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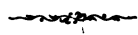


# COTTISH STORIES.

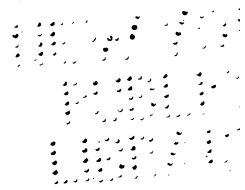
FROM

The Family Treasure.

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"Their works do follow them."—REV. xiv: 13.



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# Andy McLeod.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

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## I

HE events I am about to relate occurred in Scotland during the year known in her annals of covenanting persecution as "the black year," of 1665, on account of the number of godly men who then sealed their testimony with their blood, and the unoffending women and children who proved steadfast to the death.

Alexander, or, as he was usually called, Andy McLeod, was at that time barely ten years of age. He had been left an orphan too young to remember either of his parents, but the child

found a home and protector in his grandfather, Adam McLeod, who, in little better circumstances than the peasant class around him, farmed some land and owned a decent dwelling-house. Adam was a man of sterling worth and rigid principles, and was likewise strongly attached to the righteous cause for which numbers of his countrymen were then suffering, by their own martyr experience, literally fulfilling the words of the apostle concerning the early Christian Church, "They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." This cottage, situated on the edge of a deep glen or valley, and surrounded by lofty hills, was often resorted to by the persecuted men who, amid the howling of a hurricane or the wildness of a snow-storm, ventured to enjoy a brief communion with each other before the blazing ingle under Adam McLeod's thatched roof. On many of these occasions young Andy was permitted to be present, seated, according to the deferential habits of those times, on a three-legged stool,

with the sheep-dog Snath at his feet, behind the tall back of his grandfather's chair. Andy was considered old enough to be made serviceable, at an age when children in our day are seldom trusted far abroad, unless in charge of a servant, for, as soon as he could barely be pronounced capable of work, he was sent among the hills to attend sheep, with no other assistance than a valuable well-disciplined dog. There, in the stormy as well as in the sunshiny weather, aided by Snath—whose canine intelligence and affection saved his young master from many a mishap—and correction from his worthy but austere grandfather, the little shepherd kept his flock. More than one of the places to which the Covenanters, lying in close concealment, had fled for refuge, were in the neighborhood of Andy's daily vocation; and among those whose lives were marked for destruction by the persecutors, was a young devoted minister, named Angus Campbell, who, by the ardor of his zeal and the power of his eloquence, had become the object of their

hatred. Andy knew him more intimately than any of the other visitors the wintry wind or falling snow sent to his good grandfather's; because Angus, perceiving the herd-boy, though shy, to be docile and intelligent, kindly noticed him, and though short and scanty was the time afforded them, he gave little Andy some instruction; and he being a scholar most eager and willing to learn, at length advanced far enough to be able to spell his way through a chapter of the big Bible, which, from fear of sudden surprise by the troopers, was kept behind a bit of boarding, where no uninformed eye was likely to detect it. Now Andy was an orphan, with neither brother nor sister. His grandfather having married again, this second wife had been stepmother to Andy's father, and though a truly pious, worthy woman, she resembled her husband in possessing a cold and harsh exterior. But Angus Campbell's was the reverse of this. In the ordinary converse of life his manners were so peculiarly gentle and winning, that children and



dumb animals seemed, as by common consent, to love and trust him. Perhaps the reason by which he drew all creatures he came in near contact with thus to love him, might be the simple but very natural one, that he was so ready to love and pity all living things himself. The little herd-boy's affection for this his beloved teacher, if of the kind the apostle John describes, as casting out fear, and therefore perfect, had also mingled with it a feeling of the profoundest respect. Though a child in years, often did Andy feel his heart thrill with solemn awe when, at the meetings in the cottage, he beheld stern gray-haired men, like his grandfather, moved to tears as they listened to the words and joined in the prayer of the youthful preacher. By frequent exposure during seasons the most inclement, when obliged for weeks and months together to conceal himself in places the most dreary and desolate that can be imagined, this poor young preacher had fallen ill, and soldiers being constantly in search for him, for security he was

lodged in a cavern at the base of a lofty hill, which the kindness of those who were intrusted with the secret, endeavored to make as comfortable as their own harassed circumstances would permit. In that damp cave, with a bundle of straw for his pillow, a coverlet of sheep-skins, and his Bible beside him, lay, wasting by deep and rapid consumption, the holy, saint-like, gifted Campbell. Andy had been often trusted to convey provisions to the hunted men, who sometimes, for several days together, tasted naught but the berries they gathered, and a little moss-water for drink in the wild solitudes to which they were driven by the fierce, ungodly men thirsting for their blood, and was judged less likely, from his occupation, to attract suspicious observation. He was, therefore, selected when opportunity presented itself, to become a messenger to the dying youth.

On a certain morning in summer, like that so sweetly described in "The Cameronian's Dream," when—

"The clear shining dew  
Glistened sheen on the heath-bells and mountain flowers  
blue;  
And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;  
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep,"

Andy wended his way to the cavern; right carefully he carried a pitcher of sweet new milk, and his shaggy servant an osier basket containing a pot of honey and some thin cakes made by Andy's grandmother of the best and whitest meal. To this day no semblance of a path can be discerned leading in the direction of Angus Campbell's place of refuge, though the peasantry are well acquainted with the spot; but the herd-boy knew each track among the hills, and adown their deepest recesses, familiarly enough to traverse them amid the darkness of night, or the blinding storms of winter, with feet near as sure as a mountain goat's.

## II.

WHEN Andy reached the mouth of the cavern, with cautious hand he put aside the bushes and the branches of heather brush, which, growing from the turf on the roof, spread downward like a thick veil, while from the lower part a broken bush had sprung up, spreading itself abroad like a feathery fan till met by the pendant heather, and these slender barriers had so completely hidden the entrance that few passers-by would possibly detect it, however near they might approach. A low, deep sound from within made Andy pause, and then reverently doffing his bonnet, he knelt down—Snath, still as a stone, crouching beside him—till Angus Campbell had finished his devotions. Coming in from the clear light without, some moments elapsed before even the sharp eyes of the herd-boy could discern any thing in the dim interior of the place, which a single adventurous sunbeam, struggling in through a chink, lit so feebly that this single

ray of golden brightness only served to make its gloom and forlornness more apparent. The young minister, kneeling by his rude couch, was too wrapt in communion with his God, whose presence had often made that cheerless cave appear to him bright as the "threshold of heaven," to be conscious of the presence of his young visitor. The hair falling back in clusters, showed the wasted features, down which the trickling drops fell upon the coarse coverlet. At length the clasped hands were relaxed, the eyelid slowly opened, and when with difficulty he raised himself up, Angus perceived a fair young face, rudely as the morning sky, turned wistfully toward him. A smile came over his fading lips, neither did he fail to bestow a pat on Snath's shaggy head in return for the dog's caresses. "Andy," said he, after taking a draught of the rich, sweet milk, "Allen Frazer and his brother were here last night, and they stayed till it was far spent. The captain and his troopers, it seems, are still scouring moor and glen after me. Even

here I have surely caught the sound of horses' feet as they thundered heavily over the turf above me. These Frazers prayed me to keep my head under cover as much as possible, lest the tell-tale echo should report my hacking cough to the hill above us. The Lord's enemies are bent on taking me, but he hath sent loving tokens that I shall soon be removed far out of their reach forever. Child, ye know in part what I mean, but ye can not imagine how, I long to put off the wasting, fleshly garments in which these poor limbs are wrapt, and put on the shining robe which I know awaits me—to leave this cave for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Here his deep hollow cough interrupted him, and shook his poor feeble frame to a degree that was pitiable to witness. When come a little to himself he said: "Andy, I think you love me."

"Love you!" sobbed the boy; "aye, better," he was about to answer, "than ane ither I ken of," but remembering his grandfather, a sense of

duty checked his tongue, and with simple meaning he answered, "Sir, ye maun feel I do."

"Be it so," said the young minister, as, still gasping for breath, he rested his head against the lad's sturdy shoulder. "And by that love, Andy, promise me"—clasping a little, much-worn Bible in his long, thin, slender fingers—"promise me to observe the request I am about to make to you."

Andy earnestly signified perfect readiness to do whatever he might enjoin.

"It is simply this," said Angus, "never let a day pass, if you can help it, without reading a chapter in the Bible. I wish I had taught ye more; but strive, pray to God, and the Holy Spirit will help you, as by themselves my poor teachings never could. After I am gone from hence may be ye will find—at least I design so—my Bible lying there," pointing to his pillow of straw. "It is little enough, too, for ye to carry under your plaid to the hills, without eyes, keen as the hawk's when he darteth on his prey, espy-

ing it." Then, with wonderful simplicity and sweetness, Angus Campbell spoke a few words of solemn truth and love, which sunk in the weeping herd-boy's heart like precious seed in a soil made soft by showers of early rain. "Remember," said the weak, hoarse voice, which once among the hills and valleys of the land, in its clear, ringing sweetness, the people of the Lord had been wont to compare to a silver trumpet, sounding melodiously afar—"remember," and he laid his hand on young Andy's head like one in the act of bestowing a benediction, "whether God wills thy days to be long upon earth, or short, like mine, and ye hear Him call ye to come home by a shorter road than other of his children, give to his service the best of those he giveth; and of all times to begin serving the Lord there is no time like the time of youth."

"I shall come back this way," said Andy, on taking his leave, "when the sheep are faulded, after sunset."



"After sunset!" repeated Angus Campbell, very softly, and he smiled; but the smile was so exceeding bright and lovely that the herd-boy felt his heart lightened while thinking of it, as with Snath trotting on before, he walked quickly across a neighboring heath. Andy had not proceeded two miles ere, to his consternation, he beheld a party of soldiers coming directly toward him. His first thought was of flight. Yet, if the soldiers should see him, their suspicions would be instantly aroused; therefore, throwing himself flat upon his face, trusting to the grass and bushes for concealment, he hoped they might pass by without observing him. Alas! one of them had already done so, and, turning to take a second look at the little advancing figure, perceived that it had suddenly disappeared, as if the ground had opened to receive him. Giving his comrades a hint, very few minutes elapsed before Andy was discovered, and a tall trooper, sunk to the knees in large boots, with a bear-skin cap on his head, and a long scab-

bard rattling at his heels, demanded gruffly what he did crouching there like a hare on her form. Before the frightened child could frame a fitting reply, his empty basket suggested darker thoughts. They immediately surmised that he had been carrying provisions to some hidden Covenanters, and, without further interrogation, decided on taking him before their captain, who was but a little way off, and was nearly as much dreaded as the notorious Colonel Graham, of Claverhouse, who, to this day, is familiarly known to the Scottish people as "the bluidy Clavers." Andy's arms were now roughly tied; and Snath, striving to keep close by the side of his master, received a kick from the iron-shod boot of a soldier, and a thrust in his shoulder from his rapier, that sent him bleeding and howling with pain down among the heather.

## III.

CAPTAIN DALZIEL, seated upon a prancing war-horse, up to whose bridle-reins he would not have scrupled to ride in the blood of the persecuted Covenanters, threw a glance of scorn on the little prisoner, whom his troopers dragged, bare-headed, to his stirrup.

He was a man with tawny hair and beard, and a complexion of somewhat the same hue; his gray eyes, fierce yet cold, had looked unmoved on torture, and beheld scenes of horror, the mere recital of which would now be thought too shocking for human ear to listen to. On his men telling him the reason of their bringing Andy before him, Dalziel, in a voice which few in his power could hear without quailing, bade him at once confess who were the rebels lurking in the neighborhood, to whom he had carried food. "Speak the truth, whelp," said the captain, drawing a short sword from his belt, "or ye will have short shrift." Now, Andy had been taught that

"lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." Old Adam McLeod would have preferred death to attaining his tongue with falsehood. No princely descendant of a hundred kings could hold the divine royalty of truth more sacred than did this man of peasant birth; and his grandson, rather than give the least hint of the secret intrusted to him, would have been slain on the spot rather than betray the place of the Covenanter's concealment. The very thought of Angus Campbell's danger nerved him. "I can na' tell ye," said he; and his clear blue eyes met the dreadful frown of Dalziel unshrinkingly.

Something flashed in the sunlight, and Andy felt the edge of the rapier touch the fringe of curls which his grandmother, when she cut close the rest of his hair with her scissors, as a matter of female taste, left in a formal ring round his head.

"Dost wish thy head cloven? Choose quick!" shouted the captain.

"I will, sir," answered the little herd-boy, firmly, "an' tell ye, I dare na'."

Bad and cruel as was this remorseless Dalziel, still, in the daring recklessness of his own fearless and savage nature, he could not forbear to admire the dauntless courage of the child. To the marvel of those around him, his sword drank not the blood of this innocent victim. But the order that immediately followed showed that neither pity nor compunction had aught to do with the change of purpose. "Bind this whelp, tight as cords can do it, to yonder stone," cried Dalziel, pointing to a massive fragment sunk deep in the earth, which had made part of an ancient cairn. "I'll not cut the tongue-string of this young rebel too hastily," said the captain; "and the stubborn stuff he is made of will take more time to come out of him than I can spare until I come back from my riding." Andy was bound, as commanded, and the troopers, thinking a victim so weak and insignificant in that unfrequented solitude required no fur-

ther guarding, departed in various directions. He had not been left alone long when the sound of something moving stealthily along struck his ear. A low whine followed, and his poor dog tried to jump up and embrace him. "Snath, my ane Snath, I'm sae glad to see ye alive still," cried his little master, jerking his pinioned arms; then, after reflecting a minute, he added, gravely, "A tho't's come into my mind, doggie." Snath turned his face up attentively toward Andy. "Ye can do me na' guid biding here and licking my shoon; but there is a thing I'd fain ha' ye try to do"—Snath wagged his tail eagerly—"Noo hearken, lad, ye must gang hame, aye, gang hame, and at once." To this request Snath's first response was to seat himself at his master's knee, with a very dog-like determination not to move. "I see you no ken my meaning, the wicked saber of that big trooper has made yer pate dull," said Andy. At this imputation Snath got up, and shook his head, as if to signify that all there was right. "Ah!" continued poor Andy,

“if they at home saw ye all bluidy”—here his own pent-up feelings gave way in a burst of tears—“an’ ye’d strength left, puir beastie, to guide ’em ’ither, Jamie Gray’s knife would soon cut the cords that are riving me maist to the bane.” The dog now, by some language Andy had now got the key of, informed his master that he partly understood him; and when the “gang hame, I tell ye, for dear pity’s sake,” was given, and “gang hame” was reiterated in the voice of all others he loved best to hear and obey, Snath, giving the fondest and wistfullest look of farewell that ever shone out of dog’s eyes, turned round, and as fast as his lameness would permit, went dutifully in the direction Andy had requested.

After a warm summer’s night, a storm following high noon in the hill districts of Scotland is not infrequent. The sun having dried the dew, small dense clouds with bright edges begin to appear; these gradually increase and menace each other till, in a short time, a mass of teem-

ing vapor overspreads the sky, and the thunder of the explosion when they meet and the rush of plunging rain which follows, are terrific enough to fill the stoutest heart with dread. Fiery bolts falling on the hills, tear up the surface, and the tumultuous descent of the waters cover their green sides with a foaming torrent, in which mass, soil and even rocks are hurried down to the valleys beneath. The herd-boy, whose out-of-door life made him familiar with each change of the atmosphere, now perceived \*in the sky sure signs of an approaching tempest of this kind; but the distant galloping of horses and shouting of their riders, borne up to him more distinctly on account of the oppressive stillness of the air, directed Andy's attention to the quarter whence the sounds proceeded. He saw that the soldiers were just entering the flat of pasture ground before-mentioned, and there wheeling into a half circle came to a dead halt. Captain Dalziel was easily recognizable as he rode in advance of the others. Though Andy



was much too far off to hear aught save a faint confused noise, produced by the snorting of the horses, mingled with the swearing of their riders, he had the keen, far-reaching vision of a mountaineer; and with a kind of fearful fascination he fixed his eyes on the scene enacting below, for, in an agony of dread, he fancied one of the soldiers had a prisoner fastened behind him. Andy was not deceived, and when the person was lifted off the horse on to the open space left between the soldiers, with a wild cry he discerned the form of Angus Campbell. Too weak to stand, the young minister had fallen on his knees, and by the attitude of his graceful head, turned calmly heavenward. Andy felt that he was beholding his beloved friend and teacher in the act of offering his last prayer on earth. Then a trooper, less brutal than his comrades, tied a kerchief across the pale young face which he was never more to behold in the flesh. Dalziel impatiently gave his men the signal, but at the rattling discharge of the musketry which sent

the body of Angus Campbell to the ground, and his soul to become "one of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held," all further consciousness of what was passing forsook the herd-boy. How long he remained in this merciful state of insensibility he learned when, after many faint struggles, his languid eyes again opened to the light, and the first object that met his eye was his grandfather looking earnestly upon him. Then something warm and moist licked his hands. This must be Snath's tongue; and he soon perceived he was laid on a pallet before the cottage hearth. As Andy slowly revived, he was told that the fury of the gathering storm burst forth like the voice of an avenging God at the very moment the soldiers discharged their muskets; and the murderers of Angus Campbell, panic-struck, and finding their horses quite unmanageable from terror, fled before its blast totally forgetful of their poor little victim on the hill. His faithful dog had, however, done his master's

bidding; and, as Andy conjectured, Snath's arrival home brought him succor. The raging storm did not frighten good men like Adam McLeod, Jamie Gray, and others beside, who, guided by the devoted dog, found Andy apparently dead. Wrapped in his grandfather's plaid, he was brought home, as they believed, a stiffened corpse. But though to them it seemed there was no breath left in him, Andy's grandmother could not believe that life was quite extinct in that young, strong, healthful frame. The good woman continued her efforts to restore him, and at last a light quiver of the eyelids showed that life still flickered there, though feebly, as in a weakly new-born child. Suffice it to say, he lived, and lived to pay his debt of gratitude by the reverent tenderness with which he watched over her own old age. The herd-boy, to his dying day, observed the promise he gave to his dying friend.

As soon as he could bring himself to speak on the subject, he besought Allen Frazer to

search in the cave for the little Bible of Angus Campbell; which, being done, the Bible was found and delivered to Andy. And long after peace was restored, and liberty proclaimed throughout his native land to those who preached freely "the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," Andy, a gray-haired man of fourscore years, on the still, quiet Sabbath evenings he so much loved, might be seen leading his grandchildren to one of those Scottish martyr graves, and telling some soul-stirring tale, always ending thus in the words of his beloved friend, "Of all times to begin serving the Lord, there's no time like the time of youth."


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## The Maiden Martyrs.

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OME thirty-five hundred years ago, one who was not without experience of what wealth and high position were worth, "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." At a later date, one with a similar experience sung: "Thy (God's) loving-kindness is better than life;" and, at a still later date, a noble confessor said: "Let fire and the cross, let the companions of the wild beasts, let breaking of bones and tearing of limbs, let the grinding of the whole body and the malice of the devil come upon me, so that I may enjoy Jesus Christ." And in every succeeding age there have been those who have, in like manner, estimated the love

of God their Savior, and rather than forfeit it, they have been ready to go to judgment, prison, and death.

It was this estimate of the precious love of the Savior that nerved the hearts of the Scottish martyrs, represented in the frontispiece, and which enabled them to sing his praises amid the gurgling waves as their life ebbed away. On the 11th of May, 1685, might be seen a troop of horsemen guarding the two helpless prisoners, Margaret McLaughlin and Margaret Wilson, to the beach, where the water of Blednock meets the sea, on the west coast of Scotland. They were intent on the execution of a sentence passed on these helpless women by their cruel commander, Major Windram, viz., that they should be "tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark, and there be drowned by the returning tide." A cruel sentence. What had they done to deserve such a doom? They had done much, in the estimation of ungodly despots. They had contended for the right to worship God in accordance



with the dictates of their own conscience; they refused to subscribe to the doctrine that the authority of the Church was derived from the king. They even held the opposite doctrine, that the Lord Jesus Christ was the source of the Church's authority; and this was regarded as treason by the king and his minions. Hence their cruel sentence. But what was accounted treason by the king of Britain was, they were persuaded, counted loyalty to the King of heaven, and they preferred his favor—they knew that it was life, and that his loving-kindness was better than life. Hence, with brave hearts they had gone to prison, as they felt, "upon their Master's service;" and now, with firm step, they march to the place of execution. The elder, Margaret McLaughlin, was first fastened to the stake farther down the beach than her younger companion, that her death, if she refused to retract, might have that effect upon her more youthful friend. But their persecutors knew nothing about the power of principle, or the influence of the love of Christ

on the hearts of Christians. Accordingly, when the tide was rising, she was besought to give up her principles and acknowledge the supremacy of the king; but she replied: "Unless with Christ's dear servants we have a part, we have no part with him;" and then she encouraged herself, singing the old Psalm: "To thee I lift my soul, O God." And Margaret Wilson, instead of being frightened by the sight of her fellow-sufferer's death, was only emboldened to hold fast her profession. Said she, looking upon her dying friend: "What do I see but Christ in one of his members wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us; for he sends none a warfare upon their own charges." Brave words from so young a martyr; but she was inured to suffering, for though now only eighteen years of age, she had for five long years been a wanderer from home and friends for the cause of her Master. Like the martyrs of old, she had wandered about in dens and caves of the earth the greater part of the time since her thirteenth

year, that she might escape the wrath of the enemies of Christ and his truth, and she is not now likely to desert it; consequently, when the water had reached her face, and she had been loosed and asked to disavow the doctrine of Christ's supremacy and acknowledge that of King James, she replied: "I will not—I am one of God's children—let me alone." Yes, she was a child of God, and nobly was she acting in her high position, and bright will be her crown in the kingdom above.

Thus died those noble martyrs in the cause of truth—in behalf of the crown rights of the Lord Jesus Christ.


In Christian lands no king would now claim the prerogatives that were claimed by King James; and how much we are indebted to these humble martyrs for the increased religious liberty—aye, and civil liberty, too, for both will stand or fall together—which is now enjoyed in English-speaking Christian lands, we can not tell; but the seed thus sown and watered with blood was

doubtless not in vain. And their story still teaches and inspires its readers with loftier purpose and increased determination to live and witness for Christ and his truth.

# Janet Smith and Nannie Nivison.

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## I.

OW the words seem to carry us far, far away to the "land of the mountain and the flood," with its wild mountain fastnesses, its heather-clad moors, its desolate yet grand old hills, its clear blue lochs, its splashing mountain streams, its bewildering mists, and its picturesque landscapes! How beautiful it looked on that still lovely day in early autumn! The Frith of Cree was unusually quiet and calm, and reflected back from its bosom the clear blue sky above it. On the land the bountiful harvest gave gladness and rejoicing to both masters and servants, while on the sea a peaceful serenity prevailed. A few ships floated down the frith

with a scarcely perceptible motion, with sails set, looking like some net-work tracery in a fairy picture. On the shores of the frith stood a little cottage, consisting of merely "a but and a ben." It *was* humble and very small, but inhabited by those who had learned that a man's riches consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth, "but rather in that true contentment of spirit which, while having nothing, yet possesseth all things."

Janet Smith and Nannie Nivison were grandmother and granddaughter. They had once passed among the rich of the land, but their adherence to the faith had brought them sorrow, persecution, and distress. Janet was now upward of eighty years of age—feeble, nearly blind, and bent. She was entirely dependent upon Nannie, who was just in the bloom of her teens, young and healthy, and never seemed weary of waiting upon her aged grandmother, who had filled a mother's place to her when she was left fatherless and motherless by their cruel

persecutors. These two were the sole inmates of this little cottage on the shores of the Frith of Cree.

As we said, it was a fine autumnal evening, and, attracted by the beauty of the scene, Nannie sat in the door-way gazing out upon the clear expanse of waters. Door and window were both open, so that Janet too could enjoy the look-out. A fishing smack had just gone by, hailing them in cheery tones, and another was seen in the distance making its way up. But Nannie's thoughts were not on the mariners then, nor on the scene before her, nor on the loveliness of the evening. She was thinking of a beloved brother, who was then, as she believed and hoped, far away. Thomas Nivison was following in the steps of his father as an adherent to the Covenant. That father had been coolly shot for his refusal to attend at the parish church, and conform to an episcopalian mode of worship, and his son Thomas could not forget his murdered blood. On arriving at man's estate,

he openly avowed himself a Covenanter, and declared his determination to abide by the Presbyterian faith. For this declaration he was outlawed, and a price set upon his head. Knowing that it was certain death to remain in his Gallo-way home, he went forth, none knew whither, hiding in dens and caves of the earth by day and traveling by night. Nannie and her grandmother supposed he had gone to America. A rumor to that effect had reached their ears, and gladly they heard it, believing that there, at least, he could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. It may seem strange to many of us in the present day to read this, but not more than two centuries ago, torture, confiscation of property, imprisonment and death were resorted to, to force an episcopal church upon the people. The descendants of the Covenanters, those who signed the "solemn league and Covenant," to this day tell, by country firesides and ingle-stanes, the tales of persecution and cruelty handed down by their forefathers.



## II.

"WHAT were ye thinking of, Nannie, my bairn," said old Janet, as she noticed a look of anxiety and fear creep over the girl's face. "Was Tammas in yer mind then?"

"Indeed he was, grandmother," replid Nannie. "I wonder if he is safe, or where he is? Mr. Gordon assured me he had sailed for America."

"Well, Nannie, child, an' if he has gone over the water, what need ye to fear for him? Sure he will be better far there than ever he will be at home. Here they will hunt him like a partridge upon the mountains, not daring to set his foot inside his ain house. There he will be a free man, and none will dare molest him because he does not choose to listen to a surpliced priest. Better let him go there than be shot like a dog in Scotland. I do wish the good Lord had seen fit to take me, that ye might agone wi' him, my precious bairn."

"Say not so, dear grandmother," said Nannie.

"And when I come to think it over, I feel glad that he is gone. I can not bear the thought of his being shot by those brutal dragoons. I heard to-day that Douglass and his band are at Wigton, lying in wait for all suspected persons."

"May God help all the poor creatures that fall into his hands," said Janet. "I am glad we are living in this secluded spot. Surely no soldiers would deem it worth while to persecute two helpless women like us."

"And yet they did old Elspeth Wallace; they took away her cow, and tied lighted matches between her fingers."

"I know," replied Janet, with a groan. "May the Lord preserve us from falling into such hands. When he shall come to make inquisition for blood, surely he will not forget the cry of his humble murdered ones."

Quietly the two retired to rest, little dreaming of any intrusion. Nannie offered her simple petition, with which were blended remembrances of her exiled brother, and then tried to compose her

mind to rest. About midnight, however, she became aware of a stealthy, subdued tapping at the cottage door. Half frightened, she called out, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Nannie; it's Tammas."

"Oh Tammas!" she gasped, and in another moment she admitted him. Old Janet became aware, by the stir, that something unusual had occurred, and eagerly inquired the cause. By this time Nannie had struck a light, and by its aid Thomas revealed himself to his grandmother.

"The good Lord help us," was the old woman's exclamation. "Do ye ken the awful risk ye are running, Tammas, in coming here?"

"Yes, grandmother, I do; but home is home, all the world over, and I could not rest without seeing you both once more."

"But," interrupted Nannie, "we thought you were gone to America. We hoped you had arrived there by this time."

"I did hope to have been there by this time," replied the fugitive, "but the vessel in which I

sailed was wrecked off the Isle of Arran, and there I have been ever since, helping the fishermen, and getting a day's employment where I could."

"How did you come home?" inquired Nannie.

"I got on board a fishing smack bound for Creetown, and got in there this morning. I hid myself in the binns all day, and since dark came on to you."

"Are you sure no one saw you?" said Nannie, fearfully. Her apprehensions of danger were lively, and the more so because constantly fed by news of the doings of the soldiery.

"Well, I can not be sure," replied Thomas, "for just as I was in hiding, a smuggler—I know he was—stumbled over me; and when I taxed him with his doings he threatened to inform on me for a Covenantanter. If he does, I am done for. Where is Clavers and the rest of them?"

"I canna say where Clavers is," replied Janet, "but Douglass is at Wigton with his troop. If

that man fulfilled his threat, they could be here before the morning."

At this Thomas Nivison started up. Poor hunted fugitive! how constantly present to his mind were capture and death! So would it be to yours and mine were we driven to hide in the mountains, there to baffle, for months and years, pursuers who were bent upon taking dear life. "Can they?" he said. "Then I'm a lost man; for as sure as I am here that fellow has told them by this time. He threatened that he would. Had I known they were so near as Wigton I would not have come home for the world." Down he sat again, and the three poor creatures looked at each other as if mentally considering the best course of action. Nothing but flight, instant flight, appeared available.

"Oh Tammas!" groaned the old woman, "the Philistines killed your father without law and mercy, and they willna scruple to do the same wi' the son."

"Not they," said Thomas, "and glad of the

chance to get me. They will never forget the wound I gave Rory Ferguson at that time. I suppose they will follow me up till they finish me. Look at me," and he drew himself up. "I am destitute of money, clothes, and food. I can not dare to travel by day, but am obliged to spend it crouching in heather, or covered with damp moss, and that alone is bringing me to a speedy grave. Well, then, if I live through that, I am liable any day to be a mark for six or eight bullets. Is it not enough to make any man desperate? And were it not for the good cause in which I suffer, I could not hold on."

"Aye, it is, it is," sobbed Nannie, who, however, had the presence of mind to pack up, amid her tears, nearly all the food she had in the house for her brother to take with him.

"And now I must be going," said the young man. "I thought I could have staid here to-night, and perhaps for a few days, but I dare not expose you to the soldiers' wrath. It is bad enough for me, but would be ten times worse for

you. Good-by." With these words, he wrung the hands of his two relatives, and taking up the little bundle of eatables, stepped out into the dark, still night. Nannie and Janet, after talking awhile of Thomas, who, until now, they had believed safe in that land of freedom, America, again tried to compose themselves to rest.

Morning broke, fine and gray. Almost with the first dawn of light Nannie was up and astir. Just as she was going to the spring, which ran by the side of the cottage, she was startled by observing a company of soldiers galloping toward the little pathway leading to their door. The foremost one accosted her: "Where's Thomas Nivison? Do you know any thing of the rascal's whereabouts?"

"My brother, sir?"

"Yes, your brother, if it be so. I heard he had a sister somewhere in these parts, and I have received information that he is lurking about here. Now, if this is the case, he will have to be unearthed, for we'll pull down every sod in

the old cabin yonder but what we'll find him out."

"I hope you will never find him," replied Nannie, steadily. "I can not tell you where he is."

"But you can tell us if he has been here lately," said the officer. "Did he not come home last night?"

"I can not tell you that. I dare not inform upon my own brother."

"Oh, I see. There is a little nest of Covenanters snugly packed in a quiet corner. We'll see if we can't burn out the secret, though. Once more, will you inform me of your brother's whereabouts?"

"I can not, sir."

"Will you tell me when you last saw him?"

"That I can not do," she replied, firmly, all alive to the dreadful doom which probably awaited her.

"Very well. See to her, a couple of you, there," he said, as he strode on and passed into



the cottage. By the time he reached it, old Janet was curiously peering forth to see who her visitors were. The sound of voices in the garden path had aroused her, and hastily dressing herself, she was just groping her way toward the door when Douglass met her.

"Good-morning, Mother Cantaway," he said, with a sneer. "Look here; I want that precious scoundrel of yours, Thomas Nivison. I have the warrant for his apprehension; and if I catch him it's little mercy that he'll get, I'll promise him. Is n't he your grandson?"

"He is my grandson," replied the old woman, feebly and fearfully. "His father was my own eldest son."

"And he was one of your whining, canting Covenanters," brutally remarked the officer. "I remember him well."

"And so will God remember those who murdered him," said Janet. "Dinna think because he seems to be quiet, he forgets."

Douglass burst out with an oath, "That won't

go down with me, old woman. I received trustworthy information, last night, that this grandson of yours was seen loitering around here, and of course he would come in. Now, what time was he here?"

"I canna satisfy you on that point."

"But you shall; and if you won't by fair means you shall by foul. Tell me at once, which way did he take? what time did he leave? If you tell me that, you and your granddaughter shall be left unmolested; but if not"—and the silence supplied his meaning.

"As truly as God is in heaven," said the old woman, slowly and solemnly, "I canna tell ye. What! do ye no ken that it would be against nature for me to inform agin my ain flesh and bluid? I canna tell ye."

"You mean to say that you can tell me, but won't," Douglass vociferated. "Is not that it?"

"What I ken about Tammas Nivison I canna tell ye or any body else," replied Janet.

"Very well, then, take the consequences," and he strode away to his soldiers. Again he tried to extract the facts relating to Thomas' recent visit from the trembling girl, but in vain. Neither persuasion nor threats availed with her. Douglass' rage was unconquerable. He seemed ready to use any means to attain his end. After conferring with a subordinate officer for a few moments, he issued orders for two stakes to be driven into the frith, at unequal distances from the shore. The tide being out, the soldiers experienced but little difficulty in obeying this command. He watched them perform it, then turned again to Janet, who had remained all this time inside the cottage door, asking as often as she dared for Nannie. The poor girl witnessed these preparations with wonder and terror. "Now, old woman," he said, "I have had a couple of stakes driven down into the sand yonder. I shall just tie you to one and that girl outside to the other, unless you tell me all you know of Thomas Nivison. If you are tied there you will sure-

ly be drowned as the tide advances. Choose quickly."

"I *can* die, but I *canna* tell," she replied firmly.

"Then die," he said, as he turned on his heel. In ten minutes more the poor old creature was secured to a post. It was placed so far out that she could feel the first flow of the tide. Even then it had commenced coming in. Now it was Nannie's turn. Weeping and beseeching, she saw her grandmother fastened to the stake, but she would not give way. She would not inform upon her brother. No, she would sooner die. So she had to die. She was led out to the nearest stake, and securely fastened to it. Douglass anticipated that the sight of her grandmother's death would have terrified her into a confession, but the sequel proved how little he understood a woman's love or a woman's faith. Weak though she was in physical strength, compared with either of those brawny troopers, she was yet far beyond them in moral courage and Christian

confidence. She knew "in whom she had believed." The tide was now rolling in; ever and anon a dragoon would ride out to the old woman to question her, but she was firm. Beside, she felt that she was going to her Savior, to the mansions he had prepared for her. Earth had no attraction now. Presently her head sank upon her bosom. Janet Smith gave up the ghost, literally chilled to death.

Nannie watched her grandmother die, and then calmly waited her own fate. By and by the waters rose, higher, higher, higher—still they come, until they reached her chest. Douglass himself rode out to her. His questioning was, however, in vain. She said she could die, but she could not inform. With an oath he left her. Presently the waters reached her chin. They played and rippled round her mouth. It would not be long now. One of the dragoons, less brutalized than the others, rode out to her, vainly hoping to save her life. Although he could get nothing definite from her lips, he called

out to his commander, "Oh, sir, she has said it now."

"Said what? Has she told where her brother is?"

"No, no," repeated the drowning girl; "no, no, never, nev—" and the waves closed her eyes in death. A few minutes' struggling, a few bubbles on the surface, and Nannie Nivison was no more of earth. You may say, readers, "could these things be?" and almost question the veracity of the story. You need not. Scottish history attests the truth of the circumstance, and the annals of the Covenanters preserve the honored names of Janet Smith and Nannie Nivison to this day. The poor fugitive Thomas, for whose sake his sister and grandmother sacrificed their lives, after many hair-breadth escapes from the hands of his enemies, succeeded in reaching America, where, for several years, he lived ere he learned the sad tidings of his grandmother's and sister's dreadful death. Oh how much greater love should we show to our Savior! how

much greater zeal in his service, who hath placed us in these peaceful times, where we can sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid!

## A Mother's Love.

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WHAT is a mother's love ?

A noble, pure, and heavenly flame,  
Descending from above,  
To bless a heart of earthly mold ;  
A mother's love can ne'er grow cold—  
This is a mother's love.

**I**N a small village by the sea-shore, in the Highlands of Scotland, lived a poor widow with her only child, an infant boy. Hard was her lot at this time—for her rent was overdue some weeks, and the agent threatened to dispossess her of her little farm, if it was not paid at once.

The little village where herself and ancestors had lived for more than three generations was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a



sheep farm. Indeed, along the margin of the great stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even be traced the ruins of many a hamlet where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is now heard, except the bleating of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices above. Earnestly did the widow desire to keep her little home; and to enable her to do so, she determined, after due consideration, to make known her trouble to a kinsman of her husband's, who, at the time of his death, promised, if she needed it, he would assist her to pay her rent. It was a lovely morning in May, when the widow left her home very early, that she might reach her kinsman's house before night, carrying her infant boy, who was not yet two years old, upon her back. The journey was a long one. The mountain track which she had to travel, after leaving the small village by the sea-shore, where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, wa-

tered by a peaceful stream which flows from the neighboring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until near its farther end it suddenly turns into an extensive copsewood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain side, and, entering a dark glen, through which a torrent gushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveler by a zigzag ascent to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by grand precipices. Overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. It was, indeed, a wild and lovely path, that requires the eye to behold to realize the journey and situation of this poor widow with her fatherless babe.

From the mountain pass her home was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed. The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day, but before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward the sky became black, and

lowering masses of clouds rested upon the hills, and sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury along this the mountain pass, filling every hollow, and whitening every rock. It is yet remembered in Scotland as the great May storm. Weary and wet, foot-sore and cold, the widow reached this mountain pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond was a shieling which would afford her shelter from the blast; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the narrow gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cats' or foxes' den would be welcome. After wandering about for some time among the huge fragments of granite which

skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered rock. She crouched beneath a projecting rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage; the snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed, and it became bitterly cold.

The evening approached, and the widow's heart became sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl, but the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. Her own clothing was not sufficient to defend herself from such a night as this, more piercing in its cold than had been felt all winter. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which at best afforded them but a miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing, and wrapped it around her child, whom, at last, in despair, she

put into a deep crevice of the rock among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolved, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain tops, while a thousand water-falls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, seeking for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is made by one of the shepherds as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead, with her arms stretched forth as if imploring assistance. Before noon they discovered her

child by its cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock.

The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love. Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation, expressive of admiration and affection, was uttered from enthusiastic, sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve, for their soul's good, an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away! That aged pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children's children of parents whom he had baptized.

This son, whose locks are white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a communion Sabbath. The subject of his discourse was

the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that love, "which seeketh not her own," he narrated the story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child were still living, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish the greatest affection for his mother's memory; and if the sight of the poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapped around him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if over these memorials of your Savior's love, in the sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days after this, a message was sent by a dying man with a request to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with.

The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and gazing intently on his face, said: "You do not, you can not recognize me. But I know you, and I knew your father before you. I have been

a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to the city a few weeks since in bad health. Last Sabbath day, I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I would once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the blessed Gospel of the grace of God to poor, perishing, dying men. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son”—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion choked his utterance, but, recovering himself for a moment, he cried: “I am that son!” and burst into a flood of tears. “Yes,” he continued; “I am that son! Never, never did I forget my mother’s love. Well might you ask, what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me? Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old church-yard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this: until now I never saw, with



the eyes of the soul, the love of the Savior in giving himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it, I confess it!” he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister’s hand close to his breast, he added:

“It was God that made you tell that story. Praise be to his holy name that my dear mother did not die in vain, and that the prayers which I am told she used to offer up for me have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit, for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Savior. I see it, I believe it. I have found safety and deliverance in my old age, where I found it in my infancy—‘In the cleft of the rock—but now it is the Rock of Ages.’” And, clasping his hand, he repeated with great earnestness my text, altering the one word woman, to mother—“Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will I not forget thee.”

## Isabel Fraser.

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F the many interesting landscapes which lie scattered among the Grampian Hills, one of the most interesting is the vale of Rannoch, in the Highlands of Perthshire. In the middle of the valley, a lake, twelve miles in length, fresh and pure as the dew of the morning, lies laughing under the sunbeams in the safe embrace of its parent mountains. At a point near the eastern end of the valley, rugged rocks, around whose giddy summits hawks and ravens are seen constantly wheeling, rise almost perpendicularly to a height of several hundred of feet. Away farther on to the left is the Black Wood, still dense and flourishing, a remnant of the ancient forest of Caledonia. And still far-

ther on, at the western end of the valley, beyond miles of uneven ground, thickly strewn with huge boulders of granite, lies the far-famed Moor of Rannoch, which, for extent and awful solitude, is without a parallel in Britain. And overlooking the whole scene, at the eastern extremity, stands the lofty, "cloud-capped" Shiehallion, one of the highest peaks of the Grampian range. About a mile from the foot of this mountain, and on the other side of the valley, Isabel Fraser, the subject of the following sketch, was born. At the early age of four years she was left alone with her widowed mother. Her father was one of those who had signed the solemn league and covenant, and had since sealed his testimony to the truth with his blood. Many of their friends and neighbors had also suffered the loss of all things, and even life itself, rather than give up their belief in the truth. Their pastors were forbidden to preach, even in the fields, and many were driven out to wander among the morasses and mountains, and dens and caves of the earth.

Scotland was red with the blood of its inhabitants. Their persecutors appeared to delight in cruelty, and in shedding the blood of the innocent. But these glorious sufferers, relying on the goodness of their cause, and hoping in the promises of God, did not suffer or bleed in vain.

Many would gather together to worship God in many of the caves of the mountains ; and on the quiet Sabbath mornings, Isabel might be seen leading her mother to the nearest cave, where the good pastor would dispense the word of life to those who met there from many a lonely valley and secluded glen.

It was usual at these meetings to place sentinels on the nearest rising ground, and along to the entrance of the cave, to give notice, should they see the soldiers approaching, who were hunting for these little assemblies of Christians like wild beasts of the earth. Isabel had grown up to womanhood a sincere and humble follower of the Lord Jesus. Lovely in person, the stay and support of her aged and infirm parent, she was

now about to unite herself in marriage with a son of one of her father's friends, who was himself a strict adherent of the covenant. It was a lovely Sabbath in June. After the usual services were ended, the minister rose, and requesting the congregation to remain, saying a marriage was about to take place between two of the young friends, Isabel Fraser and John Brown. Here the young couple moved forward, when the pastor solemnly addressed them on the vows they were about to take, reminding them also of the dark days of persecution that was then hovering over them all, exhorting them to be helpmeets for each other in every good word and work, and to stand fast for the faith once delivered to the saints. Many were moved to tears, as, placing his hand on the head of Isabel, "he prayed that the God of her fathers" would supply all her need out of the riches of his mercy in Christ Jesus. All present sincerely joined in these petitions, for truly was she endeared to them, by her consistent life, and kind and endearing be-

havior. The pastor was just pronouncing his closing benediction, when the cry arose from the sentinels, "The soldiers are coming," and before they could escape, they were even there. The little congregation dispersed in all directions; some were taken prisoners, and among them was the poor old minister, who had numbered more than seventy summers. There he stood in the midst of his foes, who were thirsting for his blood. One Graham was the leader of this band of soldiers, and he was not far behind, in cruelty and bloodshed, his cotemporary, "The bluidy Claverhouse."

Isabel, on the first alarm of the soldiers, was hidden by John in a cleft of the rock; there she was supported by him, half fainting with fear and dread. While in this retreat they saw their beloved and venerable pastor standing at the entrance of the cave, with his arms bound tightly behind him, his white locks flowing in the wind, his eyes lifted up to heaven, while his cruel persecutors taunted him with his captivity, and told

him he should die. He mildly replied to his persecutors, and said, "That God would certainly avenge himself of his adversaries, and that though they might be permitted to prevail for a season, yet he would doubtless arise and plead the cause that was his own." He then said, "He was ready to die," and added, "Farewell, my friends, for a season. Welcome, sweet Jesus, Mediator of a new and better covenant! Welcome, wel—" and the last sound passed away from his lips, as a volley of musketry was fired at that moment by the soldiers upon the old man and his two friends who had been foremost in their endeavors to shield him from the cruel assaults of his enemies. After this the soldiers departed, and when Isabel and her husband found they were indeed alone with the dead, they came forth from their hiding-place, and with many sighs and tears, they, with some difficulty, removed the bodies of their friends and pastor into the cave, and bringing water from a neighboring spring, they gently washed the blood from their faces, and left them

until they could procure assistance for their burial. Having reached their home, they found two of their neighbors with her mother, whose anxiety had been great for the safety of her child. She was now too feeble to go far from her home, therefore had not been present at her daughter's marriage, and had only heard of the peril they had been in from a neighbor who had fled on the first alarm of the soldiers. Now, what grief was expressed, what tears were shed, when they heard of the cruel death of their beloved pastor and friends! A few others ventured to join them, and the night was spent in prayer and supplication to their Father in heaven, that he would arise, and take vengeance on his adversaries, and give his people rest from the fiery persecutions under which they were now passing. God, in mercy, answered their prayers for a time, for although persecution still raged in many parts, this valley had rest for two or three years.

Years of happiness they were to Isabel and



her little household, though death had gently removed their mother to a happier home. Sometimes a sense of fear would come over them when they heard of the continued oppression of their brethren and sisters in other parts of the land, and the question was often on their lips, and in their hearts, "Would the storm of persecution again visit their secluded valley?" and daily and hourly did they pray that they might be found, "if called upon to suffer," faithful even unto death. The summer's sun was again shining brightly, making every thing appear glad and smiling in his beams; but on this day John appeared more depressed and grave than usual, and at their morning devotions he was more earnest in prayer, for strength under every trial—so earnest, that Isabel remarked it, and on rising from her knees, said, "John, have you heard any further tidings of the persecutions going on around us?" He answered, "No!" but he said, "Isabel, if called upon, canst thou give me up?" Isabel answered, "I will pray for grace to do

so!" He then left her and went to work in his fields.

A few hours afterward Claverhouse passed that way with three troops of dragoons. Information had been given to him, by Graham, of John Brown's non-conformity, and he, stopping at John's house, caused him to be brought from his field to his own door. After some rough interrogations, Claverhouse said, "John, you may go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die;" upon which the martyr kneeled down and poured out his heart in language so affecting that the soldiers, hardened and depraved as they were, were moved almost to tears. He was twice interrupted in his devotions by Claverhouse; and when he had finished, the cruel wretch ordered him to take leave of his weeping wife and two infant children who stood beside him. "Now, Isabel," said the martyr, "the day is come of which I told you when I first proposed marriage to you. Can you answer me the question I put to you this morning?" "Indeed, John," she re-

plied, "I can willingly part with you!" Then he added, "This is all I desired. I have no more to do but to die; I have been looking for this death many years." After he had kissed his wife and children, wishing them all purchased and promised blessings, Claverhouse ordered the soldiers to fire. But the prayers of the good man had made such an impression on their minds, that they resolutely refused to have any hand in his death. Irritated at the delay, Claverhouse shot him dead with his own hand, regardless of the tears and entreaties of the poor man's wife, and then, turning to the widow, he asked her "What she thought of her husband now?"

"I ever thought much good of him," she replied, "and as much now as ever."

"It were but justice to lay thee beside him," replied the murderer.

"If ye were permitted," said she, "I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye answer for this morning's work?"

"To man I can be answerable," replied the

hardened villain. "As for God, I will take him in mine own hand;" and he immediately rode off.

Poor Isabel then laid her infant on the ground, gathered together the scattered brains of her beloved husband, bound up his head, covered his body with the plaid, and then sat down and wept over him.

Poor, poor Isabel, here we must leave thee! Great is thy trial, but thy God will sustain thee, for, a Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation.

My young readers, do you ever consider the many great and sore trials our forefathers went through, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints? Are you earnestly seeking to obtain like precious faith, and striving to keep, in all its simplicity and purity, that faith for which so many of them laid down their lives, and with their blood secured to us the religious privileges we this day enjoy?

# Andrew McGregor.

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## I.

“The noble army of martyrs praise thee.”

**N**OW many of God's people “who escaped the martyr's death, yet suffered for the same noble cause, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and suffering hunger, and thirst, and cold, and nakedness,” may surely be numbered among that “glorious army of martyrs,” and are now wearing the same crown and rejoicing in the same eternal rest.

On a lovely morning, in the early autumn of the year 1558, a young girl, in the dress of a peasant, was seen passing along the road toward the town of Perth, with a basket upon her arm,

containing what might be supposed was produce for the Perth market. As she drew near the town, she looked anxiously around her, and then suddenly turned down a narrow and unfrequented pathway, which led her from the main road on to the moor. Before her lay the grand old hills, which now stood like golden pyramids in the morning sun. The moor or valley lay in the shade; here and there the sweet-scented heather-brush, covered with dew, sparkled like diamonds flung around in careless confusion, as the sun soared higher and higher above the hills, casting his rays over different parts of the moor; but this lovely scene could not be enjoyed by our young traveler. She hastened on, until she was lost to sight among the hills. Here, putting down her basket, she knelt down upon the green moss and most heartily and devoutly thanked her Heavenly Father for thus far bringing her on her way in peace.

This young girl was the daughter of a Scottish gentleman who, for the past three months,

had been hunted, as the wild birds of his native country, from hill-side to glen, and from glen to morass—the most remote-cave and den affording but uncertain protection from his enemies. Why was this? What crime had he committed against his king and country that he should be driven from his home and family of loved ones, thus to wander among the dens and caves of the earth? Why was it? For the same reason that many others at that time had taken their lives into their hands, and in the midst of hardships and privations, separations from those they loved, counted as among the off-scouring of the earth, and suffering even death itself rather than give up their faith in that blessed Savior who had died for them, and submit themselves to the authority of the Church of Rome.

Andrew McGregor was among this number. He was a gentleman by birth and education, affable and courteous, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He resided on his estate, which was situated on the outskirts of the town

of Perth. His wife was from a noble family, who had seen great trials from the persecution of various members of her family, and when she consented to share the lot of Andrew McGregor, she felt that it would be blessed, whether for "weal or woe."

Three sweet bairns were given them, and their first and greatest care was to use every available means in those perilous times to train them in a firm adherence to the Protestant faith. Helen, the eldest, now just thirteen years of age, had early given her heart to Jesus. She was a lovely bud, retiring and timid in her disposition while shielded by a father's love and protection, but now, at the time our story commences, bold as a lion, and the stay and comfort of her sorrowing parents.

Andrew McGregor had been seized on account of his religion, and forcibly dragged from his home, by those cruel persecutors of his country, by whom he was thrown into a filthy, loathsome prison for more than six months, without being allowed one word of communication with

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his sorrowing family. At the expiration of that time, he was taken before the Bishop of Saint Andrew's, who was then staying at Perth, and who, not wishing to proceed with harsher measures toward him, tried, with much philosophy, worldly wisdom, and deceitful vanity, after the tradition of men, and not after Christ — tried hard to persuade him to submit himself to the Church of Rome, to acknowledge the Pope as its head, and to interpret the Scripture not otherwise than the Church did; beseeching him also to consider his wife and children, and, for their sakes, to recant all those heretical opinions he was now professing to hold.

After this seemingly fair speech, Andrew, with holy indignation, answered them :

“This is my faith, and in this faith, by God's grace, I live or die : I believe in only one Catholic and Apostolic Church, without which there was no salvation ; and that this church is but one, because it hath ever confessed, and shall ever confess and believe, one only God, one

only Messiah, and in Him trust for salvation; which church, also, is ruled and led by one Spirit, one Word, and one faith; and that this church is universal and Catholic, because it hath been since the world's beginning, is, and shall endure to the end of the world. Comprehending within it all nations, kindreds, tongues, degrees, states, and conditions of men, built "only" upon the foundations of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ "himself" being the chief corner-stone, and *not* upon the Romish laws and decrees whose head the bishop of Rome was; neither had it any supremacy over empires and kingdoms, but it was a poor, simple flock, dispersed abroad as sheep without a shepherd in the midst of wolves; and that this Church is led and ruled by the Word of Christ, he being its Supreme Head, and assisting, succoring, and defending it from all assaults, errors, and persecutions wherewith it is ever encompassed. Secondly. Even for the sake of my wee bairns and my loving wife, I dare not, can

not, will not deny my Lord and Master, for he hath said, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.' And into the hands of a covenant-keeping God I desire to commit all that is nearest and dearest to me on earth, believing that 'He doeth all things well.'"

At the close of this noble confession, the bishop and judges present were much enraged, and declared he should die. The bishop then ordered him back to prison, and from thence to be taken to the Green, and there burnt at the stake a week from that day. On hearing this sentence, Andrew replied :

"Think you I have been so long God's prisoner and have not yet learned to die? Yes, yes, I doubt not but God will strengthen me therein."

He was then sent back to prison, where he fell on his knees and humbly returned thanks to God for the grace given him during his trial, and then imploring aid and consolation for his sorrowing wife and little ones.

## II.

WE left Helen kneeling upon the greensward in prayer. Now rising and looking carefully around, she took up her basket and began winding her way round the side of the hill farthest from the town. Her progress was much impeded by the briers and underbrush that were in her path, and sometimes her steps seemed to falter, but only for a few moments at a time did she rest. Love gave her strength to carry what, for her tender years, was a heavy load; and the thought that it was for her beloved father, who for three long months had been wandering about, weary and worn, not daring to come near his home, though oftentimes within its sight. Was she not also the only one her dear mother could trust to go to him, now they had heard of his place of concealment, and assure him of her continued love and affection, and carry him some food to nourish his poor, weakened frame? These thoughts encouraged her to press on until

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at last she came to a deep glen on the opposite side of the hill, and within sight of the "robbers' cave"—so called from its having been the resort of a gang of smugglers. Here she quickened her pace, her heart throbbing for joy to think she should so soon behold her dear father, and be clasped in his arms. She quickly though gently pushed aside the heather-brush and brambles that led to the entrance of the cave, carefully replacing them as she passed, that no one passing over the hills might suppose the cave had been visited; then rolling aside the stone that was at the entrance, she stepped over, and in a few seconds was in the arms of her father. Neither of them could speak, but Helen felt the hot tears falling on her cheek as he pressed her to his heart. See him she could not. Coming in from the light, it appeared to her total darkness in the cave; but after a few minutes she began to discern the form of her parent and the outline of the cave.

But, oh! what grief oppressed her heart when

she could see more plainly the wasted form, the pale cheek, the sunken eyes of the parent she so much loved; and she fell weeping on his bosom; then, suddenly recovering herself, she begged of him to eat a little food, and began to display the contents of her basket, assuring him that her mother had put every thing in with her own hand. But Andrew could not eat then; his heart was too full: the sight of his first-born, after being in prison, and then a wanderer, more than nine months, quite unmanned him, and he wept and sobbed like a child. Again Helen pressed him to take some refreshments, and when he had recovered himself a little, he said:

“Not yet—not yet, my precious bairn; you must first tell me how your dear mother is, and Amy, and my bonnie babe Jamie. Come here, my darling;” and he drew her to a seat in the cave, and, putting his arms around her, again repeated the question:

“How is thy mother and the babes?”

Helen replied that the health of her mother was feeble, but that the children were well, and, until the soldiers were placed in their house, were as happy as children could be without their dear father.

“What soldiers?” inquired Andrew.

“O father! did you not know that after you had been taken from us a long time, and it was said you had escaped from prison, two soldiers were placed in our house, and they used to insult mamma, and terrify the servants into doing things she did not like to have done; and sometimes Amy and Jamie would cry, and call papa, when the soldiers would use such dreadful words, and threaten to cut off their ears? One day, they took our bonnie Jamie from mamma, and fastened him in a tub, and would let no one go near him, saying if he did not leave off screaming soon, they would kill him. Poor mamma went and shut herself up in her room; and she told me afterward she prayed that our Heavenly Father would send him sweet sleep, and He heard her prayer, for

he soon after went to sleep, and slept sweetly until after dark. I then begged of the soldiers to let me go and take him out, and, after a little entreaty, they said yes. I ran down stairs and lifted him out. Poor darling, he was so pale and cold! and he put up his little mouth to mine, and, kissing me, said:

“‘Me dood now, sister.’

“Dear mother kissed him, and cried over him, assuring him he was not naughty—he was good; but it was a long time before he could forget that dreadful punishment.”

“It must have been, indeed,” said Andrew, “a dreadful trial for him and his dear mother. Would that I could see you placed in safety on the shores of Holland, away from these blood-thirsty men; but, my darling, we must still strive to say, ‘Thy will be done.’”



## III.

HELEN now persuaded her father to partake of some food, and after placing the remaining provisions in a secure place, Andrew again inquired of his daughter by what means they heard of his hiding-place; and when he found it was from the herdsman to whom he had a few evenings ago made himself known, he felt thankful there was one near him whom he could trust.

"But how," asked Andrew, "was he able to let your mother know, as you tell me you are so strictly watched by the soldiers? and how came *you* to succeed in eluding their vigilance?"

"Why, dear father," replied Helen, "you know he is confined to his bed with a sprained ankle, so he sent his boy, little Davie, to tell mamma he thought it would be best to sell the white cow, and would like to see her about it, if she would step down to his cot, as he could not walk, having sprained his foot. This message the soldiers heard, and being thrown off their

guard, allowed mamma to go down alone. When she heard of your hiding-place, she was greatly rejoiced, and wished me to assure you of her love and great desire to come and see you herself, but feared to make known your hiding-place by so doing. After returning home, she told the cook she wished some nourishing food sent down to Davie; and, on one of the soldiers entering the kitchen, said, 'If you put it up, I will take it down myself;' and through this means was enabled, in one or two visits, to carry down these few things for you. Then, hoping I should not be missed, she took me into her confidence, and asked me to undertake the bringing of them to you."

"Bless you, my bonnie bairn," said her father; "may God in heaven bless you, my darling child;" and again the once strong man wept as a child. Helen wept also, but presently lifting up her head, said:

"I do often, dear father, think why does God thus permit his people to be persecuted. Since you have been in prison, the good pastor Fergu-

son was taken from his church and shot at his own door, and many others cruelly used. Why does God permit his enemies to triumph over his people?"

"My darling," replied her father, "we must not doubt the infinite wisdom and love of our Heavenly Father, in thus permitting his enemies to triumph for a time. Did not our blessed Lord himself say 'that his Church, his people, should be hated of all men, for his name's sake?' but with that he gave the promise from his Father that 'he that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' Yes, my child, great, indeed, are the persecutions of his people; but do not, my Helen, doubt the love and care of your Heavenly Father, who will bear you through all trials he may call you, or any of us, to pass through; and then, my sweet bairn, think of the reward;" and, taking his Testament from his bosom, read to her from the seventh chapter of Revelation—"And the elder said unto me, what are these

which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Andrew closed the book, and then, kneeling down with his beloved child, poured out his soul in prayer to their Father above, who had given them such exceeding great and precious promises to guide, and cheer, and allure them on their way. Then how he wrestled in prayer for his loved wife and children, that, amid the darkness and difficulties of their path, their

faith might be strengthened, and their whole trust and confidence placed upon the rock of their salvation. They then rose from their knees, and, after assuring himself that Helen might, with safety to himself, remain all night, he took some heather from the corner of the cave, and, spreading it upon the ground, besought her to lie down and take some rest after the fatigue and excitement of the day. Poor Helen indeed felt the need of rest: unused to toil, it had been a heavy task for her to carry sufficient provisions to her father to last him a few days; so, after affectionately kissing him, she lay down, and was soon asleep.

## IV.

ANDREW MCGREGOR, with his elbows resting on his knees and his head leaning on his hands, sat a long time communing with his own heart. His thoughts carried him back to the time when he was dwelling in the bosom of his family, happy in each other's love: now he was a proscribed man; his wife and little ones left with no earthly protector at the mercy of a hard-hearted soldiery; he himself hunted for in every nook and corner of his native hills—condemned to be burnt at the stake, if not shot down by the blood-thirsty soldiers. Then he thought how many more were suffering, at the present time, even greater trials than these “each day;” some witnessing a good confession, and sealing it with their blood; and these thoughts led him to rejoice that he had been deemed worthy to take his place among that noble army of martyrs throughout the world. He now sought a few hours' repose, and was awaked by a slanting

ray of the rising sun shining through a crevice in the roof of the cave. When Helen awoke she could not at first collect her thoughts. She thought at first that she must be dreaming, until she saw her father spreading their morning repast. She then arose, and, after embracing each other, they again knelt down and thanked the Father of all mercies for his kind care of them during the night, and craving his protection for them all during the day, and for an especial blessing on his child then present with him, that she might regain her home in peace, and that, if they were never permitted to meet again on earth, they might meet an unbroken family in heaven.

After partaking of their simple repast, Helen began to prepare herself for her homeward journey, as she knew her mother would begin to look anxiously for her return. She asked her father what message he would wish delivered to her mother.

“Give her my warmest love—the warmest love

that an earthly creature may bestow upon another without putting up an idol in God's stead. Tell her to be of good cheer, for I am quiet in my conscience, and feel assured that my God will supply all her need. God bless my children; and you, my Helen, who art the stay and comfort of thy parents, may God give thee a double blessing; may you stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and his word, and beware of idolatry."

After this blessing, Helen bade a tearful adieu to her father, and stepped from the cave. The morning sun shone bright and beautiful as Helen retraced the path she had taken the day previous, and she carefully replaced the sweet heather-brush as she passed along that no trace might be given of her father's retreat. The sound of the busy bees humming among the sweet heather-flowers, and the notes of the birds caroling their morning song of praise, made her heart feel lighter than for many days before, and she felt her heart run over with gratitude and joy that



she had been permitted to minister, in some measure, to the comfort of her parent.

She succeeded in reaching the herdsman's cot unobserved, where the poor man rejoiced with the "bairn of his laird," and gave God praise for helping her "sae weel." After changing her dress, and entering the grounds around the house, she succeeded in passing unobserved to her mother's chamber, where that dear parent received her with open arms, tenderly inquiring after every look and word of her beloved husband—which Helen repeated again and again.

Hope again reigned in their hearts as they heard of no particular search being made for some weeks, during which time Helen, through the faithful services of the herdsman, was enabled, several times, to visit her father, who himself began to entertain the hope that possibly he might elude his persecutors and escape to Holland, whither his family might join him.

Once Mrs. McGregor, on the plea of visiting a friend in town, ventured to see her husband

at the cave. This painful meeting—still more painful parting—words can not portray; yet they both endeavored to strengthen and build up each other in their most holy faith, so that, living or dying, they might be one in Christ. They spoke of trying eventually to reach the shores of Holland, and Andrew instructed his wife to consult with Davie, the herdsman, as to the best means of carrying out this intention. She then parted, with some faint hope of a future meeting.

## V.

ALAS for human hopes! A few days after this interview, Helen visited her father with a fresh supply of provisions, and on returning, as she was carefully replacing the brambles and heather across the path, she was seen from the neighboring heights by one who was a bitter enemy to all professing the Protestant faith, and surmising that some of these hated persons were concealed in that neighborhood, he at once went and gave intimation of the figure he had seen passing along the glen. Two soldiers were at once dispatched with their informer, who, after searching every spot around the glen, at last discovered the entrance to the cave, which they entered, and, with horrid oaths and threats, drew forth into the sunlight poor Andrew McGregor.

All hope now vanished from his heart, as regarded this world. He knew that no mercy would be shown him, but he begged for one

moment's interview with his wife as he passed his house. This was granted. When it was told to Mrs. McGregor that her husband was again in custody, she appeared at first prostrated by the tidings; but being made to understand he was waiting in the hall to bid her farewell, she tried to nerve herself for the interview, and looking to the strong One for strength, she immediately hastened to him. Andrew fervently embraced her, told her to pray for him that he might glorify God in the fire. No other words passed between them; their thoughts were too sacred to express in words before their cruel persecutors. They each felt the full force of their divine Master's words: "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven;" and neither would consent to do this.

The soldiers now, with oaths, told them to separate, when Andrew, again embracing his wife, lifting up his eyes unto heaven, said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Thus they parted, each to meet again as conquerors through the blood of the Lamb.

He was then taken to Perth, where the sentence first passed on him was ordered to be carried out on the following morning. The whole night he spent in prayer.


On reaching the spot where he was to suffer, he knelt down and humbly addressed himself to Almighty God, until interrupted by his popish enemies, who now fastened him to the stake and set fire to the furze and wood. He died with fortitude and resignation, triumphing in the midst of the flames, and exulting in hopes of the glory that awaited him. Soon after Andrew McGregor's martyrdom, Queen Mary died.

The Protestant religion was again established, and the poor persecuted Christians for a time had rest. Mrs. McGregor, though mourning deeply the loss of her husband, could but rejoice in the change of affairs, and by her earnest teachings and holy example, had the unspeakable happiness of seeing all her children

growing up humble and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus. Should not all honors be shown to those heroes and champions of our faith who were baptized in blood for their strict adherence to the faith once delivered to the saints? And may the triumphant deaths of the martyrs increase our attachment to the cause which we have espoused, and strengthen our faith, and hope, and joy in the Lord.

## Renwick at Priesthill.

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URING the persecuting period of 1680–1686 in Scotland, many were the wanderers among the mountains and the moorlands from the ranks of those who felt it their duty “to obey God rather than men.” These poor wanderers were accustomed, in the darkness of night, to leave their hiding-places, and to seek food, shelter, and consolation in the houses of friends. The following quaint poem (author unknown) describes such a scene:

Renwick, in “the dark and bloody year” of 1685, leaves his hiding-place, and, in a stormy  
(101)

night, seeks the house of his former friend, John Brown, of Priesthill.

In order to fully enjoy the description, we must transport ourselves in imagination to a thatched cottage on the bleak moorland, on a cold, stormy night, and see the blazing ingle on the clean hearth, and the glimmering oil-lamp hanging on the wall; the mother, with the babe on her knee, sitting before the fire, thinking on the poor wanderers out in such a night; and her daughter, sitting on a stool, watching the curling flame as it ascends the chimney from the burning peat, and wondering how soon father will be home.

The weary wanderer enters. Suspicion is aroused; he may be one of the ruthless soldiery hunting for some of God's faithful ones. But soon his sad and weary look shows that he belongs not to Claverhouse's band, and he is made comfortable by the blazing fire. John Brown, the patriarch of Priesthill, returns, and discovers his former much-loved friend and the



faithful minister of Christ. Gladness fills their hearts, and, after the temporal wants of their guest are provided for, the leather-bound Bible is placed on the stand, and

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
And, kneeling, prays to heaven's Eternal King."

Afterward they have much converse about heavenly things—and, doubtless, all the more sweet that both these men of God were near a *martyr's crown*.

It was a night in which no man  
Might safely be without;  
The storm was there, and, worse than storm,  
The persecutor's shout:

The minions of a cruel king,  
Mid thunder and the flame,  
Were thirsting for the blood of saints—  
Such task the men became.

While thus, on an apostate land,  
The face of heaven frowned,  
The dwellings of the righteous ones  
God's loving kindness crowned:

Unheeded was the sound of storm—  
Of wrathful man the sword—  
Bright shone, in Priesthill's lowly cot,  
The candle of the Lord.

Why from his lattice breaks so late  
A tiny stream of light?  
Say who beneath his cottage-roof  
Keep watch and ward to-night?

A babe upon a mother's knee;  
The mother by the fire;  
A daughter waiting wistfully  
The coming of her sire.

Intensely Scottish was the scene:—  
In red wreaths mount the flames;  
The crooning of a lullaby  
The mother's task proclaims.

The storm was raging wild without—  
The ingle blazed within,  
And full upon the girl's fair face  
Reflects a ruddy sheen.

Few summer suns, with radiance bright,  
And all their influence mild,  
The thoughtful eye had gladdened yet  
Of that high-hearted child.

No play-things had the children then—  
No play-things would she ask:  
To mourn for broken covenants  
And Scotland was her task.

The latch is up; the girl leaped forth  
To clasp her sire at last;  
Then back she drew—upon the group  
A stranger's eye is cast.

But, O! the sight that met their gaze;  
It might have melted stone  
T' have seen thy sad, heart-broken look,  
Thou worn and wasted one.

And still they pondered anxiously—  
A friend or foe was he?  
A world of caution and of care  
Deep-working you might see;

For they, in persecution's school,  
Full sorely tried had been—  
The frank look joined to foulest heart,  
Not seldom had they seen.

They looked upon the stranger;  
They saw his upturned eye,  
The moving lip, the starting tear;  
They heard the deep-drawn sigh:

The child's young heart anticipates  
The mother's cooler thought;  
She guides the stranger to the fire,  
And fear she sets at naught.

Her kindness touched the pilgrim's heart—  
'T was heaven unto his soul;  
From out his lips these burning words  
Like sweetest music stole:

"The blessings of the perishing  
 Upon thee rest, dear child;  
 Thou hast a heart to feel for me,  
 The hunted, the reviled."

That's not an unbeliever's prayer—  
 No persecutor's voice:  
 Doubt vanishes—the mother bids  
 The pilgrim to rejoice;

And when she saw the grateful look  
 Of her wet and weary guest,  
 A fountain deep of love sincere  
 Came gushing from her breast.

Another form is in the room:  
 O, let us mark him well!  
 Rich in faith and in good works was  
 The patriarch of Priesthill:

Time on his furrowed countenance  
 Her influence had wrought,  
 But calm his eye—his manly brow  
 A temple of high thought.

He gazes on the stranger now  
With keen and searching look,  
Whose mild and mournful countenance  
Could inquisition brook.

Lo! Priesthill names the long-lost one,  
Th' anointed of the Lord.  
It was a high and honored name,  
And Renwick was the word!

O! who can tell the joy that then  
Descended like the sun  
Upon the sad and weary heart  
Of that wayfaring one?

For trials long in every shape  
Had he been forced to brave;  
He had the gait of one whose feet  
Seemed staggering to the grave.

Long nights upon the mountains,  
Long days upon the moor—  
Storm, sleet, and foul apostasy,  
'T was his lot to endure;

Yet God upon his chosen one  
Divinest influence shed,  
And oft in desert wilderness  
A table for him spread.

Like him who guided Israel  
In wilderness of old,  
Or him whose eagle thoughts sublime  
No prison-isle could hold,

Poor Renwick saw in rocky cleft  
God's glory pass him by,  
And visions of celestial things  
With rapture lit his eye.

They've stripped him of his dripping garb;  
They've bathed the wanderer's feet;  
God's word is read—the prayer begun.  
Unutterably sweet

His eloquent outpourings were:  
Yes, sweeter to God's ear  
Than organ's pealing anthem  
His pious breathings were.

On high this incense of the heart  
Was borne on tempest's wings;  
And afterward they talk of friends,  
Of those who'll soon be kings,

And Cargill's polished eloquence,  
And Cameron's ardent soul,  
Devout McKail, and murdered Kid—  
All reached the martyr's goal.

The loved Argyle, and Guthrie dear,  
And Hackston's butchered corpse,  
Whose souls beneath the altar lay,  
Were themes of his discourse.

The converse sweet must have an end—  
The pilgrim needs repose;  
Through bog and fen had he to go  
Long ere the morning rose.

But first he to his weeping friends  
A fervent blessing gave:  
"O God! be with this family;  
From every ill them save!



"And should it be thy will its head  
 A martyr's death should dree,  
 A father to the fatherless,  
 A mate to widow be."

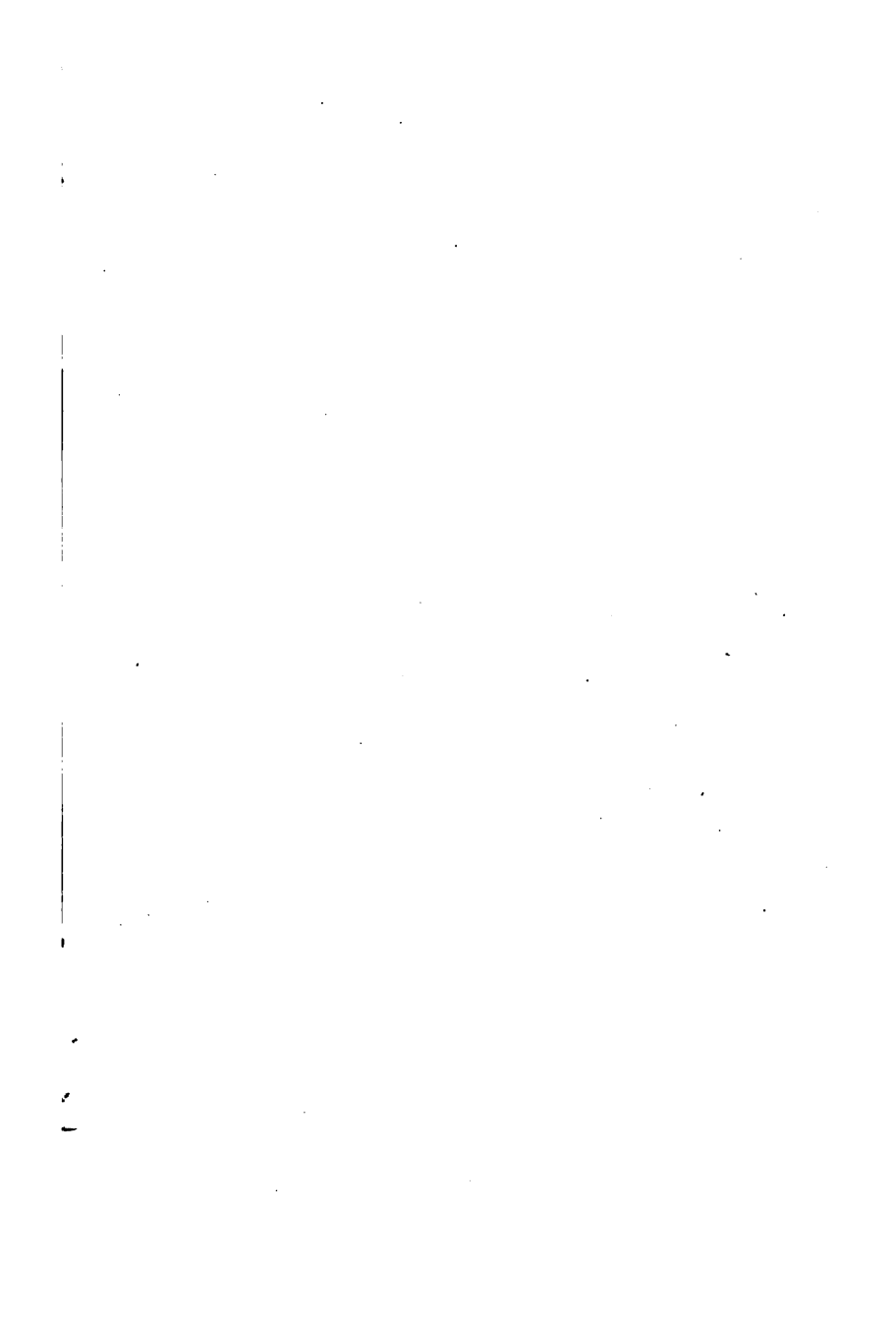
The time to favor Zion came—  
 The set time of the Lord—  
 But murdered Priesthill sleeping lay  
 Beneath his own green sward;

The pilgrim gained a martyr's crown—  
 The last of that bright band  
 Whose blood-proved faithfulness to Christ  
 Has glorified our land.

O Scotland! 't was thy peasantry  
 Who, breathing thoughts so high,  
 Girt up their loins rejoicingly,  
 For thee to do or die!

Sons of the Covenant, awake!  
 Be what your fathers were;  
 For "Christ, his Crown and Covenant,"  
 The same attachment bear.









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JAN 27 1954

