforded a more frequent or a more safe retreat than the dusky sides of the bosky ravine.

But the solitudes afforded other places of concealment besides these already specified. The

most conspicuous points of the desert were often the safest places of resort. The top of a hill or the summit of some particular eminence was frequently selected by the houseless wanderers as a retreat, from which they had on all sides an extensive prospect, and therefore could easily perceive if danger was near. And many an hour was spent on these heights in holy intercourse without fear, for no enemy could approach without being perceived. The slopes of the green hills, which were thickly covered with the feathery *brackens*, furnished a place of concealment, and a soft bed on which the weary often reposed, and from which they could lift up their heads and look abroad over the wide waste beyond them, while the covering in which they were mantled prevented them from being observed. Some of these places are still pointed out as the frequent resort of the Covenanters on the steep hill-side. The Fauns of Atry, near the source of the silvery Ken, is particularly mentioned, and a place more appropriate could scarcely be selected, for no enemy could come upon them without being descried in the distance. Oh, but these were weary times, when the best of Scotland's sons had thus to make the wilderness their home, and when they had to seek a refuge in the cold, dreary, and dripping caves of the earth! The desert was furnished with

many such hiding-places, either natural openings among the rocks in the steep glens, or artificial cavities formed by the ancient inhabitants as places of security in their precarious times. These caverns, however, were welcome receptacles to men whose lives were every hour in jeopardy, and who were thankful to hide their heads under the ground till the enemy passed by. These abodes were sometimes occupied for months together, and were so concealed that none knew of them save those who had undertaken the kindly task of conveying food and other necessaries to those who had fled to them. Often did the soldiers pass the mouth of a cave when its occupants were within, and at the moment engaged in religious exercises, without being discovered,—the Lord covering them with his hand till their enemies were gone. Even to this day, some of these caves retain the names of the particular persons who were in the habit of resorting to them, and the shepherds can conduct the stranger to the very places, and can retail some of the affecting incidents that befell. The mouths of many of these caves are now closed up by the descent of the debris from the face of the hills above them, so that it is with difficulty the precise spot can be ascertained, whence many prayers were wont to ascend to heaven, and where much holy fellowship was

held by the men of whom the world was not worthy.

There were in the wilderness, here and there, what are termed shielings, used by the shepherds, chiefly in the summer, for the management of their sheep, but which were left entirely desolate in winter. These lonely and uninhabited huts were, on certain occasions, greatly prized by the wanderers. They afforded a sort of shelter in times of heavy rain, when the moorlands were flooded and soaked in water, but in an especial manner were these places beneficial in times of snow. Here they could remain in perfect security, when the drift was streaming along the heath, and covering the entire face of the wilderness with one uniform sheet of whiteness. In such cases no enemy durst venture abroad, and the soldiers left the desert to the free occupancy of the worthies, who were happy to greet the scowling of the sky, which prevented the intrusion of their persecutors, and "compelled the men of blood to couch within their dens." When a company of friends met in the solitary shieling, the floor of which was strewed with the tufted heather, affording a soft and comfortable couch on which to recline, they felt unspeakably relieved; they knew that they were secure from interruption; they could speak aloud; they could raise their song of

praise; and pray from the fulness of their hearts without the fear of detection; and when they happened to be furnished with provisions, they could spend days and nights together, enjoying a happiness of which their persecutors could form no conception. Many a time did the youthful Renwick occupy these shielings, where he made a fire of heath or sticks to warm his shivering frame and to dry his dripping clothes, while his precarious food was conveyed to him from great distances, and mostly by children, who durst not let their parents know of it. It is not on external circumstances that a man's happiness depends, it is on the state of his own mind; and when a man is at peace with God, no situation can render him unhappy; and hence the comfort which this poor tossed remnant experienced in the midst of all privations.

But, in enumerating the various means of shelter with which the wanderers in the desert were furnished, we must not omit the friendly mists which sometimes shrouded them from the sight of their pursuers. These mists in the upland wilds are common, and at certain seasons of the year, the tops of the higher eminences are for the most part scoured with low fleeting clouds. From the summits of the hills, the vapor descends into the glens, and, driven by the gusty winds from their narrow

outlets, spreads along the surface of the moors beneath. At other times, it creeps along the slopes of the mountains like a curtain drawn on its edge, or like a lofty wall of snowy whitenes, leaving the space within and beyond quite clear, and without anything to intercept the vision. The sudden descent of the mist often came very opportunely to the Covenanters, who found behind its screen a sure protection from the troopers who might happen to be in pursuit of them. Many a time, when their destruction appeared to be inevitable, were they saved by the mist, which threw over them its ample folds, and hid them in its bosom till the danger was overpast. So frequent were the interpositions in this way, that the soldiers used to utter the most blasphemous imprecations when they saw the trailing cloud diffusing itself along the hills, and stealing rapidly downward. Nothing is more bewildering than mist in the trackless waste, and scarcely anything is attended with greater danger to those who are unacquainted with the locality. Hence the dragoons, when they were thus overtaken, left off the pursuit, and cared only for their own safety, while the fugitives, happy at the dispensation, gave thanks to Him who had thus covered them with his thick cloud, and saved them from the vengeance of the foe. The venerable Peden had

his life sometimes preserved in this way, and one remarkable instance occurred at Auchengrouth hill, in the vicinity of Sanquhar, when he and a few friends with him were hotly pursued by the military. He stood and cried, "Lord, if thou have any more work for us in this world, allow us the lap of thy cloak this day again; and if this be the day of our going off the stage, let us walk honestly off and comfortably thorow, and our souls will sing forth thy praises to eternity for what thou hast done to us and for us." In a short time they were enveloped in the mist, and the dragoons madly exclaimed, "There is the confounded mist again; we cannot get the execrable whigs pursued for it." The wilderness afforded great advantages to the persecuted people, and hence they flocked to it in great numbers, and never did the deserts harbor a more worthy class of men. These solitudes were hallowed by their inhabitation, and many a spot within their boundaries is to this day regarded with a deep veneration for their sake.

But if these wilds afforded them places of shelter, they at the same time afforded them places for religious exercises. The wilderness became an oratory in which the poor dispersed people, who delighted so much in prayer, could, without restraint, pour out the fulness

of their hearts in fervent supplication before the God of all grace. Everywhere they prayed, —on the mountain side,—in the woody dell,— in the lonely shieling,—and in the heart of the deep moss-hags.

But the wilderness was dear to the sufferers, because it contained the graves of the martyrs. The precious dust of many a saint of God was deposited in the bleak moors and on the lonely hills. The martyrs were usually buried where they fell, and a stone was placed over the grave, with a rude inscription to tell who slept beneath, and who were his murderers, and in what cause he died. These resting places of the honored dead were dear to the wanderers, and deemed very sacred by them, and they often convened to weep over the graves of their departed associates who had won the martyr's crown, and reached the happy rest before them. Deep and sad were their musings when sitting on the turf that covered the ashes of a martyred brother; they thought that perchance the next shot that might be fired on the heath, might stain it with their own blood, and leave their mangled bodies to be interred by kindred witnesses, or by the kindly hand of the passing stranger. The graves of the martyrs were solemn memorials to the living witnesses of their coming fate, and often impressed them with the idea

of a speedy and a bloody death. Oh, how many fell in the wilds, when none were present to witness their martyrdom save their murderers, and those beneficent angels who were there invisibly to conduct the ransomed spirit to the realms of bliss!

There are, doubtless, many graves of slaughtered saints in the wilds which are not known to be so. No memorial is erected over them, and tradition seems to have forgotten them; but they are not forgotten by Him in whose cause they bled, He knows their resting place, and will bring them from their obscure and lowly bed on that great and decisive day, when all his saints shall be gathered together unto Him.

Some of these graves have been incidentally opened by the spade, and the soft moss which covered them has been cleared away, and the bodies have been found in a tolerably fresh condition. This was the case with the three martyrs of Crossgelloch, when, several years ago, their graves were looked into at the time when the present monument was reared over the spot. The bodies were in a state of good preservation; they were lying in their wearing apparel, just as they had been shot. Some leaves of the Bible were found among their clothes, which also were undecayed. The buttons on their coats were large and

broad, according to the fashion of the times. Their hosen were drawn up on their knees. their faces were of a deep sallow appearance. A few locks of hair were brought away as a memorial of the saintly men. The hair of one of them was of a brown color, probably tinged by the moss in which it had been so long imbedded; it was obviously that of a young man, soft and fine, and had undergone little or no change.

The wilderness, then, is consecrated by the blood of Christ's witnesses. "The moors and mosses of Scotland are flowered with martyrs," and solemn is the interest which the thoughtful mind takes when passing over these localities, where holy men have lived, and suffered, and where

> "Graves of martyr warriors
> Are in the desert heath."

The topography of the wilderness brings to our recollection many interesting details, both historical and traditionary. There is scarcely a hill, or glen, or moss, or streamlet, or shady ravine, but has its incident more or less important. In fact, the history of these dismal times may be said to be impressed on the face of the solitudes, and if they could speak, oh, how many tongues would utter tales that would thrill the heart---tales both of wailing

and of gladness! We love these solitudes for the sake of those who traversed them, and suffered in their dreariest recesses. Their wildest moors are pleasant to us, more pleasant by far than the scenes of cultivated landscape, with which no such associations of our suffering ancestry are connected.

We speak of solitudes, but then the term is comparative, for what is solitude to one is the reverse to another. When the persecutors had driven our fathers into the desert, there to pine away in loneliness and want, they imagined that they had succeeded in banishing them from everything like comfort in this world; but never were men more out of their reckoning. They expelled them, indeed, from human society, but then they drove them nearer God. When they intercommuned them and cut them off from all intercourse with their fellow-men, they thought they had severed them from all happiness, and from everything which makes human life desirable; but these men knew not the secret of true happiness. They knew not that the happiness of the believer lay in God, who is everywhere present, and can make the wilderness a paradise. Whatever outward comforts these holy men might be deprived of—and they were deprived of almost every one,—the loss was richly compensated by the intercourse they

held with Heaven, and by the ravishing consolations of the Holy Spirit, with which the gracious Head of the Church so abundantly blessed his people in their day of suffering for his sake. Some of the worthies, who outlived the troublous times, used to remark, that if they had the choice of any given portion of their days to live it over again, they would, without hesitation, select that of the persecution,—for that had been their happiest time. A noble testimony this to the faithfulness of God to His promises, made to His people when enduring persecution in behalf of the truth.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?

THERE is nothing, my dear friend, for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one

* From THE ANNIVERSARY, of which Allan Cunningham was Editor. It is reprinted from that periodical, as a pleasing souvenir of an eminent man in his best days, and as a simple narrative of events occurring at an interesting period.

to another so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books. For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age—inexperienced ignorant youth—to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditionary memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether it be more pleasant to look back upon the ready good-will, the heartfelt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favored with their tale. Of the many traditions which I have thus received, I select for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical, for that, while I prize you as a poet, I esteem you

as an upright and worthy man. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing, and altered nothing, in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honored master, Dr. Chalmers, I received a charge from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter, when on a visit to our part of the country. Thus intrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady, and inquired for her daughter. The servant who admitted me, mistaking my in-

quiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment; and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away. When I looked around, expecting some one to come forward to receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the further end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her seat, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not opened and no one had entered; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from her great infirmity of deafness. I had therefore time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure which was before me. She sat at her spinning-wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plaited ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eyesight was too feeble to discern. For as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning-wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a movable eye, which was carried along the pirn by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me that it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in high office in London: for she

had so much difficulty in reading, and was so dull of hearing, that it was a great relief to her solitude to employ herself with a spinning-wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relic of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak, besides feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate. Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved, I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a loud and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her. I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by desiring me to sit down beside her; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered,

she seemed highly to prize; and as I had touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand-uncle, who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the kirk, against the invasions of moderation and misrule. I loved the theme, and love it still; and, finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach. When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So, pushing her wheel a little away from her, and turning her face round towards me, for hitherto, for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel, she began and told me the following history, of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have oft told it since to pious and well-disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recall her manner or expressions, but simply recall the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, when the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the kirk were contented, with their wives and children, to forego house and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon the land, by daring, like Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the church, and intermeddle with its government and discipline. But when the civil authorities of the realm, not content with this free-will resignation of all they held of their bounty, would require the ordinary ministers of the word to shut their mouths, and cease from preaching the Gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners, they preferred to obey God rather than man, and the Head of the Church whose vows were upon them, rather than the head of the state, who had ventured to usurp the power of the keys, instead of resting contented with the power of the sword, which by right appertaineth to them. The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house, was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honored with the martyr's crown; and having witnessed his good

confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the castle, and looks towards the south and west, the quarter of Scotland where the church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And, at the same time, a proclamation was made, at the Cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one, under peril of instant destruction from the castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his church, of strong and deep, and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland. This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it be-

side his body. Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the castle, in broad daylight, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing by his intrepidity the garrison, or by his speed outstripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favored by the special providence of God, my venerable narrator staid not to tell; but as he vowed, he was honored to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body. Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. But his kindred, and the steadfast friends of the distressed church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search, which was set on foot, and to save him from the high price which was placed upon his head. Finding this to be almost impossible, in the hotness of the search which the lord provost, zealous in the cause of prelacy, whereof he was a partisan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him be-

yond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations, and follow their religion in foreign parts, than by following it at home, to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and death. These noble witnesses by exile, for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed by death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their households, and tutors to their children; and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ, and of his church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honorable shelter and occupation in a foreign land. But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening death, than to accept the protection of any noble family, or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God, to give in this youth a notable example of true faith as well as of high devotion, had fast knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the lord

provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life. To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched by the grace of God, and, abhorring the legal doctrines of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding-places from the wrath of man, where they worshipped God with their lives in their right hand, these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the Holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their dearest affections to the will of God. She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's diligent searoh; and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole authority of a father who sought his life, and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile from his native land. Yet did these pious lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one an-

other while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days. And so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself; for the events of the uncle's martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamed of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honored, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved; there was neither time nor room, nor even possibility, to give heed to any other thought, than how she might prevent the man whom most she honored from slaying the man whom most she loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled, but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower, so that all his affections and hopes centred in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father, also, bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views, not finding in his heart to exercise harsh au-

thority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought of her exiled lover and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together; than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a good and gracious Providence. But Providence, though good and gracious unto all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord, and make them perfect through sufferings, which truly befell this faithful but much-tried lady.

Her father, seeing the hopes of his family centred in his only daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some honorable and worthy man, which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well kowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to see her united; but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the

way, until at length, what at the first he respected as a woman's right, he came at length to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men, leagued in the bad resolution of bowing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom. At length, when his patience was well nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to the betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that he should not be gainsayed. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet at times she would hope from a father's kindness. But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority and set at nought the proclamation of the state, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief magistrate, which had been braved by that young man; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful, his obedient, and his only child, arose to-

gether in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not to have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain she pleaded a woman's right to remain unmarried if she pleased. It was in vain she pleaded a Christian woman's duty, not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her upon her obedience to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband. But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betrothed themselves without their fathers' consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true-heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard-hearted father and a hard-hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas! it fared to her and them as she had told them beforehand; that they were mingling poison in their cup, and together, a father and a husband, compassing her death. Oh that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne

a lover's peril of death, and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she now found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comforter, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart. Yet, not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy written with her dying hand: "I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and I give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as he lives a banished man."

This, all this misery, had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of all with that house in it from which his death-warrant had issued and vigilant search gone out against him. But shortly after these things were consummated, a full opportunity was given to him and every brave-hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration

which was made by William of Orange for the Protestant cause in Britain. Without delay, William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers for the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow. Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his fathers, and indifferent to the church for which the house of his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the "Trial of the saving Interest of Christ," with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering church. Wherefore the youth said that he would turn his back upon the cruel land forever, and with his staff go forth and seek more genial heavens. They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. They sought to stir him up to exercise his gift and calling of a minister, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigor of

his heart was gone. One thing only bound him to that cruel city, the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since, to many a Scotchman tossed in his own land with envious and cruel tempests; and by the way he turned into the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land forever. His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining, and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the church, they grieved that one who had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty, from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit, by friendly and familiar attentions; taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood; skilfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it

might contend with the sorrow of the broken-hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavored to solace and divert his grief, they would point out to him how, now that the church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well-educated and well-principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment, or exile. And as they spake to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he, who was fitted by his learning and devotedness to be an example and a help to many, should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business and bustle and hard-hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide amongst his friends.

Now, in the neighborhood of Dumfries, there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remote parts of this parish, is a sequestered hollow amongst the hills, looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale,

the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway. In this hollow are to be seen at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont to assemble from the face of their enemies, and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens of the earth to administer to them the precious memorials of the dying love of our Lord; for which they are called to this day, the communion tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors. To these communion-tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elias in the cleft of the rock of Sinai, saying, "What doest thou here, Elias?" Now, it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of His glory, and hiding of His face, in his soul. Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus, the seat of his

fathers, driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball into a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries.

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the west, a home and a rallying-place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under heaven, or in the Providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion tables of stone, from which so many saints, famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Irongray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a Providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness, unto a well-deserving and much-enduring parish, shown more, than in that providence which drew this much-tried and faithful youth to their borders. Haply moved thereto, and guided by the friends of the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Where-

upon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people; and then it was that his heart said, What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? Hast thou suffered like Job, or like any of the cloud of witnesses? wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy commission to preach the Gospel? What would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou most honor and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those with whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?" And thus, after sore strugglings between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedience of the Head of the Church and the idolatry of a departed saint, whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish, and was ordained over the flock. Yet, so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman. Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true

and tender heart, but after this long separation unto the memory of her who proved herself so faithful unto him, he at length yielded to the affections of the living, and married a wife. Of which marriage," said the venerable old mother who told me the history, "I am the fruit."

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to anything besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonderful narrative which I had heard; and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment and shown me a small picture, but whether of her father or of her husband, who was minister of the neighboring parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible in which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a queen of England. I took my leave; and not many weeks after I followed her body to the grave: so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend! May the Lord make us worthy of our sires!

DE FOE'S SUMMARY OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE COVENANTERS.

In this persecution, as has been collected from the accounts, both public and private, above 18,000 people have suffered the utmost extremeties their enemies could inflict; of which the following particulars are a part, many of which can be proved even to the very names of the persons, with the places of their abode.

1700 Have been banished as slaves to the English plantations, besides such as were by order of council, at the beginning of the persecution, ordered, on pain of death, to leave their country, which amounted to 87; and besides above 750 banished to Shetland, to the isles of Lewis, Orkney, and other remote places belonging to Scotland: of these 200 were wilfully, and premeditatedly murdered, by keeping them under hatches till they were drowned, when the ship was stranded, and there was time for them to escape.

800 Were outlawed, as we call it in England, about the time of Pentland affair, by the order of the High Commission

Court, and 55 eminent persons were pannelled, as the Scots law terms it; that is, were prosecuted absent, and were sentenced to be executed without further prosecution, when they should be taken, as many of them afterwards were; among these were 10 or 11 ministers.

It is impossible to give an account of those who perished by unjust and tedious confinement in prisons by the barbarity of merciless jaylors, stench of close and horrible dungeons and vaults, want of conveniencies, crowding 30 or 40 into little, dark, and damp rooms together, lying on the ground, extremity of cold and hunger, weight of chains, bolts, and irons, and the like. Besides this, great numbers by the unhappy places where they were confined, such as the castles of Blackness, Dunnotter, Iverlochy, and the Bass, and by innumerable cruelties, practised upon them, in those places, contracted diseases, lost the use of limbs and senses, as sight, hearing, tasting, and some even of their understandings, but many more of their lives; and those who think they have modestly computed the number of these, for an exact account cannot be had, tell us they amount

to above 3600, including the 800, and the 27 last mentioned.

3600 In the several actions, which their persecutors call *rebellions*, and the skirmishes which on those occasions, as also upon surprises, or otherwise, have happened, there has been killed in the field
560 about 560, as at Pentland, Bothwell, Aird-Moss, Queen-Ferry, and other places, in defence of their meetings, and personal defence of their lives, besides those who have dyed of wounds, received on such occasions, which are
680 reckoned to be about 120.

Those that have fled from their country, into voluntary banishment, have been yet a greater number: these made their way into England, Ireland, Holland, Sweden, and to any place whither necessity drove them, for safety of their lives, and as opportunity of escape offered;—in which countries they were driven to great distress; such as want, cold, and hunger, having their lives given them indeed for a prey; but being perfectly destitute of friends, shelter, help, or relief, other than what God was pleased to raise them up by his providence, and by the Christian charity of foreign Protestants. The number of

these have been esteemed, by such as think they have made a modest calcula-
7000 tion, at above 7000.

Of these, that I may do justice to the charity of every man, and every sort of men, the cruelty they suffered at home, and the extremities they suffered abroad, were such, as was even detested by Papists themselves; and some of the suffering people have acknowledged, they have met with compassion, even among the Roman Catholicks; who have expressed their astonishment, that Protestants should exercise such inhumanities upon one another. In England, also, they were often harbored, relieved, entertained, and concealed, even by some charitable people, who were of themselves Episcopal, and members of the Established Episcopal Church; but who abhorred the cruelties and inhumanities of the Scots persecutors, and even abhorred the persecution itself.

Of those who went then into voluntary banishment, or, as it may be rather said, fled from the face of their bloody persecutors, very few ever returned again to Scotland, the number of years being such, that age, together with the hardship of their sufferings, carried most of

them off before the happy time of the deliverance of their country arrived.

Besides these, there were abundance of innocent and pious sufferers, who were basely murthered by the soldiers and persecutors, upon the occasions and by the methods of which we have spoken, being generally killed in cold blood, without process of law, civil or military, without visible crime, charge, or examination; of those, the printed accounts tell us the names of 78 murthered by particular persons, and I am well assured there were very many more, and have heard that a person, whom I have not met
498 with, has the names of above 420 more; but that number I do not avouch.

The number really executed, in the pretended course of justice, and by the sentence of the cruel persecutors, and who died by the hangman, as I am credibly informed, is very great, and I am told that about 362 are to be found on the several books of the justiciary and
362 council courts, upon record, besides what were executed by military laws, as they call them, of which no record has been kept.

The numbers of those who perished through cold, hunger, and other distresses, contracted

in their flight into the mountains, wandering without shelter or harbor, in dreadful winters, during the long space of 28 years' persecution, and who often came home in such extremities, as just to step into their own houses to die, and some times were, even in the article of death, dispatched by the murthering soldiers. These were many thousands, and cannot be calculated, but will certainly make up more than the number of 18,000 mentioned above.

Among these, I say nothing of the pillage and spoil of goods, the turning women and children out into the fields, in cold and nakedness, after devouring their food, and tearing off the cloaths from their backs, of which many perished for want, and by the extremeties of the weather.

DE FOE.

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