PHILIP COLVILLE

A COVENANTER'S STORY.

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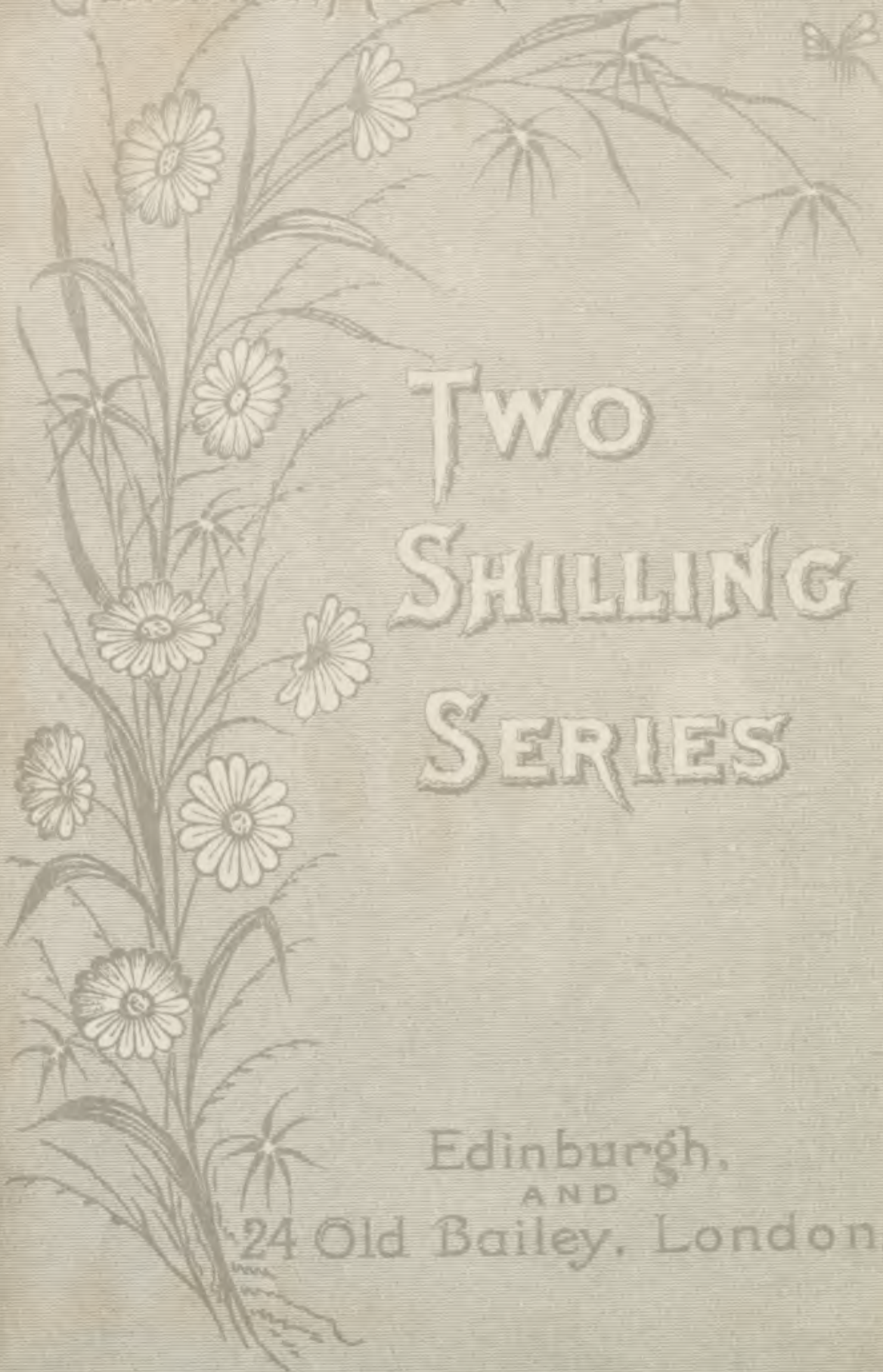

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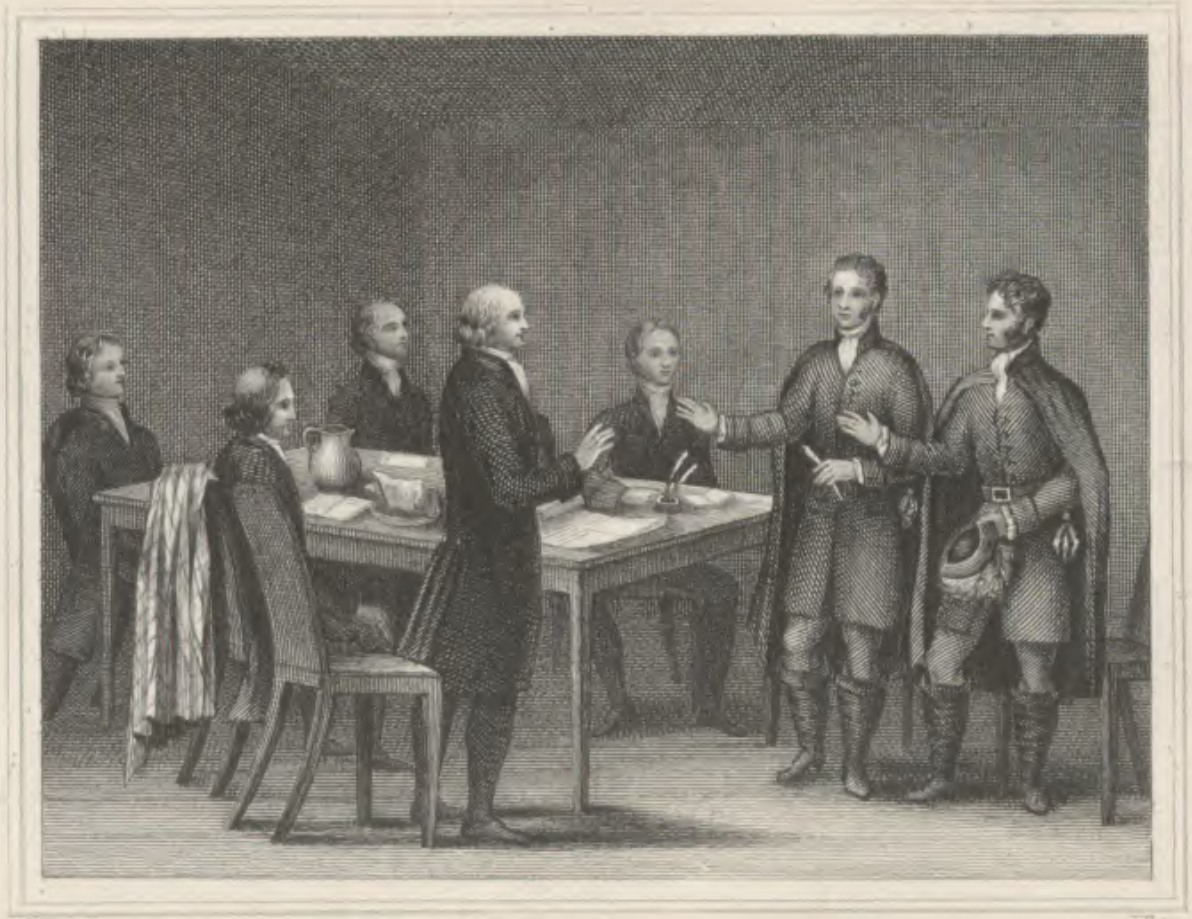

M. Vieux J.H.sc

PHILIP COLVILLE AND ROWALLAN SIGNING THE COVENANT.

Page 125

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COMMISSIONER'S STORY.

BY GRACE KENNEDY,

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PHILIP COLVILLE.

It was on a calm clear day at the end of April, in the year 1679, that young Colville of Arrondale, and his grey-haired servant, Adam Yule, after having spent several preceding days in riding from London, as the manner of the times was, crossed the Border, and again, after an absence of six years, entered their native Scotland. This day's journey had commenced early; and though Colville had frequently checked his horse, and slackened his pace for a time, on recollecting the riding powers of his attendant, still his anxiety to reach Torriswood, the residence of the guardian of his younger years, before sunset, had made it more rapid than was altogether agreeable to poor old Adam. This want of consideration for himself, however, and the evident flurry and emotion which he observed in his young master, were so unlike Colville's usual kindness and self-command, that while Adam mused on the causes that might thus move him on his approach to Torriswood, he anxiously avoided any appearance of fatigue, and carefully kept his horse exactly at that distance behind his master which he considered properly respect-

ful. Two years previous to this period, Adam would have felt no surprise at the impatience his master now betrayed. *Then* far less interesting events than meeting with early and intimate friends would have excited much greater ardour; but at that period an entire change had taken place in Colville's character. He had from childhood been occasionally grave, thoughtful, and studious, but only occasionally; and much more habitually eager, as far as his strict education allowed, in the pursuit of amusement, and, as he advanced in age, of every pleasure within his power. The father of our young traveller had been a firm Presbyterian, and a Covenanter, and had educated his sons, while he remained with them, in the strict and unbending principles of his party—in the subjection of their minds and actions to the dictates of the Bible—the only standard of principles and morals to which he or they conceived themselves bound to yield obedience. At his death, the elder Colville had left his sons to the guardianship of two tried friends—friends with whom he had struggled through times when sincerity of principles, and sincerity of affection were put to the test. Those friends continued to pursue his plan in the education of his sons. The Bible, however, is not the standard of principles and of feelings which nature is disposed to choose, and our young traveller, who was the elder of the boys, when he arrived at an age to act for himself, spurned at those restraints on pride, and ambition, and love of distinction, which it uniformly holds out. His manners and morals had been preserved simple, sincere, and pure; he was ardent in his affections, open, and generous, but rash, arrogant, and self-willed. With this character, he had but a short time commenced his studies at the University of St Andrews, when, for his

undisguised scorn for one of the Professors, who was regarded by his friends as merely a creature of the ruling party, and also for some mark of disrespect shown by him, and several companions in guilt, to the primate, he and they were subjected to an examination before the Archbishop and some of the masters. At this examination, Colville, when replying to the primate, who was regarded by his party as the perjured betrayer of their cause, eyed him haughtily, and called him "Sir." On being reproved by one of the masters for this want of respect, and instructed to address his Grace by the appellation "My Lord," he answered boldly, "I acknowledge no lords over God's heritage." The other culprits followed his undaunted example in their replies, and had not one of them been a near relative of the Duke of Lauderdale's, they would probably all have been expelled from the university. As it was, the guardians of young Colville perceived that this affair had left so deep an impression on his feelings, that no subject seemed to have any interest for him, unless connected with schemes for the deliverance of his party from the oppression under which they then groaned; and, dreading that he would expose himself to more dangerous penalties, from his undisguised avowal of his sentiments, they thought it prudent to remove him from St Andrews, and to send him to pursue his studies in Holland. Many of the "suffering ministers," as they were called, had retired to that country. Colville was placed at the University of Utrecht, under the care of one of these, and attended by Adam Yule, a faithful old servant of his family, and also a Covenanter. At this university Colville had met with many of his young countrymen. Several Scotch families also, forced by the severity of the laws which were daily enacted

against the Presbyterians, to leave their country, resided in the town. In this society Colville's early principles remained unshaken; but as his information increased, he gradually became more liberal in his sentiments towards those who differed from him. He was a favourite and leader amongst his brother students; and though some of the elder branches of the families of his countrymen warned him against an excess of that liberality which he defended, they generally regarded him as a youth of too great promise not to be highly valued by their now harassed and worn out party. At the period before alluded to, a change had evidently taken place in Colville's character, which had greatly increased their hopes from him. This change had been ascribed to the influence of a young brother student, a devoted adherent of the persecuted cause in Scotland, and who was also distinguished by the singular sanctity and purity of his life. He was a student of divinity, and had left the university a year before Colville, had been afterwards ordained at Rotterdam, and had returned to Scotland to preach amongst the hills and glens to the persecuted Presbyterians. Colville, on leaving Utrecht, had been intrusted with many important communications from his countrymen there, to their friends at home. He afterwards spent some time with a relation of his family, who held a high situation at the court of the Prince of Orange. There also he obtained the regard and confidence of several of his most distinguished countrymen, and now returned to Scotland, bearing many instructions, and much information to his party, which could not have been communicated through any channel less safe.

But to return from this digression to our travellers, Colville had succeeded in his wish, and the sun was still

high in the west when he and his attendant came in sight of the village, beyond which a quarter of an hour's ride would convey them to Torriswood. This village consisted of one long street, if it might be called so, where the houses, though at a distance appearing almost in a line, on a nearer approach seemed to have been set down with no other intention than to mark out the irregularity of the ground on which they stood, one occupying an elevated site, with a declivity from its door to the road, while its next neighbour, with its front perhaps turned another way, stood snugly ensconced in a hollow. A few trees, and rocky ground partly covered with turf, were intermixed with the houses. At the further end of the village stood the church; an old edifice, originally built and ornamented by Roman Catholics, then, after being purified from images, pictures, and such like Babylonish abominations, had been occupied by the reformers, and their presbyterian successors, in whose possession it was when Colville left the country. The village now wore a gay appearance. Tents were pitched in the fields which surrounded it. These fields were at this period clothed in their brightest verdure. Flags of gay colours floated in the breeze near the tents, and groups of soldiers were seen sauntering in the street, or amusing themselves in different ways. On entering the village, however, Colville perceived that the doors of most of the houses were shut. On the green slopes near them, where he recollected to have seen the gay sports of the village children, all was now silence. A few lads were seen who seemed irresistibly attracted by the mirth and martial prowess of the soldiers to gaze at, and watch their active sports. As our travellers approached the alehouse of the village, however, they observed a great many of the people who

had gathered round its door, and from the mixed voices, and mingled laughter, and angry tones, there seemed to be quarrelling amongst some of the parties, which excited mirth in the bystanders. The soldiers had narrowly eyed Colville as he passed along the village street, and the mixed group to which he now approached, instantly on perceiving him ceased their clamour, and remained regarding him almost in silence till he rode past. One voice then said,

"He's one of them, I'll swear."

"Never a bit of him," said another.

Colville rode on. On approaching the church, more soldiers were seen near its walls, and some stretched on the flat grave-stones in the church-yard, weary apparently of the duty on which they were, for those around the church had their arms.

Colville looked about for some villager to whom he might apply for an explanation of the military aspect assumed in this retired spot, but observing no one excepting idle looking lads, he stopped his horse near a group of soldiers, and put the question to one of them.

"Because, your honour," replied the soldier in an English voice, "there's a new parson to be got into that there church to-morrow."

"And does it require force to get him into it?" asked Colville.

"Ye maun be a stranger, sir, in this part, if ye dinna ken that," said a village lad.

"I am a stranger," replied Colville.

"Oh then, sir," resumed the English soldier, "you must know that last Sunday, when the new parson was about to go up into the pulpit, the door of it was found to be nailed up so fast, though it had been seen open by the sexton at ten o'clock the night before, that the

parson had to be hoisted over it, and out again when he was done, by the soldiers; and being as how he is not so spare a man as the rebel preachers are, he wishes for no such jumbling of his stomach before he preaches to-morrow."

"Is it regard for their former minister that makes the people so averse to this one?" asked Colville.

"Yes, sir, and to their own way," replied the soldier.

"What was the name of the last minister?"

"Mr Andrew Wellwood, sir," answered the village lad.

Colville recollected him well. "And where is Mr Wellwood now?" asked he.

"You would make a man of him you could tell that to!" exclaimed a handsome, but insolent looking young soldier, who had hastened from the group at the alehouse door to join that where Colville stopped. "Five hundred merks, and the rank of a sergeant! There's never a hill, or glen, or wood within fifty miles round we have not scoured over and over again in search of him, and yet there may perhaps be a congregation of hundreds listening to him at this minute not a mile off." The young soldier continued with oaths to execrate the wandering fugitive. Colville turned away, and in saddened mood proceeded through the village.

"Did not I say he was one of them, Tim?" called out the soldier loud enough to be heard by Adam Yule, who again rode after his master. "Covenanters have all one look when they hear an oath; and here comes his serving man—a death's head and bones! Holloa, thou old scare-crow, is not your master a ——"

"Hold your bletherin tongue!" exclaimed a soldier, giving his insolent comrade a push.

Adam Yule looked fixedly at the young man who had addressed him, and stopped his horse.

"Let me die if it is not old Adam Yule!" said the young soldier, the expression of insolence on his countenance giving place to one of something like compunction.

"And wha are ye?" asked Adam, looking inquisitively at him.

"Allan Broome!"

"And are ye come to this sae sune? Ye hae been an apt scholar in Satan's schule! Is thy poor father living?"

"No," replied the soldier gravely, "he died two years ago."

Adam groaned. "Ay, ay, his grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave by ——" he stopped. "And now, Allan, your trade is to hunt out like a blood-hound the persecuted servants of your father's God."

"Rebels to the king, you old chip of sedition," called out the English soldier, seizing the bridle of Adam's horse.

"Let him alone, Tim," said Allan, extricating Adam's horse from his comrade, and leading him forward. "You may say what you will to me, Adam," said he, "but take care who you speak before—and now I must go no farther with you, but remember times are worse with your people than ever." He then turned back to his companions, and Adam hastened after his master, who by this time had passed through the village.

Colville quickened his horse's pace when the well-known scenery of Torriswood came in sight. The verdure in its beautifully diversified grounds was now in the most vivid freshness. The woods were partly in leaf, and partly still only beginning to wear the appearance of spring. On a nearer approach, Colville observed that many of the finest trees had lately been cut down, and lay with their fresh young foliage on the ground.

On coming to the gate at which he meant to enter, he found it open, and hanging off its hinges. The road, which led through a wood skirting the park, instead of being, as in former days, smoothly gravelled, was full of deep ruts, apparently made recently, and rough with the trampling of horses. Numbers of fine trees lay newly cut in the wood on each side of the road. Two men approached with horses, dragging the trunk of a large tree.

"Do you know why Mr Osborne has been cutting down so much wood?" asked Colville.

"For a mulct, sir," answered one of the men. Colville knew that the fines levied at this time were enormous, yet Torriswood must have indeed suffered severely if his fortune could no longer meet them.

After passing through this wood, a long straight avenue led to the house. In this avenue were the finest trees in the domain, and Colville was pleased to see that they were still untouched. The gravelled road, however, which led in a straight line through the middle of the avenue, direct to the principal door of the mansion, was roughened by recent marks of the trampling of horses, and the smooth turf on either side trodden down and disfigured.

On advancing nearer to the house, Colville observed a female figure walking in front of it, and occasionally stooping down over the flowers which he remembered grew there. He alighted from his horse, and, leaving it with Adam, approached towards the figure. Two daughters of his guardian had been the sweet playmates of his earlier youth. He had left them little more than children; but now he knew he would find them grown to womanhood. This female might be the lady of Torriswood, and if so, he should rejoice to see her; but more probably it was one of the daughters, and he felt

rather a different emotion in the expectation of meeting one of them. Florence, the eldest, had been his favourite when they parted, but Olive promised, every one but he had thought, to be the most lovely, and had also been a most engaging young thing.

Colville now perceived that it was not the lady of Torriswood. The figure was young and light. She wore a large silk scarf, put over her head, and fastened under the chin. When she walked, she folded it around her, but in stooping over the flowers, one arm and shoulder were uncovered.

Colville approached unperceived till within a short distance of the lady. He stopped for an instant. She again stooped to raise from the ground some white lilies which seemed to have been trodden down, as Colville now perceived all the ground near the house had recently been, by horses. Colville advanced another step or two; the young female started up, and looking round, seemed at first to think of flight, but recollecting herself, waited his approach, with an air of grace and dignity. Colville advanced respectfully, but one look was sufficient.

"Olive! dear Olive! Do you not know me?" Olive had scarcely ventured to look at the young stranger, but now, on hearing a voice she felt as if she knew, address her so warmly, she fixed her eyes earnestly on him.

"Philip Colville!" exclaimed she, welcoming his warm salute with the affection of a sister, "How changed you are! I declare I did not at first know you."

"And you, Olive, surely you are more changed, and yet I knew you instantly."

Olive turned blushing away from Colville's evidently admiring looks of recognition.

Who is at home? and where is this, and where is

that member of the family? were eagerly asked by Colville, and answered by Olive, that Torriswood himself was at home—Florence would not leave her father, and Olive never separated from Florence. Eric was the only brother at home. Mrs Osborne had been persuaded by her husband to retire for a time to a distant part of England with her two eldest and two youngest children: "For perhaps you do not know," continued Olive, "that matters are becoming every day worse with our cause."

"I do know it, dear Olive, and I am come to share in what is suffered for it."

"Our sufferings, compared to those of some others, have not as yet been great," said Olive; "yet terror to us females is real suffering. My father saw that my mother's health was quite undermined by the constant state of apprehension in which she lived, and prevailed on her to leave us, provided my two elder brothers would accompany her. She was in constant dread that their rashness would lead them into some fatal mark of rebellion to the ruling party. Nothing, however, but my father's positive command would induce them to leave their country. Since they went, indeed within the last week, the house has been searched twice, while a troop of soldiers surrounded it that no one might get out; and you see what they have done," continued Olive, casting a mournful look on the wrecks of her shrubs and flowers.

"A few months will restore these to beauty, Olive," said Colville, gently, "and in such a cause the sacrifice of a few flowers ought not to be regarded by us, who ought to make our thoughts familiar even with the idea of martyrdom."

"Oh, you talk like Florence!" replied Olive, "but

she, too, looks mournful enough when she sees the fine old trees marked out to be laid low."

"Where is your father and Florence now?"

"Walked out to the Holm-wood to direct the forester in marking more trees for the axe. Florence forces herself to do so, because she says, while her heart would withhold one, it is not truly devoted to her Master's cause. Besides, she never leaves my father when she can be with him."

"Shall we go in search of them?"

Olive consented, and they proceeded round the house to the path which led to the Holm-wood.

"Why was the house searched?" asked Colville, as he observed the marks of horses' feet all around it.

"It was thought Mr Wellwood was concealed by us."

"And do you know any thing of him?"

Olive smiled, and looking up in Colville's face, and putting hers close to his ear, said in a whisper, "He was in the house both times it was searched." She then looked round as if afraid she had been heard.

On passing the court behind the house, the attention of Colville and his companion was attracted by a group of domestics and others, in the midst of whom stood Adam Yule. A lad to whom he had given the horses, had led them away a step or two, but now stood looking back, apparently arrested by Adam's eloquence.

Adam was addressing an old man so exactly the counterpart of himself, that the one might have been taken for the ghost of the other, at least Adam might have been taken for the ghost of his friend; for the other old man's complexion was still fresh and ruddy, while Adam's was so pale as to justify the soldier's appellation of "death's head." His friend was, however,

equally tall and spare, and similar thin curls of grey hair; separated by his hat behind, fell on the tight neck of his coat on either side.

When Colville came in sight, exclamations of joy and welcome proceeded from the group, and several of the elder domestics respectfully advanced on seeing Colville stop to answer their welcome.

"How goes it with you, Gilbert Scougal?" asked Colville, cordially shaking hands with Adam's old counterpart.

"Wearin' on, sir, to my lang hame."

"Indeed, Gilbert, I see little change on you since we parted."

The old man smiled; "I canna say that o' you, sir. It's wonderful what travelling does to gie a noble presence. I wadna hae thought it easy, Mr Philip, to mak your's mair sae than it was."

Colville reddened, and Olive laughed.

"Where shall we find your master, Gilbert?" asked Colville.

"In the Holm-wood, sir," replied the old man, an expression of melancholy taking immediate possession of his countenance.

"You and I must have some conversation soon, Gilbert," said Colville, kindly. He then noticed some of the other people, while Olive, with equal kindness, recognised Adam Yule, who had stolen near to reconnoitre whether this fine young lady could be one of the pretty children he had left six years before. Colville and she then proceeded to the wood.

As they passed along, they observed several beautiful trees, in the barks of which the forester had made small marks with his hatchet.

"You have not yet told me why this fine is to be

levied, dear Olive," said Colville; "did they discover Mr Wellwood?"

"Oh no, but my father went to hear him preach in the fields. One large fine is in consequence of that. There are other fines for absence from the parish church, into which my father has never entered since Mr Wellwood was turned out of it."

"How long ago is that?"

"More than six months. You know Mr Wellwood is a mild character, and his love of peace long preserved him from that persecution to which many others were exposed; and then his anxiety to remain among his people induced him to accept permission to do so on those conditions which were called indulgences. My father never approved of his doing so, because it appeared to him in some degree abandoning the principles of the covenant. Still, however, my father continued to attend at his church, because he thought his motives Christian; but it was remarked that poor Mr Wellwood never preached so powerfully after so far yielding. He seemed languid and depressed. At last what my father had foreseen took place. New tests and new acts were proposed, with which it was impossible for Mr Wellwood to comply, and the indulgences were proved to be mere pretexts to get rid, more plausibly, of the Presbyterian clergy. At last Mr Wellwood refused to go any farther, and was displaced, and commanded not to preach. Another indulged minister occupied his pulpit for a few Sundays, but he had yielded so far that my father could feel no respect for him, and never went to church. The people, however, at least some of them, did; and from this it was supposed that they were sufficiently prepared to receive a curate, and conform; but last Sunday proved the contrary. The curate is an

ignorant pedantic Englishman, who has hitherto lived almost in idleness, as chaplain to an old English nobleman, who died lately. Since Mr Wellwood has boldly returned to his first principles, all his warmth and energy in preaching have returned also, and the people flock to hear him at all risks. And surely," added Olive, "there is something peculiarly affecting and striking in what is said by a person in his circumstances. Perhaps, too, the surrounding scenery, the anxiety and alarm, and other causes, add to its force."

"You, then, Olive, have ventured to those proscribed meetings?"

"I have two or three times; but am such a coward that my father rather discourages my going. Florence never misses one that is within her reach."

On turning into another path, guided by Olive, Colville perceived Torriswood and Florence approaching, and at no great distance. Florence seemed first to observe him, then her father.

"Neither my father nor Florence know you, I perceive," said Olive, laughing.

Torriswood approached with that firm step, and mild but dignified air, which Colville well remembered. Time had made little change, and all Colville's early impressions reviving with over-powering warmth, he would have hastened on to meet his guardian, had not Olive, who leant on his arm, checked him.

"Do let us see whether Florence knows you. After all she has said about it, I am almost sure she does not."

"What has Florence said?"

"Oh never mind."

Olive was, however, mistaken. Florence, after advancing a few steps, seemed to recognise her old play-

fellow, and exclaiming, "It is Colville!" hastened forward a few steps, then checking herself, turned back, and again leant on her father's arm.

Colville would no longer be detained, but rushed forward, and was received in the most cordially affectionate manner by Torriswood. Florence he approached with greater uncertainty, and she received him with more reserve than Olive had done. Her deeply blushing countenance, however, betrayed more emotion; and after exchanging a few looks and words of recognition, Colville found all his former regard returning for his once playful, sweet, confiding playmate—now a feminine likeness of her father—more womanly in appearance than Olive, and with more character in her countenance and manner.

Torriswood himself seemed little more than fifty. His person tall, majestic, and commanding. His countenance of that cast which at first sight denotes superiority of character; the expression elevated, grave, and thoughtful, but feeling. On first meeting Colville, an expression of the kindest feeling predominated; but after the first moments of affectionate recognition were over, and some reference was made to the state of Scotland, it gave place to an expression almost stern.

"The struggle, I hope, is near a close," said Colville. "England is now fully awake. The last returns to Parliament prove that arbitrary power will no longer be endured in that country."

"It is making itself a retreat to fly to, then, in this," replied Torriswood. "We have been harassed to stupefaction, and new divisions among ourselves paralyse our every effort. The people have been so misled by those divisions, they now scarcely know right from wrong. Their hearts cling to liberty of conscience, but they

have been so bewildered by our different factions that they lose sight of the only principle for which we at first contended "

"It is for that reason, sir," said Colville, "that I have been entrusted with instructions from several patriotic men in London, to attempt to induce one of my own countrymen, thoroughly acquainted with the present state of parties, immediately to join them in London. They wish for true information on the subject—for facts on which to ground their appeals in our behalf. You, sir, were one of those gentlemen they named—one of the Fife Balfours—Lord Cardross —Inchcarran, or any gentleman deputed by you and them."

Torriswood's countenance brightened, "God be thanked!" exclaimed he, "I am ready to go to-morrow, though on my return I should suffer martyrdom."

Florence clung to her father, and became as pale as death.

"Inchcarran has no children, Colville," said she reproachfully, "why did you not first tell him this message?"

Colville was shocked, "I do not anticipate such a conclusion to this mission, Florence," said he. "The patriotic men whom I mentioned to you, my dear sir, are not regarded with suspicion by the government. Communication with them could not excite alarm in the present rulers in Scotland."

"Ah, you do not know them!" said Florence emphatically.

Torriswood smiled, "I fear he does not; but, Florence, we may think too hardly of them. At any rate, my child, when duty is plain we must leave the event with God."

Florence became perfectly composed, but continued very pale.

"Why return to Scotland at all, sir?" said Olive, "we could all join you in some place of safety."

"Poor Olive!" said her father, looking compassionately at her, "I indeed wish thou wert in some safe place."

"But unless we were all safe I should only be the more miserable," replied Olive.

"I know it, my poor child—but, Olive, there are duties superior even to regard for the safety of those we most love."

Olive blushed even to tears. "I ought not to require being reminded of this," said she.

Colville walked on in thoughtful silence.

"How long can you remain with us, Colville?" asked Torriswood.

"I must see Inchcarran, the Balfours, and some others, to whom I have instructions, as soon as I can find out where they are. After I have seen them, I go immediately to Arrondale, where I hope to find my mother and brother."

"The Balfours are in Fife," replied Torriswood; "Inchcarran is, I imagine, now in Edinburgh. The Balfours are favouring too violent counsels. They and a few others are, I fear, on the eve of some rash attempt, which will only injure or ruin the cause. Their patience is utterly worn out, or I should rather say, their faith. I shall follow you to Edinburgh, Colville, and we may there arrange our future plans."

"You will not leave us here, I hope, sir," said Olive, anxiously, then recollecting herself, "but if it is best ——"

"No, no, my dear father!" exclaimed Florence, "let

us accompany you wherever you go. You cannot be suspected of any thing while you trouble yourself with the charge of two girls."

"I shall at least take you to Edinburgh," replied their father.

"Then we may all go together," said Colville; "I can, if necessary, wait a day or two for you."

"No, Colville, you had better not stay to travel with us," said Torriswood, "that would instantly mark you out for suspicion."

"I care not," replied Colville, "I desire to be considered one of you. I am ready to live or die in defence of liberty of conscience for myself, and for my country. If our friends have determined to attempt mingling the attainment of other rights with their struggle for this, I must examine their principles before I join in their plans; but on this one point I am, I hope, unalterably decided."

"And for that one point alone, have I as yet contended," replied Torriswood, "and on this point the struggle has hitherto turned. If our friends leave this ground, I must leave them."

"Then, sir, you and I are of one soul," said Colville, "and I shall glory in having my principles made plain to every one by an evidence so honourable as that of your friendship."

Torriswood shook hands warmly with Colville, but said, "We shall settle this afterwards. I expect two friends from Edinburgh to-day, lawyers who have been independent enough to undertake the causes of several oppressed Covenanters, and to plead them with sincerity and force. They have been employed by me, to attempt obtaining some mitigation of the ruinous fines lately imposed on me, and to-day promised to be with us."

On reaching the house, the party found that the two lawyers had just arrived.

The day was now nearly closed in, and the blazing fire, in the ample old fire-place of the large apartment in which the party now assembled, seemed agreeable to every one. It was near the supper hour of those times, and the party were soon collected round the then hospitably loaded table. After some time devoted in doing honour to its various eatables, Colville and the two lawyers seemed equally occupied, while apparently engaged in conversing on indifferent subjects, in examining each other. The elder of the two lawyers seemed about thirty—his countenance acute, intelligent, and penetrating. He spoke much and volubly, yet his thoughts and words did not altogether appear in unison; for if a pause occurred in the part he took in the conversation, the grave and absent expression of his countenance bespoke a different vein of thought from the light and gay subjects on which he conversed. He listened, however, with marked attention when Colville spoke, and his polite and respectful civility gradually gave place to a manner more marked by kindness, confidence, and interest. The other lawyer was younger than his companion, and Colville soon recognised in him the son of a neighbour of Torriswood's, whom he had met before, but not frequently, as he had happened to be at college the greatest part of those years during which Colville had been most at Torriswood. Young Ormistoun did not seem very anxious to renew the acquaintance, and half an hour's observation to one much less quick-sighted than Colville, would have been sufficient to prove, that however deep his interest might be in the father, the daughter excited far different feelings in the affections of the young advocate. Colville had placed himself next

Florence, and had attempted to draw her into conversation, but in vain. The anxious and thoughtful expression her countenance had assumed, after hearing Colville's message from his English friends to her father, still continued. She replied to any thing he said to her, but immediately relapsed into apparently anxious thoughtfulness. Young Ormistoun was seated on her other side, and was evidently equally desirous to gain her attention, and with no better success, till at last, on hearing some words he had addressed to Olive, she turned hastily round, and joined with the most marked interest in the conversation. Ormistoun spoke in a low tone, and Colville heard not what he said, but he seemed now to have found means to attract her whole attention. She turned quite away from Colville, and seemed entirely to forget that he was present, while both she and Olive listened to Ormistoun with the most marked pleasure and interest. Colville felt hurt, and in his turn talked with Torriswood and Lindsay, the elder lawyer, on subjects at a distance from his thoughts, while they were occupied with the idea that this young lawyer, who had found it in his power to serve the father, had most probably also gained the affections of the daughter. "And why not," said he to himself—yet the thought was scarcely endurable; and while he was occasionally joining in the conversation now carried on with interest by Torriswood and Lindsay, he was at the same time attempting to reason himself out of the folly of feeling disappointment at what, had he been informed of it a week before, he would have considered a thing of course. After thus reasoning himself into wisdom, he looked once more towards Florence, and seeing the expression of sadness almost entirely fled from her countenance, as she still listened to Ormistoun, he turned proudly

away, and drawing his chair closer to Lindsay and Torriswood, was soon engaged in conversation with them on subjects sufficiently interesting to make him almost forget the younger party, unless when reminded of their presence by occasional bursts of merriment, which proved to him the superior powers of the young lawyer in overcoming a lady's sadness. Colville, however, never looked round, and felt something like contempt for a change of feelings so sudden; and his whole attention was at last arrested by Lindsay, who entered into the most clear and dispassionate account of the then state of parties in Scotland. He also, at Torriswood's request, entered on the subject of his own affairs. He had not, he said, succeeded in obtaining a mitigation of the fines, but hoped still to get them levied with less rigour. He then mentioned a new act about to be put in force, deeply affecting the cause of the suffering party, and was distinctly stating the clauses of the act, when the exclamation—

"Where can Eric be so late?" uttered in a voice of alarm by Olive, arrested the attention of every one.

"Where *can* he be?" said Torriswood, rising, and anxiously looking at his watch. "I had forgot how late it was!"

"Olive, how can you alarm every one so?" exclaimed Florence. "My dear father, do not be anxious. Eric is quite safe. I know where he is. You will see him in time for family worship."

She had scarcely ceased speaking, when Eric, a fine handsome boy, entered the room, his complexion apparently heightened by violent exercise, and still breathing quick, while attempting to appear as if he had just come from the next room.

"Where have you been Eric?" demanded his father.

Eric looked embarrassed. "Florence knows, sir," replied he.

Torriswood smiled. "Very well; you can tell me afterwards."

Eric was kindly greeted by the two lawyers, which he as cordially returned. To Colville he demeaned himself as to a stranger, still, however, glancing towards him looks of anxious inquiry; then going to his father, he whispered something in his ear, and, on receiving an answer, stole behind Colville's chair, who had amused himself by watching the boy's looks. In an instant, Eric, from behind, clasped his arms round Colville's neck, with a force that threatened strangulation. "So you will not acknowledge your old friends, Mr Philip!" exclaimed the boy, pressing his cheek over Colville's shoulder to his, in the most affectionate manner.

Colville disengaged the boy's hands, and holding them in his, drew him in front of him. "How could I know the curly pated little pickle I left, grown to such a fine tall orderly gentleman?"

This question was answered by a slap on the face, and after some affectionate sparring, Eric, putting his arm within Colville's, whispered in his ear, "Come to the other end of the room, and I'll tell *you* where I have been."

Colville indulged the boy, and leaning closely to him, Eric whispered in his ear, "My foster-brother, Sandy Wilkie, and I, have been nailing up the pulpit door again."

"You, Eric!" exclaimed Colville.

"Hush. Don't speak so loud. I am not sure of that Ormistoun. He is too often at Meldrum."

"And what should prevent his being at Meldrum?"

"What? do you not know that the Mochrums of Meldrum are all Papists in heart, and spies all over the neighbourhood; and that old Meldrum is made Justice of Peace in reward for persecuting our cause? It was because Sandy Wilkie's uncle was employed in fitting up a grand new seat for the Mochrums, that we made out to get into the church."

"How could I know all that, Eric? But was it you and Sandy who nailed up the pulpit door last Sunday?"

"Oh no. Many of the country people came to do it last Sunday, as old Saunders Gibb knew well enough, though he could swear he saw it open at ten o'clock the night before; and so he did, for the people came at day dawn, and got in by a window, and nailed it up. But see how Florence is looking at us. She is curious to know what we have done. We must let her join us," added he, beckoning to her. Florence immediately rose to obey his summons. Ormistoun also rose.

"Not you," said Eric, "at least not yet," recollecting himself, and with a good deal of address giving a playful turn to his secrecy. "Your help may be required in the matter, Mr Lawyer, at a future period." Then putting his disengaged arm within Florence's, he drew her close to him and Colville, while he proceeded in a whisper to tell—that Sandy's uncle could not get Meldrum's pew finished till late; that Sandy had often gone with different articles to his uncle, and that the soldiers knew him, and suffered him to pass to and from the church; that this night Sandy had to carry to his uncle a large piece of wood, and having procured for Eric the dress of a carpenter's boy, he had passed unsuspected into the church, assisting Sandy to carry the wood; that Sandy had furnished him with screw-nails, and proper tools; and that while the lights belong-

ing to the workmen dimly illuminated the part of the church where they were, they served to throw, to them, the other parts of the church into a deeper shade; that while the noise of their hammers resounded through the old edifice, the noise of his footsteps as he proceeded to the pulpit, was quite unheard; that when there, he watched, and only used his tools during the loudest noise of hammers, and succeeded in fixing the nails according to the directions given by Sandy.

"And did you do it in the manner I advised?" asked Florence, who seemed as deeply interested as he was in Eric's recital.

"Yes, exactly," replied Eric. "I left a little bit of the door open; and there is no chance of Saunders Gibb troubling himself to mount the stairs when he sees that; and you know there is no Bible placed on the cushion before the curate goes up into the pulpit, as there used to be for our Mr Wellwood. Sandy watched all this, and told me how it was. The curate first comes in, he says, choked up in a white gown, which makes his face look still more purple. He then goes into the precentor's desk, and reads a great many things, sometimes kneeling for two minutes, and then standing for two minutes, and then pops down again, and up again, for a long time. He then comes out of the precentor's desk, and goes out with Saunders Gibb, who takes off his white gown and puts on him a black one. Then Saunders walks up the steps to open the pulpit door, and the curate follows, carrying a little book of his own writing to preach from instead of the Bible. You know how comfortably he got into the pulpit last Sunday," said Eric, laughing, "he will have the same to do to-morrow"

Colville looked at Florence, while she listened with

the utmost interest to Eric's story. When he had finished, she said emphatically, "Our dear Mr Wellwood will see that more than one effort shall be made to keep the hireling out of his pulpit!"

"It will never be open to a curate," said Eric, "as long as the people are of their present mind. O I wish I could only see the Mochrums to-morrow!"

"But had you been detected, Eric ——" said Colville.

"There was very little danger of that," observed Florence timidly, on seeing the cold expression of Colville's looks as they met hers. "It was not likely that the soldiers should suspect him in the dress he wore; and none of the people would betray him."

Colville listened to Florence with a distant and constrained expression of countenance, and made no reply, but turned again to Eric, who had still much to communicate. Florence became thoughtful for a few moments, then watching for a pause in Eric's ardent volubility,—

"Mr Colville," said she, "I have just received some information from Mr Ormistoun which has ——"

At this moment Gilbert Scougal, followed by another domestic, entered the apartment, and approached that end of it to which Eric had drawn Colville and his sister.

"Worship," said Eric. "We must leave this part of the room," added he, as Gilbert began to move forward a table on which lay a large Bible and several other books. Colville then gently withdrawing from the boy, rejoined Torriswood and Lindsay, who seemed in earnest conversation.

"Colville," said Torriswood, as he approached, "I have mentioned to Lindsay what you said to me respecting

the wishes of our English friends, and he has just informed me, that there has already been, as privately as it could be managed, a consultation on the same subject by those gentlemen, at present in Edinburgh, who are attached to the cause. They mean to consult Lindsay, step by step, as they proceed, and will do nothing that can be questioned, at least in justice. There is, therefore, little reason to dread the consequences from my going to London, which I thoughtlessly anticipated this morning."

"I must add," rejoined Lindsay, "that one cause of my being here to-day was to intreat Mr Osborne's presence in Edinburgh on Monday evening, when a few of the leading men of the party will meet at my house. May I hope that you, Mr Colville, will join us."

Colville immediately assented, and all further conversation was stopped by the entrance of Gilbert Scougal, followed by every domestic of the mansion, down to the lowest menial. These arranged themselves according to their different degrees of importance, at the lower end of the room, each furnished with a Bible and Psalm book. Chairs were placed for the family at the upper end of the apartment, and one for Torriswood near the table on which lay the large Bible, and other Bibles and Psalm books, one of which was lifted by each person before taking his or her place. Florence and Olive seated themselves on each side of their father, Eric drawing his chair as close as he could to Colville's. A short pause ensued, while Torriswood sought out a psalm.

There is perhaps no moment in the life of the father of a family, in which he is regarded with so many of those feelings, with which the Father of all has taught us to view the perfect exhibition of that character, than,

when surrounded by his family, he appears before them as their instructor in the way to heaven ; as an intercessor for them, and as an example of the peace and elevation of soul to be enjoyed in approaching that Being he would teach them to know and love. Any father, in such circumstances, is regarded with love and reverence, even by the least religious. Torriswood seemed to excite the highest degree of those feelings. Every eye was fixed on him with love and veneration, while his countenance, peculiarly fitted to express all elevated feelings, now indicated, that while he was searching for suitable words in which to convey his thoughts, he himself sought communion with that Being, who to him was present everywhere.

"God is our refuge and our strength,"

began the psalm he had fixed upon, and its elevated strain of trust in the Almighty Ruler of the universe, seemed to be felt by all as they sung. Even the lawyers joined in this service; Lindsay with apparent feeling, while Ormistoun seemed less at home. When the psalm was finished, Torriswood read a portion of Scripture to the same elevating and encouraging effect ; then all kneeling down, he offered up prayers, chiefly for spiritual blessing for all, and for his absent ones, for his friends, and last and most earnestly, for Scotland, his country! While in the midst of this prayer, a trampling of horses was heard under the windows. No one stirred, and Torriswood proceeded with greater earnestness. A loud knocking at the door succeeded. Torriswood did not yet rise from his knees. Still he implored mercy on Scotland, distressed, persecuted, in danger of being given up to ignorance and darkness, under the domination of a cumbrous and worldly hierarchy. He

prayed that strength might be imparted, according to their day of trial, to the young and the weak in faith. He then rose from his knees, and then the others did so also.

The knocking was now louder, and was accompanied by angry vociferations from the party without. The girls clung to their father; the female servants shrank nearer him also; and the men seemed to wait his orders.

"I shall demand from the window what they want," said Colville, throwing open a window.

"No, Colville," said Torriswood, disengaging himself from his daughters. "I must speak to them myself. Take care of the girls."

Torriswood then went to the window. The moon shone clearly, and a troop of horsemen, with their swords drawn, and glancing in its beams, were drawn up in front of the house. Others were riding around it, while some had alighted, and were thundering at the door. Torriswood addressed one in advance, who seemed to be an officer, and asked in a calm tone of voice for what cause his family were thus rudely disturbed.

"Because," replied the officer civilly, "it is believed that some suspicious persons are concealed here; and, as I have an order from my commanding officer to that effect, I shall be compelled, sir, to search your house."

"Open the door, Gilbert," said Torriswood, "and do you, Tom and Davy, accompany Gilbert. and do not one of you say an uncivil word to the soldiers. The other men may go to the hall; the women had better remain here."

"Stay," exclaimed Florence, who seemed to have recovered from her alarm, "If any of you have intercommuned friends concealed here, remember they will be quite safe in the place where Mr Wellwood was."

The servants declared they had no friends in the house, and Gilbert proceeded to open the hall door.

Poor Olive, on being left by her father, unconscious of what she did, had sprung for protection to Mr Lind say, who was near, and now clung trembling, and almost fainting, to his arm, and shrinking farther and farther into the room, as she heard the heavy tread of the soldiers enter the hall. Ormistoun had gone near Florence, as if to protect her, but she had recovered herself, and required it not, and now stood by her father.

"This is intolerable!" exclaimed Colville. "Who is this commanding officer? Is not the word of a gentleman sufficient on such occasions?"

Torriswood whispered to Florence, "Colville will do something rash. This must be prevented. Do you, Florence, try to occupy him. Lindsay, I see, is fully engaged with poor Olive. There is no fear of Ormistoun. But where is Eric?" looking anxiously around.

"I shall find him," said Colville.

"No, no," exclaimed Florence, darting after him. Colville, however, impatient at standing an idle witness to such a scene, would have been beyond her reach, had he not been stopped at the door of the apartment, by a soldier who guarded it, and objected to his passing, saying that no one must leave the room till his officer had visited it.

"I am going to your officer," said Colville.

"You must not pass, sir," said the soldier.

"Must not!" repeated Colville. "Take care, fellow, your orders!"

"Colville! what madness!" exclaimed Florence, rushing between him and the soldier, "you will make matters a thousand times worse by this rashness."

"I am going in search of your brother, Florence,"

said Colville mildly, "I shall first go to this same house-searcher, and show that I am not the person he is in quest of. But Florence, I entreat you, return to your father," added he earnestly, and standing as if to screen her from the very looks of the soldier.

"Not one step without you, Colville," replied Florence firmly.

"Take care of Florence till I return, Colville," said Torriswood; then addressing the soldier, "You know me, friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall return in five minutes." The soldier immediately allowed him to pass.

Florence continued to lean on Colville's arm, and to listen anxiously to the steps of the soldiers who were now in the upper part of the house, and trode heavily over their heads. Olive had been, in some degree, restored to composure by Mr Lindsay's assurances, that it was impossible any unpleasant consequences could follow the search of the soldiers, when there was no one concealed. She still, however, clung timidly to his arm. Ormistoun stood in apparently gloomy silence, his back to the fire, and his arms crossed on his breast. His eyes followed Florence wherever she moved; but Florence seemed to have but one thought, and that was, the safety of Colville; while Colville, on his part, now seemed to have but one wish, and that was, to escape from Florence. While she continued assuring him that there was no cause for alarm, and that, even when there was every reason to believe that Mr Wellwood was in the house during former searches, the soldiers had not behaved ill. In the midst of these assurances, her own countenance betrayed the utmost anxiety, and she listened with breathless attention to

the motions of the soldiers. At last they were heard descending the stairs, and approaching towards the apartment in which they were. Torriswood at the same time returned.

"I can find Eric no where," said he, anxiously; "but he is not with the soldiers, as I dreaded."

At this moment, the voice of the officer who commanded the party was heard addressing Gilbert. "Stop, stop, if you please, old Mr Torchbearer, we shall pass no doors with your leave; here, open this one so conveniently concealed under the stairs."

"Hoot, that's whar the lasses keep their besoms and camstane," answered Gilbert, weary apparently of his occupation.

"Well, well, let us see the besoms and camstane," said the young officer, insolently.

The door was opened, and nothing to be sure was there to be seen but besoms and camstane.

A laugh of a singular and wild sound followed this discovery.

"Again that laugh!" exclaimed the officer, "who is it, old man? I have told you that I would not bear it."

"And I hae telt you, sir, that I kenna wha it is."

"Have you told me truth?"

"It's no our folk that tells untruths, as they ken to their cost," replied Gilbert, drily.

"But did you never hear that laugh till to-night?"

"I have heard something like it afore, but no just that."

"And who was it that laughed like that?"

"He's dead," replied Gilbert, shortly; then adding, "d'ye want to glour at the camstane ony longer?"

"I have now seen every place, I think, but the apartment in which your master is," said the young officer.

"Dawson," calling to the young soldier who guarded the room-door, "you may search that apartment."

"I do not know the person we are in search of by sight, sir," replied the man.

"Ye needna scruple about gangin' in, sir," said Gilbert. "It would be thought just as civil in you to do it yoursel as to send ony ither."

The officer hesitated, and seemed very reluctant to enter. At last, drawing his military cap still farther over his face, he entered awkwardly a few steps, and glancing round the room, but without looking any of the gentlemen in the face, he turned hastily round, and muttering something which no one heard, hurried out again.

"I think ye canna be muckle the wiser o' that survey," said Gilbert, on his returning to the hall; "but indeed it's no pleasant to come as a spy to a house where ye hae sae often been welcomed as a companion by the young gentlemen."

"What! do ye know me?"

"O ay, Mr Willy Mochrum, I sune kent ye. Ye're grown taller, and that dress makes an odds, but the Mochrums have a' one tongue, and I sune kent it."

The same wild laugh, but louder and nearer, followed this recognition. The officer turned round.

"Have you forgot where you last heard that laugh, Mr William Mochrum? Have you forgot Roger Broome?" exclaimed Eric, coming in front of the young officer.

"What! Eric! Is it you? O I recollect. How are you, Eric?" added he in the greatest confusion, for Torriswood and Colville had now come into the hall, and in his embarrassment, holding out his hand to Eric Eric dashed it away with the utmost scorn.

"No, no," exclaimed he. "Osbornes and Mochrums shall never shake hands again, till the Mochrums have purified theirs from bribes and blood."

The young officer's eyes flashed fire, and he advanced a step towards Eric. Colville rushed between them, and the officer stopped short, and fiercely eyed him. Torriswood approached, and putting his hand on the young man's shoulder, "You had better draw off your men, Mochrum. It is late. You are a young officer, and must learn to keep your temper. In such duties as you are called to at present, you must not regard what is said by servants and children. Good night," added he courteously; then putting one arm within Colville's, and the other round Eric's shoulders, he drew both away, and returning to the apartment where the others still were, closed the door.

"Are they gone?" asked Florence.

"They soon will," replied Colville, and his words seemed to be immediately verified, as horses were heard setting off at full gallop from under the windows.

Still, however, there was noise in the hall, and Torriswood, on going to a window, observed that several soldiers still continued near the house, each attending to several horses whose riders were absent. Torriswood leant from the window, and beckoning to one of them to approach, "What detains you now?" asked he. "Is not your officer gone?"

"Yes, sir," replied the trooper; "but the night is cool, and my comrades are searching for something to warm their stomachs after watching here."

"But will it be safe for you if your officer returns to quarters without you?"

The man laughed. "Our officer will take care to say nothing about the matter. A fine search he has

made of it—never went to the under part of the house. We are remaining to do that part of the duty."

The noise had now changed from the hall to the lower part of the mansion, and became louder every moment.

"You see what a gentleman's house in Scotland now is," said Torriswood, "unless he is prepared to be dictated to even as to how he must address his God. The place, and language, and attitude must be chosen for him. Would our fathers own us, think you, were they to revisit us?"

"And how long are Scotchmen to submit to such disgraceful thraldom?" asked Colville, indignantly.

"The present state of things cannot last much longer," observed Lindsay, "but any attempt at violent measures by the suffering party would at present only accelerate the ruin, I shall not say of their cause, for the cause of liberty has never been abandoned in Scotland, but it would ruin the most distinguished of its partizans."

The noise below was increased to absolute uproar. Olive again clung trembling to Lindsay, who had continued his attentions to her with the kindest interest.

"I must find out what all this means," said Torriswood.

"And accompany you I will," said Colville.

"O no, dear sir," exclaimed Florence, clinging to her father; "you may trust Gilbert to manage the people below stairs. He can bear with the insolence of the soldiers. He knows how to get them away. Do not go."

"I shall merely ask the occasion of such noise," said Colville, darting out of the room, regardless of Torriswood's remonstrances, or Florence's entreaties, who

hastened after him, but in vain. He was out of sight before she got into the hall.

On reaching the old large servants' hall, from whence the noise proceeded, Colville found it almost filled with soldiers. As he entered one was vociferating—

"I tell you old fellow, we shall have some drink."

"And you shall pledge us," roared out another, "in drinking confusion to the Covenant."

"Down with your keys old boy," exclaimed a third, "or we shall soon make an end of your locks and doors, and yourself into the bargain."

Gilbert Scougal stood facing the soldiers, his countenance expressing the most determined resolution to resist their demands.

"I hae telt ye already that I am a servant o' my master's, as ye are o' the king, and your threatening will nae mair mak me forget my duty to him than feelings o' pity to your fellow-creatures mak you forget your duty to the king; so gin ye break locks as part o' that duty, I wish ye a' muckle gude o' your master."

"Do you say the king is a lock-breaker, you old covenanting rebel," called out a soldier, half laughing.

"It's no me that say'st," answered Gilbert, "but ye can hae nae business here but as his servants, so if ye break locks, ye maun either be doing sae in his service, or ye are something else, ye canna miss what."

Colville now civilly, but with dignity and authority, demanded the cause of such a number of soldiers having entered the house without their officer. All were silent, and the men, though apparently determined to maintain their post, seemed at a loss for an answer.

"Is there a serjeant, or any superior among you?" asked Colville.

"No, sir," answered some of the men.

"And who, or what authorizes you to remain in this house?" demanded Colville.

No one answered.

At this moment Torriswood and Lindsay entered the hall.

"Mr Lindsay," said Colville, "you are a lawyer, and can perhaps tell whether armed soldiers are authorized to enter gentlemen's houses without an officer, or orders of any kind, and to lay the defenceless servants under contribution."

"You belong to Major Oglethorpe's detachment, I perceive," said Lindsay, after regarding the men carefully for an instant. "My friends," turning to the servants who stood drawn up to support Gilbert, "I suppose you would know some of these men again?"

"O yes, sir."

"Take particular notice of them," continued Lindsay, "we cannot prevent such a force from doing their pleasure now, but still there is law in the country." The men nearest the door were now stealing away. Some others marched off with more noise and insolence, and, at last, Gilbert had the satisfaction of seeing the whole safely out of the house, after having been assured that they would soon pay him another visit, and make him repent that night's work.

Gilbert secured the doors, and returned with his countenance little moved. "Poor, ignorant, graceless creatures!" said he to himself.

During this scene, Adam Yule had been sitting unobserved in the recess of the large old chimney behind the fire. On hearing the doors closed, he came forward bearing Gilbert's keys, having received a hint from his old friend as he left the room to admit the soldiers, to see every place below stairs secured. Adam had most

faithfully performed his part, having left scarcely one door unlocked in which he found a key.

"We have got easily off," said Torriswood, on returning to the apartment where his family were. Had those soldiers, in the humour they now are, been sent to the house of a poorer and less known Covenanter, any thing, however bad, might have been the consequence."

"'Tis too true," replied Lindsay, "as of late we have had ample proof. I have heard of recent instances of cruelty and oppression, particularly in Fife, which call to heaven for vengeance. The people in vain seek redress. The soldiers are protected, and, indeed, instigated to what they do, by that wretch Carmichael. Carmichael is only the tool of Sharpe, and Sharpe has the council at his nod."

Torriswood was silent. Lindsay had touched on a theme which instantly banished from his countenance that expression of calmness and self-command, with which he had met the intrusion and insolence of the soldiers, and recalled that look of sternness, which marked the struggle within, when, under the influence of religion, he sought to repress those feelings of abhorrence and indignation, which were excited by the success and triumph of that faction, whom he considered as the rapacious destroyers of the liberties, and betrayers of the religion of his country.

It was now what in a Covenanter's family was considered late, and the party soon separated, all excepting Torriswood and Colville. They continued in deep and earnest conversation till that hour, which was regarded by them as the first of the Sabbath. They then parted, Colville more deeply aware than he had hitherto been, of the necessity of using caution in steering his course through the times in which he was called to act, and

Torriswood fully convinced that his high expectations from the character of his young ward, would not be disappointed.

CHAPTER II.

The Sabbath morning rose calm and beautiful. It was one of the loveliest of lovely spring days. Colville had early placed himself at a window, with a Bible before him, to spend the first moments of the morning as those of his principles always do; but the extreme beauty of the rising day, the freshness of nature bursting into life, were irresistible, and putting a small Bible into his pocket, he left the house, to worship under the glorious expanse of heaven, and amidst the surrounding magnificence of nature. Every path, and every hill or glen in the neighbourhood, were familiar to him. He now bent his steps to a wooded hill which rose behind the house, and on his way he observed more cause of grief for poor Olive. Very few of her flowers had escaped from the last visit of the soldiers. They now lay broken and destroyed, or were crushed into the ground, and all around the house was trampled down, and disfigured. A feeling of indignation mingled with the happier and holier emotions which had filled Colville's breast, and, as he walked on, he thought deeply, and with the most earnest desire to see plainly, what was right and duty in a crisis where he felt all were compelled to act. He had often considered the subject before, but now he must decide, and that decision would probably mark out his future destiny. Colville's aim was single. It was simply to obey God. Could he do so, and at the same time

subject himself to a human lawgiver in matters of religion? Impossible. Could he, with the Bible in his hand, obey God by closing it, and by receiving from an earthly ruler his notions of what was the best mode of worship,—and that ruler profligate and irreligious? Absurd! Was he to give up his right of private judgment in this matter—and to whom? Certainly not to earthly rulers. Was it, then, to those who considered themselves the ministers of religion, but who, in the face of day, were the most worldly of men? Was not this the worst feature of Popery, the very source from whence its every iniquity flowed? The result of Colville's reasoning was this, that in civil matters, as far as he could, in the existing state of affairs, distinguish them from religious, he would attempt to obey his rulers—at least till he had further considered the subject. In religious matters his only guide should be the Bible, as he himself understood it; and having decided this to be the plain path of duty from his knowledge of the Scriptures, he determined, with God's help, to follow it, whatever might be the consequences. After having come to this decision, he felt the most perfect calm of soul, resigning his future lot, were it persecution, or imprisonment, or penury, or scorn, or death itself, with heartfelt confidence to the disposal of God, imploring strength and integrity of soul to abide by what he considered truth and right.

In this calm and elevated state of feeling, Colville reached the spot from which he wished once more to view those scenes which his memory had often recalled when far distant from them. The hill he now ascended was wooded nearly to the top. The summit, however, was craggy and broken, and only partially clothed with such trees as could grow in the scanty soil they found

amongst the rocks. Colville chose to attain the highest part of this favourite hill in the same manner he used to reach it in his boyish days; and, catching by the branches of the trees and bushes, he sprang from one point of rock to another, as light of foot, and almost as light of heart, as ever; and then, on reaching the summit, there was the long draught of pure mountain air, and the first burst of the magnificent landscape spread before him.

Colville threw himself on the turf that covered the top of the rocky height, and, for a time, drank in with rapture the extended loveliness of the view. He then looked for those points to which his boyish taste and memory had clung with peculiar attachment, and still they seemed to him worthy of the preference. In one direction the wooded hill, which he had just ascended, lay under his eye; the trees, in some places, still in their grey garb of winter, discovering through their leafless branches its rocky surface partially covered with ivy and tufts of wild flowers. The earlier trees, in their fresh young foliage, mingled with those leafless trees, in beautiful variety, all over the sweep of the hill. At its base stood the old mansion, large and irregular, and grey with years, almost embosomed in the woods which surrounded it, and which extended far on every side. The majestic Tweed rolled part of its course, over its shelving or pebbly bed, amidst these woods, sometimes sweeping away the trees on its banks, when it came down in its winter floods. Now it seemed to glide gently along, though the noise of its waters reached the height from whence Colville once more joyfully viewed its winding course. Beyond was the village. Its old church occupied that part nearest Torriswood, and Colville perceived that it was then surrounded by soldiers. He

turned from the sight with feelings of indignation, and sought for objects dear to his memory in another direction, that his happier emotions might not be overcome by viewing those instruments of oppression. Beyond the hill on which he reclined, rose other hills similar in character, but only partially wooded; in other parts furze mingled with pieces of grey rock was interspersed with spaces of soft green pasture, over thin slopes, on which were some scattered sheep, and their white young lambs. Other hilly ground covered with pasture formed the landscape as far as the eye could reach in the direction in which Colville now looked; and a mazy little stream wound through the many turnings of the valley at the bottom of the hills. On the banks of this "water," as it was called, scattered groups of the alder, the birch, and the willow, were coming into leaf. Colville's attention was however soon attracted from the peaceful beauty of this scene, by observing that people were coming from every direction across the hills, and all bending their way to one point in the valley. An intervening hill concealed the spot from him; but he well remembered its romantic loneliness; and as the people continued to wind round the foot of the hill which led to it, the glen and all its scenery rose before him. Men with their plaids thrown over one shoulder, and fastened under the opposite arm, and with their broad blue bonnets, and women with their many-coloured plaids, or scarfs, put over their heads and fastened under the chin, were coming in parties across the hills. Some, both men and women, on horseback, came by more circuitous paths through the glen, or on the lower ground between the hills, but all directing their way to the same spot. While Colville was wondering what all this might mean, so early in the day, and on the Sabbath, he saw issue

from the wood which skirted the foot of the hill on that side from which he now looked, Adam Yule, mounted on a strong horse, and, seated on a pillion behind him, the portly house-keeper of Torriswood. His friend Andrew Scougal, mounted in a similar manner, and also accompanied by a female, and several other couples followed. Colville from the first had suspected that some proscribed preacher was the attraction by which all were drawn; and he now felt certain of this; for Adam Yule would not on any other errand have been riding so accompanied on the Sabbath. Colville was deeply moved as he now viewed the poor people winding cautiously down the hills, or along the valley.

"And how ought I to spend my Sabbath?" thought he. "Shall I disobey that plain command, 'Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together;' or disregard that promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them to bless them and to do them good?' And which assembly most evidently bears the character of those met together in the name of Christ—that which meets to obey his command, and seek his promised blessing at the risk of the loss of all things, or that which meets at the command of their earthly prince, to bend their bodies, and utter prayers, and listen to instructions, all according to the model he prescribes, and is determined to prescribe at the point of the bayonet?" It was not difficult to come to a decision; and, looking for an instant with feelings of warm affection towards the people, who, in picturesque groups continued to appear on the hills, and wind down into the glen, and then casting a look towards the church surrounded by soldiers, to which no worshipper seemed to be approaching, he turned indignantly away, and after lightly

descending the precipitous crags which overhung the path, rapidly retraced his steps down the hill.

On the path that crossed the bottom of the hill, a few people were passing along, who seemed rather startled on seeing Colville, and just on his reaching it, an elderly woman, and a young girl approached. The girl seemed alarmed, and to hesitate whether to advance or return. The elder woman put her hand on the girl's arm, and seemed to be encouraging her. Colville advanced.

"Why are so many people going towards the Abbot's Glen to-day, my good woman?" asked he.

The girl's alarm seemed to increase, "Ye hae walkit far enough, granny; ye had better turn back now," said she in evident terror, and drawing away her grandmother. The old woman looked earnestly at Colville, regardless of the girl.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Colville.

The girl looked timidly at him. "Naething, sir," replied she, appearing somewhat assured by his looks, but still attempting to draw away her grandmother.

"Annie, that's nae Mochrum," said the old woman, still gazing earnestly at Colville. "Forgie me, sir, but surely I ance kent that face. But a' things are sae sair changed wi' me, I can never mind now, when or where, I saw or kent ony thing pleasant."

Colville examined the old woman in his turn. She was pale and thin, and there was a slight wandering of mind in the expression of her dark keen eyes; still the countenance was not unknown to him.

"Janet Broome!" exclaimed he at last.

"Mr Philip!" returned she, instantly recollecting his voice and his looks on his naming her. He held out his hand to her, and she grasped and kissed it, and

pressed her cheek upon it, with a good deal of wildness in her manner.

"O, Mr Philip, is it indeed you! And are ye come to stand by the laird? Tak' care o' yoursel, Mr Philip. Tak' awa the laird o' Torriswood. Tak' awa thae dear bairns. What for should a' that's brave and noble, and a' that's sweet and bonny, and a' that's gude and holy in the land come to ruin? O Mr Philip, Mr Philip, what a country this is now!"

"Remember who still rules over all, Janet," said Colville, in a mild calm tone of voice, wishing to recall poor Janet to herself. His words had the desired effect.

"Ay, sir, ay. He cannot err!" said she recollectedly, then looking with tears in her eyes at Colville, "And O how sweetly it comes oure my heart to hear your voice, Mr Philip, put me in mind o' that! Prayer has been heard for you, Mr Philip. Weel," added she thoughtfully, "surely I can praise Him for that, though my poor Allan—but I mauna think o' him this day—at least no till Mr Wellwood prays for the lost sheep, and then I may think o' mine."

"Yes," said Colville gently, on observing the wandering expression returning to poor Janet's countenance, "we shall remember him then. But tell me, Janet, is it in the Abbot's Glen Mr Wellwood is to preach to-day?"

"Yes, sir. He has preached there before. It's a place no easy for the soldiers to come at, and there's many a way amang the hills for the folk to get out o' danger, that nane kens about but them here awa."

"And what time does the service begin?"

"Just about the time the hireling is to begin in the kirk. Mr Wellwood and the elders thought the soldiers wad be sae busy maintainin' him in his post, that we might hope to hae a peacefu' meeting."

"It is two hours from that time," said Colville.

"Yes, sir, but it's a gude bit to the glen for auld folk; and we like to be slippin' awa to the place at ony time we think we'll be least noticed."

"Well, Janet, I shall also go to hear Mr Wellwood," said Colville.

"But, Mr Philip, do ye ken a' ye may bring upon yoursel by doin' sae?" asked Janet anxiously.

"Yes, Janet; and I know also what I should feel if I stayed away from the dread of human threats." He then shook hands again with poor old Janet, and passed on towards the house. She looked after him till he was out of sight, repeatedly and earnestly praying God to bless him, and then pursued her way to join her fellow-worshippers in the Abbot's Glen.

On returning to the house, Colville found all the party assembling to breakfast, excepting Ormistoun. He (as Eric informed him) had set off early in the morning for Meldrum.

"I suppose," said Eric, "that he may go with them, and show his submission to the King's authority as head of the church, in the Mochrum's splendid new seat."

On Colville's mentioning his intention to join the people he had seen going to worship in the Abbot's Glen, Florence exclaimed,

"Oh! I rejoice to hear it!" with such apparent delight, that Colville involuntarily stopped and looked at her. She blushed deeply, and attempted an explanation.

"So many gentlemen hesitate about going now," then glancing at Lindsay, who was amongst those who hesitated on the subject.—"There are so many different opinions—people find it so difficult to decide."——She stopped in confusion.

"I think yours is a hasty determination, Mr Colville," said Lindsay, with much seriousness of manner. "There is more involved in going to such meetings than you are probably aware of."

"Lindsay is right, Colville," said Torriswood. "I intreat you may not expose your character to be so decidedly marked till you have had time to know and think more of the matter."

"I do not find this point so difficult to decide upon," said Colville. "I always observe," added he smiling, "that sage and learned men find depths of difficulties in many subjects, where plain men, such as I am, can find none."

"I shall with pleasure spend this forenoon in enlightening you," replied Lindsay, good-naturedly.

"Not this forenoon," said Colville; "any other I shall with gratitude listen to you. But I have a short way of forming conclusions on every point of right and wrong, which I have hitherto found it safest to follow; and before I saw you this morning, Mr Lindsay, I had arrived at the conclusion that I ought to join the people who worship in the glen to-day. Consequences, I think, ought to be left in other hands when we are deciding on a question of plain duty."

Lindsay seemed rather hurt and disappointed, but said no more.

"Do come with us, Mr Lindsay," said Olive.

A look of displeasure from her father brought a deep blush to poor Olive's cheek.

Lindsay shook his head. "If I thought it right, I assuredly would; but you know, Miss Olive, I do not on this point think as your father does." Then turning to Colville, "I cannot see why a government may not dictate regarding the external forms of worship to the church it supports."

"I think I could mention a thousand reasons," replied Colville, "but we have not time now; only, do not suppose I acquiesce in the notion that it is the government which supports the church, even such as it would make it. In no sense whatever can it be said to do so but by its authority. In every substantial sense the church must be supported by the people. I hope, however, we shall have other opportunities to talk over this matter."

Colville soon discovered that Torriswood, his two daughters, and Eric, were going to the glen. Lindsay, with that stiffness which it is natural to assume when one is determined to act in a manner which it is known will be disapproved of, declared his intention of going to the parish church.

Eric looked delighted. "I hope, Mr Lindsay, you will return to us afterwards," said he, coaxingly.

Lindsay promised to do so, his manner instantly unbending before the boy's kindness. In a short time the party set out on their different destinations.

The Abbot's Glen, when approached through the windings of the valley, was nearly two miles from the house. The glen itself was formed by the approach of several hills to each other in an irregular circle. The bases of these hills to the north and east were so precipitous as to form an impassable barrier on those sides of the glen; on the south and west the hills rose more gradually, and many little valleys wound in amongst them, which served as outlets for the people who assembled in the glen, to make an easy retreat on the first alarm. Natural wood grew where there was any soil in the precipitous cliffs, and was also scattered in picturesque irregularity over the lower parts of the neighbouring hills. The gle· was covered with the

softest turf, intermingled with pieces of rock which seemed in former times to have fallen from the cliffs above, but were now half buried in turf and moss. During the week, this sunny, sheltered glen was the favourite resort of the shepherds, but on this day they had driven their flocks to the higher ground, and themselves, at least such of them as it was necessary should remain with the sheep, kept watch to give the alarm should any soldiers appear. This alarm they gave by signals understood by those among the people below who acted as watchmen.

When our party arrived, they found a numerous assembly already collected in the glen. Torriswood, as he approached, was instantly recognised, and received with the most marked regard. He alighted from his horse, and lifted Olive from hers. Florence had already been assisted by Colville. They then left their horses with a groom beside many others, at a short distance from that part of the glen occupied by the people; and Torriswood, after seeing Colville and his children seated among the other worshippers, himself, treading softly, and with an expression of lowly reverence on his countenance, as if conscious of being on holy ground, passed among the people till he reached that part where they were most closely gathered together. It was near the base of one of those precipitous hills which inclosed that side of the glen. Many fragments of rocks served as seats for the people, and on some rather elevated above the others, and nearest to the cliff, were seated, with their faces turned towards the people, a party of venerable looking men, who seemed the fathers of the assembly. Some appeared to be gentlemen, others yeomen or farmers. Torriswood joined these elders, to whose number he belonged, and after cordially shaking

hands with each, seated himself on one of the rocks amongst them—looked for a few moments with affectionate regard upon the people, then taking a Bible from his pocket, and bending forward, he shaded his forehead with his hand, and began to read. His example was immediately followed by a great part of the people. It seemed to have recalled to their remembrance the duties of the day. Colville, however, though Florence on one side, and Olive on the other, and even Eric, seemed in a few minutes occupied with what they read, could not resist his inclination to examine the assembly which surrounded him. It seemed, in general, to be composed of stout looking farmers, and their labourers, with their wives, mothers, and young people. There were many who appeared too old and frail to undertake a service so hazardous. Colville also recognised a good many of the neighbouring country gentlemen, and a still greater number of ladies. Seated amongst these were many young people of the different families, some grown out of his remembrance, others by their looks now recognising him, as he also did them, with apparent pleasure. All, however, maintained the same reverential manner they would have done in a place of worship, recalling forcibly to Colville's thoughts, as the holy calm and silence of so large an assembly began to solemnize his own feelings, that the heart is the temple in which God is alone truly worshipped—and then he too was soon engaged, as most of those around him seemed to be, in the recesses of that living temple, into which so much is allowed to enter which appears polluting and sinful in the light of holy thoughts.

This stillness was at last broken by the voice of the preacher. Every eye was instantly fixed upon him, as he began, in a clear strong voice, to read a psalm. He

stood on a piece of rock which projected from the cliff, just behind where the elders sat. His person was tall and muscular; his countenance strong and marked, but pale; his forehead high and finely formed, and the upper part of his head quite bald, while the lower part was thickly shaded by black curling hair. His countenance and figure, as he stood with his head uncovered, were striking and commanding in the extreme. While he read, Colville remarked the change that six years of anxiety, and persecution, and suffering, had made on his whole appearance. From his recollection of him, he knew that this pale, bald-headed Covenanter, could be little more than thirty. He had been tutor in Torriswood's family, and was called to the church just before Colville went abroad. He was then quite a young man, highly valued by Torriswood for his talents and learning, and for the purity of his principles and mildness of his temper. In society, however, he had been particularly remarkable for the extreme bashfulness of his manners, and the painful diffidence with which he performed his duties as chaplain in the family. The anxieties which seemed to have given a premature appearance of age to his person, appeared in an equally striking degree to have produced firmness and courage in his mind; and as he concluded the part of the psalm he had read, with these words:—

> "For God is our defence, and He
> To us doth safety bring;
> The holy One of Israel
> Is our Almighty King,"

he did not seem as if a feeling of timidity from any thing earthly had ever daunted his soul. When he had finished reading the psalm, the people began to sing Poor Olive's eyes were then turned with fearful anxiety

to the shepherds who kept watch on the heights. The people sung louder than perhaps was usual in the church; from the very feeling, that as this part of their service was the most frequent means of betraying their place of meeting, they must not on that account less boldly join in performing it. Florence's sweet full notes joined with Colville's low and manly voice, and Eric's clear, free song of praise, in heart-elevating harmony, rose with those around; but Olive could only watch in dread for some signal from the shepherds. They, however, continued to recline in peace on the hills, listening apparently to the hymn that rose from the glen. When the voices ceased, the notes were continued in softer melody by the echoes among the cliffs, till at last they died away in the distance. Mr Wellwood rose when the psalm was finished by the people, but stood in silence, listening to the echoes till they passed away, an expression of softness and tenderness stealing over his countenance, which recalled to Colville's memory his looks in his younger and more peaceful days. The people now stood also, the men uncovered, while Mr Wellwood poured forth a prayer of perhaps more impassioned earnestness than might suit times of peace and security, but which so perfectly expressed the feelings of his people as to excite irrepressible emotions amongst them all. Colville struggled without effect to maintain his composure. Every new sentence touched upon some subject of deep and immediate interest; and when brought, as it were, to the footstool of the Almighty as their only, but all-powerful Friend, in language of elevated confidence and love, it had the most subduing effect on the feelings. When the prayer was concluded, the people again seated themselves, the men drawing their hats over their faces, the women

less anxious about concealing their emotions, still yielding to them. The sermon was in the same strain of impassioned energy, and calculated to inspire the people with the most devoted determination to sacrifice all—even life, rather than give obedience to any lawgiver in matters of religion, except to God himself, as He had revealed his will in the Bible.

When the singing of the last psalm had nearly concluded, one of the shepherds on the heights made a signal to those in the glen. A few of the younger females observed it, and rose in alarm. The people, in general, however, did not move. The watchman in the glen nearest to Mr Wellwood, approached, and whispered to him. He did not rise, and the people concluded the psalm. Mr Wellwood then solemnly pronounced the blessing, and after a pause, said, "The people, my dear friends, have left the church. The soldiers are now also drawing away from it, and may come in search of us. Fare you all well, till the only Head of the true church again gives us an opportunity of meeting." Another signal was now made by the shepherds, and being instantly explained to Mr Wellwood, he said calmly, "The soldiers are coming in this direction; lose no time, my friends, and God be with you."

The people immediately began in an orderly manner to leave the glen, and take their way to the many valleys that ran in amongst the hills, looking anxiously back, as they went, to see whether Mr Wellwood was attending to his own safety.

During this time, Olive, in terror, clung to Colville. "Why does not my father come to us?" exclaimed she "Do let us go to him, Colville, and entreat him to come away."

Colville saw that Torriswood was then in earnest conversation with Mr Wellwood, and some of the elders. He advised Olive and Florence to mount their horses, and be ready to depart when their father joined them. Olive immediately assented, but Florence hesitated.

"We are going to Edinburgh to-morrow," said she, "we may not return soon. I wish I could take leave of Mr Wellwood."

"And I too must do so," said Eric.

Olive, who had been placed on her horse by Colville, would not be left, though some gentlemen who had also mounted near where she was, courteously offered to conduct her home, or remain with her till joined by her father. Poor Olive, scarcely knowing what she did, was again lifted from her horse by Colville, and clinging to him, followed Florence and Eric, who were hastening towards their father and Mr Wellwood. Eric, who had been born while Mr Wellwood was tutor to his brothers, threw himself upon his breast, and was received with equal warmth of affection. Florence he received with respectful tenderness, while she, on her part, could not listen to the few words of affectionate advice he addressed to her, on her taking leave of him, without tears.

The elders were now anxious for Mr Wellwood's departure; and he just waited to shake hands with Colville, and to say to Olive, "I fear, my dear Miss Olive, you have forgot what you promised to pray for the last time we met." Olive blushed deeply, and Mr Wellwood, after speaking aside for a few moments to Torriswood, mounted the horse that was waiting for him, and looking to the heights, received a signal from a shepherd in what direction to proceed. He again

looked with an expression of sadness at Torriswood and his children, then turning an angle of the cliff, was immediately out of sight.

"Where is he to be to-night?" asked Florence.

"He knows not," replied her father. "Last night he spent in this glen. The house in which he was concealed was searched after ours. The approach of the soldiers was made known to him, and he escaped to this place, and slept, he said, profoundly, wrapped in a plaid, brought to him by a shepherd."

"Why did he not come with us now?" asked Florence.

"Nothing would persuade him to do so," replied her father. "I see he is prevented by the idea of exposing us to further danger of ruin. To-day he preaches again about seven miles from hence, in the opposite extremity of his parish, if he can reach the place without being observed."

In a short time our party were again safe on the grounds of Torriswood; and, on Colville's expressing his desire to know whether the people had been met by the soldiers, they left their horses, and, by another and easier path than his favourite one, reached the top of the hill, which had been visited by Colville in the morning. From thence they saw the people still winding homewards among the hills. The church was now deserted by the soldiers, and there seemed to be no person of any description near it. Some soldiers were seen in the public road in the direction towards the glen; but the hills rose so as to conceal its entrance from their view, and they were moving at that careless pace which showed that they were merely on their way to some other quarters.

"The curate has made out his one task of service in peace to-day, I think," said Torriswood.

"Perhaps not in peace," observed Florence, looking at Eric, and smiling.

"It is all so soon over," remarked Colville to Florence, and then looking at Eric, "that I fear somebody has not been a successful carpenter."

"Ah, I shall hope better things!" replied Florence, with whose manner to himself on this day Colville had been more satisfied, and whose character every moment opened on him more and more attractively.

"Lindsay must have returned from the church," observed Eric. "Do not you think, sir," addressing his father, "that we ought to return to him?"

"Certainly, my boy," replied Torriswood, whose thoughts seemed painfully to have followed his own last words, and who did not appear to have heard what passed afterwards.

On reaching the house, the party found Lindsay waiting their return.

"Well," said Eric, "how did the curate preach?"

"Not well," answered Lindsay, but said no more

"Was the church full?" asked Eric.

"There might be about thirty people in it, besides the soldiers."

"Were the soldiers in the church as listeners?" asked Torriswood.

"Not exactly as listeners. Their assistance was required."

Eric's eyes sparkled with delight, and Florence's not much less. Colville smiled,—

"In what was their assistance required?" asked he.

"You know the people do not wish for the services of the curate," replied Lindsay rather dryly, "and they attempt to prevent his preaching."

"Surely thirty people would not venture to do any-

thing, and all those soldiers there!" said Eric, approaching eagerly, and standing before Lindsay to hear his answer, with an arch expression on his delighted countenance.

Lindsay looked at him for an instant, then collaring him—"I arrest you, sir, in the name of the King, as being art and part in an attempt to prevent the execution of his royal will, in the appointment of Mr Ambleton to the cure of Torriswood."

Eric looked uncertainly for an instant at Lindsay; then, seeing a smile forcing itself into his countenance, he threw himself upon him, "Don't be so stiff now, Lindsay," said he coaxingly, "but just tell us all about it."

"I never in my life witnessed so ridiculous a scene," said Lindsay, now laughing heartily, and apparently irresistibly at the recollection of it.

"Well, do tell us," said Eric impatiently.

Torriswood also seemed anxious to hear what had happened, as he leant forward on the arm of his chair to listen.

"Well," began Lindsay, "you know I went in a loyal manner to the parish church. On arriving there, I seated myself in the large pew belonging to the family at whose house I was a visitor, and which I had entirely to myself. One or two people were scattered here and there through the church."

"Did you not know any of them?" asked Eric. "Were not all the Mochrums there?"

"Not when I went. I did, however, know most of the people, and shall tell you who they were. I think, from his jolly appearance, and ruby nose, that it was mine host of the 'Red Lion,' who sat in the pew nearest the pulpit, with his portly wife, and tawdrily fine

daughters, and a muster of bar-maids and horse-cleaners, in their holiday garbs, filling the pew. Then there were the peace-loving Bannermans, all excepting the lady herself."

"I observed her in the glen," remarked Florence smiling.

Torriswood shook his head. "These family disunions are amongst the miseries of the times," said he. "But in what state is the church itself?"

"You know," replied Lindsay, "it was, while in the possession of the Papists, one of the most highly ornamented of our country churches, and how utterly all those ornaments were demolished by the Presbyterians. You will remember, that the place where the Popish idolatrous altar, as our reformers considered it, once stood, had been built up, and the wall made level with that end of the church. It has again been opened; and not a communion-table, but an altar after Laud's model, placed on the very spot where the Popish altar stood, and where it is well known to all the people to have stood. Round this altar is a railing, and cushions for the people to kneel on—the very abomination of the Presbyterians, as they must naturally associate with this preparation the idea of worshipping that which is to be received in the posture of worship. I was much amused by a conversation I overheard in the pew behind me on this subject. An elderly man and woman were seated in it when I got into yours.

"'I canna stay,' said the woman.

"'Just stay a wee,' answered the man; 'what ill can it do you just to see for ance the new way?'

"'I've seen enough,' replied the woman. 'Wha can be sae simple as believe, after they hae seen that,' (pointing to the altar,) 'that Popery's no at hand? I

telt ye, Simon, that we wad hae to stop somewhere; and if ye dinna mean to sell your saul for this world's gear, and turn Papist a' thegither, ye had better stop now.'

"'Tut Eppy,' rejoined her companion, 'wait till ye see what they do at it.'

"'I canna wait, Simon. I've dune oure muckle to please you already,' replied Eppy, in a determined tone of voice.

"The man's rejoinder was so low I did not hear it, but it seemed to overcome Eppy's scruples, for she answered, 'It's oure true, but I needna look. Oh Simon, nae gude can come o' a' this conforming against the voice o' conscience.'"

"That would be Simon Lauder and Eppy, the Mochrums' old gamekeeper and his wife," said Eric.

"Are there any other changes made in the church?" asked Florence.

"A good many pictures are placed above the altar," resumed Lindsay, "which Eppy took equal umbrage at; and to be sure such a collection of monstrous daubs I never saw. There are the twelve Apostles, about half the size of life, standing in one piece, as if so many dwarfs, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, had stood to have their likenesses taken. Then there are others, which, from their subjects, are absolutely blasphemous. I confess, the sight of those pictures, and the trumpery little embroidered cross which was placed on the altar, has very much staggered my opinions respecting the power of a government to impose forms of religion on a people. How absurd to suppose that such superstitious, unmeaning trifling will be endured in this country!"

Torriswood smiled, and held out his hand to Lindsay. "Take care," said he, "such opinions are ruinous in

these days. But is all this new to you? Are the churches in Edinburgh less changed?"

"In the church which I attend in Edinburgh," replied Lindsay, "scarcely any change at all has taken place. Many of my profession attend there. They have no form of prayers. I believe, however, that some of the other churches are very different, and that the one I have mentioned has hitherto been winked at. Indeed, if the community would submit to the prelates, and allow them peaceably to settle a hierarchy over the Scotch Church, I rather think they would be willing to come to an accommodation about forms; at least as it is, their form of prayer is to this day scarcely known in Scotland—not more than the mass book, which indeed the people generally conceive it to be."

"But tell us about the curate," said Eric.

"Well, then, about the curate," proceeded Lindsay. "The church was surrounded by soldiers to secure his entrance, and some stood inside the only door which was suffered to be opened. After I had been some time in church, the Mochrums—father and two sons, the lady and three daughters—and Ormistoun, entered their splendid pew, all newly done up in scarlet. I confess I did not think it well judged in these times to choose that Babylonish colour. They all recognised me most graciously. Immediately after them entered the curate, preceded by that hard-favoured, covetous old sinner, Saunders Gibb."

"And the poor curate," said Olive, "did he not seem ashamed to be forced into his church by soldiers?"

"Ashamed! not he. He walked in with the most self-satisfied air imaginable, and took possession of the precentor's desk, which, to be sure, seemed scarcely large

enough to hold him; then looking round on his congregation, shook back his flowing curls with a gentle motion of his head, and presented his broad, most unmeaning, but smiling face, more fully to us; then lifting a lap of his surplice, he spread it over it, and knelt down to offer his devotions.

"'That's awfu'!' I heard Eppy say, 'makin' prayers to be seen o' men!'—After this public act of private devotion, the curate rose with a studied grace, and began to read some parts of the service, from scraps of paper, for he had no book of prayers, and no one knew what they ought to do except himself, and a person who had accompanied him, and who sat just under the desk. Every one, however, appeared willing to learn, and tried to kneel, and rise as the man under the desk did; and as they had been informed that they ought to do all he did, they repeated every thing they could catch. The man, on whom all eyes were fixed, seemed to exert himself the more, and knelt, and rose, and caught the words the curate was repeating before they were half out of his mouth, and I could not help thinking there was some truth in the remark Eppy made close at the back of my head, one time when I stood up, in the hope I was doing right, as the curate himself was standing. 'It really puts me in mind o' the confusion at Babel,' said Eppy. The Mochrums did not seem more at ease than their neighbours at this part of the service. When it was finished, the person who had accompanied the curate, told us what psalm to sing, and then the few people seemed rejoiced to hear of any thing in which they could join. The words read by the man were, however, quite different from those in the books of the congregation. Notwithstanding this, they began to sing, and during this inharmonious ceremony, the curate re-

tired, and in a short time reappeared, having exchanged his white gown for a black one.

"'What does that change mean, I wonder?' said Eppy. 'Are we a' to be condemned now?'

"'Whisht,' said Simon.

"Saunders Gibb ascended the pulpit steps before the curate, and opened the pulpit, about perhaps a foot, or more. There it stopped, and no effort of Saunders could open it one inch farther."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Eric, clapping his hands, and laughing most joyously.

Torriswood put his hand softly on the boy's shoulder, "Remember the day, Eric. I can hardly approve of all this."

Eric was grave in a moment. "Could it be wrong, sir, to prevent that hireling from preaching in Mr Wellwood's pulpit?"

"Has he been prevented, Eric?"

"Did he get in, Mr Lindsay?" asked Eric.

"Not by the opening that was left. On seeing that it was impossible to get the door any farther open, he presented his side, and attempted to squeeze himself through, but in vain. He then presented his other side, turning his back to the people, and making a desperate effort.

"'He'll stick,' said my neighbour Eppy. And she seemed right, for at that moment, he had to make a struggle to get back, and turning round his most good-natured face, now red with exertion, he cast a most pitiably hopeless look to the soldiers, who, led by young Mochrum, were now entering the church. Meldrum himself had left his pew, and joined the unlucky curate. A confabulation between them ensued, in which, I suspect, his reverence protested against being lifted into

the pulpit. Meldrum seemed to be persuading him, and at last made his point good, by himself turning to the people, and saying, 'My friends, this second wicked and disloyal attempt of rebellious Covenanters to prevent an appointed servant of the king from doing duty here, shall not succeed.' The poor curate was then obliged to submit, while some soldiers got into the pulpit, and others on the outside, assisted in hoisting him into his place. He looked most rueful, as he stood panting for a minute or two to recover breath, and to let the soldiers clank out of the church, its emptiness leaving room for a resounding echo as they retired. I am sure he was wishing himself safe out of this refractory country.

"By this time the congregation, excepting the Mochrums, had lost every appearance of respect for the place they were in. The younger part of the audience were in fits of laughter. Some of the people had left their seats, but were stopped at the door by the soldiers, who would not suffer them to pass till the service was over. Such was the state of his hearers when the curate began his sermon."

"What kind of a sermon was it?" asked Torriswood.

"A short, elaborate essay, full of bad Latin, to prove the divine right of kings. It lasted about a quarter of an hour; and then the poor curate was hoisted out again—the handful of people suffered to disperse, and the church closed till next Sunday."

"And for the remainder of the day," said Torriswood indignantly, "our governors would deem the nation loyal and praise worthy, if they were guided by 'The Book of Sports.'"

"I wish you had been with us in the glen, Mr Lind-

say," observed Colville; "you would have been able to judge whether it was in the power of an earthly government to dictate to intelligent men on the subject of religion."

"I wish I had," replied Lindsay. "I should have better spent my Sabbath."

Torriswood, after the early dinner of those times, assembled his whole household, and himself acted as their priest. In the evening he retired with his children to give them more particular and individual instruction. Lindsay got deeply engaged in the library, and Colville again went out to enjoy the loveliness of the scenery. After wandering about for some time, he found himself in a path that led to a few scattered cottages, in one of which Roger Broome, Janet his wife, and their handsome boy Allan, used to reside. Roger had been one of Torriswood's foresters. Colville walked on past the cottages. The doors of most of them were shut, and from some he heard the evening psalm. On coming to Roger Broome's, he found the door a little open, and on gently opening it a little farther, perceived Janet seated, her forehead leaning on her hand, while her grand-daughter, whose face was turned from him, read aloud from a large Bible. Colville entered, and Janet, raising her head, received him with the greatest pleasure. Annie set a chair for him, and herself slipped out to the little garden behind the cottage.

"I must leave this to-morrow, Janet," said Colville, "and I wished to see you again before I went."

"To see *me*, Mr Philip! That's like yoursel'. Ye thought I was in sorrow, Mr Philip, and that ye would find out some way to relieve me. That's no in human power, sir, and yet seeing you this day, and the words ye spak to me hae dune me gude. My mind has felt

less labourin', labourin' a' this day. There has been something like rest in it."

"Janet," said Colville, calmly, "Where is Allan?"

"He's a soldier, sir," replied she quickly, and as if restraining her feelings.

"There are many Christian soldiers, Janet."

"Ay, sir, but no in the service he is in."

Colville now told Janet what Adam Yule had mentioned to him.

"And did he say that Adam might say what he liket to him? Did he say that, Mr Philip?"

"He did indeed, and Adam is gone this very evening to find him, and endeavour to discover what he is about. Poor Adam seems to have loved him as a son of his own."

"Blessings on him! Blessings on him! Ay, he is of those who will show kindness to the dead in regard for his children. Blessings on you, dear Mr Philip!"

"Does he come to see you, Janet?"

"No. Not for this long time. I couldna do as I should hae done, whan he cam. I said oure muckle. He wadna bear it; but his father had left a message for him, and I coudna but tell him it. Ye heard o' Roger, Mr Philip?" asked she hurriedly.

"I heard that you were now a widow, Janet," replied Colville, gently.

Janet burst into tears, "Ay, Mr Philip, a widow in the most desolate meaning o' the word."

"You have a grand-daughter with you, I think, Janet."

"Ay, sir, my auldest son John's lassie. She likes to be wi' me, poor thing."

"And have you no regard for her, Janet?"

Janet looked surprised, "Nae regard for Annie, sir? The bairn that leaves a' the merry young things at

hame, to come and stay wi' her auld broken-hearted granny! Did ye ask that, Mr Philip?"

"Has your son John many children?" asked Colville.

"He has nine sweet pleasant bairns."

"And do you see them often?"

"Ay, very often."

"And John himself?"

"O ay, sir, I wish I could requite John for the hundredth part o' his kindness to me."

"And yet you say you are desolate, Janet. Is that a grateful return to a kinder Friend than John?"

Janet again melted into tears, "Oh Mr Philip how sweetly ye reprove, and how justly!"

"It is easy, Janet, for those who are not suffering, to see the failings of those who do; yet it is true, that those failings only add to their sufferings."

"Yes, Mr Philip, and Oh what a healin' balm it is to the troubled mind, when it can find itsel' pleased with his dispensations, 'Who doeth all things right.' But ye manna think the worse o' his way, or his people on my account, Mr Philip. Oh, I often fear that I am a dishonour to his cause. But I'm no mysel', sir; a' body hereawa kens that. But I'm no sae ill as I was. I ken Roger is now whar his heart lang was afore he left me."

"I think that consideration ought to take away all bitterness from your grief, Janet."

"And so it does, sir. Oh! I'll never forget the first time after he was gone, when I sat watchin' his face, and the wildness and change had left it, and though it was sae pale and still, it was himsel'. Oh Mr Philip, may ye never, never ken what it is to see a face ye hae been used to look at as the light o' day, wi' even the light o' reason fled!"

The wandering expression returned to Janet's counte-

nance as she said this, and the cause of her extreme grief, which in her, pious, mild, and quiet as he recollected her to have been, had surprised Colville, now flashed upon his mind. He also recollected Eric's wild laugh of the evening before, and looking at Janet with an expression of deep compassion, he said that he now for the first time understood that the cause of her grief had been one of the most afflicting kind.

"Did ye no ken about Roger, sir, or what brought it on?"

"No, indeed, Janet, or I should not have been so cruel as to speak as I have done."

"You cruel! dear Mr Philip, I think I am better since I hae seen you than I hae been this mony a day. It may be because ye hae brought back thoughts o' days when a' was happy around me. Just when Annie was readin', my thoughts were wandering back to the time when Roger and me used to be tellin' ane another our thoughts about you and the young gentleman, and it's wonderfu' what a right notion he had o' young folk; and how they turned out just as he thought they would —a' but Allan—there he was wrang."

"Perhaps not," said Colville; "he may be a blessing to you yet."

Janet shook her head, "He has acted against light and counsel, and brought his father with sorrow to the grave."

"Did he enlist contrary to his father's wishes?"

"I maun tell ye how it was, Mr Philip; ye ken, sir, there were many ways tried lang afore ye left the country to entice the young men to list; for the prelates saw that as long as the whole nation were against them, they could never get themsel's settled down upon the folk; so they set the rulers to hire awa the flower o'

every family to be soldiers; and for that purpose they began their weapon-shaws, as they ca'ed them, and sic ither fulery that ensnares the natural heart; and when the pride o' ony family was taen awa, it brak the spirit o' the rest, and put them frae the thought o' rising to fight against their ain flesh and bluid. Allan was keepit out o' the way o' the weapon-shaws, and ither nonsense, till about twa years ago, when they wild young Mochrums got about him, and some ither young lads, and got them awa to try their skill at thae shaws; and ye ken, sir, what a gallant boy Allan was, sae active and sae light o' foot, and sae dauntless. He wan their prizes; and they flattered him, and made sae muckle o' him, that he grew wearied like o' hame, and his father was vexed wi' him, and though Allan was oure gude to do just what he kent wad break our hearts, yet when his father changed his way to him, he lookit condemned like, and didna speak, and was na mair the blyth joyfu' lad he had been afore. At last the Mochrums found out the cause that Allan wadna list; and they watched his father till they found out something to say against him, 'concerning the law of his God;' for weel they kent they wad find nae ither cause to accuse him. I maun tell ye, Mr Philip, that Roger could never think Mr Wellwood right in accepting the indulgence, so he didna gang to hear him in the kirk, but followed Mr Wardour, the minister of Eldershaws; and at last the Mochrums proved that he had been hearin' him in the fields, and that he had hidden him one night in his house. For this Roger was put like ony thief or murderer into the jail at Jedburgh, and keepit there, and no let see a friend he had for six weeks. At last that auld Mochrum himsel' cam here, and afore my very face, told Allan, that if he wad list in his son's company, he would

get Roger set free. I tell'd him, that I was sure Roger wad suffer mair in soul to hear that Allan had joined the enemies o' the right cause, than they could make him suffer in body, and that they had power only over that. When the auld apostate heard me say sae, he gaed out, but made a sign to Allan to gang after him. I held Allan, and he staid then, but when I thought I had gotten his promise, and after he said he kent his father would rather die in jail than that he should list, after a' he gaed amang them, and they persuaded him, and the first word I heard o't was, when Roger was brought back to his ain house; Oh never, never mair to be himsel' again! They had told him the price o' his liberty, and, wasted and worn out in captivity, and langin' to see nane sae muckle as this idol, the tidings were heavier than he could bear; and never again did I see his face, the face o' Roger Broome, till it was cauld in death. After a month or twa he took to wanderin' about the country, and it was aye seekin' for Allan; and if he met wi' ony o' the Mochrums, he wad gie sic a laugh, as wad hae made them gang miles about rather than meet him; and my waesome wark was to watch his wanderings, and sometimes for a minute or twa I could think he was himsel', but then a' was dark again, till just afore the last, when he said, 'Tell Allan, I charge him to meet me at *His* right hand on that day *He* comes to judge,' and then he was wandering again, till he was at peace."

"Poor Allan!" said Colville; "he could not foresee such fatal consequences from what he did. We must try to do something for him."

"Ye think he wasna sae bad, sir," said Janet, gratified to hear Allan spoken kindly of.

"No, indeed, Janet; I think he acted very excusably."

"I forgot to tell you, too, sir, that they had said

Roger was to be sent to the plantations, and mony a ane that was in the jail at the time was condemned to that; and it was weel kent, that them that had been sent afore had a' perished in the useless ships they were embarked in."

Colville again spoke kindly of Allan. "I dare say he has suffered amidst all his apparent carelessness," said he; "it is not easy to lay a well-informed conscience asleep."

"Ay, sir, he has suffered; but I canna tell that his conscience has been awake—that nane kens but himsel' in this world, I am maist sure; but he has suffered whar he least lookit for it, and I believe he now does a' he can baith to forget what he has lost in this world, and may fear in anither. Do ye mind the bit sweet orphan lassie, Beattie Fairley, Mr Philip, that lived wi' her uncle at Thorny-dykes, the auld farmer, Robert Fairley?"

"Yes, I remember her perfectly. She was to heir Robert's property; and he was so proud of her, he always made out before one had spoken to him five minutes, to tell something about his 'bit niece, Beattie.'"

"Ay, ay, Mr Philip, just that. Weel, but Beattie deserved it a', for sic anither young thing I never saw —sae douce and thoughtfu', and as she grew up sae bonny, and wi' sic a winning way, and then sae clever at learning ony thing. When the minister cam to catechise the young folk, nane answered among the lassies like Beattie Fairley, and amang the laddies, Mr Philip, nane answered like my poor lost Allan, and a' body said they were made for ane anither. But wi' Beattie it was a' heart work, and wi' poor Allan only head learning. Beattie couldna' ken that, and she gied her young heart to Allan, and as a' thing had aye prospered wi' him, and his liking had been aye returned double by a' body else.

he little thought o' Beattie's forsaking him; but the day after he had enlisted, she let him ken that he and Beattie Fairley would meet no more but as strangers—and a' his fleechin', and a' his anger, and a' his despair, moved her not; and though she grew like a ghaist, she never changed her purpose. She watched her uncle on his deathbed, and then left this part, and gaed to the west country to a friend there. She cam and saw me afore she left the place, and it was a sair partin', Mr Philip, for I doated on the lassie, and she regarded me wi' that kind o' moving affection that a motherless bairn taks for ane she can look to as a mother. But I could only strengthen her in doin' right; and that's ane o' the causes o' Allan's no comin' to see me; for he says ae word frae me wou'd hae made Beattie forgie him."

Colville again expressed his sympathy for poor Allan, and after some further kind inquiries respecting various other matters, left the cottage, Janet blessing him, and assuring him that she was a different creature since she had seen him.

Colville, having sent other attendants forward to Edinburgh, now determined to leave Adam Yule to manage what he had planned respecting Allan, while he should proceed to fulfil other duties intrusted to him.

As all the party were to proceed next day to Edinburgh, Colville found, on his returning to the house, that in prospect of this intended journey, Torriswood was still engaged with his family. When again all were assembled to worship together before retiring to rest, an expression of sorrow was on every countenance; and Torriswood, in the tone of his voice, in the solemnity with which he warned and advised, and in the warm kindness of his expressions, seemed to be taking a long farewell of his household and his home.

CHAPTER III.

It was late on the following day when our party came within sight of Edinburgh. The sun was low in the sky, and its setting promised to be glorious. As it continued to descend amongst clouds brightly illumined by its parting beams, its glowing light reddened the rocks on Arthur's Seat, and the bold front of Salisbury Crags, while the town, dark and irregular, lay beneath, or on some of its highest spires and buildings, still caught the bright departing rays. The Castle was between our travellers and its setting splendour, and rose darkly on its massy rocks, with its towers and turrets marked in giant outline against the glowing sky. The evening was calm and soft, and the people in the neighbourhood of the town seemed to enjoy its beauty.—They were sauntering about the fields, or standing in cheerful groups near their houses. On approaching the city wall, however, there were evident marks of the tyranny and jealousy of the times. The gate at which our party entered was strongly guarded. This entrance was called St Mary Wynd Port, and here our travellers were required to give their names, the part of the town to which they were bound, and the very house in which they intended to lodge. Colville looked at Torriswood with surprise when such demands were made; but Torriswood in the fullest manner complied with them all, repressing Colville's evident disposition to express his displeasure, by saying aside to him: "Do not excite observation here."

Colville obeyed; and our party were permitted to proceed. They passed on, and through another port.

which divided the High Street from the Canongate, and were soon at the house of the Lady Dalcluden, Torriswood's sister. This lady, the widow of Leslie of Dalcluden, now resided in Edinburgh for the education of her children. Like her brother, she had dared to maintain her religious principles in the face of a host of proud and scornful relations, both of her own family and of her husband's, who had embraced the opinions of the prevailing party. Continually exposed to the displeasure, or contempt, or advice, of those who considered themselves entitled to interfere, she had steadily continued to pursue the path approved by her conscience, and having been left, together with Torriswood, sole guardians to her children, she had educated them in the very strictest principles of the Covenanters. It was impossible to do so, without being exposed to the displeasure and persecution of the opposite party, and the Lady Dalcluden had not escaped. When sheltered by her powerful relatives, their reproaches and animadversions on the ruin she was bringing on her family, were themselves a bitter species of persecution. Still she had remained firm to her principles, though her character had gradually acquired an austerity not natural to her, but produced by the continual repression of those softer feelings which might have led her to yield, and the constant recurrence of those with which it was necessary to meet contempt and opposition with firmness. With Torriswood and his family, she could freely indulge her kinder feelings, and on their arrival, she received them with the most overflowing affection. Colville was included in this warm reception, and it was soon settled, that while he remained at Edinburgh, it would be unkind in him to seek another home. Colville was easily persuaded. He could willingly have consented to spend his life in the

society then in Lady Dalcluden's house. Torriswood, however, had scarcely time to make some inquiries respecting those subjects most interesting to his sister and himself, before the hour arrived at which he and Colville had promised to meet Lindsay.

"How long must you remain with Mr Lindsay?" asked Florence, as Colville still lingered near her, while Mrs Leslie detained her father.

"I know not," replied Colville, "I shall come away the moment I can make my escape."

"You will not leave my father?"

"He may have business with Mr Lindsay at which my presence may rather be an intrusion."

"O no. He expects no private conversation with him this evening. You are to meet other gentlemen, friends to our cause. I wish you would make me a promise, Colville."

"I will, Florence. Whatever you ask, I promise to fulfil if I possibly can."

"It is this, Colville—not to say a word of my father going to London, until you have proposed it to the other gentlemen you named."

"I promise, dear Florence. I shall oppose his going if it is proposed; yet I believe firmly, your fears are groundless on that point."

"Perhaps so—but—you will laugh at me, Colville—but I had, before you came, a strange—a horrid dream on that subject."

Colville did smile. "A dream, Florence?"

"Yes, a dream. You laugh, Colville, but who sends dreams?"

"A busy imagination," replied Colville. "When awake, it conjures up vivid and painful images, and when reason sleeps, those are still too powerful to be

at rest, and assume forms which reason would not allow were it awake."

"Is that the theory of dreams taught at Utrecht?" asked Florence, smiling.

"If it was, should you believe it just?"

"No; for then reason would only need to wake to bring all to peace again."

"And it would be so, Florence, if superstition—I mean by that, a belief in supernatural interference, where we have no good grounds for such belief—did not prevent us yielding to the dictates of reason."

"So, then, you think it mere superstition to believe in dreams?"

"I should think it so in myself."

"We must really go, Colville," said Torriswood.

"Remember your promise," said Florence, emphatically to Colville.

"I assuredly will, and may I entreat that you will endeavour to bring pleasant subjects before your imagination during this evening, and watch the event in your dreams?"

"I will endeavour."

A numerous party of gentlemen were assembled at Lindsay's when Torriswood and Colville arrived there, and were, on their entrance, earnestly engaged in conversation; some standing, others seated near a table, on which lay a long paper, over which one of the party bent, apparently absorbed in deep and painful thought. Torriswood was warmly welcomed by all; and Colville, on being introduced by him, was immediately recognised by some of the elder gentlemen, as the son of an esteemed and lamented friend; and by several of the younger, as an acquaintance whom they remembered. Amongst the latter number, the young Rowallan seemed

particularly gratified in the renewal of the acquaintance. He and Colville had been companions when boys. The elder Rowallan was also present, and twelve or fourteen other gentlemen. The elder Rowallan drew Torriswood aside, and in a low tone of voice informed him of the nature of the conversation in which he and his friends had been engaged, and into which several of the other gentlemen were again entering. Torriswood's countenance darkened as Rowallan spoke, and, after listening for a time, he approached the table where the same person still sat in gloomy thought over the scroll which lay before him. Torriswood stooped over it.

"I think even you, Torriswood, will be convinced at last that we must defend ourselves with other weapons than petitions and declarations," said the gloomy stranger, pushing the scroll towards him.

Torriswood made no answer, but began to read.

"Who is that gloomy looking person?" asked Colville, aside, as he stood a little apart with young Rowallan.

"Hackstoun of Rathillet," replied Rowallan. "He is an advocate for open resistance to the cruel laws now in force against the people."

"And what is the purport of that paper?" asked Colville. "It seems to darken every brow that bends over it," added he, as he looked at Torriswood, whose countenance, as he read, betrayed feelings of indignation.

"It is the copy of a proclamation about to be issued by the council, making the military the judges and executors of the laws against our party," replied young Rowallan; "the council have received the king's letter approving of it."

Rathillet watched Torriswood's countenance as he

read the scroll. Rowallan also stood near, waiting in thoughtful mood till he had perused it.

"Horrible!" exclaimed Torriswood, on finishing the paper. "This must be a prelude to even greater enormities than have yet been committed. Do you think the proclamation will be issued in this form, Lindsay?"

"I believe exactly in those words," replied Lindsay, "and the Primate is now in Edinburgh to hasten the tardy council in issuing it."

"And they will give up the people like sheep to the power of wolves, without one of those who ought to do it risking a hair in their defence," observed Rathillet indignantly.

Colville approached nearer to Rathillet: "What do *you* think ought to be done, sir?"

Rathillet eyed him for a moment, "What would *you* do, Arrondale, if you saw soldiers let loose upon your house, to drag your wife to prison for hearing the gospel preached, to torture your little ones to make them betray their parents—and to do yet more horrible things before your eyes? Would you stand a submissive witness because you had once sworn allegiance to a prince, supposing he would govern according to the laws, who has broken faith with your country, tramples on her laws, massacres her people, and delegates his authority to corrupt ministers and perjured priests, while he riots in debauch, and knows not, cares not, were all Scotland steeped in blood!"

"Rathillet would have you at once become a rebel, Arrondale," said the elder Rowallan; "he would have us, separated as we are, scattered all over the country, watched and harassed, spoiled of our fortunes, and destitute of resources, commence a civil war, in which we could have no rational prospect of success; and by

which we should justify our enemies in every calumny they have repeated against us; and prove that we have been struggling, not for liberty of conscience, but for civil power."

"And Rowallan will teach you these submissive doctrines, Arrondale, which have brought Scotland to what it is," rejoined Rathillet; "but let it be so; the people will soon find leaders among themselves, and leave us to bear the blame, to suffer and to die ignobly, as we well deserve."

"And sooner would I die a thousand deaths than be a leader in a civil war!" exclaimed Rowallan.

"And when a house is divided against itself, that house must fall," said Torriswood, looking with concern at the haughty and angry countenances of his two friends.

"Tell us then, Torriswood, what we are to tutor ourselves to submit to next?" asked Rathillet, attempting to be calm.

"To the will of God, Rathillet."

"And which of us can pretend to decide what that will is?" demanded Rathillet.

"It does not appear to me so difficult to decide, Rathillet," replied Torriswood, calmly. "We all know. that the party ready for open rebellion in this country, who possess any influence, are hopelessly small ——"

"Too surely I know it," interrupted Rathillet violently. "Men have been bewildered and betrayed by the tame reasonings of those who ought to have employed their influence to deliver, not to involve their country, by their unmanly submissions, deeper and deeper, and more and more hopelessly, under the yoke of tyranny."

"Hear me, Rathillet," said Torriswood, still calmly,

though Rathillet's reproaches were particularly pointed at him: "We are all attempting to act according to our consciences. It may not be long, Rathillet, before some of us are called to our last account. We have all suffered in this cause; but, as yet, we have been the cause of no suffering to others. Think you, Rathillet, we shall approach that bar the less willingly on that account?"

Rathillet turned gloomily away.—"So have you argued, Torriswood, for the last ten years, and matters have become every day worse with those who have been guided by you," said he, and then joined the other gentlemen, who were now discussing the state of feeling in England.

"Depend upon it, if we only can have patience a little longer," said Lindsay earnestly, "government will be forced, by the voice of the people of England, joined to that of Scotland, to do us justice."

"Patience!" repeated Rathillet ironically.

"There is already great opposition made in the House of Peers to Lauderdale's administration in Scotland," continued Lindsay. "One peer, in a recent debate on the subject, declared, 'That there could be no reason of state found out for what he and his coadjutors had done; but that they had designed to promote a rebellion at any rate, which, as they managed it, was only prevented by the miraculous hand of God.' He added, 'My Lords, I am forced to speak this the plainer, because, till the pressure be fully and clearly taken off from Scotland, it is not possible for me, or any thinking man, to believe that good is meant us hear.'"

"I trust the miraculous hand of God will still prevent a rebellion," observed Rowallan, glancing at Rathillet.

"A miracle is not needed to prevent it, Rowallan,"

said Rathillet sarcastically; "unless, indeed, the miracle is that Scotchmen can be trampled on so tamely."

Torriswood again saw the rising storm gathering on Rathillet's brow, and, to divert it, called on Colville to mention the wishes of those Englishmen with whom he had communicated respecting Scotland. Colville, when he began to do so, had his promise to Florence so strongly present to his mind, that, during a long and sometimes warm conversation which followed, he cautiously avoided any allusion to the subject of her fears. Torriswood himself, however, declared his determination, should no other gentleman offer, to proceed immediately to London, and urged his friends, calmly and dispassionately, to prepare their several opinions respecting the various subjects they had been discussing. He then proposed another meeting before his departure.

Colville was distressed, and eloquently pleaded many reasons against Torriswood's leaving Scotland at a crisis so important; but in vain. Inchcarran, the childless gentleman on whom Florence had fixed as the most proper person to undertake the mission, was present; but though he might have stated his views forcibly in writing, as Colville understood him to have done, he was no suitable envoy on such a mission. He was a little elderly shy man, with a countenance expressing thought and acuteness, when only a silent listener, but when attempting to express his sentiments, awkward, embarrassed, and ineloquent to the last degree. He shrunk from Colville's proposal that he should undertake the mission, declaring himself utterly incompetent to fulfil it. Rowallan, to whom Colville also applied, had only been released from prison a few days before, on giving his bond to pay an immense fine.

"I know not how, or where, to raise the money," said

Rowallan, "but I do not think myself at liberty to leave the country while the business is unsettled. Lord Cardross, another of those mentioned, was in jail for attending field conventicles, the same crime for which Rowallan had also been imprisoned. The Balfours had joined Rathillet in his opinion, that allegiance was no longer due to the government: and before the party broke up, it was decided by all, that Torriswood was the person most fitted to perform the mission, not only from present circumstances, but from his command of temper, from his knowledge of business, from the confidence which all his own party reposed in him, and from the openness and integrity of his whole conduct; which had hitherto put it out of the power of his many enemies among the ruling party, to attach the slightest blame to him, except in the one point of nonconformity in religion. All his friends, however, seemed fully aware of the danger to which such a mission exposed him; and even Rathillet's manner was softened into kindness before they parted.

It was late when the party separated; and Colville, returning in saddened mood, was not sorry to find that all the family, excepting the Lady Dalcluden herself, had retired to rest, and that he would not on that night be obliged to inform Florence of his ineffectual attempts to fulfil her wishes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE arrangements in the Lady Dalcluden's family were conducted in the most strict subserviency to her religious principles. From the early hour at which she thought it right that the business of the day should begin with

every member of her family, till the hour they retired to rest, she had so managed that nothing inconsistent with those principles should be permitted. It was the fashion of the times to affect show and splendour in decorations, furniture, equipages, and attendants, to an excess equalled perhaps only by the bad taste with which it was still mingled with the remains of former and more barbarous times. In none of this show and splendour did the Lady Dalcluden indulge. An air of sobriety and gravity reigned in every department of her establishment, animate and inanimate, from the garret to the kitchen, and from the old steward down to the sandy-haired stable boy, whose education and morals were as narrowly looked after as those of her own sons; and who as regularly every day got by heart two questions in the Assembly's Catechism, as the young gentlemen did a portion of the Greek Testament. Mrs Leslie's two eldest sons had been sent to finish their studies at Leyden. Two younger sons and two girls were still under her own eye.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, two hours after the family had been at their different occupations —and after Torriswood had taken the place of the young chaplain to lead the worship of his sister's family, that Colville, seated next Florence at the breakfast table, first found himself obliged to answer her respecting what had passed the night before.

"Did you remember your promise?" asked she.

"I did. And now may I ask, did you remember yours?"

"I did so far. My aunt and I had some conversation, in which I consulted her on the subject of dreams. Her opinions are the same as yours, and she gave me the same advice you had done; then herself led me to speak on many agreeable subjects."

"And what was the result? Did you dream at all?"

"O yes, I dreamt. Olive and I have never for months past escaped unpleasant dreams; but I confess they were mingled with some pleasing images last night."

"Then will you now believe my theory correct?"

"Not quite yet. I had seen so many things yesterday—Edinburgh, with its dark old Castle, and surrounding hills, glowing in the setting sun, filled my imagination—and still whatever I dreamt of, they formed a part of my dream."

"How strongly that proves my theory to be just," observed Colville, smiling.

"Well perhaps it may, but after you left us last night, we had visitors who supplied me with materials for the darker parts of my dream."

"Visitors? Who were they?"

"My uncle and aunt Osborne, and my cousins George and Mary—all as full of displeasure at us as ever, and yet determined to dictate to us in every point. How strangely people imagine that worldly prosperity, however attained, ought to entitle them to be considered wiser than those on whom the world frowns, for whatever holy or noble cause!"

"True indeed, and they really do possess more of this world's wisdom. Your cousin George has, I believe, just returned from his travels?"

"Yes—at least about three months ago, which three months he has spent in London, and a good deal about court, to the great delight of aunt Osborne. You never saw any thing more ridiculous than George has become in his manners and appearance," continued Florence, laughing.

"But what supplied materials for the dark parts of your dreams?" asked Colville.

"Their open disapprobation of my father," replied Florence. "I suffered it as long as I could, but at last rose to leave the room, and Eric was following me, when my uncle commanded us to stop, in a voice of such authority that I did stop short; Eric, however, had more presence of mind, and taking my hand he put it within his arm, as if he had been my eldest brother Hugh, and, beckoning to Olive to go with us, he said, with one of my father's own looks, 'No authority, sir, shall oblige us to listen to such opinions respecting the person on earth whom we most love and venerate.' We then left the room, and did not return till my cousin came to promise, in my uncle's name, that no more should be said to give us pain."

While Florence thus talked with Colville, her father was conversing in a low tone of voice with his sister; and the younger part of the family, who were allowed to be longer present than usual, on account of their visitors, were, notwithstanding the frequent mild admonitions of the young chaplain, becoming rather loud and loquacious in their mirth, in which Olive joined apparently with her whole heart. Florence had spoken in a low tone of voice to Colville, till the louder voices of the younger party had made her raise hers to be heard, and her last words had caught her father's ear.

"What uncle are you talking of, Florence?" asked he.

Florence reddened: "My uncle Osborne."

"When did you receive the message from him you speak of?"

"Last night, sir."

"Last night! Has he discovered that I am in Edinburgh?"

"Yes, my dear father. Some of his people had seen our arrival, and informed him of it."

"And did any one mention where I was?"

"No one," replied his sister. "I merely said you had an engagement you were obliged to keep. I saw your children immediately took the hint from me, and though both Walter and his wife did all they could to discover where you were, they did not make it out. I was, however, obliged to promise for you, and for us all, that we should spend this evening at his house."

"That promise provided many dark images for my dreams," said Florence to Colville, as her father and aunt again entered into conversation.

"May I ask why so?"

"You are most particularly invited to accompany us," replied Florence. "Will you come and judge whether what we meet with there is not calculated to sadden us all? Yet there is no necessity for your going, Colville, and you would not spend your time agreeably in my uncle's house," added she.

"I must spend my time agreeably wherever so many of my friends are," answered Colville; and Florence's artless smile of pleasure on hearing his reply, conveyed to him the enchanting assurance that his presence would not be unwelcome to her.

It was the habitual custom in the Lady Dalcluden's family, to have a portion of Scripture read at the close of every meal, followed by a short invocation of blessing on the family, while pursuing their different occupations apart from each other. In this the lady conceived she was following the inspired direction, "Ye shall lay up these my words in your heart—and ye shall teach them your children—speaking of them when thou sittest in the house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." This was now performed in a solemn and feeling manner by the

chaplain, a slight, delicate looking youth, whose mild grave manners seemed to inspire more deference in his light-hearted pupils, than could have been expected in a preceptor so young. When this service was concluded, the party separated; Torriswood, accompanied by Colville, to visit some of his dearest friends then confined in the jails of the city, and the others to their different occupations.

It had been agreed that if Torriswood should be detained by his friends, Mrs Leslie should, in the evening, accompany her nieces to Sir Walter Osborne's, where Torriswood and Colville should join them.

The day passed on, and the evening approached, and Torriswood did not return.

It was necessary to make some preparation for the unpleasant visit. "My sister-in-law assured me we should only meet relatives," said Mrs Leslie; "but no evening now passes in Walter's house without a revel. Besides, she takes pleasure in thus deceiving those of our sober habits. She wishes to overpower us with the glare and dazzle of what she herself has found irresistible. But remember, my dear girls, the reality of things. Remember you are the daughters of Walter's elder brother; and though now regarded perhaps as the children of a man hastening to ruin, and honoured by the countenance of this more prosperous brother, yet remember that the judgment of this world is in exact opposition to the judgment of Him for whom your father has sacrificed this world's favour."

Florence shrunk from the idea of a revel.

"You know, my dear aunt, my father disapproves of such follies, quite as much as you do; and at my uncle's we shall only meet the enemies of our cause. I have no spirits for such scenes at present," added she, her

eyes filling with tears: "the gaiety of my young cousins even here last night made me sad How can we join in revels with those who have forced my mother into exile —have made Mr Wellwood a wanderer without a house to shelter him—and who fill the prisons with our dearest friends?"

"What can we do, my dear? we have promised, and your father expects to meet us there. You know also that it has ever been your father's wish to keep on as good terms, as he in conscience could, with those relations who have been tempted from the strait and narrow way, in the hope that times may change, and they may then regard him as a friend ready to welcome their return to it."

Florence could object no further, and went, sad at heart, to her toilet.

In nothing were the two parties into which the country was divided more opposite at those times than in dress. The Lady Dalcluden and her nieces conformed entirely to the prevailing opinion of the party to which they belonged on this point. All embroidery and ornaments were avoided, and though in materials their dress was suited to their rank, in colours and in modesty, it was such as they conceived suitable to be worn by "women professing godliness." The toilet, therefore, was soon finished, thus obeying another precept, "to redeem the time."

With depressed spirits our party at last set out to join a revel.

On arriving at Sir Walter Osborne's, the bustle in the court confirmed the truth of Mrs Leslie's forebodings. Just on their entering it, a running footman passed her coach, calling out in an insolent tone of voice, "the Archbishop." This announcement, which was in-

tended to make her servants give place, had the directly contrary effect. Her coachman instantly pushed on, and was first at the house, and then her footman in a leisurely manner opened the coach door, and carefully and composedly let down the steps, while the menials in the court vociferated, with looks of impatience and loud voices, "the Archbishop's coach;" "Make way for the Archbishop." Mrs Leslie's servant was not, however, to be moved in the smallest degree from his steady composure, and the coachman sat firm, till his fellow had in a deliberate manner again put up the steps, and carefully closed the door.

"This is a studied plan, I perceive," said the Lady Dalcluden aside to Florence, on entering the hall; "but my brother will know how to meet it; and do you, my dear, recollect that you are his daughter."

Florence did not, at this moment, require to be reminded of any thing to increase her indignant feelings. The very idea of the Archbishop was associated in her mind with the unhappiness and sufferings of all she held most dear on earth.

"Ought *we* to remain where Sharpe is?" asked she, drawing back from the door of the apartment now thrown open for their entrance.

"We must, my love. Your father must find some friends here." This was enough.

The Lady Dalcluden now entered the large apartment in which the family and many others were assembled, with an air even more than usually reserved and dignified; and Florence's lovely head, raised so as to be even thrown a little back, gave her dark eyes the appearance of looking down upon whatever they rested on. Olive shrunk, blushing from the observation their entrance immediately excited. The Osbornes approached to

welcome our party with profuse expressions of kindness, which were received very coldly by Lady Dalcluden.

"I thought we were only to meet relations, Walter."

"Only relations, and a very few friends, I assure you," replied her brother.

"*Friends!*" repeated Mrs Leslie. "I think you might have spared us the pleasure of meeting some friends of yours who will soon be here. Torriswood will find it difficult, before so many witnesses, to express his gratitude for the many favours they have bestowed on him."

"We wish to do away those unhappy differences," said Lady Osborne. "The Archbishop has actually expressed his anxiety to be on amicable terms with your brother. It is not Christian, sister, to keep up those feuds about trifles."

"Trifles! madam," repeated Mrs Leslie.

"I must indeed call them trifles, my dear sister," said Lady Osborne. "Surely it would be more Christian," added she, putting on one of her most winning expressions, as she turned as if to appeal to Florence—"surely it would be more Christian to accommodate ourselves a little to each other's notions, and spend our time sociably and happily, than to be so gloomily determined to resist every attempt at reconciliation."

Florence felt bewildered by this speech, which was particularly addressed to her, but was saved making any reply by the entrance of the Archbishop, accompanied by his daughter. Lady Osborne hurried to meet them, and expressed her pleasure at seeing them in language of the most fulsome flattery.

"I scarcely hoped your grace could have bestowed your precious time on us. I know the motive which has induced you. I do trust your grace's most Chris-

tian spirit will be imitated by us all. Allow me to introduce my two nieces to your grace. The Lady Dalcluden is, I believe, not unknown to your grace." The Archbishop smilingly approached, holding out his hand to Mrs Leslie.

"Nothing gives me so much pleasure," said he, "as to meet the friends of my younger years. I once presumed to include Mrs Leslie amongst that number, and feel peculiarly happy in having those times brought back to my remembrance."

Mrs Leslie looked him full in the face, and then said in a calm but severe tone of voice:

"The last time I met Mr Sharpe, was on that day he left Edinburgh, a minister of the Church of Scotland, and trusted and deputed by that Church, to watch over her interests at the English court. If his *pleasures* consist in having those times brought to his remembrance, I wish not to penetrate into the nature of his sorrows."

She then turned from him, and leaning on Florence's arm, walked to a distant part of the room.

The Archbishop looked round on those near him, and attempted to smile; but the smile was checked by an expression of wretchedness, and a momentary paleness, as if a ghost had crossed his memory—but it was only for an instant—and again he was all smiles and courtesy.

"We must learn to bear all things," said he.

"I am extremely sorry that your grace should have met, in this house, with such a return for your grace's condescension," said Lady Osborne, when her sister was out of hearing. "Had I foreseen such a result, I should really have ventured to differ from your grace, and have entreated you not to throw away your most Christian attempts on such ungrateful feelings."

"You see," said the Archbishop, addressing the circle who had gathered round him, "how impossible it is to soften those people. Can it be credited that a nation would be happy with such a religion?"

"Impossible," said every one.

"It is most painful," resumed the Archbishop, "to see men of family and fortune continue to use their influence in supporting such a gloomy system. They compel us to use measures repugnant to our feelings. We do so in love to them. We desire their real happiness in our efforts to rescue them from such perverted notions; and, like kind parents, when our children will not yield to gentle means, we must for their sakes use those measures that are painful to us."

"Certainly," said one.

"Assuredly," said another.

The younger members of the circle, however, gradually retired, the conversation assuming a character not interesting to them.

Mary Osborne had followed her aunt and cousins, and tried to make excuses for her parents.

"I do assure you, my dear aunt," said she earnestly, "it was the Archbishop's wish to be here this evening. He proposed it to my father. He had heard my uncle was in town, and wished to meet him."

"Well, Mary," said Mrs Leslie, "he will have his wish. Do not disturb yourself, my dear."

"But," said Mary, "if you thought my uncle would like to know he was here before he came, I could send to him wherever he is, or make some one watch his arrival, and prepare him."

"Prepare him! What preparation think you, Mary, does your uncle require to meet one, whose character he so thoroughly knows and appreciates as he does that of

Sharpe? He has been so unfortunate also as to meet him but too often. He knows that he can smile and fawn upon his victims. This is not the first of many attempts he has made to lead the people to believe that your uncle is acting a double part, and that in reality he is not on bad terms with those in power. The whole town and neighbourhood will, ere to-morrow is over, know of the meeting that takes place here this evening. This is the colour the ruling party wish to give, to account for that blameless mildness of conduct, and that yielding to every human law which does not interfere with his duty to God, which has been so uniformly maintained by your uncle; and which has put it out of their power to complete his ruin, and blacken his character as they wish; and I tell you all this, my dear, that you may inform your friends how perfectly we see through the system to which they are lending themselves."

"You are not just to us, my dear aunt," replied Mary, her countenance glowing as she spoke. "My father's only wish is, to reconcile my uncle and *his* friends to each other."

"Mary, I do not mean to dispute this with you," replied her aunt. "You meet with enough to bewilder your sense of right and wrong; and I will not add to it by entering on a subject, on which, if I spoke truth, I must severely blame those whom it is your duty to honour."

During this conversation, Florence's whole attention had been engrossed by the Archbishop. She had never before seen him, excepting as he passed her aunt's windows, in splendid state, on his way to the palace. She had at those times regarded him with a mixed feeling of awe and compassion, as one who had bartered his

soul for that worldly pomp by which he was surrounded, and amidst which she scarcely had seen him distinctly. Now she felt bewildered as she watched the expression of his countenance, and the rather dignified and graceful manner with which he addressed those near him. His countenance was prepossessing—his hair quite grey, giving a mildness to its expression, which was rather increased by the steady calmness of his eyes, as he fixed them on the person he addressed. His voice, too, when it reached her ear, was pleasing, and Florence was thinking, as she looked in vain for any expression which indicated the false, and cruel, persecuting spirit which reigned within, how profound that hypocrisy must be which could animate the countenance with expressions so opposite to the real character, when her cousin George interrupted her thoughts, and suddenly arrested her attention, by asking her permission to introduce to her his friend Captain Harewood.

Florence, who had made up her mind to meet only with the enemies of all she loved at her uncle's, received George's friend very coldly. Besides, as it necessarily was the employment of the military at that time to enforce the persecuting laws of the government, they were regarded with distrust by the suffering party, as either personally their enemies, or prejudiced against their cause.

"We are going to dance in the next room," said George; "but as Harewood has discovered within the last five minutes that he does not like dancing, perhaps you will allow him to remain with you, as I know, Florence, you will not join us, and he is sick of listening to the Archbishop's sophistry, as he calls it."

"I have heard so much of that species of arguing," said the young officer, looking at Lady Dalcluden, and

then at Florence and Olive, as if asking their indulgence as he spoke, "that I dare no longer listen to it, lest its false glosses should compel me to think myself wrong in not becoming a puritan. They, at least, are honest, if they are mad."

"What species of arguing do you allude to?" asked Mrs Leslie. "You know we have put ourselves out of the reach of hearing what is said by the oracle of yonder circle."

"I mean, madam, that species of arguing which would make the king's will, which, after all, is not his will, but the will of the faction who perhaps deceive him, the law, not only in secular, but also in spiritual matters."

"I supposed your profession obliged you to be of the opinions you have mentioned," observed the Lady Dalcluden.

"I hope not, madam," replied Harewood; "but though I detest hearing arguments on the subject, and always feel satisfied when I do, that those who give up all, rather than offend, as they suppose, an unseen King whose rewards are on the other side of time, however mad they may be, are still more honest than they who profess their allegiance to that same unseen Being, and always forget it when any earthly good comes in their way; yet I have never had patience to examine the subjects which are the grand causes of dispute."

George, while his friend was suiting his conversation, in some degree, to those with whom he conversed, was, in a low tone of voice, attempting to persuade Olive to join in the dance, but Olive would not be persuaded, and Mary, too, declined.

"Nay, that is too much," said George, "if both you and Harewood are to desert us." Mary, however, was

firm, and George had to go without her. There seemed, however, to be little disposition among the younger members of the company to join the dance. They had gathered into parties, and were apparently unwilling to leave the room in which they were, and seemed as if they waited in expectation of some event.

As soon as George appeared to be engaged with one of those parties, young Harewood said in a low tone of voice to Florence: "I have been anxious to be introduced to you, Miss Osborne, that I might tell you I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs Osborne about ten days ago, at my uncle Sir Ralph Harewood's in Devonshire."

"My mother!" exclaimed Florence.

"Yes, and I was commissioned by her, if I met her daughters, to inform them that I had seen her well."

"Did she not write?"

"No. My stay in Devonshire was only for one day and a half. Mrs Osborne resides very near my uncle's, and arrived at his house on a visit just as I was taking leave."

Florence and Olive had now a thousand questions to ask, which young Harewood most frankly answered, giving a turn of gallantry and pleasantry to all he said; and representing the situation of Mrs Osborne and her family as so pleasant, as to greatly revive the spirits of his two, at first rather melancholy, listeners.

"I assure you," said he, "Mrs Osborne is idolized at my uncle's. He, and my aunt, and my nine cousins, sons and daughters, are the most rigid puritans you can imagine. Your brothers are making love to my cousins in their own way; and my uncle was quite delighted to see one of them, who used to look as if she could laugh, and join me, when I yawned at the chaplain's long exhortations, receive me very stiffly. I saw the old gentle-

man looked pleased, when I looked blank, I suppose, at Hester's prim reception, but I did not care for above half an hour; and my cousin Ralph did not know, when he afterwards answered all my questions with his puritanical simplicity, that he gave me to understand that young Mr Osborne was my rival; and that he sat as grave during all the chaplain's fifty heads, as any ejected minister in England could do."

Olive laughed—"Which of my brothers?" asked she.

"I think Ralph called him only by his sirname; but we met him as I left my uncle's; your mother's residence is very near, and as Ralph and I rode across the park, we observed him approaching towards us. He marched with a dignified and portly air to a gate which intervened, and finding that it did not open easily, vaulted over it, much more in the style of a cavalier than of a puritan, and came up to us. When we separated, two questions got from Ralph that I had seen my rival."

"It would be Hugh. Was he tall, with striking dark eyes?" asked Olive.

"Yes—tall—with dark eyes—too striking to please a rival. More like Miss Osborne than Miss Olive," added Harewood, looking, as if pleased to have an excuse for doing so, first at one and then the other.

"And now, Miss Olive, that I have told you so many things, will you reward me by looking along the room to the right of us, and tell *me* who that gentleman is who is attempting to converse with the lady in the blue dress, so stiff with gold?—for he eyes us in a very alarming manner."

Olive and Florence looked as Harewood directed, while he turned his eyes away, and saw Ormistoun *attempting*, as he had said, to converse with Miss Sharpe,

but with his eyes turning away from her every second word, to where Florence sat.

"That is Mr Ormistoun," said Olive.

"A lawyer, I perceive," observed Harewood. "Now I shall tell you his character. He is only half any thing. Look at his dress. He dare not show any lace, but pulled out in a tuft here and there: and his embroidery and sword ornaments are all smuggled as much out of sight as he can get them. Because the ruling party have these gay things, he dare not be without them, but because, the Covenanters, you call them in Scotland, despise such vain ornaments, he would make them believe that he only suffers them; and see how uneasily he sometimes casts a look at himself, after having gazed at this part of the room. What an oddity!" continued Harewood, laughing.

Florence and Olive could not help joining in the laugh, as they heard their gay companion so exactly describe poor Ormistoun's character.

"Ha! but who is this?" resumed Harewood, as the door was thrown open to admit Torriswood and Colville, and every eye was instantly turned towards them. "I had been thinking that the chief guests were already come. But now—I feel at fault—the elder gentleman —Ha! see how the Archbishop quails before his haughty eye!"

"Haughty!" repeated Florence. "It is not haughty."

"No. You are right, Miss Osborne. It is not haughty; yet I would not that look had been cast on me. It conveyed a world of stern reproof. I see he belongs not to the court party. The deference paid to him makes all look crest-fallen who pay it. They who expect to grow by stooping, look big when the stoop is over. The young gentleman, I perceive, has studied at

Utrecht; and has also been at the court of the Prince of Orange."

"How on earth can you know that?" asked Olive, laughing.

"I will tell you," replied he. "Look at his hair—the exact separation on the top of the head, the high forehead so completely displayed, while the thick locks seem as if they retired of themselves to join the clustering curls at the back of the head—that is the grave style in which the puritan students at Utrecht have their hair arranged. Then the dark dress—fuller at the neck than our present fashion, which looks as if a man had prepared himself to be beheaded, and less full at the pockets, which with us look, from the enormous laps we put on to secure them, as if we were a nation of pick-pockets, and the very little embroidery—that is the fashion of the prince's court."

Florence had only in part attended to Harewood's last remarks. Her attention was divided between them, and her father and Colville. The latter on entering had glanced round the room to discover where his friends sat, and now both gentlemen approached, but were stopped in their progress, by the *apparently* delighted friends who welcomed Torriswood, and seemed eager to be introduced to his companion, whose importance as a young man of large fortune and influence, still free to attach himself to either party, was fully appreciated by the elder members of the company, while his appearance and manners seemed soon to be equally so by the younger.

"My father looks unusually grave, I think," said Florence, aside to her aunt.

"Has he not cause, my love?"

"He has, but the expression excited by his observing

the presence of Sharpe, has passed away, and still he looks very grave." Then turning to Harewood—"You will allow us, Captain Harewood, to introduce you and my father to each other?"

"I shall feel much honoured by such an introduction," replied he, feelingly.

"But I must request of you not to mention my mother to him here. We shall, if you will allow us, reserve that pleasure for him till we leave this."

"Assuredly I will do whatever you wish," replied Harewood, his lively laughing countenance softening into something of a sad and serious expression, on seeing the melancholy earnestness with which Florence sought to spare her father's feelings.

"You are right, my love," said the lady Dalcluden. "I think you are also right in what you said of your father. He does look unusually grave."

Colville now joined our little party, and was immediately asked by Mrs Leslie whether any thing had happened to distress her brother.

"He has just been much shocked," answered Colville, "by hearing that the Duke of Rothes is dying in great horror of mind."

"Rothes dying!" exclaimed the Lady Dalcluden.

The Archbishop, who, with Sir Walter Osborne, had approached unobserved, and stood near our party, now stepped forward.

"Did you say the Duke of Rothes was considered to be dying?" asked he, addressing Colville, with a cautious, but anxious expression of countenance.

"I did," replied Colville.

The Archbishop looked extremely uneasy, but said: "I think, Mr Colville, you must have been misinformed. I called at his apartments in the palace this forenoon,

and was informed he was no worse. Had he been so, I certainly should have attended him—and with equal certainty I should have been informed."

"He has two clergymen with him at this moment," said Torriswood, who now joined his sister's party.

Sharpe seemed more uneasy—"I shall immediately go to him."

"You will not be required," observed Torriswood, dryly. "Rothes at last feels he has a conscience, and now calls for his lady's ministers, two of whom have been searched for in their hiding places, and brought to him."

"Then none of his own friends are near him," said the Archbishop. "This is the work of the duchess. It is easy to say any thing in the name of a dying man," added he, with a sneer.

"There are half a score of your clergy in attendance on the Duke," replied Torriswood, "who, I hope, may learn how real servants of God minister to a dying soul. He is surrounded by those you call his own friends, but dying is a solemn thing, Mr Sharpe, and they as well as he have discovered, and told your brethren, that clergymen of their kind do well enough to *live* with, but not to *die* with." Torriswood then turned from Sharpe, and proposed that his family should return home, to which they joyfully agreed, though urged by Lady Osborne and many others to prolong their stay. When the door of the apartment closed on them, Lady Osborne exclaimed—

"Thank heaven, this duty is over! What a gloom the presence of these people casts over every thing. I hope your grace will not credit all that Mr Colville said, at least"—for she perceived that Torriswood was too well known by all to proceed in that strain—"the

gloomy person who informed him may have been mistaken. George, Mary, Captain Harewood, do, I entreat you, order music, and prevail on these young people to dance or amuse themselves. I protest I never saw a Covenanter at a party who did not make it seem a meeting at a funeral. Death, death. Conscience, conscience. How intolerable!"

CHAPTER V

THE day for Torriswood's leaving Edinburgh for London was now fixed, and after, on their part, several melancholy and foreboding conversations with his sister and his children, he at last in some degree succeeded in reconciling them to his departure.

Two days previous to his setting out, Torriswood had engaged himself to meet several of the gentlemen of Fife. This meeting was to take place in the neighbourhood of St Andrews. Some of these gentlemen were so obnoxious to the ruling party, particularly to Sharpe, that their movements were watched, and their meeting at any house in Edinburgh would have been immediately known, and have excited dangerous suspicions. Colville had also been invited to this meeting.

It was on the evening of a beautiful day that Torriswood and Colville crossed the Frith, and were landed among other passengers at St Andrews. They then proceeded across the links, or common, near the town, to the place of meeting. This was in a wood near the house of one of the gentlemen. All those who met were to come separately, and unattended to the spot; for so rigorous was the search made at that time by the soi-

diers quartered in Fife for those among the people who still ventured to attend at field conventicles, as they were called, that it would have excited suspicion to have been seen in numbers.

The soldiers at this period, instigated by the creatures of the Archbishop, particularly by his principal agent Carmichael, and also by having their plundering and excesses winked at, scoured the country night and day, in search of those whom they might convict and plunder; or to harass the people, and force them to give information respecting them.

When Torriswood and Colville arrived at the place of meeting, they found several gentlemen already there; also a good many respectable looking men, apparently farmers, and a few who seemed not of a higher class than cottagers. Most of the party had gathered close round one of their number, who was haranguing them in a repressed tone of voice. A few of the people, in earnest conversation, stood apart, and others were stationed in every direction to watch. On a nearer approach, Torriswood said:

"It is Rathillet who is the speaker. I fear our views will be found too peaceful and accommodating for this meeting, and I entreat you, Colville, be on your guard. Beware how you commit yourself."

Colville promised, and they drew near, Torriswood motioning to Rathillet to proceed, which, after the gentlemen had welcomed their newly arrived friends, he did.

"How strange that it should be necessary to use words to urge such men as those who now surround me, to rise in defence of liberty—of life—of the truth! How long shall these be trampled under foot by a handful of ruffians, while the hearts of the nation are thirsting,

panting for leaders who will unite their strength, and suffer them to meet their enemies like men? But I speak to rocks. A deadness—an apathy, that seems like a judgment for our sins, has bound in frost the common feelings of our nature. Oh! when the scourge visits our own dwellings, as it has done those of some who now stand among us—and visit us it will—and worthy have we made ourselves to meet it—then perhaps we shall learn to feel. Listen for a moment to what they can tell you who have tasted of its visitation." He then beckoned to a man who stood at a little distance. He slowly approached, carrying in his arms a little fair-haired girl, whose face was hid upon his bosom. On coming near, she raised her head for a moment, and looked wildly at those around her. The little face was beautiful, but evidently without intelligence; and she screamed, with seeming terror, and clung to her father.

The man who seemed to be a farmer, was young and of a strong make, but pale and thin, and apparently bent down with sorrow. He soothed his child upon his breast with an expression of suppressed misery on his countenance, irresistibly moving.

"She would not leave me," began he, looking down on his child, "or I should not have troubled you, gentlemen, by bringing her here. I had taught her to look upon me as all the parent she had when she lost her mother ——."

The man stopped, for the last words stuck in his throat.

"She is all I have," resumed he. "About two months ago, our minister, Mr Hamilton, took shelter one night in my house. Before he rose next morning, I heard that the soldiers were coming in search of him. He got out, and I went with him to see him safe out of their reach. When I was away, the soldiers came

and searched my house. They found only my mother and little Phemy." The child looked up in her father's face when he named her. He stopped, and looked as if his heart would break at the little vacant countenance, and again soothed her on his breast. "My mother would give no answer to the soldiers," continued he, "when they questioned her; for the women now find it best to say nothing. Phemy would not say a word either. They at last took my child out of her little bed, and carried her to the fields, one of the soldiers threatening to shoot my mother when she would have followed the child, and remaining to prevent her. Some children were near the place to which they took my little girl, and told me what had passed. Naked and terrified as she was, they bound up her eyes, and said they were going to shoot her, unless she told them whether Mr Hamilton had been at our house; but all their threats would not make her speak. They then made her kneel down on her little bare knees, and said the guns were all loaded, and that if she did not tell they would blow her in pieces, but still she would not say a word to them, but the children heard her pray to God. They then fired over her head, and when they undid her eyes, she was—what you see her. On my return home I found her so. She still knew my voice and ways, and is never easy but when in my arms, or asleep. My mother died of a broken heart a week after."

The man immediately retired with his sad little charge, and hastened into a thicker part of the wood.

"How shocking!—How cruel!—Most sad!"—exclaimed one and another of the listeners.

"Yes," said Rathillet,—"It is a mournful story, but others of a darker shade are still to tell."

Another man now stepped forward. His hat was drawn

down over his eyes, and he kept them fixed upon the ground while he hurried through his tale of despair. In his cottage nothing had been held sacred. A meeting had been found assembled in his house to hear a proscribed preacher. They were at prayers when the soldiers rushed in. The preacher was caught, and sent to Edinburgh. The cottage given up by Carmichael to the soldiers. The story was too dreadful. The man seemed to think himself fulfilling a duty in forcing himself to go through the agonizing recital, and then instantly retired.

"Why all this, Rathillet?" asked Torriswood, in a voice of painful excitement.

"Ah! you are a husband and a father, Torriswood, and now you feel!" replied Rathillet. "But Torriswood is rich! He can send his wife and daughters where he will! He therefore preaches patience!"

"Torriswood is on the eve of devoting himself for his country in a service, which you believe as dangerous as that to which you would urge us, Rathillet;" said Colville.

"Is your young blood so cold also," replied Rathillet, "as to prefer delays and negotiations to the open field?"

"By taking the open field," resumed Colville, "we should only add, to the horrors and atrocities of which we have just heard, the misery of knowing that we had given that kind of sanction which war always does, to such crimes. As yet we only suffer, and that unjustly; and in a cause for the support of which we can with clear consciences pray to God. If we take vengeance into our own hands, we instantly resign the character of men struggling, and persecuted in maintaining the rights of conscience, and assume that of champions for earthly liberty. Were the last struggle lawful, of which I do

not yet pretend to judge, it is a struggle wholly earthly; and without such means as common earthly prudence points out to be necessary, it would be madness to begin it."

Colville spoke with calmness, and firmness, and Torriswood immediately added: "The great majority of our friends have decided that they do not feel at liberty, when in their calmest moments they place this subject before them, to engage in open arms. They still regard it as rebellion; and, agreeing as I do with them, I must leave this meeting if open war is the only subject of which I am to hear."

"Farewell, then, Torriswood," said Rathillet, holding out his hand. "If our efforts succeed, we shall rejoice in having found liberty for you; if not, we feel our consciences clear in defending this cause to blood and death."

"Think—think deeply—think on your knees, Rathillet, ere you take this last—this irretrievable step. Think for yourself and all you guide," said Torriswood solemnly, and holding Rathillet's hand grasped in his.

"Think you that is still to do?" replied Rathillet, breaking away—then turning again to him, "Farewell, Torriswood, till we meet in liberty, either in this land or elsewhere," waving his hand towards heaven. He then beckoned to some of the gentlemen, who retired with him farther into the wood, and Torriswood turned to leave the spot.

At that moment a tall stern-looking man approached, and requested Torriswood to listen to him for a few moments. Torriswood immediately stopped. Colville would have walked on, but the man entreated him also to stop.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have had many thoughts

about the good that it would do our cause to rise in arms, but I cannot make up my mind on the point. There is, however, another point on which some of us have sworn, and we cannot go back; yet it would be a satisfaction to us to know that you thought us right. You have heard the sufferings of two fathers and their families. You might have heard of many more—and the cup may pass round to us all. There is no law to save us. We in vain plead for justice. Ought he who is the vile instigator and mover of all this misery—ought that wretch who is his willing agent—that blood-hound Carmichael—ought they to go unpunished? We wish not those who have already suffered to do the deed; but those who have not yet suffered—would it not in them be only the executing of that judgment which God commands upon the murderer? ——"

"Stop, my friend," interrupted Torriswood, "I perceive your meaning, but I cannot think you right. You know to whom vengeance belongs. Think better before ——"

"You need say no more, sir. It is too late. I will only say, sir, that in this Rathillet refuses to be our leader."

The man then hastened away.

Torriswood looked after him, and towards the party he had left, for some minutes; he then turned slowly away, and, leaning on Colville, walked for a time in silence, and apparently in most painful thought.

"We shall soon hear of some guilty soul sent to a sudden account," said he at last.

"And if we should," replied Colville, "I could not call it murder. I never could agree with those who consider the judgment executed on that persecuting, bloody Cardinal, who lounged in his window, in that

town (pointing to St Andrews), to view the dying agonies of our martyrs, as a murder; and this Carmichael seems to follow the Cardinal's example as far as he dare."

"It is a most difficult subject to decide upon," replied Torriswood. "The day, I trust, will come, when men shall see more clearly than we do on this point. For myself, there is something very horrible to me in the idea of assassination; nor could I feel as a friend for the man who could bring himself to join in such a deed; yet in some cases, such as Cardinal Beaton's, for instance, I could not regard him as a murderer."

The moon had risen before Torriswood and Colville reached the beach, along which they thought it safest to return to St Andrews. On approaching it, they observed a boat at some distance, which, from its size, and the sail it carried, they guessed to be a barge belonging to some one of the neighbouring gentry, returning from an excursion of pleasure. Torriswood did not wish to be recognised, and he and Colville determined to wait till this barge should land its party, before they proceeded to the place at which they had appointed their little bark to wait for them. Retiring among some high rocks upon the beach, they seated themselves under their deep shadow, and from thence watched the approach of the barge to a landing place near where they sat. It was so perfectly calm, that though every sail was set to catch the least breath of wind, yet many oars were seen flashing in the moonbeams, as they rose in measured time from the water. Music, too, was soon heard, first at intervals in the light breeze, then more distinctly, till at length the air struck familiarly on the ear, and was recognised as one of those merry cadences used in the dance. Some fishermen passed along the beach near

the place where Torriswood and Colville remained concealed in the deep shadows of the rocks.

"It is the Archbishop's barge," said one.

"Ay," replied the other, "and since he's going to land here, he'll be on the way to a carouse at ——"

"Be ready to doff your cap, Jack, or some o' that fell up scornfu' crew that follow him, may help it off for ye, as they did to half a dozen o' us the other day."

"I should like to see them try that," said the other.

"And what could ye do?" —— Torriswood and his companion heard no more.

"Ay, 'what could you do?' poor fellow!" repeated Torriswood. "Can we be in error, Colville, in refusing, at the risk of all things, to receive such men as our spiritual guides? In what one feature of that man's character can we trace a resemblance to Him, whose minister he presumes to call himself?"

A number of the Archbishop's people were now seen descending to the beach, carrying flambeaux, and escorting the coach which was to receive his grace on landing, and convey him to the house of ——, a creature of his own, with whom it was said by the Covenanters he used to spend his time in lower revelry, than was altogether suitable with that worldly eminence, for which he had sacrificed his character and better hopes.

The boat drew near, gliding majestically on the smooth full tide. On its approaching the landing place, a rich crimson foot-cloth was laid for the Archbishop to tread upon from the side of the boat to his coach. The menials called out, "Off hats," to a few sailors and fishermen who were near the place. An inferior clergyman, of some description, first stepped out of the boat, and waited in obsequious posture, till his grace, passing from his cushioned seat, under a superb

awning, amidst the sailors, who stood with their oars raised, put his hand on his arm, and thus supported, stepped delicately to his coach, the minstrels playing a light air as he proceeded. His daughter and her attendants followed.

"Well, Colville," said Torriswood, "what think you of all that?"

"I think," replied Colville, "that I see a leader in that apostate church, which is described as being arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold."

"And whose intoxication from success," added Torriswood, "in subjecting to her domination the souls of men, and seducing them to their destruction by her allurements, and her skill and cunning in betraying and destroying the true servants of God, is described under the horrible image, 'An harlot drunk with blood.'"

The parade and bustle of the Archbishop's landing were soon over;—his coach and attendants, with their noise, and lights, and music, passed away. The boat was moored—all again lay calm and still under the moonlight; and Torriswood and Colville proceeded on their way.

"I believe the man we have just seen," said Torriswood, as they walked, "would grasp at a cardinal's hat, if it was the reward offered for restoring Popery to his country."

"I doubt it not," said Colville, "but the Church he now professes to belong to, is, I trust, too far reformed, subjected as it is to earthly power, to leave room for him to form such hopes."

"It is," answered Torriswood.

"We ought not to forget," said Colville, "how many of that Church have sealed their testimony to the

truth with their blood. That recollection, I confess, sometimes staggers my resolution to resist to blood the introduction of her creed and forms into this country."

"You must make up your mind on that point, Colville," replied Torriswood with great seriousness. "To join in a cause involving consequences so momentous, both to yourself and others, from no better than party motives, would in you be highly criminal."

"But how, my dear sir, do you account for men such as these, dying in defence of truth, and yet remaining in, and supporting that very system which you regard it as justifiable to resist even to death?"

"I pretend not to account for any inconsistency in man, my dear Colville. Light dawned on England very gradually. Perhaps a little reflection on the difference of the means by which the reformation of the two countries was brought about, might assist us in solving this difficulty. In England, the Reformation was commenced by a tyrant, who merely wished to have all power in his own hands; and while it continued gradually to proceed among the people, the clergy, under succeeding sovereigns, in less than thirty years, changed their faith four times, very few of them, comparatively, choosing to leave their benefices rather than their opinions. Amongst those few were the excellent men you have mentioned. If I recollect aright, however, all those who in any way suffered from the persecutions of the cruel Mary were not calculated to exceed seven hundred, including clergy and people; but mark the difference as light advanced. When our present king returned to England, and insisted that his will should dictate in such matters—of clergymen, two thousand in one day, preferred ruin, poverty, and exile, rather than submit to

the trifling ceremonies and fooleries he sought to substitute in the place of solid instruction in the religion of the Bible. Of the people who suffered for this nonconformity in England, I suppose no attempt has been made to calculate their numbers. Those of them who have chosen exile, have gone to people a new world. The English, however, have been accustomed to receive their religion from their rulers. Not so the Scotch. With us, the Reformation began amongst the people. Its first preachers were martyrs in the cause. It was carried on by the people in the face of a Popish government. It continued to proceed till all classes of the nation became Protestant, excepting the sovereign, and those around the throne. From its commencement, and in every stage of its progress, it has had to struggle with the government. Always advancing in light, the clergy and the people have steadily refused to retrace one step into darkness. And shall we now give up the struggle?"

"No, never!" replied Colville. "All I wish is a more defined object than our party usually describe that to be for which we struggle."

"These are the objects, Colville, for which we struggle:—The word of God to be our only rule in whatever pertains to his service, and that word as it is understood by ourselves and our teachers, not by an ignorant licentious king, and worldly statesmen. A useful scriptural clergy, totally devoted to the instruction of the people, and entirely separated from worldly matters; not a cumbrous hierarchy, living in luxury and idleness, loaded with worldliness, and taking a share in the temporal government of the nation. We cannot read the New Testament and receive such a clergy. Neither can we submit to receive instruction from the dependent

underling clergy, who alone do any labour in this system."

"Enough, my dear sir," replied Colville; "I am ready for the struggle."

Torriswood and Colville had now reached the place where they had appointed their boat to wait for them. A light cool breeze had sprung up, and now passed along the surface of the water, ruffling its glassy smoothness, but favouring their return. The fishermen put up their one sail, and soon the light skiff cut rapidly through the waters. Torriswood and Colville seated themselves on one of the little cross benches, with their faces towards St Andrews, which now lay before them under a bright moon. The ruins of the cathedral arrested Colville's attention, as the soft light slept on its broken arches and crumbling walls.

"I was not aware," remarked he, "when here as a boy, of the extent of those ruins."

"The cathedral was one of the largest, some say the largest in Europe," replied Torriswood. "A proof of the devotion of this poor people according to the light they then had."

"Surely it was rather barbarous to destroy it so completely," observed Colville.

"Perhaps so," replied Torriswood, "but it was done in that spirit of indignation which is natural when men's eyes are opened to perceive that they have been held in delusion to enrich those who deceived them. Besides, they dreaded a return of Popery, with its attendant darkness and delusion. Had a rude people spared those haunts of men who had spoiled them to rear such edifices, and live themselves in useless idleness, it would certainly have been a greater proof of remaining superstition than of taste."

The breeze continued to increase; and soon St Andrews and its massy ruins became indistinct in the distance, and after a very rapid passage, Torriswood and Colville were landed at Leith.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL the first half of next day was spent by Torriswood at Lindsay's, where he was again met by several of the leaders of the Covenanters. At this meeting those instructions were finally agreed on with which he was to proceed to London. Next day his friends were to meet him at his sister's, to take leave in that manner in which those of his party usually softened the pain of separation, when all were in continual expectation of dangers which might prevent them ever again meeting; and which they felt were most easily anticipated by a complete surrender of all that was before them to the will of God. Torriswood, in the meantime, returned to his family.

They were all met together awaiting his return—an expression of dejection on every countenance. Even Colville in vain attempted to assume a more cheerful manner on Torriswood's entrance; and Florence, who approached to meet her father with a smile on her pale countenance, on his first word of kindness, was obliged to turn away to conceal her tears. Torriswood seated himself with his children close around him.

"I have now settled every thing with my friends," said he. "We must now arrange our own plans more decidedly than we have yet done. I am going to speak quite plainly, my dear girls," addressing his daughters

"Your aunt has consented to retire with you to Dalcluden. There, I trust, you will remain undisturbed, and in almost complete seclusion; and the lesson you must set yourselves to learn is this—that God reigns; and that whatever He appoints is altogether wise and good, however distressing or painful his dispensations may appear to us, who cannot comprehend his ways. You, my dear Olive, are of a nature too soft and timid for such times; but it is possible, my child, to strengthen a weak nature; and I say this before so many witnesses, because I wish every one to understand as well as you, that should your aunt find it necessary to impose a more severe course of study and thought on you, than is altogether suited to your natural taste, she does so at my request, and for your future happiness." Torriswood concluded this address to Olive by folding her tenderly to his heart. Poor Olive attempted to suppress her feelings, but without success, and wept upon her father's breast.

"As for you, my love," resumed Torriswood, turning to Florence, "do not attempt too much—at least not in your own strength. *You* understand me. Thank God, I feel secure of this. Seek to know more of that higher strength to which I allude. Fear not to exceed in trusting to it. I shall say no more, my love"—nearly overcome himself as he looked at Florence, who listened without suffering herself to be overcome, but as pale as marble. Torriswood sighed deeply, and paused for a moment. He then looked towards Eric, but his glance blanched the poor boy's cheek to such paleness, while he made an effort to suppress his tears, that his father seemed unable to proceed.

"Colville, I wish your family had been nearer my sister's," said Torriswood, after a moment's silence.

"I have determined to ask my mother and my bro-

ther to remove for a time to Erinlaw, my small place near Dalcluden," replied Colville. "I wish, for a short period, to live as retiredly as possible, in order to become better acquainted with the state of matters in this country, before I take a more active part." Colville did not say this with his usual unrestrained manner, but hesitated and reddened as he spoke.

Torriswood looked earnestly at him. "Will you in seclusion learn what you wish, think you, Colville?" asked he.

"If I find I cannot, I shall then leave it," replied he, more firmly.

"I have been so used to consider myself entitled to advise you, Colville, that I may perhaps forget when to stop; but if you mean to take the part you profess yourself determined to take, believe me, in these times, the first place in your earthly thoughts must be given to your country; and I would not be your friend, Colville, if I suffered you, unwarned, to meet the difficult and ensnaring circumstances you will inevitably be exposed to, with thoughts and feelings distracted and entangled by any other pursuit."

Colville made no reply, but looked grave, and rather hurt.

"My dear father," said Florence, earnestly, "Colville has this day signed the Covenant. How can he more decidedly prove his devotedness to his country?"

"You have signed the Covenant, Colville!" exclaimed Torriswood.

"I have," replied Colville.

"Where did you sign it, and who knows of your having done so?" asked Torriswood anxiously.

"I scarcely know where," answered Colville. "Young Rowallan told me he meant to sign it before he left

Edinburgh, and on my declaring my intention to do so also, he offered to conduct me to a house where a parchment, containing many of the names of those who from the first had been most zealous in the cause, was still kept in secrecy; and where those now resorted who ventured to add their names to the proscribed bond."

"I know well where you were," observed the Lady Dalcluden. "You reached the house by a lane leading from the Castle Hill."

"We did, but not until we had passed through many narrow streets and by-ways. The house is at the outskirts of the town. Behind it is a large garden, and beyond are fields."

"Exactly," replied Mrs Leslie, "and its master is at this present time in the Canongate jail; and his lady and family banished from Edinburgh, all for having heard the gospel preached in private by one of those very ministers whom the Duke of Rothes desired to see on his deathbed."

"Who witnessed your signing the Covenant, Colville?" asked Torriswood, again, with much anxiety. "Whom did you find in poor Ardwallan's house?"

"We were received by an old servant who knew Rowallan, and on my fricnd's saying something aside to him respecting me, he immediately admitted us both; and after carefully closing the door at which we had entered, asked us to follow him. He then preceded us across a large dark hall, every window-shutter in the house being closed, and up several pairs of stairs, on the landing place at the top of which he begged us to stop for an instant. He then entered a room, the door of which he closed after him, and we immediately heard voices within. In a few moments the door again opened,

and a gentleman approached to meet us, who was joyfully recognised by Rowallan, and who invited us to enter. We did so, and found ourselves in a large apartment, lighted from the low roof, and furnished with only a table and a few chairs. Six or seven other gentlemen had been seated near this table, who now rose on our entrance. The person who had received us at the door was introduced to me by my friend, as Mr Gabriel Blair, a suffering minister."

"Mr Blair! I know him well," said Torriswood, apparently relieved on hearing his name. "He is not a man of rash counsels."

"All the others," resumed Colville, "were also clergymen, Mr Semple, Mr Hamilton, Mr Primrose; I do not recollect the names of the others; but never shall I forget the countenances of any of them, so animated, so ardent their expression, yet so thin, so little of earth in their looks. I felt as if I had seen before me a party of confessors preparing for martyrdom. We were soon seated amongst them, and while Rowallan explained the nature of our intrusion, I glanced round the apartment. There was no fire, and the bare walls and floor looked cold and comfortless. On the table were several Bibles open, most of them Greek, and near them papers containing notes, the result of their studies. It was still early, and the ministers seemed to have been breakfasting as they studied. Some pieces of oat cakes lay near where they had been writing. A pitcher of water stood beside them, and a single cup was on the table, which seemed to have passed amongst them to wash down their dry cheer. Mr Hamilton, who sat next to me, had watched my looks as I examined the apartment, and when, after resting on the bread and water, the sight of which somehow moved me more than

such trifles ought to move a man, I raised them, and met his, he smiled cheerfully, and said—

"'You see, sir, the fulfilment of all that is promised to the servants of the Lord with regard to the sustenance of the perishing body: "Their bread shall be given, and their water shall be sure."'

"'Yes,' replied I; 'but surely they for whose souls' sakes you suffer the loss of all things, ought to supply you more liberally with their earthly things. Does this house belong to one who ventures to admit you, and yet so poorly accommodates you in all things?'

"'Call you this poor accommodation, sir?' asked Mr Hamilton, 'and thinking it so, are you come to sign the Covenant? Pause, sir, ere you proceed further.—It is no light matter to break a bond with the Almighty.' I felt ashamed, and assured him that I thought not of myself, but was not yet accustomed to see men of his peaceful profession exposed to such hardships.

"He smiled, and looked to heaven. 'A bed on the turf,' resumed he, 'a pillow of stone, a meal when God sends it—and threatened death on every side, are the accommodations now to be looked for in Scotland, by those who proclaim the gospel of everlasting truth to her children; and by those who dare to stand up in defence of liberty of conscience.'

"'Be it so,' said I, 'as long as God permits, still it is the cause for which I am prepared to live or die.'

"'Yes, be it so,' repeated he exultingly. 'He who reigns over all will appoint it otherwise, when his ever wise, ever holy, ever best purposes are fulfilled. But still, truly do they need to know Him who enter on this warfare.

"I fully agreed to this, and then asked some questions which led him to tell me, that he and his friends had

met late the night before, to consult respecting new divisions which had taken place among those presbyterian ministers who had been forced long ago to leave their parishes, and regarding the conduct they ought to maintain toward some of their brethren, who had continued in their parishes by what many considered sinful acceptances of the continually changing terms of indulgence. He told me also, that the house in which they were, was supposed to be uninhabited, excepting by the old servant who had admitted us, and that to his scanty means they were indebted for whatever comfort they had enjoyed. 'These indulgences,' continued Mr Hamilton, 'are most artfully framed to ruin our cause, and have already been fatally successful in creating divisions amongst us. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that we should attempt to meet and understand each other. Each of those who are here will convey the result of our consultations to others, who by this time have also had meetings with our brethren. We have for a part of the night, and till now, been studying the subject regarding which we met. Still we are not all agreed as to what duty is. We have prayed for light and guidance—we have studied every passage of Scripture which appeared to us to bear upon the points of difficulty ; and though we are much nearer being of one mind than when we met, there are yet some points on which we do not all see clearly.' While Mr Hamilton was talking to me, Mr Blair left the apartment by a door at the opposite end from that at which we had entered, and Rowallan had engaged in conversation with Mr Semple. The other clergymen were again so intently engaged as to have apparently forgot our presence, and I begged Mr Hamilton also to proceed, and take no charge of me ; but he assured me that his mind was quite made up

upon the subject, and that before we came he had been engaged in studying a sermon to be preached to-morrow."

"Where?" asked Torriswood and his sister in one breath.

"In a glen at Kinneil," answered Colville.

Torriswood looked disappointed, "'Tis too far off for to-morrow," said he, then added—"and Blair, where does he preach?"

"Amongst the Pentland Hills. Each of his friends, Mr Hamilton told me, were to preach somewhere; and they were to reach their different destinations during the night—some thirty miles off."

"Can we wonder," observed Torriswood, "that men who set no value on a preached gospel, should believe that such ardour must be inspired by motives they can comprehend? Treason, or any other which involves deep earthly interests."

"And the Covenant," said Eric, who now stood leaning on Colville's shoulder. "Were there many names attached to the one you saw? What was it like?"

"The Covenant," resumed Colville, "was soon brought by Mr Blair. It was a long roll of parchment, in which the Solemn League was first written; and beneath it were several columns filled with names."

"Did you see Montrose's there?" asked Eric.

"No, not on the copy I signed."

"Well, but tell us about it."

"Well, when Mr Blair had spread out the scroll upon the table, and I had taken a pen to subscribe, he laid his hand on mine, and said solemnly, 'Signing this bond was once considered no light matter. But look, Arrondale, ere you proceed, at this list of names, and see how many who once raised their hands to heaven, and swore

to keep it, now persecute to death those who dare to perform the vow.' He then pointed to the signature of Lauderdale, and some others."

"My brother Walter's was there," said the Lady Dalcluden.

"It was," replied Colville, "but a little farther down was that of my father, and I pointed it out to Mr Blair. He was moved, and put the scroll towards me to sign. I however continued to read the names. I saw yours, Sir," addressing Torriswood, "and many others which I pointed to, Rathillet, Burleigh, Gilston, the wretch Carmichael; many Fife names. Mr Hamilton directed my observation to one part of the roll where most of the names in one column were marked off from the others. 'Look,' said Mr Hamilton. 'I remember this piece of vanity. All those names were added to the Covenant at the request of one busy agent, who thus marked his success to prove his zeal to those he then wished to please. His own name is at the top.' I looked and saw the signature in a large hand, 'James Sharpe, minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.'"

"Why do they leave this vile name there?" asked Eric indignantly. "Did you sign your name on the same parchment with his?"

"My own father's name was there, Eric, and your father's, and Rowallan found his father's, and many many more names were there, with whom I shall wish to find mine associated, when that day comes when we shall give our account of the manner in which we have kept this Covenant."

"Well," said Eric, leaning closer to Colville, "and did you sign?"

"Mochrum of Meldrum's name was also there," said Colville, smiling in Eric's face.

"Old wretch!" exclaimed Eric, "but you signed the Covenant."

"We did. Rowallan and I raised our right hand to heaven, and swore to live or die in keeping it. And after Mr Blair had prayed a few emphatic words for grace and strength to keep our vow, we signed."

At this moment a servant entered the room, and approaching close to Torriswood, told him in a low voice that a sailor was in the hall, who wished to speak to him on private and important business."

"Bring him in, Lauchlan," answered Torriswood. "There is no person here who may not know any business a sailor is likely to be trusted with."

The servant went out, and immediately returned, conducting into the room a stout-made man, who entered with a step and air rather superior to the dress of a common sailor, or rather fisherman, which he wore. His hat was, however, drawn close down on his face, and he continued silent till the servant left the room and closed the door. He then approached towards Torriswood. At the first glance, on his taking off his hat, Colville exclaimed,

"Rathillet!"

"Rathillet!" repeated Torriswood, starting up in alarm—then lowering his voice—"And why this disguise? Oh!" striking his hands together. "Rathillet, I dread to hear the cause!"

Rathillet looked flushed and fatigued; his eyes were hollow, his lips parched, and every look and gesture expressed misery and anxiety.

"Shall we not be interrupted, Torriswood? We must not be interrupted. I must not be seen here."

"I shall secure that," said Colville, hastening out of the room to give the necessary orders.

"What have we to hear, Rathillet?" asked Torriswood. "Are you implicated already in some deed of——?"

"I am implicated in nothing, Torriswood," interrupted Rathillet.

"Thank God! thank God!" uttered Torriswood, fervently. "In what can I serve you, my friend? Why this secrecy?"

Rathillet seemed unwilling to speak, and looked anxiously towards the door for Colville's return. He soon appeared.

"Will no one interrupt us?" asked Rathillet hastily.

"No one."

"Torriswood," said Rathillet, "you must immediately leave Edinburgh. It is too likely that your presence in Fife at our meeting last night may have been observed; and if so, it would not be safe for you to be here three hours hence."

"My father!" exclaimed Florence. "He disapproved of your meeting."

"Yes," replied Rathillet, "but that would not save him from suspicion.—If he values the cause on which he was going, he must instantly leave Edinburgh. If he does so he cannot be implicated in the deed—that is now past." Rathillet's voice sunk as he uttered the last words.

"What deed?" asked Colville.

"Leave us, my children," said Torriswood.

Florence looked beseechingly towards her father.

"And you to go so soon, sir!"

"For a few minutes, leave us, my love," replied he, with such a look of misery, that Florence immediately obeyed, beckoning to Olive and Eric to follow. When they were gone——

"Now tell us the worst, Rathillet," said Torriswood. "Have they sent the wretched Carmichael to his account?"

"Not Carmichael."

"But some one. You are silent."

"Judas," said Rathillet, sternly; and then relenting, "Wretched, miserable old man!—I had not seen him of late.—I knew not that his hair was so grey.—Oh! the deed was horrible!"

Torriswood groaned.—"Horrible! horrible!"

Colville looked at Mrs Leslie. She had become deadly pale. "Judas!" repeated he aside. "Does he mean Sharpe himself?"

"He does. Too justly did his country give him that name."

"Where," asked Torriswood, "did the deed take place? At St Andrews? Is rebellion to begin its course there?"

"Rebellion!" repeated Rathillet, his eyes flashing fire.

"Call it what you will, Rathillet. Is this its first act?"

"I have told you, Torriswood, that I had no part in this deed. Those who have sent that wretched old man to answer for his crimes believed themselves fulfilling an awful duty. If they have erred, they too will be called to give their account to that same impartial Judge before whom he now is. They executed what they deemed his judgment, on a murderer and persecutor of his church, on the moor near Ceres."

"Magus Moor?"

"The same.—The conspirators had been informed that Carmichael meant to pass near Ceres this morning. They watched for him from an early hour, but he did

not appear; and they were just about to separate, convinced that he had changed his purpose, when a boy was sent by some friend in Ceres to warn them of the approach of the Archbishop. He was then at Ceres, but was to proceed in a short time by the road near which they had posted themselves to watch for Carmichael. They were all struck with this unexpected intelligence; and in one voice determined that they had been watching for the agent, but that Heaven in justice had thus directed them to the principal. One of the conspirators instantly came in search of me, and urged me to be their leader. I rode back with him. I was struck with the unlooked-for event which had thus brought the true criminal into the power of the executioners of justice. Yet a few moments' thought made me hesitate. I could not see my way clearly; and therefore told my companion to proceed—that I could not join in what they were about to do, but would follow, and aid the conspirators should they fail, and find any difficulty in effecting their escape. He left me; and I soon afterwards saw the Primate's coach approaching, and was again greatly struck on seeing that, contrary to his invariable custom, he then travelled with very few attendants. My companion galloped back. 'His time is come, Rathillet!' exclaimed he, pointing to the unguarded coach, and again urged me to join in executing that justice which his bleeding country called for on his perjured—cruel—but I need not say what he was now.—I still refused; and my friend at last galloped off to join the other conspirators. They had placed themselves behind a hedge and some trees near the little village of Magus. When the Archbishop had passed the village, I observed one of the conspirators ride after the coach, and pass it, looking in as he

passed. He then slackened his pace, and when fallen behind, waved his arm, and immediately the others galloped forward to meet him. I then observed some one lean out of the coach, and make gestures with his hand and arm, and the postilions immediately began to drive at a rapid rate. As the conspirators gained upon the coach, some of the attendants fired back upon them. I then hurried on. I soon saw, however, that several of the attendants were dismounted and secured by a part of the conspirators, while the others followed the coach. It drove furiously. At last two got before it, and succeeded in cutting the reins with their swords, and the coach stopt. There were then many shots fired. One of the assailants pulled open the door of the coach, and they then seemed to pause, and hold a parley with the person within. I was then near enough to hear female screams."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Colville. "Were any of his family with him?"

"His daughter."

"And could they proceed?" asked Torriswood, shuddering as he spoke.

"Their purpose was not so lightly formed as to be shaken by a woman's screams," replied Rathillet; "besides, the deed once attempted, and either his death or theirs must follow."

"Go on, Rathillet," said Torriswood.

"When I got to the place, the wretched man had been dragged from his coach; his head was bare—and his grey hair blowing in the wind. He was on his knees, imploring the conspirators to spare his life—promising, in his agony of terror, to secure them from all peril on account of what they had already done. One said sternly, 'Sharpe, look you for our trusting *your*

word?' Another said solemnly, 'We take God to witness, that it is not from hatred to your person, or for any thing that you have done, or can do to us, that we now intend to execute justice on you, but because you have been, and still are, an avowed opposer of the gospel, and a murderer of the saints, whose blood you have shed like water.' This solemn address only called from Sharpe, the words, 'Gentlemen, spare my life, and I will save yours.' 'You have no power to save nor to kill us,' said my friend. 'And now—your soul is about to enter eternity—you once knew the gospel. If you can apply where other murderers of the saints have found mercy, we give you some minutes to pray.' He would not pray," continued Rathillet, the tone of his voice changing as he spoke. "He thought of life only; and seeing me, implored me by name to save him. I looked at the conspirators, and would have pleaded for him, but every eye was bent upon him with solemn, but stern resolution—and I urged him to pray, as I saw there was no hope;—but he would not—or could not, pray—and, after an awful pause, the conspirators drew close upon him. 'For blood, and for your foul betraying of the Church of Scotland.'—'Blood calls to Heaven for vengeance on the murderer.'—'Repent Judas.'—'Die Judas!' Such were the words with which they fell upon him. When I saw the blood upon his grey hairs, I tried to save him. I have no more to tell. It was soon accomplished. At last all was still and silent, and the bloody corpse left to his own people. The conspirators hastened I know not where. I got a fisherman to exchange his dress with me, and hurried hither. It is about four hours since the deed was done."

"And where go you next, Rathillet?" asked Torriswood. "You cannot remain in Edinburgh."

"I go west immediately. I hear from Hamilton of Preston, that there is hope of a rising there."

Torriswood turned away, and left the room.

Florence, who had been watching for the door opening, immediately joined her father.

"What it, dear sir? What dreadful thing has happened?"

"Sharpe is dead, my child."

"Sharpe?—and murdered?"

"Yes—yes—but bring some wine, my love. Yourself bring it. We must get Rathillet away, and he seems dreadfully exhausted."

"Is he a murderer?" asked Florence, in a voice of horror.

"No, no, my love. He would have saved him."

Florence instantly hastened away, and Torriswood beckoned to Eric, who stood at the door of the room to which his sisters had retired.

"Eric, my boy, watch here, and on no account let any one enter the room in which we are." Torriswood then returned to the room where he had left Rathillet.

"Now I must off," said Rathillet, as he entered, "and you, Torriswood, must not delay."

"I will not, Rathillet, but where go you to-night? That dress will lead to suspicion as soon as you leave the neighbourhood of the sea."

"I go to a friend a mile or two from Edinburgh. He will provide me with the dress of a countryman, in that I will proceed to join Preston. God be with you, Torriswood."

Florence now entered. "Ha! yes. Let me once more pledge you in this." Rathillet eagerly swallowed the wine Florence had poured out for him,—and another draught.

Florence entreated him to eat of some refreshment she had also brought

"No, I cannot eat. Farewell all. Remember, Torriswood, I did not partake in the deed. Would to Heaven I had not witnessed it! Why did he call on me to save him? I could not save him: but it is past. Surely, if his country's laws had sentenced him to die, every voice would have called the sentence just—and there is no law—they only did what the law ought to have done. They only acted as the avengers of blood. But again farewell, Torriswood." He then took leave of all.

"Stop, Mr Hackstoun," said Florence, on his shaking hands with her. "These will betray you," pointing to a part of the frill of his shirt, which had escaped from under the sleeve of the fisherman's jacket. "I will cut them off," added she, taking his hand in hers, and drawing down the frill; but before she had disengaged it all, she dropt his hand, and started back; there were several streaks of blood on the frill.

"Ha!" exclaimed Rathillet, "I thought my hand only had been smeared. It was poor Gilston's last grasp as we parted."

"I shall take off the stained part," said Colville, drawing Florence gently away.

Rathillet then left the house, accompanied by Colville, who, seeing Torriswood's anxiety for his safety, followed him at a short distance, along one street, and another and another, till at length he saw him pass, without apparently exciting any suspicion, through the West Port, and leave the town. Colville then passed along another street or two, lest he might have been observed, and returned rapidly to set Torriswood's mind at rest regarding his unhappy friend.

Colville, on his return, found Torriswood preparing for his departure. He seemed greatly relieved by hearing that Rathillet had left the town in safety.

"Poor Rathillet!" exclaimed he; "how little does he regard his own safety. First, unnecessarily present at a murder, which, though he would have prevented if he had been able, will give a colour of justice to whatever may hereafter befall him, should he fall into the hands of his enemies; and now risking that event by coming to a place where so many know him, in a disguise so imperfect, and yet so suspicious; and all this to secure the safety of those who have disregarded his opinions, and refused to be guided by him. In this instance I am convinced he is right, and have therefore determined to leave Edinburgh immediately."

Torriswood was to leave town, attended by a servant, without any appearance of intention to go farther than a usual ride. The servant who was to accompany him to London, it was determined, should follow at a later hour, in a plain dress, so as to pass for a traveller of common rank, carrying his necessary baggage behind him.

In less than an hour, Torriswood had written some necessarily short intimations and instructions to his friends, and arranged the few other matters which had been left undone, and now all was ready for his departure; and standing in the midst of his children, and his sister's family, he prayed fervently but shortly for protection, grace, and guidance for them all—then pressing his children to his heart, and embracing all the others—he hurried away. Colville accompanied him. They rode in silence for a time, then Torriswood reminding Colville that it might be remarked should he return without his companion, advised him to ride on

before, "though indeed, Colville," added he, "it would be far better not to accompany me at all."

Colville would not consent to this. He had promised Florence not to leave her father till the servant, who was to proceed with him, had joined them. He, however, immediately rode forward, and left the town alone, then slackened his pace until he was joined by Torriswood.

Colville had other reasons also for wishing to accompany Torriswood; he longed earnestly for a conversation with him before they parted, on a subject now very near his heart; and he hoped at this time to make out his wish. Torriswood, however, now seemed far absent in thought, and rode on in silence. Colville made several attempts to draw him into conversation; but though he replied with kindness of voice and manner, still after a few remarks, the conversation was, on his part, dropt; and he never broke the silence, unless from time to time to entreat Colville to return.

"You will leave yourself to enter the town in the dark, and may find difficulties, Colville;" said Torriswood at last, after they had ridden about fifteen miles. "I do entreat you to return now," added he, stopping his horse, and holding out his hand to take leave. Colville looked behind, and saw a man riding rapidly after them. He concluded him to be the servant he looked for, and felt embarrassed and at a loss.

"Farewell, my dear Colville," said Torriswood again.

"I have just one word to say, sir," answered Colville. Torriswood rode on.

"I did not quite understand you, sir, this morning. I cannot rest satisfied till I know whether"—Colville seemed to lose breath.

"To what do you allude, Colville?"

"To your reproof, sir, on my saying I wished to remain at Erinlaw."

"Did you tell me all your reasons, Colville, for wishing to remain there?"

"No, sir; I did not. I now acknowledge what I saw you guessed. Your family, sir, are all as dear to me as if they really were my own brothers and sisters. I have regarded you, sir, for many years as a father, why should I hesitate to say, that I wish to be your son?"

"You have been with us but one week, Colville. Can you in that time have decided on a matter which will give the colour to your future existence?—at least to all that is domestic in it;—and you, Colville, from a boy have shown that your chief enjoyments are found there."

"I have indeed only been one week with you, sir, but I knew and loved Florence before. When I went abroad, parting from her was more severe on me than parting even from my only parent. When I was abroad, she was in every thought of home, although my imagination still pictured her only as the sweet child I had left. And now I find her all—more than I have spent hours in supposing she one day might be."

"My dear Colville," replied Torriswood kindly, "there is no man on earth I would sooner have as a son than yourself. I will say more. I think Florence would be happier with you than any other man I know. I mean that I think your character one suited to make her happy; but, my friend, is this a time to think of such things? Is it not even cruel in us men at such times to gain the affection of young fond hearts, when we must engage in such affairs as may involve us in circumstances which would break them? You see what a melancholy shade our present circumstances have

brought over poor Florence's character. You see how she suffers from anxiety."

"Yes," interrupted Colville; "and who can see all this without loving such warm affections, such regardlessness of self!"

"But, Colville, warm as her affections are towards her own family, you know the place you wish to gain in them is of a nature which can expose her to far greater wretchedness than any affection she has yet felt. You remember how gay and playful she was formerly. You see how she is changed. I leave you to yourself. I already love you as a son; but I should rather you were indeed Florence's brother, one who would support, and strengthen, and cheer my poor girls, than one who would soften their already weakened natures."

"Well, be it so, my dear sir," replied Colville; "and perhaps if I serve seven years, so as to please you, I may hope you will give me this Rachel."

"Yes, dear Colville."

"And if I see another wish to gain the heart, I must not seek——"

"Then you have her father's leave to win it. Farewell."

The servant had now joined our travellers, and Colville at last said "Farewell," and turning his horse, continued to look back at intervals till Torriswood was concealed by a turn in the road, then spurring his horse, rode at such a rapid rate as to reach Edinburgh before the glow of the setting sun had left the horizon. He found no difficulty in being admitted at the port; but he observed a bustle in the street as he passed along. There was an unusual show of soldiers, and the people were crowding together in earnest talk. At

one house a party of soldiers guarded the door, and a crowd had gathered round it so thickly, that Colville had to walk his horse cautiously through them. This he did so carefully that the people, who were used in those times to different treatment from young men of his appearance, hastened to make way for him.

"Keep back, Johnny," said one woman to her boy; "dinna ye see how carefu' the gentleman is no to hurt ye?"

Colville stopped for an instant, and leaning towards the woman, asked what the soldiers were collected in that quarter for.

"They are searchin', sir, for ane o' the murderers, as they ca' them—ane o' the gentlemen that gi'ed Sharpe his last meeting this mornin'. But they hae found naebody yet."

"Do you know who the person is they are in search of?"

"Rathillet, sir; Hackstoun of Rathillet. They say he crossed frae Fife after the deed, and that's the house he aye put up at in this town."

Colville thanked the woman for her intelligence, and getting through the crowd as quickly as he could, hastened to Lady Dalcluden's house, dreading that Rathillet's visit there might have been discovered. He found all quiet, however, and the rest of the evening passed on, sadly enough, but without disturbance. Colville said nothing to excite alarm, but continued with the family, anxiously listening to every noise; and after they retired to rest, sat up the earlier part of the night, lest any attempt should be made to enter, or to search the house.

CHAPTER VII.

COLVILLE thought himself obliged next morning to inform Mrs Leslie of the search that had been making for Rathillet. He found she made it a rule that every member of her family should, in some place or other, meet, to worship God on His Sabbath; and he feared the consequences, in the present state of things, should an attempt be made to search her house, and every member of it be found absent, not one individual probably of the whole, at a place of worship authorized by the government.

"My dear Colville," replied Mrs Leslie, "I am not surprised at your apprehensions regarding us; but the last twenty years have taught the servants of God in this poor country, a nearness, a closeness of dependence on His providence, which produces a confidence, and peace, and calmness, and sweet freedom from anxiety, while pursuing the plain path of duty, which makes them look back with thankfulness even on those painful circumstances which have been the means of teaching them a lesson so precious. Our duty for to-day is plain. We have nothing to do but simply follow it. If a hair of our heads cannot fall to the ground without the permission of our Father in heaven, shall we weakly dread real calamities, as if they also were not under His control; and suppose, that if He sees meet to mingle suffering in our cup, we can avoid His will by leaving the path of duty? Do you not think, my dear Colville," added Mrs Leslie, affectionately, "that it is plainly commanded us, 'not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is?'"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Shall we then consider ourselves wiser than our Lawgiver, and venture to disobey Him? You, my dear Colville, saw this matter in the same light last Sunday that I see it now. I confess, the assassination of that wretched Sharpe has greatly increased the evils of our circumstances. I am perhaps more aware of this than you yet can be; but though this event will be considered as the act of our whole party, we know that in the sight of God, we are clear of wishing such retribution on our most cruel persecutor; and duty cannot change; nor can He change who will never leave us without His support while we are fulfilling His will."

Colville was silent. He felt convinced that Mrs Leslie was right, yet could not overcome his anxious feelings. He had asked Mrs Leslie to leave the apartment where the others were, that he might to her alone impart the cause of his alarm, and they now returned to the breakfast room.

Florence, who had not joined the family before they left the room, was now there. She looked pale and unrested, and anxiously inquired, on their entrance, whether anything distressing had occurred? Colville assured her that nothing new whatever had happened, and then asked some question which gave a different turn to the conversation.

Mrs Leslie continued for a time thoughtful and silent, she then said, "I perceive, Colville, your feelings with regard to us women are like those of my brother. He is always too tender of us. He would bear every evil, if possible, alone, and shield us even from the very knowledge of its existence. I have often argued this point with him. I think he errs."

"Then Colville is concealing something from us," interrupted Florence. "Do not, Colville. You think it kind, but indeed you will only teach us to regard ourselves as additional sources of anxiety and care to you, while our imaginations are busy creating subjects of misery, probably far greater than those you conceal."

"What he kindly wishes to conceal from you girls," said Mrs Leslie, "is a circumstance which the least thought on our parts might have led us to expect. There is a search making for the assassins of Sharpe, and, as was to be looked for, poor Rathillet is included in the number."

"But I trust he is out of their reach," said Florence, earnestly.

"I have not a shadow of doubt that he is," said Colville.

"But," resumed Mrs Leslie, "Colville fears that this house may be searched; and though Rathillet may not be found here, it may be discovered how many Conventicles my household attend."

"Had we not better then—at least some of the family, remain at home?" asked Olive.

Every one smiled—and after a little more conversation, it was agreed that Mrs Leslie should take the girls with her, and that Colville and Eric should take horse for the Pentland Hills, while the tutor and Mrs Leslie's sons should go to the house of a friend of his, where there was that day to be a meeting.

"It is twenty years," said Mrs Leslie to Colville, "since I have been at a place of worship authorized by government, and during these twenty years I have not been absent twenty times from some assembly of the Lord's people on His Sabbath; and, excepting two or

three fines, nothing has ever been suffered to befall me. Many, many of our friends can say as much, or more, yet many others have been called to suffer in His cause; and if He counts us worthy to endure suffering for His sake, we know those who have trod that path before us, have not been left to do so in their own strength."

"Say no more, I entreat you, my dear madam," said Colville. "You make me feel most sensibly what a novice I am in true religion."

Colville reddened as he spoke, and Mrs Leslie's devoted spirit seemed to inspire all who heard her. Even Olive forgot her fears, and in a very short time the whole family, excepting one infirm old domestic, who was unable to leave the house, set out on their different destinations.

At this period Conventicles, as they were called, were held all over Scotland, particularly on the Sabbath; and in no part of it were they more numerously attended than in Edinburgh. Acts, fines, imprisonment, —almost every means had been tried by the ruling faction to suppress what they termed those rendezvous of sedition; but every attempt to suppress seemed to have the effect of multiplying those proscribed meetings; and, despairing of success, the ruling party found themselves, from time to time, obliged to wink at what they found it impossible to prevent. Another cause also for at times overlooking those meetings was, that members, or relations of the first families in the country were usually found amongst those assembled, and not unfrequently relations, and even members of the families of the ruling party themselves. These breathing times, however, were not generally of long continuance, and when new plans were suggested to the ruling party for

suppressing Conventicles, new schemes were fallen upon by those who attended such assemblies to defeat them.

It was the province of the Town Major to discover, and bring to justice such criminals; but finding that his most diligent efforts proved ineffectual to suppress those obnoxious meetings, the present officer had followed the example of his superiors, and in many instances an offering from the person in whose house the Conventicle was to be held, secured not only its being overlooked, but also the protection of the Town Major. Under this protection, Mrs Ednam, the lady to whose house the Lady Dalcluden and her young friends now proceeded, had often received her fellow-worshippers. On this day she had again invited them to her house. On Mrs Leslie and her party entering the hall, however, the servant, after carefully closing the door at which they had been admitted, softly begged Mrs Leslie not to proceed, and then informed her that his lady wished all her friends, before they joined the assembly within, to know that she had reason to fear their meeting might not pass undisturbed, as the Town Major had called to say he could not be responsible for what might happen. The Council had met, Sabbath as it was, in consequence of the Archbishop's assassination, and the Town Major had been sent for to attend its orders; and he thought likely he should receive some new commission respecting Conventicles.

Mrs Leslie looked at the girls. "Who is afraid?"

No one answered.

"You have yourself said that our duty is plain, my dear aunt," said Florence.

"Yes, my love, but young, weak Christians must not be urged too far. If any of you are afraid I advise

you to return home. Think—perhaps a prison may be before us."

"Wherever you are, my dear aunt, let us be," said Olive, firmly.

"Olive so courageous!" said her aunt, smiling.

The two young Leslies clung to their mother; "Whatever happens, madam, let us join Mrs Ednam and our friends, and all meet it together," said the eldest.

The old servant smiled, and proceeded to open the door into the apartment where the small congregation were assembled. There were about five and twenty people already collected together in this large apartment. At one end of it was a chair and table, with a Bible laying on the table, placed for the clergyman. Other chairs were placed opposite to these for the audience. Several of these chairs were still unoccupied. No one rose on Mrs Leslie's entrance. Only a look and smile of kind recognition passed between her and her friends, and when she and her young friends were seated, all returned to their former serious attention to the duties of the day.

As all who were expected had not yet arrived, the clergyman had not begun the service. At such meetings, however, every moment was devoted to that purpose for which at so much risk they were assembled together, and now each individual seemed engaged with some pursuit, to them apparently of the deepest interest. Those seated near each other were, with their Bibles open before them, conversing in low whispers, evincing by their frequent reference to the sacred volume that some of its doctrines or precepts formed their subject of conversation. The clergyman had not taken his place, but stood apart from his small congre-

gation, in earnest conversation with one member of it, whose gestures betrayed much agitation as she talked to him, and who seemed to weep without ceasing while he addressed her. This lady's face was turned away, and she was so completely wrapped up in a large cloak, that it was impossible to recognise her. The clergyman's face was also turned away, but his person was slender and young.

After several other friends had joined the meeting, the old servant, attended by his fellow domestics, entered the apartment, and took their places at its lower end. This seemed to intimate to the clergyman that no more worshippers were expected, and he immediately took his place at the table, while the lady with whom he had been conversing, after drawing her cloak closer around her, and concealing her face as much as she could, looked for an instant as if to choose a place of concealment, and then approached where Florence sat, and turning a chair a little from her, towards the wall, seated herself next her. Florence did not turn round, but she could not help feeling a deep interest in her mysterious companion. The clergyman read a psalm before it was sung, and Florence observing that the lady had no Psalm-book, leaned towards her that she might sing from hers. The hand with which the stranger accepted of this offered share of Florence's Psalm-book, trembled so excessively that she was obliged to resign it. Florence still held it before her, however, and she continued to bend over it, and before the clergyman had finished reading she seemed to have recovered her composure, and again held the book. When, however, every voice was raised in worship, and she attempted to join, she again became extremely agitated, and leaned back in her

chair, no longer attempting to join in the service. When the prayer began, she turned quite away, and Florence was soon recalled from all other thoughts, by the touching, earnest, and affectionate supplications of the young clergyman. Even Mr Wellwood's prayers had never more deeply affected her; and when he had finished, all earthly thoughts seemed to have passed from her mind, and she was prepared to listen to his instructions with the most undivided interest. These instructions he delivered with a gravity and authority beyond his years, for in appearance he was quite a youth—his figure slight, his countenance young, and full of animation, yet already with those traces left by deep thought, by an acquaintance with suffering, and by elevated devotion. The sermon was long, for in these times of difficulty Christians earnestly desired instruction, and many, many were the subjects which presented themselves, equally interesting to the preacher and to his hearers. The meeting had been assembled for three hours, and still there was no appearance of fatigue on the part of the preacher, nor of want of interest in his hearers, when a bustle and noise in the court, and then a loud knocking at the street door, forced the attention of every one. Mrs Ednam immediately hastened towards the young clergyman, entreating him to follow her.

"I hope to get you away in safety," said she. "We are in no danger. You alone have anything serious to dread."

He hesitated; the rest of the party were all females excepting two old gentlemen, one the uncle, the other the brother-in-law, of Mrs Ednam, and the young clergyman seemed to feel as a man, and unwilling to leave so many unprotected females.

"You can do us no good, sir!" exclaimed Mrs Ednam, putting her arm in his to hurry him away. It was too late, the door had been burst open, and a party of soldiers now rushed into the room, led by the Town Major. He seemed struck with surprise on seeing the assembly, and stopped short for an instant, then observing Mrs Ednam standing by the clergyman, he addressed her in a voice of mingled anger and vexation.

"Madam, I must do my duty. It is your own fault. You know it is your own fault. I cannot help it. You know I cannot help it," then turning to his followers—"Soldiers, seize the minister."

Four of the soldiers immediately threw aside the chairs that stood in their way, while the females shrunk from side to side as they advanced, and rudely seized the young preacher.

"I give myself up to you, soldiers," said he, mildly, "but, remember a day is coming when we shall all stand at one judgment seat, to give an account of how we have spent this Lord's day."

"Away with him, and his preaching," exclaimed the Town Major, in a voice of passion. "Off to the Tolbooth, and let him keep his preaching for the Council. You will need it all to keep your young neck out of a tether. What the devil pleasure can there be in hanging, and banishment, and being stuck up on that old rock in the sea, that so many young fools are taking to it yet."

"If you would try to know and serve God, my friend," said the young clergyman, "you would find out the secret."

"Off, off," called out the Town Major, and the soldiers rudely hurried their prisoner out of the room.

A pause ensued. The females huddled closely together, looked in pale and fearful suspense at the rough,

insolent looking, soldiers, while they seemed only to await the orders of their leader. At last Mrs Ednam stepped forward,

"I expect, as this Conventicle has assembled in my house," said she to the Town Major, "that a heavy fine will be levied on me. I am ready to meet it if I can. Does your commission go any further?"

"My order says nothing of fines," replied the Town Major. "I am commanded to lodge those in prison whom I find at Conventicles. I cannot help it," repeated he, "it is not my fault."

"In prison!" repeated Mrs Ednam, becoming pale for an instant—then recovering herself, "Well, I am ready to accompany you to prison."

Mr Ednam now interfered, but in vain.

"My orders are peremptory," said the Town Major, "and I have no time to lose. It is no fault of mine, and I must do my duty. All present must proceed with me instantly to the Canongate jail."

"All! all!" repeated every one.

"Yes, all. There is my order—" and he read the order of the Council. It was short and peremptory, and commanded that every person discovered at such seditious and unlawful meetings should be forthwith lodged in jail.

"What on earth shall I do?" exclaimed Florence's unknown companion, in a low but agitated tone of voice, and grasping her arm as she spoke. Florence looked round, and to her astonishment beheld her cousin, Mary Osborne.

"Mary!"

"Hush, Florence. Do not name me. What can I do? Oh! if my mother discovers that I have been here—and now she must discover."

"Be composed, dear Mary. Wrap your cloak closer around you. Colville will soon find us out wherever we go, and my uncle will easily obtain your freedom, and will, I am sure, forgive you."

"You are right, dear Florence—that is my best plan. But are you sure Colville will search for you? Will he venture? You do not know how dangerous it is to favour Covenanters now. That dreadful murder has enraged their enemies, and put them in terror. Are you sure of Colville's missing you this day? What if I should not be released to-night? Oh! I should never be forgiven."

"If Colville is himself at liberty, I am sure he will find us out," replied Florence.

The Town Major now ordered a part of the soldiers to lead the way, and informed Mrs Ednam and her friends that he could wait no longer.

"Come then," said the lady Dalcluden cheerfully, "we must not shrink from suffering shame in this cause. Come, my dears," turning to her daughters and nieces, "prepare yourselves to proceed in open day, as thieves and felons, to a jail, because you have ventured to listen to His gospel who suffered shame and death for you. Come, Olive, love, you shall lean on me, and my little Annot—thou wilt be a young prisoner for thy Master's sake—but it was thy own choice."

Olive and Annot clung to the Lady Dalcluden, Mrs Ednam took the other little girl under her charge. Florence, with Mary clinging to her arm, kept close to their two elder friends. The rest of the party arranged themselves as they felt disposed, the two old gentlemen escorting those who were most overcome by fear. A party of soldiers preceded the little congregation. Two other files guarded them on either side; another

party brought up the rear, and in this order they issued from the court surrounding Mrs Ednam's house into the open street. A crowd of idle people had collected in the street on seeing the soldiers enter the court, and had continued to increase during the time they were in the house. A part of the crowd had followed the clergyman, but still numbers were waiting, who received our party with shouts and insults. Had it been any other day than the Sabbath, the crowd on the streets would have been composed of far more who would have sympathized with, than insulted the prisoners; but great pains had been taken to ridicule and do away that strict regard for the Sabbath, so determinately insisted on by the first Scotch Reformers, and by the Covenanters; and precept and example had so far succeeded, as to make the Sabbath now a day of amusement and disorder amongst a considerable part of the lower classes, while the sober and religious part were too scrupulously exact in its observance, to mingle in such a crowd as now assailed the prisoners.

Lady Dalcluden, Mrs Ednam, and some of the elder ladies, walked firmly on; but the noise and shouts, and clamour of the crowd, terrified the younger females; and it was with joy rather than dismay, that they hastened up the narrow outer stair which led to that part of the jail assigned to them, and saw its massy door unlocked to shelter them. They were ushered by the jailer into a small apartment. Within this was one still smaller. The floors of both were of stone. A table, one or two benches, and two narrow beds in each room, composed the whole of the furniture. The jailer, after saying he would return in half an hour, left the prisoners, and they heard the sound of his locks and bolts as he secured the door on the outside. The noise

of the crowd still ascended from the street under the grated windows, and, overcome by shame and terror, the younger females sunk half fainting on the beds and benches. Florence alone was composed; and now, with a light step and cheerful voice, began to seek the comfort of every one.

"Olive, Mary, Annot! Why all this terror? Catharine Pringle, Ellen Hume, Violet Scott, do you not see that you have taken all the seats? Mrs Ednam is obliged to stand. The Lady Graden, my aunt."

The girls started up. "Come, assist me," continued Florence, "we may have to remain here for a night—perhaps nights. Dear Mrs Ednam, here is a seat for you, and you, dear aunt," and then placing benches, she directed the party as she chose, to occupy them, each one regarding her with looks which soon became as cheerful as her own. Her young companions, though still trembling, began to assist her in arranging the two apartments. The low beds were drawn from the corners in which they were placed, and served for seats. By these exertions, most of the party, which consisted of upwards of thirty, were soon tolerably accommodated, and the novelty of the scene produced subjects of merriment, not only for the younger members of the party, but even for the matrons and old gentlemen,—for all but poor Mary Osborne. The prison was but dimly lighted, as the small windows were covered with dust, and the seat she had chosen was with her back to her aunt, and at the farthest part of the room. She had thus entirely escaped her observation. The time, however, as it passed, seemed to her so long, that she could not conceal her anxiety and alarm. She had entreated Florence not to make her known to any one; but at last, forgetting every thing but her dread of remaining

in the jail, she almost unconsciously rose several times to look from the window, in the hope of seeing Colville approach. The cloak was allowed to fall from her face, and at last Mrs Leslie, and several of the others recognized the daughter of Sir Walter Osborne, one of the most determined enemies of the suffering Church of Scotland. Mrs Leslie saw she did not wish to be known, so said nothing, but looked significantly at Mrs Ednam, who waited till Mary had resumed her place with her back to them, then said in a whisper to Mrs Leslie,

"Your niece is under strong religious impressions. That is all I know. She came to me this morning to entreat, that if any persecuted minister was to be at my house this Sunday, I would suffer her to ask him a few questions. She said her own friends regarded the anxiety and unhappiness she felt on the subject of religion, as mere gloom, which always returned when she met her uncle Torriswood and his family, and wished her to engage in scenes of festivity to amuse her thoughts from such frightful ideas as the Covenanters delighted to dwell upon; but that she felt wretched, and had determined to ask advice from some of those who seemed to feel the safety of the immortal soul to be above all earthly consideration; for to her it appeared a subject of awfully fearful importance."

"Dear child!" said Mrs Leslie, much moved.

"You saw her agitation when speaking to Mr Aylman," resumed Mrs Ednam. "I hope he spoke to her heart, and that she may no longer suffer from ignorance of the way of peace; but she is suffering sadly from anxiety at this moment."

Mrs Leslie moved softly to the place where Mary was seated, and placing herself by her, laid her hand on hers, "Mary, my love."

Mary started. "My aunt! my dear aunt! Oh how wrong you must think me!"

"Wrong, my love! I do not think you wrong."

"Not wrong! my dear aunt, are you serious? How often have you blamed me for my self-will, and disregard of my father's wishes; and could I do anything on earth more contrary to his will, than I have done this day?"

"In your father's house, my dear Mary, you could scarcely commit a greater fault than to disregard his will in earthly matters. This I have seen you often do, and thought it right, as you always listened to me, to tell you how wrong I thought you; but this day you have been seeking to know the will of Him whom you must obey before an earthly father. I think, Mary, you might have known that I could not consider this wrong."

"My dear aunt, I scarcely know what you think, or what is right or what is wrong on almost any subject. My own *first* opinions,—the Bible, as I understand it, are directly contrary to what I am continually instructed to consider right and wrong. Your views on all subjects I am taught to regard as those which I ought to avoid as most dangerous and gloomy,—while my heart clings to you, and to my uncle and cousins, whenever I see you and them, with an indescribable feeling of esteem and affection. But now, dear madam, what shall I do? *You* know my mother,—what can I do?"

"Trust in God, my love. Your mother's heart—all hearts are in His hand—all circumstances are under His control. You were in the path of duty. Trust to Him to deliver you out of this little difficulty in the way best for you."

Mary pressed her aunt's hand in both of hers.

"Why, my love, are you so averse to being known by those who are here?"

"Oh, because I am not like them. They have given up all for religion; and you know," added she, tears filling her eyes, "I am the daughter of one of their persecutors."

"And I am his sister,—and every one present has near relations for whom they do not cease to pray, that God would open their hearts to receive that truth which would teach them the sinfulness of persecuting those, who only seek to serve God according to their consciences. Come from this dark corner, my love. Colville will, I make no doubt, soon be here. Let us, in the mean time, spend our Sabbath in some manner suited to the day."

Mrs Leslie stood up as she said the last words, and every one seemed immediately to enter into her spirit.

"Catharine Pringle, Ellen Hume, make room for my niece between you. Your paths through this world seem strewed with the same thorns. Experience alone can teach you how precious Christian friendship is in trial and in suffering."

The girls immediately made room for Mary in the narrow seat, and received her with the most cordial kindness, and she, young and frank, and warm in her affections, after shedding a few tears, and struggling a little for composure, entered into confiding and interesting conversation with her two young companions.

Florence's attention, in the mean time, had been attracted by the long pieces of writing on the darkened walls of her prison. In some parts the words were scarcely legible; in others she could discover ample proofs that sufferers in the same cause had recently

been confined there, and had been even carried from its walls to the scaffold. Sad, but deeply interested, she proceeded from writing to writing, entirely occupied with the solemn and mournful thoughts produced by the various feelings she found expressed, and left for the perusal of a stranger; and how strongly did she feel at that moment, what must be the wretchedness of solitude in suffering, when it could lead the soul to seek to escape from it by claiming sympathy from fellow-beings, even in the future feelings of a stranger. She looked on the many friends now surrounding her, with new and lively emotions of affection and thankfulness. Many Bibles were open amongst them, for none of the party had left these precious little volumes behind them. Florence felt that perhaps she was misspending her Sabbath. There were some freshly written lines, however, just before her, and determining to look only at these, she read the following words:—

"A few hours more, and I shall no longer 'see as through a glass darkly, but face to face.' 'I shall put off mortality to put on immortality.' These white hairs shall be dyed in blood, and this head, now the poor aching abode of thought, be stuck up a spectacle of humiliation, and this hand with which I write, and all this earthly frame, severed and dishonoured, exposed to perish in disgrace and shame! Be it so. It is the earthly inheritance left to those who bear witness to His truth, by my glorious Forerunner in suffering! Scotland—thou art clear of my blood! They who rule over thee are hated by thy children. Their acts are not thine. They seek to drown the truth in blood—but suffer on, my country! A glorious harvest will be the fruits."

Immediately beneath was written in a different hand:—

My last sun has risen,
It is far on its way;
My soul quits its prison
Ere the close of the day.

Farewell hours of sorrow,
I shall know you no more;
Ere day dawn to-morrow
Our long union is o'er.

A bright ray is glowing
O'er the river of death;
I fear not its flowing,
With that light for my path.

Blest beam of His tracing,
O'er the gloom of that river;
Who its horrors embracing,
Has calmed it for ever.

"What have you found to interest you so deeply, my dear Florence?" asked Mrs Ednam, putting her arm within hers as she stood; "have you not heard my uncle's proposal that we should join together in singing a psalm in our prison?"

Florence pointed to the writing on the walls.

"These have indeed occupied me deeply, my dear madam. Let us join in what your uncle wishes; and perhaps you may afterwards be able to give me some light respecting those who have left so many sad, yet triumphant memorials here."

The good old gentleman had chosen a psalm, and himself now began a slow and solemn air. Mrs Ednam's servants, who had retired to the inner room, now stood at its entrance to join in this act of worship. The psalm was long, but the words elevating. For a

time after its close, all remained in their places, entering into conversation suited to the day. Mary Osborne's countenance soon began, however, again to wear a very anxious expression; and Olive observing her uneasiness, interrupted her aunt to ask whether she thought Colville could have returned from the Pentland hills.

"Our talking on the subject, my love, will not bring him," replied Mrs Leslie, "so let us try to spend our day aright, and leave the rest with God. Do you, my dear Olive, answer this question in Bible words—'What is the reward promised to those who call the Sabbath of the Lord a delight—the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honour Him, not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words?'—and you, my dear Mary, answer me in the same sacred words: Whom must you forsake rather than Christ? And you, my little Annot"—Mrs Leslie gave her also a question to answer, and on seeing them engaged in searching their Bibles, turned to Mrs Ednam and Florence, and said in a whisper, "I wish I may be able to practise as I preach. I cannot help feeling anxious about Colville and the boys."

"Well," replied Mrs Ednam, "I have often reason to thank Heaven in these times, for having disregarded my many importunate prayers for children. I have not at this moment one feeling of care. I never felt happier in my life; and because I suppose those you are anxious about are yours, and not mine, I can almost look on you as weak in faith. Can anything happen to them without His permission, who cannot err, and whose nature we profess to believe is 'Love?'"

"No, dear Mrs Ednam, certainly not; and how necessary is it for us to be brought into situations in

which we may be taught how much we fail in those very points in which we perhaps consider ourselves farthest advanced."

"And the trial will last not one moment after the lesson is taught," said Mrs Ednam, affectionately and smiling, as they now heard footsteps advancing towards the door of their prison.

The door was unlocked, and all eyes turned with eager expectation on him who entered. It was not Colville, however, but the lawyer, Mr Lindsay.

"Mr Lindsay!" exclaimed Olive, in delight. "How I rejoice to see you! May we leave this place now?"

"How on earth did you discover we were here, Mr Lindsay?" asked Mrs Leslie.

"I was informed by Mr Colville," replied Lindsay. "I immediately came here, while he went in quest of Sir Walter Osborne, in the hope of securing your immediate liberation. I fear, however," continued Lindsay, looking round and seeing the jailer gone, "I fear you may not be at liberty till some examination has taken place, and I came to warn every one present to be on their guard in what they answer. Persons sent by the Council, possibly some member even of the Council, may assist in this examination, and the subject of it will probably be regarding your knowledge of those persons who are accused of having assassinated the Archbishop. It is known that two of those present at his death passed through Edinburgh yesterday. It is also known that those two gentlemen were on intimate terms with many Covenanters' families in town; and it is expected that females, and children, and servants may be found unprepared to conceal many circumstances that may lead to the detection of the assassins."

Lindsay then, directing every one to leave the inner

room, requested to say a few words in private to Lady Dalcluden. When alone he said, "I know, my dear madam, that Rathillet was at your house yesterday. I met him a few miles from Edinburgh, and he told me so. I must warn you, however, that, should this be discovered, your brother is not safe in any part of Britain. The Council is in a state of consternation. This is regarded as only the first act of some powerful conspiracy, and each member of it dreads that his turn may be next. Orders the most tyrannical are issued in every direction for searching any house, and arresting any person on whom suspicion falls. This is one reason why such strict measures have been resorted to respecting Conventicles. By this time the jails are crowded with persons of all ranks and ages found at those meetings."

Mrs Leslie remained silent, and thoughtful for a little. "What must I do, Mr Lindsay?" asked she at last, "I cannot tell an untruth. I cannot say that Rathillet was not at my house yesterday. It is perfectly well known, however, that my brother has long disapproved of Rathillet's rash counsels. It is known also that the ruling party were aware of Rathillet's disposition for open rebellion, and that his want of influence with such Covenanters as my brother, arose from that very cause."

"All that is nothing, my dear madam. If it can be proved that Rathillet was at your house, and had communication with your brother, after having assisted in the assassination of the Archbishop, and that he was afterwards suffered to leave your house at liberty—you cannot avoid perceiving the consequences."

"But Rathillet did not assist in that deed."

"Why then has he fled?"

"He was present, but entreated the conspirators to

save the wretched man's life. Did Rathillet not tell you this when you met?"

"No. I was riding, he was walking in the dress of a sailor. I should not even have observed him, had he not come before my horse, and begged me to stop. He then merely said, 'Lindsay, I entreat you to look after Torriswood's family. I have just been at his sister's house. I thought it best to do as I have done, but ere to-morrow you will know that my having been there may expose them to dangerous suspicions.' He then grasped my hand, and hurried away. All passed in an instant. On my return to town, I was obliged to appear in one of the law courts, where I was detained for several hours. Before I left it the report of the primate's death was circulated through the court, and excited the most evident consternation in one party, while others, amongst whom I was, were regarded with looks of suspicion to discover how we felt. The court soon rose, but I did not think it would tend to prevent suspicion falling on you, if I came directly to your house. I, therefore, delayed till this forenoon after morning church, and found no one but an old female domestic, who could not tell me where you were; and I did not return till about half an hour ago, when I found young Arrondale, who had just discovered what had happened, and is now gone to your brother's. I fear, however, that Sir Walter will be with the Council."

"And what is your advice, my dear sir?" asked Mrs Leslie, anxiously.

"You must attempt to evade answering any question which may betray Rathillet's having been at your house yesterday. If you find it impossible to do so, you must ——, but I cannot direct you in that event, —so many questions would follow. You must avoid

answering *any* interrogation which would lead to that discovery. You may decline answering at all such questions as you can truly say you dread may involve others, without further consideration, and till you are certain you are obliged to do so. And now, my dear madam," continued Lindsay, "what members of your family were aware of Rathillet's visit?"

"My two nieces only, I believe, and their brother. But I shall ascertain this."

"Allow me in the meantime to speak in private with your two nieces, and on no account, my dear madam, mention a word of what I have said to your friends here. Ignorance is much the best security for their prudence."

Florence and Olive were next shut up with Mr Lindsay, while Mrs Leslie attempted to discover whether her own two daughters had heard any thing of Rathillet's visit. Happily they had not.

After a short time, Florence with a countenance full of thought and anxiety, and Olive, pale from apprehension, came from their conference with Lindsay; and with his rapid business manner, he next requested the Lady Graden to retire with him for a few moments.

"May I interrupt you to ask one question, Mr Lindsay?" said Mrs Ednam, earnestly.

"Certainly, my dear madam."

"Do you know anything of the young clergyman who was arrested at my house this morning? Mr Aylman."

"I do. He has made his escape."

"Made his escape!" exclaimed every one. "How extraordinary! How almost miraculous! How providential!"

"The circumstances were indeed very singular,"

said Lindsay, smiling, "but I must proceed in my present business, as I dread interruption. I shall tell you them afterwards." He then retired, accompanied by Lady Graden.

Mrs Ednam could not refrain from tears. "Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed she, fervently. "That bright light is not to be quenched in these dark times."

Lindsay had been shut up with most of the elder prisoners, and with several of the younger, when the prison door was again unlocked, and Colville at last appeared, accompanied by Eric.

"Oh, Colville, how we have longed for you!" exclaimed Olive, hastening to meet him. "But how grave you look!" Colville attempted to smile as all gathered round him. He looked anxiously at Florence, while his words were addressed to every one—

"What a place! Have you all been dreadfully terrified? You are very pale, Florence. Have you had no refreshment since you were brought here? Do not be alarmed, I hope you will all very soon again be in your own houses; and it will not then be a sorrowful thought that you have been called to suffer in this cause." Colville looked round the prison, "no fire! and you have had nothing?"

"Oh, we are not cold, we are not uncomfortable, Colville," said Florence, and every one joined in saying the same; "only tell us, what do you think is to be our fate?"

"Oh, Mr Colville," exclaimed Mary Osborne, "have you seen my father?"

Colville looked at her in astonishment—"Miss Osborne!"

"Yes, dear Colville," said Mrs Leslie; "my niece is a sufferer with us; or rather, I ought to say, the only

real sufferer amongst us; and the very first thing we must do, with your help, is to try to get her home."

Colville was silent.

"Did you see my father?" asked Mary, again, in a voice of agony.

"I did, just before I came here."

"Could I get a message or note conveyed to him?"

"He is now, I fear, with the Council."

"Then I may give up all hope," said Mary, in a voice of despair. "My mother *must* know, and no more peace for me."

Colville looked anxious and perplexed, and stood for an instant in deep thought, then taking Mrs Leslie aside, "It must not be known that Miss Osborne is here. It would ruin her father with his friends."

"How?"

"I must not stay to tell you now, my dear madam, but should you object to having Eric shut up with you while you are here?"

"No; I should rather wish to have him with me."

"Then all is easy." Colville took Eric aside. "Eric, will you assist your cousin to escape?"

"Certainly," replied Eric, joyfully; "only tell me how."

"Remain here in her place, you are nearly as tall as she is. The jailer never would discover the difference."

"And change dresses with her? It will do delightfully."

"No; not that dress. She will not like that. We shall go to Lady Dalcluden's, and you shall return in a dress of Olive's; but we must lose no time."

Eric immediately agreed to Colville's proposal.

"Do not be uneasy, Miss Osborne," said Colville to Mary; "I hope we shall return with the means of your escape in less than half an hour. In the meantime I

shall order refreshments, and when I return, Mr Lindsay (who at this moment appeared from the inner prison) will have finished his examinations."

Colville then knocked loudly on the prison door, and the jailer immediately unlocked it, and by the obsequiousness of his manner showed that Colville had discovered the way to his good graces.

A short time after Colville's departure the prison door was again unlocked, and the jailer appeared attended by two assistants, carrying a goodly variety of viands and wines, and followed by a female provided with many strange-looking platters and cups from which to eat and drink, while two soldiers remained near the door to prevent any attempt at escape.

"Keep up a good heart, ladies and gentlemen," said the jailer, civilly; "I soon expect an order for your release now."

The various articles were placed on the table, and then the woman, whom the jailer addressed by the appellation, "gudewife," looking round on the prisoners, said with an expression of real kindness,

"Dinna refuse to tak a mouthfu' o' something, ladies. Your hearts may rise against it in sic a place, and served in a way sae little like what ye're used to, but ye'll wonder at the gude it'll do ye."

"You are quite right, my good woman," answered Mrs Ednam, cheerfully, "and we are much obliged to you. Come, my dears," turning to the young people, "this is not common prison fare. Let us, Mr Ednam, thank Him, who so graciously provides for our comforts everywhere."

Mr Ednam immediately approached the table to do as he was asked. The jailer and his wife stood respectfully till he had finished. The jailer then, look-

ing not much edified, walked out of the prison, glancing a look, significant of derision, as he passed the soldiers. The wife's manner increased in respect; one of the soldiers turned away his head, and began to whistle, while his companion, leaning against the wall of the narrow passage, eyed the party with an expression of countenance half insolent and half amused.

In less than the promised time, Colville returned, accompanied by Eric, as a young lady, and also by George Osborne. They were again readily admitted by the jailer. Poor Mary shrunk back almost fainting on seeing her brother.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "they have discovered all!" George approached her with much more gravity in his manner, than she had seen since his return from his travels.

"Oh George! What have I to expect? Does my mother know I am here. Did she send you for me?"

"No one knows of your being here, Mary, but myself. I this moment met Colville, who informed me. Both my father and mother have been too busily employed to miss you; but if it is known that you were at a Conventicle this morning, it will hasten the ruin of us all."

"Your coming here then, George, was not a very prudent step," said Lady Dalcluden.

George looked as if he had never thought of the matter till reminded of it by his aunt, and now impatiently hastened Mary's departure; and drawing his hat over his face, and attempting in other ways to turn his dress into a disguise, he at last left the prison accompanied by Mary, who wept so bitterly as quite to do away all suspicion on the part of the jailer, who supposed her a relation of some of the prisoners.

"And now, Colville," said Florence, when the prison door was again shut upon them, "do tell us about my uncle. What has happened?"

"Yes, dear Florence—but first—is Lindsay gone?"

"He is, a few minutes before you returned."

"You all understood what he wished?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Allow me just to remind you that you cannot be too guarded in your answers. You have no idea what ensnaring questions men habituated to such examinations may ask. I have, myself, to-day, been before the Council."

"On the Sabbath, Colville!" said Florence with surprise, and becoming extremely pale.

"I was wrong, Florence," replied Colville, reddening. "I ought not to have obeyed the call, but I was taken by surprise, and confess that I forgot the sacredness of the day."

Florence looked disappointed—"And what questions were you asked, Colville?"

"None that I could not answer truly without involving any one; and, on its being known that I had been in Scotland only one week, I was very courteously treated, and immediately dismissed."

"But on what pretext were you examined," asked Mrs Leslie.

"I must tell you my history since we parted," said Colville. "Our sermon at the Pentland Hills was short, as there was an alarm given that soldiers were seen approaching. The meeting dispersed, and Eric and I rode rapidly back to town. We proceeded immediately to Lady Dalcluden's house. In the hall I found Mr Lindsay, and two messengers from the Council, with an order for the appearance before them

of any gentleman, or male servants residing in the family of Mrs Leslie of Dalcluden. I immediately accompanied the messengers," continued Colville, looking as if for Florence's forgiveness as he spoke, "because I thought of nothing but the messengers remaining there, and discovering, as each member of the family returned, that they had been attending some place of meeting obnoxious to the exasperated Council. I soon found, on my arrival, however, that I was not the person particularly meant to be reached by the order, which was the tutor in the family. I was however questioned, but chiefly with regard to my connection with Torriswood, and on many other subjects, some of which I thought very far from the point. I was at last asked if I would take my oath, that so far as I knew, Torriswood was not engaged in any conspiracy against the king's present government in Scotland. I immediately consented to do so. This ridiculous proposal was not pressed. I was next asked if I knew for what reason Torriswood had left Scotland so suddenly."

"And what did you answer?" asked Mrs Leslie and Florence in one breath.

"I answered that I knew several causes; but as Mr Osborne had spoken with the same unreservedness in my presence, that he would have done had his own family only been by, I did not think myself at liberty to repeat any thing I had heard in such circumstances. 'We merely ask,' said one member, 'whether you know of any cause connected with public affairs?' I begged to be excused judging as to what was connected with public affairs, as, since my arrival in Scotland, every subject appeared to me to be considered in some way, so connected. Little more was said to me. After leaving the court I went to Sir Walter Osborne's. I found

him at home and alone. He received me very coldly indeed. I said I had come to ask his interest with the Council. 'I have no interest with the Council,' replied he, shortly and angrily. He then added, 'My brother has put an end to all the influence I had there. My ruin will follow, and then he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has ruined his whole family.' He walked about the room in extreme agitation for a time, then asked me more calmly what I wished him to do were it in his power. I hesitated, for I dared scarcely venture, in the humour he was in, to tell my errand."

"I daresay not," observed Mrs Leslie. "But what has my brother done to offend his party? He did not know of Torriswood's departure. Poor Walter will at last find what hard work it is to labour for a wicked government. Speak quite freely, Colville. Christian friends are nearer in relation than any other; and even children must learn to think and judge, beyond their years, in times like these. Did you tell Walter where we were?"

"I did; and was not mistaken in the effect I anticipated."

Mrs Leslie took Colville aside, "You scruple to tell me all, Colville, but I wish to know exactly what has passed. It is better that I should. I know my brother. He is violent and ambitious; but he is not, thank God, sufficiently unprincipled yet for the party to whom he has attached himself. They but half trust him. They are ever on the eve of casting him off. I wish they would. His worldly ruin is the least evil now before him. His wife differs from him. She would go all lengths. Tell me, Colville, all that passed."

"The instant I mentioned where you were," resumed Colville, "Sir Walter, who had seated himself by me,

started up, and striking his hand with extreme violence on the table, exclaimed, 'The deed is done! my ruin is complete! that mad woman has finished the blow!' He again strode about the room, with such noise, and speaking so loud, that first a servant looked in, and then we were joined by Lady Osborne."

"Without one feature of her countenance moved, I presume," said Mrs Leslie.

"Exactly so. 'My dear Sir Walter, what is the matter?' asked she. 'Mr Colville, I am very happy to see you. Bless me, Sir Walter, what has happened?'

"'What has happened?' repeated he, 'I am a fool, and you are a beggar, *that* has happened.'

"'Pray, Sir Walter, be composed,' said she. 'Why, my dear, are you not with the Council? There was a messenger here in quest of you.'

"'I have been at the Council. I was asked where Torriswood had gone. I did not even know of his departure. I was not believed. I was told the whole town knew of it; and that Rathillet and he had met yesterday. It had been entrusted to me to watch my brother's movements. *You*, Lady Osborne, yourself, undertook this. Every member of the Council's eye is changed to me; and now here is Arrondale to say, that my sister and all her family are in the Canongate jail—all found at a Conventicle. A few evenings ago, it is known they were all at my house, honoured, and apparently on cordial terms with us. How can I be regarded but with distrust?—and now I am to beg from the Council the liberation of that mad woman and her children, and Torriswood's children—well may they laugh!—even old Meldrum—there he was, whispering and advising, and listened to with as much attention as Lauderdale himself; and when he bowed to me, it was

a condescension! Old Meldrum! He in favour! He a rival! He aspire to.'—— Lady Osborne seemed afraid of Sir Walter saying more, and hastily put her hand on his arm. 'My dear, recollect yourself.' He shook her off—'Woman, *you* are the mover in all this. You will never get what you aim at—what we have all sold our souls for—Mochrum of Torriswood! How will it sound, think you? The grounds march! It will be Sir William Mochrum—my Lord Torriswood! and then my Lady Osborne will walk again in the train of a Lady Torriswood! How will you like that, dame?' I rose to come away, and Sir Walter said, 'Tell my sister that she may triumph now. Her twenty years rebellion will cost her less than my twenty years of waiting, cringing, labouring, dissimulating,—without a moment of my inward soul's approval.' Lady Osborne followed me to the hall, 'My dear Mr Colville,' said she with the most perfect self-possession, 'you have seen Sir Walter in one of those unhappy moods which are too often brought upon him by his too deep feelings for his suffering relations. He knows that Meldrum is attempting to secure the lands of Torriswood for himself, and really Sir Walter is not master of himself when he thinks on the subject; and this imprudence of the Lady Dalcluden's at such a time, will, as Sir Walter has said, greatly tend to accelerate the ruin of her eldest brother. I beg you will represent all this to Mrs Leslie, and use your influence with her, my dear sir, to induce her to have some consideration for her brothers, and their many young people. Sir Walter will immediately go to the Council, but it is possible he may not find it easy to procure his sister's liberation. She has so very often exposed herself to the displeasure of the government, and been overlooked in consequence of Sir Walter's in-

fluence with those in power, that it is no wonder he now feels it difficult and unpleasant to protect her.' I came away, scarcely trusting my own memory and understanding, so completely had Lady Osborne's manner and words given a different colour to all I had just heard uttered by Sir Walter; and I was still more confused on being overtaken, not ten minutes afterwards, by Sir Walter himself, who quite calmly informed me that he was on his way to the Council, and attempted to laugh at the *mad fit*, as he called it, in which I had seen him."

"Torriswood!—so that is their aim now," said Mrs Leslie. "How heartless is ambition! If you knew, Colville, all that Walter owes his brother—but it is not Walter. Lady Osborne has indeed been the mover in all his unnatural, ill-laid plans of ambition. Low-born—low-bred—she could not brook the distance at which she felt herself at every movement from her husband's family,—in sentiment, in information, in all that education gives. Envy, malice, cunning—she has found the weapons against which they were unprepared. She has lived with those who have taught her to polish the surface, but the mind is still as low as its origin—and the heart is—unrenewed," added Mrs Leslie, her voice softening as she spoke,—"and Who maketh us to differ?"

"And what schemes can prosper without His permission?" said Colville.

"True, my dear Colville; so now what have we to do but wait His will, using those means for our safety on which we can pray for His blessing?"

At this moment the jailer entered the prison to inform those within it, that Sir William Paterson, the Clerk of the Council, and two gentlemen commissioned

to examine the prisoners, were in another part of the jail, and would very soon be there.

"Colville, you must leave us," said Lady Dalcluden.

He objected.—"You must, indeed, dear Colville. You are our only stay. Why excite suspicion? You can do us no good. You only expose yourself."

The jailer interfered. "You will not be allowed to remain, sir, during the examination. All but the prisoners were dismissed from the other rooms before the gentlemen entered them."

A turnkey now appeared to say, that if any friends of the prisoners were present, they must immediately retire. Colville still hesitated, and looked anxiously at Florence. She approached. "Farewell—Colville, only for to-day—I hope we shall meet to-morrow, free. If not, we know Who rules."

The expression of Florence's countenance was elevated and happy, more so than Colville had observed it since his return.

"How can I leave you in a prison, Florence? Your father entrusted me"—— At this moment steps were heard approaching, and the jailer requested Colville to depart.

In the narrow passage he was met by the three commissioners from the Council. It was, however, too dark for any of the parties to recognise each other, and on the turnkey saying that the gentleman had been to visit his relations in the prison, he was suffered to pass.

"Remember you are a girl, Eric," said Mrs Leslie to Eric; "beware of betraying yourself." She turned round to receive the Council's commissioners, and, to the astonishment of all, first entered the elder Meldrum, then Ormistoun, and last Sir William Paterson,

the Clerk of the Council, followed by a young man carrying writing materials, to take down the depositions of the prisoners.

The Lady Dalcluden, who had felt prepared to meet the deputed messengers of the government with that respect which her party amongst the Covenanters always considered due, was unable to conceal her instant emotion of contempt.

"Mr Mochrum!" exclaimed she, "and Mr Ormistoun!" She scarcely knew the other, but the mean cast of his features, and the shuffling ungracefulness of his gait and address, bespoke him no more worthy of respect than his companions.

"Madam," began the elder Meldrum, looking everywhere but at the person he addressed, "Madam, I am really distressed to find you in such a place. The Lady Graden too:—Your son, madam, pardon my saying so, has taken a wiser part.—Mrs Ednam, your obedient servant. I fear I shall have most to say to you."

"I have been surprised, Mr Mochrum," replied Mrs Ednam, "at the extreme severity of the measures which have lodged so many young persons and children," looking around her, "in a jail for such an offence. I expected to suffer if I was discovered doing what my conscience told me would be approven at a higher tribunal; but these children, surely, surely that must be a tottering power which fears such rebels."

Ormistoun, in the mean time, had approached to where Florence had again retired among her young friends. Her first look of surprise and displeasure brought an expression of extreme confusion into his countenance, but, endeavouring to recover himself, he stammered out. "Miss Osborne, do not condemn me

unheard.—May I request you to suffer me to say a few words apart to you. Believe me, Miss Osborne," lowering his voice, "nothing but my interest in whatever concerns you—your family I mean—could have induced me to—to—become—to join myself—to—"

"To desert our cause, you would say, Mr Ormistoun."

"Miss Osborne, you are not just to me. I entreat you to come apart with me for a moment. I wish to say a few words respecting your father."

Florence hesitated—"I cannot suppose a person who spends his Sabbath in obeying the commands of a court assembled to persecute the servants of God on that holy day, a real friend of my father."

Ormistoun reddened, and his eye for an instant kindled, but he soon softened as he looked at Florence.

"Allow me to prove the reality of my friendship."

"You know, Mr Ormistoun, it is one of the lessons taught by the only rule of right and wrong to which Covenanters yield obedience—to speak truth from the heart.—Forgive me, therefore, if I say, that it is not to every person either my father or his daughter would choose to be obliged for their friendship."

Ormistoun looked confounded for a moment. "As you please, Miss Osborne," said he, reddening with anger. "I wished to serve you. I wished to serve your father. I think it is in my power to do so. If you reject my offers, the consequences are on your own head."

Florence became pale for a moment; the idea of rejecting any offer that might secure her father, staggered her. Ormistoun saw the effects his words had produced—"Allow me only to state to you, Miss Osborne, a very few particulars. Your answers shall be

reported to the Council. Had I not interposed, one who is an avowed enemy to your father would have been deputed to examine the younger persons found assembled at Mrs Ednam's."

"But what, Mr Ormistoun, has our being found at Mrs Ednam's to do with my father? He left Edinburgh yesterday. He did not even know our intention to go to Mrs Ednam's. We had not indeed formed the intention when he left us."

Ormistoun seemed at a loss for an instant, then said, "True, Miss Osborne, but these acts of rebellion on the part of his family, strengthen the suspicions of the government regarding the motives of Torriswood's present journey to London."

"You, Mr Ormistoun, are acquainted with the motives which induced my father to undertake that journey; you assured me there was no cause to apprehend danger to him from his undertaking it. You repeatedly, and solemnly declared to me that it was impossible there could be cause, while he was advised in every step by you and Mr Lindsay. *Suspicions* cannot injure my father, if, as you so often assured us, he has done nothing but what it is perfectly impossible to construe into any breach of law."

At this moment, the Lady Dalcluden, raising her voice, and looking towards her young people, said, in reply to some question from old Meldrum,

"Sir, I shall answer no question respecting my brother. I have avowed my own crime against the government. I had met with those around, this morning, to worship God according to my conscience, but contrary to its laws. I avow this crime again, and I will not give my promise not to repeat it. Set that down, young man," turning to the clerk.

The young man looked at his employers.

"Take down the words," said Sir William Paterson.

The young man did so, and the Lady Dalcluden, taking the pen, looked over what he had written, and then signed it.

"We shall all sign it," said Florence, rising to join her aunt. Ormistoun stood before her and would have caught her hand. "I entreat you, Florence—do not be so rash—why this? You are not called upon."

Florence withdrew her hand, and coldly passed him Eric, too, was at the table.

"My dears—you are not of age—you are children—go—" glancing at Eric, and then looking significantly at Florence.

"Sign if you will, Miss Osborne," said old Meldrum.

Florence drew back, and taking Eric to the darkest part of the room—"Dear Eric, take care, you must not come forward. Ormistoun will know you." She then turned from him, and seeing Ormistoun entering into conversation with Olive, immediately joined them.

"Remember, Olive," said she, "my aunt has given us the example we ought to follow."

"Oh, I understand," replied Olive.

"Oh! you have secrets I perceive, Miss Olive," said Ormistoun, looking earnestly at Olive's ingenuous countenance.

"Remember, Olive," said Florence, "you see Mr Ormistoun in a new character to-day. You must be on your guard. All you say is to be reported to the Council."

"It is unnecessary for you to urge me, Mr Mochrum," said Mrs Leslie again, in an elevated tone of voice. "I fear I have already too far encroached on the holy sacredness of this day; but it has been to profess my

determination not to abandon the assembling together with the Lord's people on His own day. Other matters I will not enter upon this day."

Mrs Ednam and the other elder ladies declared the same—"Indeed," said the Lady Graden, "I doubt much whether any acts of a Council assembled on this day can be considered legal. I know I could not own them as such."

"Madam," said Old Meldrum, "that is a mere pretext to which your friends in rebellion always resort. But it will not answer your purpose. The Council will not be trifled with. I am commissioned to examine you on the points I have mentioned. Either answer me, or abide by the consequences."

"We abide by the consequences," said Mrs Ednam, Mrs Leslie, and the Lady Graden, in one breath.

"Be advised, ladies," said Sir William Paterson, "you have greatly offended the Council. You can appease them by answering candidly a few very simple questions."

"I will answer no questions which can involve any person but myself," said Mrs Leslie, firmly.

"Can you wish, madam," asked Ormistoun, approaching courteously on seeing Florence join her aunt; "can *you* wish to screen an assassin? I presume you allow the Primate's death to have been a cruel assassination, a base and barbarous murder?"

This was an ensnaring question—but Mrs Leslie was aware that it was so.

"I have said, Mr Ormistoun, that I will answer no question of this kind."

"Surely, Miss Osborne," said Ormistoun, addressing Florence, "there is no day on which we may not express our abhorrence of crime—of a crime so horrible as murder."

"No," replied Florence, "certainly not—nor on which we may not warn people to avoid that hypocrisy and double dealing, which brought the wicked Sharpe to his awful end."

Ormistoun endeavoured to command himself so as not to betray his feeling the point of this answer.

"True, Miss Osborne, such views of that horrid affair may strike those who—those of your party."

"So then you defend the murderers of the Archbishop, Miss Florence," said old Meldrum. "That leads nearer to the point. No doubt Rathillet found a friend in you yesterday."

"I defended not those erring men," said Florence; "I only drew from the death of Sharpe a lesson for one who came here professing so much friendship for me, that, in gratitude, I owed him some return."

Mochrum looked at Ormistoun, whose eye fell under his. "Have you examined all those young people, Ormistoun? We lose time here."

Ormistoun returned to his task, but could not procure one syllable in answer to any question he put. The young party had looked to Florence, and on her laying her finger on her lips, they took the hint, and neither courtesy, nor threats, nor friendly entreaties, could extract a word from one of the party. Eric, when addressed by Ormistoun, drew up his dress about the under part of his face, and squinted with his eyes so perfectly naturally, that Ormistoun soon passed him, seeming to regard him as imbecile.

"We are indeed losing time here," said Ormistoun at last, unable longer to conceal his chagrin. He glanced at Florence, "Whatever happens, we have done what was in our power to—" Ormistoun stopped, for he met old Meldrum's eyes fixed upon him. Florence saw all

that passed. "Farewell, Mr Ormistoun," said she, smiling, "you have chosen a difficult path. Oh,—it is not too late,"—added she, seriously, "do not be led into those crooked ways—they must end in disgrace and misery."

"What means all this, Ormistoun?" asked Meldrum, peering from under his overhanging eyebrows at the confused, softened, conscience-stricken lawyer. Ormistoun retired towards the door of the prison, and gave no answer.

"Ladies," said Sir William Paterson, "you shall know to-morrow what is the decision of the Council respecting you."

"To-morrow!" said Mrs Ednam. "Surely, sir, the Council will not keep these children a night in jail. I beg, sir, you will represent to them the ages of their prisoners."

Sir William laughed, moving his head from side to side, without raising his eyes, "Madam, I do not suppose you would consider an order for their release a legal act on this day."

Mochrum laughed also; and the party left the jail, giving orders in the hearing of the prisoners, that no person whatever should be admitted until the decision of the Council was known.

No notice had been taken by the commissioners of the two old gentlemen, and when informed that the servants belonged to Mrs Ednam, they were not examined either; and it was evident to the elder prisoners, that the pretended displeasure of the Council at the meeting of Conventicles, was, on that day at least, a mere pretext in order to discover the murderers of the Archbishop. It was also evident that the Council were most eager to discover whether Torriswood might not in some way be implicated at least in the know-

ledge, and concealment of that act. The elder prisoners continued to converse earnestly on these matters, till the light gradually departed, and they were left with only such partial rays as were cast upon the prison by a passing flambeau; or, streaming from an opposite window, penetrated the narrow, grated, dusky casement, and pictured its bars in larger characters upon the opposite wall. The moon, however, soon was seen at intervals between the high old pointed fronts of the houses opposite the jail, and at length, still, and calm, and bright, it rose majestically above them all, and silvering the edges of their irregular roofs and chimneys, poured its full beams upon the prison. Florence was seated between her two young friends, Catharine Pringle and Ellen Hume. Their arms were twined around each other; and while they talked with their fair young faces almost touching, their eyes were fixed upon the bright moon. Florence pressed her young friends more closely to her.—"Did that light ever appear so calm and beautiful to you as it does at this moment?" asked she.

"I think never," replied both.

"And those light clouds, which, as they approach, are so softly brightened by her beams, of what do they remind you?"

"They seem like angels' wings," said Ellen Hume, "as if an host of those blessed messengers, who minister to ransomed heirs of heaven, were hovering over us."

"They remind me of our faithless fears," said Catharine Pringle. "At a distance those clouds came darkly on as if they would have quite obscured that glorious light; but now they only add to its soft beauty, and then they pass away. So to our fears a prison seemed

all gloom and terror, but now we feel *that* light and heavenly peace within our souls, which dispel all gloom, and teach us to ascribe new glory to Him, who in all situations makes His grace sufficient for us."

"How true, my dearest Catharine!" said Florence.

"And you, Florence, of what do those clouds remind you?"

"My imagination is ungovernably busy," replied Florence. "I often wonder at the rapidity with which it creates ideas, and those of such a painful nature. As I looked at those few clouds while they came slowly on, and that pure light, so still and so majestically calm, I remembered that *light* was to reveal all things —and then I thought of persecution and of death, and of myself and those around me, after we had passed through the dark valley, approaching like those clouds, dark and uncertain, to the tribunal of light—and then I thought, Oh, if any amongst us have deceived themselves, and said peace to their souls when there was no peace! and that bright light will reveal it—and then I watched the clouds till I saw them become less and less dark as they approached, and at last those beams of light penetrating every part—then as if it covered them all, clothing the whole in its robe of brightness."

A good many footsteps were now heard approaching the door of the prison, and the voice of the jailer addressing those who accompanied him, as he unlocked the massive portal. On opening it, a lad entered bearing one dim candle, which he set down, and which only served to make "the darkness visible," the jailer in the meantime remaining at the door, and still speaking, but it was impossible to distinguish those whom he addressed in the darkness of the passage. The lad,

after he had set down the light, looked narrowly round the prison, and at last descrying Mr Ednam, informed him that he and the other old gentleman, and Mrs Ednam's two servants, must accompany him to another part of the jail, while their places were to be supplied by four females. This seemed very decorous and proper. The elder prisoners, however, suspected some concealed plan under this change. But it was vain either to object or attempt to discover the cause, and Mrs Ednam was obliged to see her aged and infirm friends depart, she knew not whether to harder treatment or not. As they left the jail, the female prisoners entered, and the jailer immediately closed the door and locked it for the night.

One of the newly introduced prisoners, on entering, sunk down on the nearest seat, and seemed almost fainting. The others appeared only to think of her. Florence instantly rose to pour out some of the wine Colville had provided, to offer to the stranger. In doing so, she stood near the light.

"Miss Osborne!" exclaimed a young woman, who seemed an attendant on the stranger.

Florence looked earnestly at her for a moment, then exclaimed, "Beatrice Fairley!"

"You *here*, Miss Osborne! In a prison!"

Florence held out her hand cordially to Beatrice, "Yes, Beatrice, dear, good Beatrice! But let us assist the lady," added she, in a lower voice; and approaching the stranger, who was now supported by an elder female, she knelt down before her, and held the wine to her lips. She with difficulty swallowed a part of it. Mrs Leslie directed the others to retire into the inner prison, while she and Mrs Ednam at a distance watched the effects of Florence's gentle efforts to restore the stranger.

Florence, on her part, looked with extreme interest at the sweet, pale countenance before her, and as it revived, and the languid eyes rested on her, it did not seem that of a stranger, yet she could not recollect where they had met. At last the lady was able to say a few words to Florence, expressive of her gratitude, and Florence felt still more that she was not a stranger. When she seemed nearly restored, Florence drew Beatrice a little aside. "Who is this lady, Beatrice? I have surely met her, yet I cannot tell where."

"Mrs Colville, madam. The Lady Arrondale."

"The Lady Arrondale! Colville's mother!"

Florence immediately hastened to Mrs Leslie, "My dearest aunt, it is your friend the Lady Arrondale."

Mrs Leslie started up.

"Softly, my dearest aunt."

Florence again approached to where Mrs Colville sat.

"My dear young lady," said Mrs Colville, holding out her hand to Florence, "tell me, are we here for the same crime? Have you, too, been guilty of hearing the Gospel preached?"

"Yes, madam; and all who are here are so, for the same cause."

"Then I may regard you as a friend, a Christian friend," continued Mrs Colville, retaining Florence's hand in hers.

"Yes, dearest madam, and you are surrounded by friends. My aunt, Mrs Leslie of Dalcluden, Mrs Ednam ——"

"The Lady Dalcluden!" exclaimed Mrs Colville, and the next moment was clasped to the bosom of her friend, and then to Mrs Ednam's and the Lady Graden's, and then there was nothing but joy and wonder at such a meeting of friends, and overflowing kindness

amongst all—and tears of thankfulness—and introducing of young ones, and embracing, and heartfelt affection—and Florence and Olive kissed and embraced the sweet, modest Beatrice Fairley, who, while she sought to kiss their hands, kept saying—

"Dear young ladies, you are too good, you honour me too much. To think of you in a prison for His sake! How wonderful!—And are ye all well, Miss Florence? All the family?"

"All well, Beattie."

But Florence said nothing to lead poor Beattie's thoughts to Torriswood, for every one knew her sad story; and Beattie asked no question that could come near the subject.

After the feelings of joy, and wonder, and thankfulness at a meeting so unexpected, had in some degree subsided, Mrs Colville informed her friends, that having understood that her son would be in Edinburgh about this time, she had wished to meet him before he left it. "For I am sorry to say," continued she, "after having been overlooked for a good many years, persecution has at last been extended to our retired part of the country; and several families, convicted of being constant attenders at Conventicles, both in the fields and in neighbouring gentlemen's houses, have been very heavily fined. My youngest son and I have been particularly criminal on this head, and of late also have been watched as to our attendance at the parish church. The part of the minister in that church is now filled by a curate, and of course neither my son nor I have of late ever entered it. I rather wished that Philip should be prepared for all this before he came to the country, and, indeed, for many things he has to meet with. Every means are now using to compel the country gentlemen

to show to what party they belong. The command to join the King's Host, as it is called, was the last snare which had been laid for them before I left home. By this law the militia are obliged to join and act with the king's troops in suppressing rebellion, as they term it, in which is included all field or house Conventicles; and the country gentlemen are also obliged to join this host for the same purpose. Many have not joined, and as yet have not been noticed, but it is well known they have been marked, and their time will come." Mrs Colville also informed her friends, that having determined to come to Edinburgh, she had done so as privately as possible, accompanied by her son, and attended only by her waiting woman, one of the females who entered the prison with her. She had arrived in Edinburgh on Saturday. Beatrice Fairley and her aunt had come to town before her, on some business of the aunt's, who usually resided in a cottage at Arrondale, and knew the time she would arrive. She had been informed by them of a meeting of the persecuted people, to be held about half a mile out of town, and she had gone there. At Arrondale she could, without suffering from it, have gone four times as far, but when the soldiers surrounded the house in which they were, and when she was obliged to pass along the crowded streets amongst the insulting rabble, she never could have got on unless supported by her son; and when obliged to separate from him, she had been altogether overpowered. The part of the jail, too, in which she had for some hours been confined with him was greatly more crowded than that in which she now was, and the people suffering much from heat and thirst, to relieve which they had been most thankful, before she left them, for a supply of water from the jailer.

It was now proposed by Mrs Leslie that preparations should be made for sleeping. It was impossible, as there were but four small beds, that more than a fourth part of the prisoners could be accommodated at one time. It was, therefore, necessary that they should attempt to sleep by turns. All agreed; and Beatrice Fairley, assisted by Isobel, the Lady Arrondale's waiting woman, immediately began to arrange the four hard and coarsely furnished pallets. Florence looked on for a time, as if considering, while Mrs Leslie and Mrs Ednam were wrapping up the children, and the other girls, as it was determined the young ones would more easily sleep in such circumstances than their elder friends, who would take their places when complete exhaustion might overcome the busy anxious thoughts which would undoubtedly prevent their sleeping, at an hour more early than they usually retired to rest—Florence stood considering for a time, then said, she thought a little ingenuity might accommodate the half of the prisoners at once. She then assisted Beatrice and Isobel to place benches alongside the pallets, so as to enable those in them to lay crossways, while the laps of those who sat while they slept, should serve as pillows. This arrangement, with the addition of cloaks and plaids, promised fair, and after all was ready, Mrs Leslie repeated a portion of Scripture. The prisoners then joined in singing part of a psalm known to all, for there was no light to read, which concluded with these lines:—

"I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take,
Because Thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make."

The younger prisoners then lay down, their heads

resting on the laps of their elder friends. The Lady Arrondale, who was now perfectly recovered, insisted on watching near Florence, who on her part most earnestly entreated that she might first do that office for her. In this, however, Florence was overruled, and though she was the last to fall asleep, it was not very long ere all the young prisoners were so profoundly so, that their elder friends could talk in whispers without disturbing them. Florence was the first to wake, but not for several hours, nor until the other prisoners were sufficiently worn out to take the places now resigned to them, with thankfulness, and to follow the example of those who had just occupied them, in the soundness of their repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning, the prisoners, from Florence's arrangement, had enjoyed almost their usual time of repose; and, animated and refreshed, welcomed the new day by that ascription of praise to their Father in heaven, and that studying of his revealed will, which was at all times with them the earliest occupation of the day. On this morning their example was followed, as they supposed, by prisoners in an adjoining part of the jail; for the soft clear voices of our female prisoners had scarcely ceased, when the same solemn air was immediately begun by the stronger and deeper voices of men—brothers in captivity—in a near apartment. This was both moving and cheering to all, particularly to the Lady Arrondale, who believed she heard the voice of her son mingled with the others.

Beatrice Fairley and Isobel, after the morning service was over, busied themselves in arranging the prison, and soon produced an air of order and neatness even within its walls.

Amongst all the fair young faces there, none was more lovely than that of Beatrice Fairley; for though Florence might be more regularly beautiful, and Olive and some of the others more delicately so, there was an expression in her countenance which the heart within, broken to all earthly things, alone could give, calmed and purified by constant thoughts of that spiritual and immortal home, where hope with her now only rested; and as she moved about, so lovely—so sweetly seeking the comfort of every one, so grave, and quiet, and lowly—it was impossible to look at her unmoved, nor receive her services without feeling humbler. Her aunt, Alison Guthrie, was an elderly woman, rather hard-favoured, of grave and distant but respectful manners. She kept apart from the ladies, but when they addressed her, the answers she gave, though short, were so wise and pious as to command respect, and excite desire for further intercourse, and the smile, half bitter, half sorrowful, and the emphatically uttered words, "We'll see," or "We had best be prepared for the worst," with which alone she answered their appeals to her experience, regarding what might be the intentions of the Council towards them, bespoke both her knowledge of the state of public affairs, and her opinion of those who managed them.

When Beatrice and her companion had arranged the two apartments, they retired into the small inner one, accompanied by Alison Guthrie. Isobel, a young, light-hearted, country maiden, stationed herself at the window to watch the, to her, novel sights of a street. Some of

the younger prisoners in the other room were soon employed in the same way; but Beatrice and her aunt had withdrawn out of sight, and again were busied with their Bibles; for Beatrice was greedy of the word of life, and drank deep both of its spirit and of its holy joys; and her aunt's manner of studying the Scriptures, verse by verse, as her very charter for eternity, left her altogether unsatisfied with what was read by another, however solemnly or feelingly.

When the jailer appeared at the usual hour for the prisoners receiving breakfast, Mrs Leslie and her friends attempted, but in vain, to gather some information from him respecting their future fate.

"We shall surely be released to-day?"

"I have no new orders, ladies."

"You will at least admit our friends to-day?"

"I cannot, without orders."

"You surely will not refuse to get a few lines conveyed from me to my son?" said the Lady Arrondale,—"you shall have them open if you choose."

"I must not. I was strictly enjoined to allow of no communications of any kind. To disobey, is as much as my life is worth."

"But how long did you ever see ladies kept in a jail?"

"A long time."

"But if they paid the fines imposed?"

"That will not do always."

"No, no, indeed," said Mrs Leslie to the Lady Arrondale, who had asked these questions. "The Lady Cavers has been in prison for nearly two years, and her young family without a head—their father gone—and their eldest brother abroad."

"Aye, she is here," said the jailer.

"And well, I trust?" asked Mrs Ednam.

"She is a woman of a great spirit," replied the jailer. "Nothing will bring it down, or she might have been free long ago. When they send Commissioners to her from the Council, they come out of her prison as if they had been before the Council themselves, and threatened with the boots. They once persuaded her to write a petition to the Council for the sake of her children, but it was so full of reproofs, that it did her more harm than good. You should take warning, ladies;" and so saying, the jailer retired.

This day passed on, and another, and another, and a whole week, and no change in the treatment of the prisoners. The young people began to look pale from confinement, and the closeness of the rooms, with so many constantly shut up in them; and the elder prisoners looked ill from anxiety, and want of their usual rest; for after the first night or two they could not, like the young ones, sleep well, with such bad accommodation, and without undressing.

On the tenth day of their confinement, an officer was sent from the Council, summoning the Lady Dalcluden —the Lady Graden—Mrs Ednam, and her niece Catharine Pringle, to appear before them on a day which would be afterwards specified, and to remain in the meantime in confinement. The other prisoners were to be immediately released.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Mrs Leslie, when the officer had retired, "you, my dear Mrs Colville, are not included in this summons. You will be a mother to my young people."

"Well should I have liked to prove my gratitude to Torriswood in this way on any other occasion," replied the Lady Arrondale, feelingly.

"We cannot choose occasions, my dear friend, and now how could I have parted with all these children, and Mrs Ednam here, and the Lady Graden? Oh how mercy is mingled in every dispensation!"

Mrs Leslie's children were now in tears, and clinging to their mother.

"Must we separate, my dearest aunt?" asked Florence, calmly, but as pale as marble.

"Yes, my love, but I hope not for above a day or two; and, dear Florence, let there be no yielding to our feelings now. We profess to believe that all things shall work together for our good. Let us prove the sincerity of our profession by receiving cheerfully whatever is sent us to bear. How differently might this matter have been ordered. You leave me with dear friends. I know that you are with a dear friend.—My little Annot," clasping her youngest child to her breast, "thou hast never been a day separated from me. Wilt thou make me a promise, Annot?"

The child could not speak from weeping and sobs.

"Hush, Annot—hush, my child—these tears and sobs are only proofs of the strength of thy own will. That must be subdued, my child. Annot, who sends all this?"

"The wicked Council," sobbed out the child in anger.

"But who permits it, Annot? Who reigns over the Council?"

"Satan, I am sure," answered the child in obstinate anger and grief.

"Oh the boldness and rebellion of the natural heart!" exclaimed Mrs Leslie, "and this is thy first trial, Annot. I hoped better things of thee."

The child burst into a new agony of tears and sobs,

and disengaging herself from her mother, went and buried her face in the lap of the gentle Beatrice Fairley, who, during the time they had been confined together, had wonderfully gained her young affections, and then she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break. Beatrice leant tenderly over her, and spoke in a voice soft and serious. "This is sin, Miss Annot. You feel it is a bitter thing. All sorrow comes from sin—all partings—all grief—all pain. We must taste its bitter fruit, Miss Annot, that we may the more love Him, who has shown us how we may escape from its misery and its punishment."

The child became calm as Beatrice spoke.

She continued,—"In what spirit, Miss Annot, did He carry our sorrows, and bear the chastisement of our peace?"

Annot put her face in Beatrice's bosom, and the rest of their conversation was in whispers; but it ended in Annot returning with a downcast countenance to ask forgiveness. This was easily obtained, and she became as calm and submissive as the others.

"You will all go to my house." said the Lady Dalcluden. "Alison Guthrie, and Beatrice Fairley, you will not leave the Lady Arrondale."

"It would be ill our part, if she wished us near her," said Alison, "but what are we, that the Lady Arrondale should be burdened with us?"

"If it suits your own convenience, Alison, you and Beatrice would be comforts to me," replied Mrs Colville.

"It is enough, madam," said Alison.

"And you will come daily, Annot," said Mrs Leslie, whose heart seemed settled on the child, "and if they will not let you in to see me, you will walk past the

jail that I may see you from the window. I shall watch for you, and, before you go, we shall fix the hour."

The prison door was now again unlocked, and the jailer informed the prisoners that there were friends below, who had come to meet those who were to be released. He had no power to admit them into the jail, but their names he might mention: Mr Colville, who had desired him to say that the Lady Dalcluden's coach was in waiting, and other names he mentioned—

"Can you now tell me whether those prisoners who were brought from the Conventicle found at Canonmills are yet released?" asked the Lady Arrondale, who had in vain attempted to get an answer to this question before.

"Yes, madam, all except one or two."

"The young gentleman, named Colville,—know you whether he is released?"

"That is not the name of any to remain," replied the jailer, "so he must be free. They are just leaving the prison now as they feel disposed. I hope, ladies, you have been satisfied with the treatment you have met with here," continued the jailer.

His hint was understood, and he soon seemed to consider himself liberally rewarded for his civility.

No one appeared willing, however, first to take leave of those beloved friends who must be left behind. Florence's hand was locked in that of Catharine Pringle, while, with a countenance pale and anxious, she looked at her aunt, whose strength of mind, and devotedness of spirit, led all present unconsciously to regard her as their guide.

"Florence, my love," said Mrs Leslie, "I give you in charge to prevent Colville recognising the Lady Arrondale, till you are all in my house—" for Mrs

Colville was now so greatly agitated in the expectation of meeting her son, as to be scarcely able to stand or walk,—"And now," continued Mrs Leslie, "God be with you all, my beloved friends, as I trust He is with us. Come, my dear Mrs Ednam, and Lady Graden, and you, my dear young prisoner—we shall have no softenings, and protracted leave-takings."—She then drew them into the inner prison, and taking one look at Annot —raised her eyes to heaven, and then closed the door.

The released prisoners stood for an instant without moving, their eyes fixed on the closed door; but no one ventured to dispute Mrs Leslie's wishes, and though the young ones could not keep from weeping, they submissively followed, as the Lady Arrondale, supported by Florence, now turned to leave the jail.

A long dark passage led to the prison-door. From this passage, were several others, into some of which was a descent by a few steps, and into one or two an ascent of a few irregular steps led to other apartments in the jail. From one of these passages proceeded the only light which guided our prisoners; and on the steps which led into it, a youth now stood, eagerly watching their approach.

"My mother!" exclaimed he, the moment Mrs Colville came near the light, and instantly darted towards her to offer his support.

"Hugh! my dearest Hugh!" and she clung fondly to his arm. "Your brother is here, Hugh. He waits for us at the prison gate."

"My brother! Does he know you are here?"

"No. I cannot meet him here."

"I shall manage all that," said Florence leaving the Lady Arrondale and her son, and advancing with the two eldest ladies of the party.

On issuing from the passage, the prisoners descended a few steps into a little square stone hall, where Colville and several others stood anxiously waiting their approach. "Dearest Florence! dear Colville!" passed in whispers. Colville seemed only to see Florence, who entreated him to conduct the two elder ladies to the coach. He did so immediately. The others followed. Hugh Colville supported his mother, who was almost lifted into the carriage by her two sons, Colville perfectly unconscious of who the person was, for whose agitation he for a moment felt a painful emotion of sympathy; but which passed instantly away on again turning to Florence. Hugh, on his part, had no eyes but for his brother. He stood, without offering his assistance to any one, his looks following every motion of Colville's, who, directed by Florence, assisted as many as it could contain into her aunt's coach, and marshalled the others to proceed on foot. Colville himself, when all had set forward, returned to offer his arm to Florence. He glanced at Hugh, and then asked in a whisper—"Who is this youth, Florence? Shall we ask him to accompany us?"

Florence made no answer, but putting one arm within Colville's, she motioned to Hugh to walk on her other side. He did so, and she took his offered arm also.

"Was this youth in jail with you, Florence?" whispered Colville.

No, but his mother was."

"Who is his mother?" asked Colville, again glancing at the graceful stripling, whose eyes eagerly met his.

"Do you not know him, Colville?"

Colville looked again. "Can it be Hugh! my brother!"

"Philip!" exclaimed Hugh, but his voice failed, and his eyes were blinded with tears of joy.

The brothers grasped each other's hands for an instant.

They could not embrace in the crowded Canongate, but they both wept, and looked earnestly at each other through their tears.

"And my mother, Hugh, where is she?"

"You will meet her presently. She is in Edinburgh."

Florence now quickened her pace—"The Lady Arrondale knows you are in Edinburgh, Colville. She must be impatient to meet you."

"You said the mother of this brother was in jail, Florence. Was my mother in confinement with you?"

"She was, and you assisted her into my aunt's coach."

"And where shall I find her, dear Florence?"

"At my aunt's."

Florence hastened on. Colville was silent, but she felt that he trembled. Hugh had left her and gone to his other side, and Colville had put his arm in his, and drawn him closely to him.

It was but a short distance from the jail to Lady Dalcluden's house, and Florence and the brothers soon reached it. Florence instantly hastened in search of the Lady Arrondale, followed by Colville, and found her in extreme agitation waiting his arrival. Colville knelt before her, and clasped his arms around her as she sat—while she sunk weeping on his neck—and Florence, though she paused for a moment to witness a joy in which she could sympathize from her inmost soul, soon recollected herself, and withdrew.

* * * * * *

THE reader of this fragment will perceive that it is no more than the *commencement* of a delineation of the principles, characters, and circumstances of the persons introduced into it. Had the authoress lived to have completed her work, after largely developing these, it appears, from what she expressed to one of her sisters, that she designed to exhibit Torriswood, Rathillet, Beatrice Fairley, and others, as proving their fidelity to the cause in which they were engaged, by laying down their lives for it. Colville and the rest, after various fortunes, and extreme sufferings, were to be brought purified out of the furnace of affliction.

Those acquainted with the history of the times, will observe, that the authoress has done no more than transfer from Wodrow, etc., with altered names, those trees and plants of righteousness into the neat and elegant garden which she had provided for them, that they might be seen to better advantage.

Had she been permitted to have finished her plan, it would have been an abridged, but a most faithful and impressive account of the sufferings of the Presbyterian Church, under the execrable administrations of the latter Stuarts, Charles and James of hateful memory. This would have been a most useful work, for our most esteemed historians have either slurred over the odious deeds of that day, or they have misrepresented them. Hence, even well-educated and well-principled people have been led to conceive that the Covenanters were an odious, wrong-headed, obstinate, fanatical and re-

bellious race, which, by any means, it was wise and necessary to extirpate. Whereas those were the men of whom the world was not worthy, and who, for their country and their God, nobly and heroically threw themselves into the breach, and, defying the armies of the aliens, resisted unto blood, striving against sin, and were faithful unto death, and received the crown of life—and left us the invaluable legacy which they acquired by their lives, of the liberty and religion we now enjoy. They laboured and suffered—and we have entered into their labours and joys.

Reader!—whether you reside in the south, or the east, or the west, of our now happy land, you will find marked, if not in your own churchyard, yet assuredly in one not far distant from it, the holy ground where have been laid the precious remains of some of those excellent ones of the earth. Lead your children to it, —tell them how they lived, and for what they suffered and died—and teach them to cherish the remembrance, and venerate and imitate the virtues, of those who valued a good conscience before God, more than houses or lands, or dear relations, or their own lives, and who will justly be had

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