





“Please your Majesty I would rather receive his head there.” p. 35

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LIFE SKETCHES

FROM

SCOTTISH HISTORY,

OR

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

OF THE

SCOTTISH

PRESBYTERIAN WORTHIES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little volume is presented without any claim to originality. It is, indeed, nothing more than a book of quotations from those glorious old records, the History of the Scottish Church. These stories are selected without reference to chronological order, and are intended to stimulate the young to greater self-denial, and more ardent love for the church of their fathers, by placing before them a few noble examples, of whom the world was not worthy.

The number of these stories might have been indefinitely increased, but enough have

been given to excite the reader to learn more of the history of that church which so nobly battled for Christ's crown and kingdom, amidst fire and sword.

S. D. A.

PATRICK HAMILTON.

THIS noble Scotchman led the van of that army of martyrs who laid down their lives for Christ's crown and covenant. He was nephew, on his father's side, of James Hamilton, earl of Arran; and, on his mother's side, of John Stuart, duke of Albany. When very young, he was settled in a living which entitled him Abbot of Fearn,—but having an ardent desire for the truth, he left Scotland and went to Germany. The fame of the University of Wittenberg having reached him, he directed his steps thither. At Wittenberg, he became acquainted with Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon, under whose guidance, as John Knox says, “he did so grow and advance in

godly knowledge, joined with fervency and integrity of life, that he was in admiration of many."

Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, had established the University of Marburg about this time, and Hamilton determined to spend some time there. At this place, he enjoyed the society and instruction of the celebrated Francis Lambert. But now, the desire to return to his own country became so great, and the zeal of God's glory did so eat him up, that he could no longer continue there, but returned to his own country, where the bright beams of the true light, which by God's grace was planted in his heart, began most abundantly to burst forth.

The return to Scotland of this noble youth at once attracted all eyes, as if a new star had appeared in the heavens. His instructions were listened to with the deepest attention, and the doctrines

which he taught began to spread rapidly through the kingdom. His high birth, and reputation for learning, the attractive elegance of his youthful aspect, and the persuasive graces of his courteous demeanour, rendered his influence almost irresistible; and the Popish clergy saw no safety to their cause, but in his destruction. James Beaton, the cardinal, determined, therefore, to get him into his power; but fearing the interference of the young king, James V., he persuaded him to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Dothess, in Rosshire.

Hamilton, suspecting no danger, remained as a lamb among wolves. He was decoyed to St. Andrews on the pretence of a free conference on religious subjects; they even went so far as to procure a friar, named Alexander Campbell, to converse with him, and concur in his opinions, in order fully to draw him

out, and thus have evidence against him. On the very next day he was condemned to death, merely for holding those opinions which we now consider as our life.

Immediately after dinner of that same day, the fire was prepared before the old college, and he was led to the place of execution. On arriving, he gave to his servant his gown, coat, and bonnet, saying, "These will not profit in the fire, they will profit thee; after this, of me, thou canst receive no commodity, except the example of my death, which I pray thee bear in mind; for although it be bitter to the flesh and fearful before man, yet it is the entrance into eternal life, which none shall possess who deny Jesus Christ before this wicked generation."

A train of gunpowder laid for the purpose of setting fire to the pile exploded

ineffectually, scorching his left side and face, but leaving the mass unkindled. While they were procuring materials of a more combustible nature, the calm spirit of the scorched sufferer poured itself forth in earnest exhortations and instructions to the pitying spectators. The treacherous friar, Campbell, attempted to disturb him by calling on him to recant, and pray to the Virgin Mary; which drew from the dying martyr a severely solemn rebuke, saying, "Wicked man, thou knowest the contrary, and hast confessed the contrary to me; I appeal thee before the tribunal seat of Jesus Christ." The pile was then effectually kindled, and as the flames blazed up around him, his voice rose calm and clear, "How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm? How long wilt thou suffer the tyranny of man? Lord Jesus receive my spirit;"—and so he died.

GEORGE WISHART.

EMERY Tylney, one of Wishart's friends, thus describes him in a letter:—
“About the year 1543, there was in the University of Cambridge, one Master George Wischart, commonly called Master George of Benet's College, who was a man of tall stature, polled-headed, and on the same a round French cap of the best; judged to be of melancholy complexion by his physiognomy, black haired, long bearded, comely of personage, well spoken after his country of Scotland, courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach, desirous to learn, and was well travelled; having on him for his habit or clothing, never but a mantle or frieze gown to the shoes, a black millian fustian doublet,

and plain black hosen, coarse new canvass for his shirts, and white falling bands and cuffs at his hands. All the which apparel he gave to the poor, some weekly, some monthly, some quarterly, as he liked, saving his French cap, which he kept the whole year of my being with him.

“He was a man modest, temperate, fearing God, hating covetousness; for his charity had never end, night, noon, nor day; he forbare one meal in three, one day in four for the most part, except something to comfort nature. He lay hard upon a puff of straw and coarse new canvass sheets, which, when he changed, he gave away. He had commonly by his bed-side a tub of water, in the which (his people being in bed, the candle put out, and all quiet) he used to bathe himself, as I, being very young, being assured, often heard him and in

one light night discerned him. He loved me tenderly, and I him, for my age, as effectually. He taught with great modesty and gravity, so that some of his people thought him severe, and would have slain him; but the Lord was his defence. But he, after due correction, amended them and went his way. O that the Lord had left him to me, his poor boy, that he might have finished that he had begun! His learning was no less sufficient than his desire; always pressed and ready to do good in that he was able, both in the house privately and in the school publicly, professing and reading divers authors.

“If I should declare his love to me and all men; his charity to the poor, in giving, relieving, caring, helping, providing, yea, infinitely studying how to do good unto all, and hurt to none, I should sooner want words, than just cause to commend him.”

We learn that he first began to preach the gospel in Ross, after that in Dundee, but the truth which he taught had too much of the fire of God's word in it, and because it burned into their consciences, he was publicly required to leave. Before leaving Dundee, he uttered words which were really prophetic of the evils which would soon befall them. He said, "God is my witness that I never intended you trouble, but your comfort; yea, your trouble is more dolorous to me than it is to yourselves; but I am assured that to refuse God's word, and to chase me, his messenger, from you, shall not preserve you from trouble, but shall bring you into it: for God shall send you ministers that shall neither fear burning nor banishment. I have offered you the word of salvation; with the hazard of my life I have remained among you; now ye yourselves refuse me; and

I must leave my innocency to be declared by my God. If it be long prosperous with you, I am not led by the spirit of truth; but if unlooked trouble come upon you, acknowledge the cause, and turn to God who is gracious and merciful; but if you turn not at the first warning, he will visit you with fire and sword."

From Dundee, Wishart went to Ayrshire, where, being prevented from preaching in the church, he went into the fields, saying, "Jesus Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and himself often preached in the desert, at the sea-side, and other places." His preaching in this place seems to have been wonderful in its glowing zeal and pathos, and it is related that one of the most wicked men in all the town was converted, the tears bursting from his eyes and running down his cheeks under the powerful appeals, to the astonishment of all. And this was not a single case.

It was now four days since he had been ejected from Dundee, and the curse which he had predicted fell upon that city. The pestilence appeared amongst them, and one witnessing at the time, says—"It raged so extremely that it is almost beyond credit, how many died in twenty-four hours' space." The true Christian spirit of the noble Wishart shone forth in this emergency, and he determined to go back to them in their sufferings. Coming to Dundee, the joy of the faithful was exceeding great, and without delay he signified that he would preach the next day; and because most of the inhabitants were sick or employed about the sick, he chose the east gate for the place of his preaching, so that the whole were within and the sick without the gate. His text was, Psalm cvii. 20. *He sent his word and healed them, &c.* This sermon seems to have had an

almost supernatural effect upon the multitude. They lost all fear of death, desiring rather to die then, while they had such a comforter to soothe their dying pillows, than to live longer and perhaps die without him. Day and night did this holy man stand by the side of the sick and dying, administering all that was necessary for their comfort.

It was while engaged in this self-denying labour, that Cardinal Beaton was plotting against his life. He incited a priest, named John Weightman, to put him to death; and on a day, the sermon being ended, and the people departed, suspecting no danger, the priest stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs with a naked dagger in his hand, under his gown; but Wishart being of a sharp, piercing eye, seeing the priest as he came down, said to him, "My friend, what will you have?" at the same time clapping

his hand upon the dagger, he took it from him: the priest being terrified, fell down upon his knees, confessed his intention, and craved pardon. A noise being raised by this time, and coming to the ears of those who were sick, they cried, "Deliver the traitor to us, or we will take him by force," and so they burst in at the gate; but Wishart, taking him in his arms, said, "Whosoever hurts him shall hurt me, for he hath done me no harm, but much good, by teaching me more heedfulness for the time to come," and so he appeased them and saved the priest's life.

But Wishart did not long escape the malice of his enemies. In February, 1546, he was sent for by Cardinal Beaton, to give an account of his "seditious and heretical doctrines." The cardinal caused all his retinue to appear at the place of sitting fully armed. As he entered the

church, a beggar asked alms of him, to whom he threw his purse. John Knox, his constant friend, desired to attend him, but he said, "Go back to your pupils; one is sufficient for one sacrifice." When brought before the cardinal, a priest named Lawder read a paper full of bitter accusations and curses, so that the ignorant thought that the ground would open and swallow up Wishart: but he stood with great composure, without moving, or changing his countenance. The priest having ended his curses, spit at Wishart's face, saying, "Thou runagate, traitor, thief, what answerest thou?" He answered all the charges mildly, yet with strong arguments, after which the cardinal passed sentence that he should be burned.

Wishart passed the intervening night in the chamber of the captain of the castle. In the morning, at breakfast he

broke bread and drank wine with those present, in commemoration of the death of Christ. The cardinal had commanded a stake to be fixed in the ground, and combustible materials to be piled around it. The executioner then put upon Wishart a long black linen gown, and tied bags of gunpowder around his body. The windows of the castle were hung with rich curtains, velvet cushions were placed in them, upon which the cardinal and prelates reclined, feasting their eyes with the torments of this innocent man. The cardinal, fearing lest the friends of Wishart might attempt a rescue, caused all the ordnance in the castle to be pointed towards the place of execution, and commanded the gunners to stand ready all the time of the burning. Wishart was then led to the stake, with his hands bound behind him, a rope around his neck, and an iron chain around his waist.

On his way to the place of execution, some beggars asked alms for God's sake, to whom he said, "My hands are bound wherewith I was wont to give you alms, but the merciful Lord, who of his abundant bounty and grace feeds all men, vouchsafe to give you necessaries both for your souls and bodies."

When he reached the place of execution, he kneeled down and prayed alone, saying thrice, "O thou Saviour of the world, have mercy on me! Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands." He then arose and addressed the people, exhorting them not to be offended with the word of God, notwithstanding the torments which they saw prepared for him; entreated them to accept, believe, and obey the word of God, and expressed entire forgiveness of his enemies and persecutors. Then the executioner, casting himself upon his

knees before the martyr, begged to be forgiven for the deed he was about unwillingly to do. Wishart, desiring him to draw near him, kissed his cheek, saying. "Lo, here is a token that I forgive thee; my heart, do thy office." The sounding of a trumpet gave the signal; the martyr was tied to the stake, and the fire was kindled around him, exploding the powder, but not putting an end to his sufferings. The captain perceiving him still alive, drew near the fire and bade him be of good courage. Wishart replied with an unfaltering voice, "This fire torments my body, but no way abates my spirit." Then, looking towards the cardinal, he said, "He who in such state from that high place, feedeth his eye with my torments, shall be hanged out at the same window, to be seen with as much ignominy, as he now leans there with pride." And so his breath being stopped he was

consumed with the fire. These last words of Wishart were very remarkably fulfilled; for after the cardinal was slain, the provost raising the town came to the castle gates, crying, "What have you done with my lord cardinal?" To whom those within answered, "Return to your houses, for he hath received his reward and will trouble the world no more." But they still cried, "We will never depart till we see him." Then did they hang him out at the window to show that he was dead, and so the people departed.

JEROME RUSSELL

AND

ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

THESE two martyrs suffered together in Scotland in the year 1539. When they were brought before the archbishop, the courage of Kennedy, who was but eighteen years old, failed him, and he would have recanted; but while thus faltering, the Spirit of God began to work wonderfully in him, his face was lighted up with a heavenly glow, and falling upon his knees, he exclaimed with a holy joy, "O eternal God, how wondrous is that love and mercy that thou bearest unto mankind, and unto me the most vile and miserable wretch above all others; for

even now, when I would have denied thee and thy Son, the Lord Jesus Christ my Saviour, and so have cast myself into everlasting damnation, thou by thy own hand hast pulled me from the very bottom of hell, and makest me to feel that heavenly comfort, which takes from me that ungodly fear, wherewith before I was oppressed. Now I defy death. Do what ye please. I praise God I am ready." When Russell was reviled by the lookers on, he said, "This is your hour and the power of darkness; now sit ye as judges, we stand wrongfully accused, and more wrongfully to be condemned; but the day shall come, when our innocency shall appear, and that ye shall see your own blindness, to your everlasting confusion; go forward and fulfil the measure of your iniquity."

The archbishop seems for a moment to have relented and he said, "I think it

better to spare these men and not put them to death." But his associates urged him on, and he condemned them to die.

Russell comforted his weaker brother, saying, "Brother, fear not; more powerful is He that is in us, than he that is in the world; the pain that we shall suffer is short, and shall be light, but our joy and consolation shall never have end; and therefore let us contend to enter in unto our Master and Saviour, by the same strait way which he has trod before us. Death cannot destroy us, for it is already destroyed by Him for whose sake we suffer." And thus they constantly triumphed over death and Satan even in the midst of the flames.

JOHN WELCH.

JOHN WELCH was born about the year 1570. He was a rich example of grace and mercy; but the night went before the day, being a most hopeless and extravagant boy. It was not enough to him, frequently to run away from the school, but after he had passed his grammar, he left his father's house, and went and joined himself to a band of thieves on the borders, who lived by robbing the two nations. He stayed among them until his clothes were worn out, and then, when covered with rags, the prodigal's misery brought him to the prodigal's resolutions; he resolved to return to his father's house. Being afraid to go immediately home, he went to the house of his cousin, one

Agnes Forsyth, living in Dumfries, earnestly entreating her to reconcile him to his father. While he lay concealed there, his father happened to come in, and after they had talked awhile, Mrs. Forsyth asked him whether he had heard any news of his son John. He replied with great grief, "O how can you name his name to me! the first news I expect to hear of him is, that he is hanged for a thief." She answered, "Many a profligate boy has become a virtuous man." He asked her if she knew whether his son was yet alive. She answered, yes he was, and hoped he would prove a better man than he was a boy, and with that she called him to his father. He came weeping, and kneeled, beseeching his father for Christ's sake to pardon him, and solemnly promised to be a new man. His father reproached him and threatened him, yet at length by the boy's tears and

Mrs. Forsyth's importunity, he was persuaded to a reconciliation. The boy entreated his father to put him in college, and there to try his behaviour; and if he ever after failed in the same way, his father might disown him for ever. His father therefore carried him home and placed him in the college, where he became a diligent student, until he entered the ministry.

His first settlement was at Selkirk. While there he took a boy to room with him, who to his dying day, retained a respect, both to Mr. Welch and his ministry, from the impressions his behaviour made upon him though but a child. It was Mr. Welch's custom, when he went to bed at night, to lay a Scots plaid above his bed-clothes, and when he went to his night prayers, to sit up and cover himself negligently with the plaid. And from the beginning of his ministry to his death,

he reckoned the day ill-spent, if he stayed not seven or eight hours in prayer; and this the boy could never forget, even to hoary hairs.

Mr. Welch was most successful in his labours, a rich harvest generally following. In 1590, he went to Ayr, where he remained until he was banished from the country. The people of Ayr, at the time he went there, were given up to all manner of ungodliness, and such was their hatred to all that was good, that he was unable to find a house to live in, until Mr. John Stuart, a merchant, offered him a part of his. The place at this time was divided into factions, and filled with bloody conflicts; a man could hardly walk the streets in safety. Mr. Welch endeavoured to reconcile these divisions; often he would rush between two parties of men fighting, even in the midst of blood and wounds. He used to cover his head

with a kind of helmet before attempting their separation, but never used a sword, that they might see he came for peace, and not for war; and thus by his decision and perseverance he put an end to these disorders. He was accustomed, after having quelled a riot and reconciled the parties, to set a table in the street, making all sit down and eat and drink together, always beginning with a prayer and ending with a psalm.

Sometimes, before he went to church, he would send for his elders and tell them he was afraid to go to the pulpit, because he found himself sore deserted, and desired one or more of them to pray, and then he went more freely. But it was observed that this humbling exercise used ordinarily to be followed with a flame of extraordinary assistance. He would often retire to the church of Ayr, which was some distance from the town,

and there spend the whole night in prayer.

Mr. Welch married the daughter of John Knox, by whom he had three sons, two of whom came to violent deaths, the third became a useful minister of the Gospel. He continued to preach at Ayr, till, with several of his companions, he was imprisoned, and afterwards banished to France by James VI., merely because he had attended a meeting of the General Assembly at Aberdeen contrary to his command.

In November, 1606, he left Scotland for France, where he itinerated from village to village, preaching in the French tongue. While living in one of these villages, upon an evening, a certain popish friar travelling through the country, because he could not find lodgings in the whole village, came to Mr. Welch's house, whom Mr. Welch kindly received. The family

had supped before he came, and so the servant conveyed the friar to his chamber, and having given him his supper, left him to his rest. There was but a wooden partition between him and Mr. Welch. The friar, waking in the night, was surprised at hearing a gentle but constant whispering noise, which troubled him much. The next morning he walked in the fields, where he chanced to meet a countryman who, saluting him because of his dress, asked him where he had lodged that night. The friar answered that he had lodged with the Huguenot minister. Then the countryman asked him what entertainment he had. The friar said, "Very bad; for," said he, "I always held there were devils haunting those ministers' houses; and I am persuaded there was one with me this night, for I heard a continual whisper all the night over, which I believe was no other

thing than the minister and the devil conversing together." The countryman told him he was much mistaken; and that it was nothing else but the minister at his night prayers. "O," said the friar, "does the minister pray any?" "Yes, more than any other man in France," answered the countryman, "and if you please to stay another night with him, you may be satisfied." The friar returned to Mr. Welch's house, and, pretending indisposition, entreated another night's lodging, which was granted. Before dinner Mr Welch came from his chamber and had family worship, as was his custom. First he sang a psalm, then read a portion of Scripture and commented upon it, then prayed with great fervour, as was his custom; to all which the friar was an astonished witness; after which they went to dinner. Mr Welch asked no questions, nor entered into any dispute

with the friar. When evening came, family worship was conducted as in the morning, which occasioned yet more wonder in the friar, and after supper they all went to bed; but the friar longed much to know what the night whisper was, and soon he was satisfied, for after a little while the noise began, and then the friar resolved to be sure what it was; so he crept silently to Mr. Welch's chamber door, and there he heard not only the sound, but the words exactly, and communications between God and man, such as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this, the next morning, as soon as Mr. Welch was ready, the friar went to him and told him that he had been in ignorance, and lived in darkness all his time; but now he was resolved to adventure his soul with Mr. Welch, and thereupon declared himself a Protestant.

Soon after this Mr. Welch returned to England, but king James would never allow him to return to Scotland, although his physicians said that his life depended upon his breathing his native air. The following singular conversation took place on one occasion between Welch's wife and king James, when she was asking permission for her husband to return to his native land. His majesty asked her who was her father. She replied "John Knox." "Knox and Welch!" exclaimed he, "the devil never made such a match as that." "It's right likely, sir," said she, "for we never speired (asked) his advice." He asked her how many children her father had left, and if they were lads or lasses. She said, three, and they were all lasses. "God be thanked!" cried the king, lifting up both his hands, "for if they had been

three lads, I had never bruiked (enjoyed) my three kingdoms in peace." She again urged her request, that he would give her husband his native air. "Give him his native air!" replied the king, "give him the devil!"—"Give that to your hungry courtiers," said she, offended at his profaneness. He told her at last, that if she would persuade her husband to submit to the bishops, he would allow him to return to Scotland. Mrs. Welch, lifting up her apron and holding it towards the king, replied, in the true spirit of her father, "Please your majesty, I would rather kep (receive) his head there."

After a time of languishing and weakness, he had access to a lecturer's pulpit, where he preached his last sermon, and went from the pulpit to his bed, and within two hours he resigned his spirit into his Maker's hands.

JOHN LIVINGSTON.

THIS noble Presbyterian was born in Stirlingshire, June 21, 1603, and he preached his first sermon, January 2nd, 1625. In the winter of 1635, finding that true religious liberty could not be enjoyed in Scotland, he with some others determined to emigrate to New England. In order to effect this purpose, they built a ship, of 115 tons, at Aberdeen. It was finished in the spring of 1536, but through the difficulties that arise in such undertakings, it was the September following that they set sail. But God had determined to frustrate their plans, having work for his servants at home. After tossing

about in storms, and being driven back by head winds, they were forced to give up their enterprise.

The most wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God that Scotland ever witnessed, occurred under Mr. Livingston's preaching, at the Kirk of Shotts. The circumstances attending this revival and the occasion of it may be interesting. Some ladies of rank, travelling that way, had, on more occasions than one, received civilities from the minister of the parish. On a certain day an accident happened to their carriage, which obliged them to pass a night in the minister's (Mr. Hance) house. They noticed not only its incommodious situation, but that it was in great need of repair. They therefore used their influence to get a more convenient house built for the minister in another situation. After receiving such sub-

stantial favours, the minister waited on the ladies, and expressed his desire to know, if there was anything in his power that might testify his gratitude to them. They answered it would be very obliging to them if he would invite to assist, at his communion, certain ministers whom they named, who were eminently instrumental in promoting practical religion. Mr. Hance consented to this; the news of it spread far and wide, and multitudes of people of all ranks collected together. It was not usual at those times to have any sermon on the Monday after dispensing the Lord's Supper. But God had given so much of his gracious presence, and had afforded his people so much communion with himself, on the foregoing days of that solemnity, that they knew not how to part without thanksgiving and prayer. Mr. Livingston was with

much difficulty prevailed on to preach the sermon. He had spent the night before in prayer and conference; but when he was alone in the fields about eight or nine in the morning, there came such a misgiving of heart upon him, under a sense of unworthiness and unfitness to speak before so many aged and worthy ministers, and so many eminent and experienced christians, that he thought of stealing quietly away, and was actually gone away some distance; but when just about to lose sight of the Kirk of Shotts, these words, "Was I ever a barren wilderness, or a land of darkness?" were brought into his heart with such an overcoming power, as constrained him to think it his duty to return and comply with the call to preach; which he accordingly did with much good assistance for about an hour and a

half, on the points he had meditated from that text, Ezek. xxxvi. 26: "Then shall I sprinkle clean water upon you: and you shall be clean; from all your filthiness will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." As he was about to close, a heavy shower coming suddenly on, which made the people hastily take to their cloaks and mantles, he began to speak to the following purpose: "If a few drops of rain from the clouds so discomposed them, how discomposed would they be, how full of horror and despair, if God should deal with them as they deserved! and thus he will deal with all the finally impenitent; that God might justly rain fire and brimstone upon them, as upon Sodom and Gomorrah,

and the other cities of the plain; that the Son of God by tabernacling in our nature, and obeying and suffering in it, is the only refuge and covert from the storm of divine wrath due to our sin; that his merits and mediation are the alone screen from that storm, and none but penitential believers shall have the benefit of that shelter." In these and many other expressions to this purpose, he was led on about an hour's time (after he had done with what he had premeditated) in a strain of exhortation and warning, with great enlargement and melting of heart. To this sermon, under the blessing of God, no less than five hundred persons ascribed their conversion.

The following remarkable instances of conversion are well attested: On that Monday three young men of Glasgow had made an appointment to

go to Edinburgh, to attend the public diversions there. They alighted at Shotts to take breakfast. One of the number proposed, as there was a young man to preach that day, if the rest would agree, they might go and hear the sermon, probably more out of curiosity than any other motive. And for the more expedition they proposed to come away just at the end of the sermon, before the last prayer. But the power of God was so felt by them accompanying that sermon, that they could not come away till all was over. When they returned to the public house to take their horses, they called for some drink before they mounted; and when the drink was set upon the table, they all looked to one another. None of them durst touch it without a blessing was asked; and as it was not their manner formerly to be care-

ful about such things, one of them at last proposed, "I think we should ask a blessing to our drink." The other two readily agreed, and put it upon one of the company to do it, which he readily did. When they were done, they could not rise until another should return thanks. They went on their way more sober and sedate than they used to be, but none of them mentioned their inward concern to another: only now and then they said, "Was it not a great sermon we heard?" another answered, "I never heard the like of it." They went to Edinburgh, but, instead of waiting upon diversions or company, they kept their rooms the most of the time they were in town, which was about two days, when they were all quite weary of Edinburgh and proposed to return home. Upon the way home they did not discover them-

selves to one another; and after they were some days in Glasgow, they kept their rooms very closely, and seldom went abroad. At last one of them made a visit to another, and made a discovery of what God had done for him at Shotts. The other frankly owned the concern that he was brought under at the same time. Both of them went to the third, who was in the same case, and they all three agreed directly to begin a fellowship-meeting. Thus they continued to live, and died eminent christians.

Another instance was of a poor man, a horse-hirer of Glasgow, whom a lady had employed to take her to Shotts. In time of sermon he had taken out his horse to feed, at a short distance from the tents. When the power of God was so much felt in the latter part of the sermon, he apprehended that there

was more than ordinary concern amongst the people. Something he felt strike him in a way he could not account for; he hastily rose up and ran into the congregation, where he was made a sharer of what God was distributing among them that day.

The following facts he relates concerning himself: "Since I began to preach, I hardly ever used any bodily recreation or sport, except walking, nor had I need of any other. There were only two recreations I was in danger to be taken with. The one, I had not the occasion of, but some five or six times, and that some forty years ago. It was hunting on horseback; but I found it very bewitching. The other was singing in a concert of music, wherein I had some little skill, and took great delight; but it is some thirty-six years since I used it. Concerning my gift of preach-

ing, I never attained to any accuracy therein, and, through laziness, did not much endeavour to do it. I used ordinarily to write some few notes, and left the enlargement to the time of delivery. I had a kind of coveting, when I got leisure and opportunity, to read much, and of different subjects; and I was often challenged that my way of reading was like some men's lust after such a kind of play and recreation. I used to read much too fast, and so was somewhat pleased in the time, but retained little."

JOHN JACOB ULRICH.

THIS pious man was professor and minister of the orphan-house at Zurich, in Switzerland. It may not be uninteresting to give the close of a discourse which he wrote just in prospect of death, to show that the Lord sometimes grants to his children, in their last hours, a most delightful sense and expectation of that bliss to which, after death, they enter, and permits them, in full assurance of faith, to have a foretaste of the better world. He had been speaking of the death of Stephen, and in closing, says, "But whither does the sweetness of these things lead me? Truly a dying christian, as I am, can never hear too much of dying. I who can hardly fetch my

breath, and am doubtful whether I must reckon myself among the dead or among the living. It is this consideration that filled my sails and carried me so far from the shore. But that I may free you from tedious hearing, I withdraw and turn myself to thee, O sweet Jesus! In thy name I began, and in thy name I finish—all the glory be unto thee alone. Many things have I to ask of thee, but I will do it on my sick bed and in full freedom in my closet. This only I pray; I may not be refused. If I can be of any use to thy Church, O restore me! If not, O free me from this world, which to me is far better! Thou knowest I do not shun death; I wish and wait for it with open arms. Methinks I die, because I cannot die of that death which will open unto me the gates of life. Let him be afraid of death who is unwilling to go to Christ; but, my Jesus, this I

only do hope, but though I am over and over deserving death and hell, yet I am fully assured of it. Why, then, should I be afraid of death? Why not rather long for it? Christ is my life, and to die is my exceeding gain. Yea, Lord, let me now die, that I may see thee. How many thousand wishes I send for thee, O Jesus! When wilt thou satisfy my soul? But what do I say? Behold I see, even now, heaven open, and the Son of Man at the right hand of God; but I see it through the lattice, and only as in a glass; I see it, but not near. O! that I might soon see it face to face! O! that I might soon kiss him as present, and be satisfied, O Jesus! with the blessing of thy temple, thy holy sanctuary! O! grant that I may soon come out of the tribulation, wherein I have resisted unto blood, appear before thee in a white robe with palms in my hand, and with the

whole innumerable company of thine, sing praises to thee! Grant, my Jesus, that, like thee, I may soon get from the cross to the crown, from thorns to roses, from danger to security, from tribulation to refreshing, from labour to rest, from contempt to honour, from fighting to victory, from striving to triumphing, from suffering to glory, from hope to the thing hoped for, from believing to enjoying, from death to life, and when I get there will I break out in a triumph: It is finished; I see what I sought, I have what I longed for." In this frame of mind he expired.

THOMAS DOOLITTLE.

THOMAS DOOLITTLE was the pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Monkwell street, London, somewhere near the year 1668. He was designed for the law, and was actually put upon trial to an attorney, but, being converted by the sermons which he heard Baxter preach on the saints' everlasting rest, his plans were altered, and he entered the ministry, and settled in London, where his labours were greatly blessed, although he was surrounded with difficulties.

Among others at Monkwell, there was one who used to rail against him, and abuse his wife, who was a pious woman, for going to hear Doolittle preach. This unhappy man, one Lord's day, told his

wife he had a mind to go with her for once, and hear the man of whom she talked so much. She answered if he would, he'd never speak against him more. And so it proved; for while he was hearing, the Spirit of God, which, like the wind, *blows where it listeth*, so effectually applied what was said to his heart, that from that time he became a new man, and a serious christian.

The mayor of London, on one occasion, endeavoured to dissuade Mr. Doolittle from preaching, on account of the danger he would incur. He said he was satisfied that he was called to preach the Gospel, and therefore could not promise to desist. On the Saturday following, a king's messenger, with a company of the train-bands, came at midnight to seize Mr. Doolittle in his house; but while they were breaking open the door, he got over the wall to a neighbour's house

and made his escape. He purposed to have preached the next morning, but was prevailed upon to forbear; and the minister who supplied his place narrowly escaped being taken. For while in his sermon, a company of soldiers came into the meeting-house, and the officer who led them cried aloud to the minister, "I command you, in the king's name, to come down." The minister answered, "I command you, in the name of the King of kings, not to disturb his worship, but let me go on." Upon which the officer bade his men fire. The minister, undaunted, clapped his hand upon his breast, and said, "Shoot if you please; you can only kill the body, and after that can do no more." Upon which the people being all in an uproar, and the assembly breaking up, the minister got away in the crowd, unobserved and unhurt.

As Mr. Doolittle was once riding out with a friend, he was met by a military officer, who took hold of his horse. Mr. Doolittle asked him what he meant by stopping him on the king's highway. He looked earnestly at him, but not being certain who he was, let him go, and went away threatening "that he would know who that black devil was, before he was three days older." Some of Mr. Doolittle's friends were much concerned for him; but on the third day, a person brought word that the captain was choked at table with a bit of bread.

Mr. Doolittle took great delight in catechizing, and urged ministers to do it, as having a special tendency to propagate knowledge, to establish young persons in the truth, and to prepare them to read and hear sermons to advantage. Accordingly, every Lord's day, he catechized the youth and adults of his con-

gregation, and this part of his labour was attended with the happiest effect. On one occasion, the question for the evening being, "What is effectual calling?" The answer was given in the words of the Assembly's Catechism. This answer being explained, Mr. Doolittle proposed that the question should be answered, by changing the words *us* and *our*, into *me* and *my*. Upon this proposal a solemn silence followed; many felt its vast importance, but none had courage to answer. At length a young man, about twenty-eight years of age, rose up, and with every mark of a broken and contrite heart, was enabled to say, "Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby, convincing *me* of *my* sins and misery, enlightening *my* mind in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing *my* will, he did persuade and enable *me* to embrace Jesus Christ freely offered to *me* in the Gospel." The scene

was truly affecting. The proposal of the question had commanded universal solemnity. The rising up of the young man had created high expectations; and the answer being accompanied with proofs of unfeigned piety and modesty, the congregation was bathed in tears. The young man had been converted by his being catechized, and to his honour Mr. Doolittle says, "Of an ignorant and wicked youth, he had become a knowing and serious professor, to God's glory, and my much comfort."

The following anecdote, like the last, which is related of Mr. Doolittle, is strongly characteristic of the non-conforming ministers, and of that age. Being engaged in his usual service on a certain occasion, when he had finished his prayer, he looked upon the congregation, and observed a young man just shut into one of the pews, who discovered much un-

easiness in that situation, and seemed to wish to get out again. Mr. Doolittle, feeling a peculiar desire to detain him, hit upon the following expedient. Turning towards one of the members of his church who sat in the gallery, he asked him this question aloud, "Brother, do you repent of your coming to Christ?" "No, sir," said he, "I never was happy till then; I only repent that I did not come to him sooner." Mr. Doolittle then turned towards the opposite gallery, and addressed himself to an aged member in the same manner, "Brother, do you repent that you came to Christ?" "No, sir," said he, "I have known the Lord from my youth up." He then looked down upon the young man, whose attention was fully engaged, and fixing his eyes upon him said, "Young man, are *you* willing to come to Christ?" This unexpected address from the pulpit,

exciting the observation of all the people, so affected him, that he sat down and hid his face. The person who sat next him encouraged him to rise and answer the question. Mr. Doolittle repeated it, "Young man, are *you* willing to come to Christ?" With a tremulous voice he replied, "Yes, sir." "But when, sir?" added the minister in a solemn and loud tone. He mildly answered, "Now, sir." "Then stay," said he, "and hear the words of the Lord, which you will find in 2 Cor. vi. 7: '*Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation.*'"

By this sermon, God touched the heart of the young man. He came into the vestry, after service, dissolved in tears. That unwillingness to stay which he discovered was occasioned by the strict injunction of his father, who threatened, that if he ever went to hear

the fanatics, he would turn him out of doors. Having now heard, and unable to conceal the feelings of his mind, he was afraid to meet his father. Mr. Doolittle sat down and wrote an affectionate letter to him, which had so good an effect, that both father and mother came to hear for themselves. The Lord graciously met with them both, and father, mother, and son, were together received, with universal joy, into the Church.

JOHN ROGERS.

ROGERS was one of the ejected ministers under the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He was a diligent, fervent preacher. After his ejection, he preached in his own house, and was also in the habit of going to some neighbouring lead mines, to preach to the poor miners. Many a troublesome journey did he take to these neglected people, through very deep snows, and over high mountains, when the road was extremely bad, and the cold very severe. But he made nothing of the fatigue, through his love to souls. For all this service he received but about fifty dollars per annum.

The following anecdote is well authenticated: Sir Richard Cradock, a justice

of the peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in being against them, happened to live near Mr. Rogers, to whom he bore a particular enmity, and whom he wanted, above all things, to have in his power. Hearing that he was one day to preach some miles distant, he thought that a fair opportunity offered for accomplishing his base design; and in order to do it, he hired two men to go as spies, and take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses against both them and Mr. Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. The men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting, and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Mr. Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence

of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity.

While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's granddaughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He, being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length Sir Richard sent a servant to inform him and the rest, that one of the witnesses being ill was unable to attend, and that therefore they must come again another day.

They accordingly came at the time appointed, and being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be written to send them all to prison. Mr. Rogers,

expecting to see the little girl again. brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child, being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendancy over him, that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in every thing that she wanted. At one time when she had been contradicted, she run a penknife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit in the present instance was overruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him and asked, "What are you here for, sir?" He answered, "I believe that your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail," says

she, "why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me." "But," says she, "my grandfather sha'n't send you to jail." "Ay, but my dear," said he, "he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said he, "get you about your business." "But I won't," says she; "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to jail, and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Tak'ng the mittimus in his hand,

he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men: "I had made out your mittimus to send you to jail as you deserve; but at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution and set you at liberty." They all bowed and thanked his worship. But Mr. Rogers, going to the child, laid his hands upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

The above remarkable story was told by a son of Mr. Rogers, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure; and the celebrated Mr. Thomas Bradbury once heard it from him as he was dining at the house of Mrs. Tooley, an eminent christian lady in

London, who was distinguished for her religion, and for her love to Christ and his people; whose house and table, like Lydia's, were always open to them. What follows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good Mr. Rogers's prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted people of God. Mrs. Tooley had listened with uncommon attention to Mr. Rogers's story, and when he had ended, she asked him, "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" He told her he was; upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you I never knew that before, and now I will tell you something which you don't know: *I am the very girl* your dear father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me I

can never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found an additional tie of mutual love and affection, and then he and Mr. Bradbury expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in an aversion to the Dissenters and to serious religion, now discovered such an attachment to both, upon which she gave them the following narrative: After her grandfather's death she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age, without any restraint. But she confessed that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of in any other way than by running the same round over and over again;

but all was in vain. Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, miss," said he, "I was so till I met with a certain book, and that cured me." "Book!" said she; "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances I hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be, miss," said he, "and I don't wonder at it; but as to this book I speak of, I can say of it, what I can say of no other I ever read, that I never tire in reading it, but can begin to read it

again, as if I had never read it before; and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor," says she, "what book is that?" "Nay, miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," replied he, "if you speak me fair, I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get me it, doctor, and I will give you any thing you please." "Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I will bring it you; and that is, that you will read it once carefully, and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket and gave it her. This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said, with a flirt, "Pooh! I could get

that at any time." "Why, miss," said he, "so you might; but remember, I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully." "Well," said she, "though I never read it before, I will give it a careful reading." Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it, wherein she had a deep concern; but her mind became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the court end of the town, and she had with her a female companion. On Saturday evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, when she heard a sermon, but when she awoke, she could remember nothing but the text. The dream, how-

ever, made a deep impression upon her heart; and the idea she had of the place and the minister's person, was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's day morning, she told her dream to her companion, and said that, after breakfast, she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock, they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again in search of the place of worship.

Being in the Poultry about half an hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the com-

pany, and they conducted her to the meeting house in the Old Jewry, where Mr. Shower was then minister. As soon as she entered the door and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not been there long before she saw Mr. Shower go up into the pulpit, and, looking at him with great surprise, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream, and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Ps. cxvi. 7: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he rose up to pray she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished his prayer, he took that very passage which she had mentioned for his text, and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it, the means of her saving conversion; and thus she at

last found, what she had long sought elsewhere in vain, *rest to her soul*. And now she obtained that blessing from God, the fountain of felicity, which pious Mr Rogers, so many years before, had so solemnly and fervently implored upon her behalf.

HUGH M'KAIL.

IT is scarcely possible to conceive a case more deeply affecting, than that of this youthful martyr. Having finished his education, he was taken on trials, and licensed in 1661, when only twenty years of age. After officiating several times, much to the benefit and gratification of those who heard him, he was called to preach in the great church of Edinburgh, on the Sabbath immediately preceding the day fixed for the arbitrary removal of its ministers; and having in his sermon been led to remark that "the people of God had been prevented by a Pharaoh on the throne, a Haman in the state, and a Judas in the church," he was thought to have alluded to the

then rulers, and a party was sent next day to apprehend him. He escaped, however, and concealed himself for about four years. At last, worn out and rendered useless through fatigue, he was apprehended near Edinburgh, and lodged in prison.

When he was brought before the Council, he was interrogated respecting the leaders of the insurrection, and what correspondence they had, either at home, or abroad. He declared himself utterly unacquainted with any such correspondence; and frankly stated how far he had taken part in their proceedings. The instrument of torture was then laid before him, and he was informed that if he did not confess, it should be applied next day. On the following day, he was again brought before the Council, and again ordered to confess on pain of immediate torture

He declared solemnly that he had no more to confess. The executioner then placed his leg in the horrid instrument, applied the wedge, and proceeded to his hideous task. When one heavy blow had driven in the wedge, and crushed the limb severely, he was again urged to confess, but in vain. Blow after blow succeeded at considerable intervals, protracting the terrible agony; but still, with true christian fortitude, the heroic martyr possessed his soul in patience. Seven or eight successive blows had crushed the flesh and sinews to the very bone, when he protested solemnly in the sight of God, that he could say no more, though all the joints of his body were in as great torture as that poor leg. Yet thrice more the wedge was driven in, till the bone itself was shattered, by its compression, and a heavy swoon relieved

him from longer consciousness of the mortal agony. He was carried back to prison, and soon afterwards condemned to death.

Being carried to the scaffold, he addressed himself to the people, and ended in this exalted strain, "Hereafter I will not talk with flesh and blood, nor think on the world's consolations. Farewell, all my friends, whose company has been refreshful to me in my pilgrimage! I have done with the light of the sun and moon. Welcome, eternal life, everlasting love, everlasting praise, everlasting glory! Praise to Him that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb for ever!"

Having done speaking to the people, who heard him with great attention, he sung a part of the 31st Psalm, and prayed with such power and fervency, as forced many to weep bitterly. Having

ended, he took off his cloak and hat; and when he turned and took hold of the ladder to go up, he said with an audible voice, "I care no more to go up this ladder and over it, than if I were going home to my father's house." And as he went up, hearing a great noise among the people, he called down to his fellow-sufferers, saying, "Friends and fellow-sufferers, be not afraid, every step of this ladder is a degree nearer heaven;" and after many affecting remarks, he closed with that sublimely eloquent address, "And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to thee, O Lord! and now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell, the world and all its delights; farewell, meat and drink; farewell, sun, moon, and stars! Welcome,

God and Father; welcome, sweet Lord Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant; welcome, blessed Spirit of grace and God of all consolation; welcome, glory; welcome, eternal life; welcome, death! O Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed my soul, Lord God of truth!" Thus in his 26th year he died, as he lived, in the Lord.

ROBERT NAIRN.

IN the persecutions in Scotland for conscience' sake, it was not only the ministers and prominent men who suffered, but the poor and secluded citizen was dragged out, tortured and slain. James Nairn was a shoemaker, in a place called Napierston, where he pursued his humble occupation in the fear of God. Being a firm Presbyterian, he refused to hear the Episcopal incumbent, and this gave deadly offence to the Prelatists. For this offence, he was fined twenty pounds, which was strictly exacted. But though this was paid, his persecutors were not satisfied; and he was obliged to abandon his employment, and retire from his family. His

house was frequently searched, and as frequently pillaged. On one occasion, he was visited at midnight by a party who sought to apprehend him; and his wife, with a child in her arms, was forced to escape to the fields, leaving behind her a maid-servant and three children. With drawn swords in their hands, the intruders searched every corner of the house, and not finding what they wanted, they seized the eldest boy, a child about fourteen years of age, and brandishing their glittering swords over his head, threatened to kill him on the spot, unless he discovered his father's hiding-place. The boy, however, continued firm—no terror could force him to yield. This treatment was no unusual thing with those barbarous men, for it was their practice to misuse and terrify the children, when they could not find the parents.

They sometimes gathered them in a group, and pretended they were going to shoot them, if they would not reveal what they wanted; and the poor children stood trembling and aghast with terror, when their muskets were pointed to their little breasts, expecting every moment when the deadly shot would be poured into them. Sometimes the soldiers would lead out one of them to the green before his father's door, and having tied up his eyes with a napkin, placed him on his knees, and then, with a refinement of cruelty, fired their pieces with a loud report over his head, which, in some cases, drove the poor child to distraction.

On this occasion, the officials who came to Nairn's house, took an inventory of every thing within the walls, excepting the cradle in which the babe slept, which they, happily, overlooked.

When this was done, they laid the person of whom the house was rented under a bond to deliver up to them, on his own responsibility, every article when called for. The two youngest children, the eldest not more than five years of age, they turned out of their beds, and carried away the bed-clothes, leaving them naked and terrified in the midst of the apartment; and the maid-servant they conveyed to prison, till she found bail to appear when summoned.

Some weeks after this, the sheriff-officers, having understood that some articles of furniture or of clothes belonging to Nairn were deposited in a neighbour's house, came and seized them; and in the night they turned his wife out of her bed, and carried her straight to prison, where she was sentenced to lie till she found bail to "keep the Kirk."

In the beginning of winter, this good

man crept from his hiding places, and ventured to his own house. In the warm months of summer, he made a shift to keep himself in a tolerably comfortable concealment; but the cold rain and snows of winter compelled him to seek a more sheltered retreat. He had not been long in the bosom of his family when the circumstance was made known to his persecutors, who one night came to apprehend him; but he, having received notice of their approach, made his escape, when the men followed and shot at him, and very narrowly missed him. He got into a wood, where he hid himself, but by lying on the ground in the thicket he caught a cold. This issued in a severe sickness, which obliged him to return to his house for the assistance which his case required. It was not long till his enemies were informed of his being again at home, and a party was instantly dis-

patched to bring him prisoner to Dumbarton, and if he was unable to walk, he was to be conveyed on horseback, but at all events he was to be brought. When John M'Allaster, his landlord, a worthy man, who first and last had shewn him no small kindness, heard that the party were come to remove the sick man, he met them and found means to detain them till Nairn was carried out of the way and concealed in a barn. Such plans were often tried by the friends of the sufferers; and the blustering troopers, who rode furiously up to the door, were, on their arrival, entertained with meat and drink, and such things as were gratifying to them; for it appears that the dragoons were either hungry or very thirsty, and it was therefore by no means difficult to intercept their progress by placing in their way what in this respect suited them.

Nairn lay in the barn till the morning, when he was carried to a friend's house, about a mile distant; and in the evening he died, and entered into peace, safe and far beyond the reach of his persecutors, who, though they did not kill him on the spot, were yet the cause of his death. His remains were brought to his own house, to prevent mischief from coming on the family under whose roof he expired. But his persecutors, though they could not reach the soul, endeavoured to do indignity to the corpse; for when the sexton went to dig the grave in the church-yard, the incumbent turned out the man, locked the gate, and would not suffer him to prepare a resting place within the enclosure, as if the lifeless body of the worthy man were not deserving of christian burial; to such a length did these men carry their hostility to the poor sufferers in those afflictive days.

The interment, however, was at length effected; but no sooner was it over than the widow and the son of the deceased were summoned for breach of the arrestment laid upon their own property, and fined heavily. So distressful were those times that there was no rest for a man but in his grave.

ROBERT AND JOHN FOREST.

JOHN FOREST, the Covenanter, lived in the parish of Carluke, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. John followed the humble occupation of a tailor, and was, with his wife, truly religious, and devoted to the cause of civil and religious liberty. He had two sons and one daughter, a family that was subjected to much annoyance and distress on account of their father's principles. Robert, the eldest son, was a youth of great piety, and firmly attached to the cause to which his father was so warmly devoted. He accompanied him to the various conventicles in the neighbourhood, and was much profited by the ministrations of such men as Cameron and Cargill, whom he

followed into the solitudes, and around whose tents he, with many others, gathered the manna that was so sweet to their taste. Robert was present on the memorable occasion at Airmoss, when the renowned Cameron, and other worthies, fell in self-defence, against the troops of Earlshall, who came upon them as they were hiding in the moss, and sought to run them down like the grass of the field. After the skirmish, Robert fled to Galloway, where, among its dark and rugged mountains, he contrived to conceal himself from the face of the foe.

John, the younger brother, was a man of a very different cast from Robert. His mind was not seriously impressed, and having become impatient of parental restraint, he left the home of his father, became a trooper, and associated himself with those who, in those unhappy times, persecuted the Church of God,

and grievously oppressed the virtuous peasantry throughout the land. This step was a matter of great distress to Robert; who could not brook the idea of his brother being in alliance with the persecutors, who were seeking, by the most unrighteous and cruel means, to suppress the cause which his father and himself, in common with the great body of the Covenanters, were labouring to maintain. Accordingly, he proceeded to seek out John, with a view to remonstrate with him—an adventure fraught with no small peril to himself; but his heart yearned over his brother, who had so grievously erred as to connect himself with the enemies of the Lord's people, and who might probably stain his hands with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Robert was solicitous for the credit of his father's house, and especially for the soul of his brother, whose eternal interests were so

deeply endangered. Having travelled from place to place, he at length found him with a party of troopers.

John met the kindly admonitions of Robert in a very unbecoming temper—he was greatly displeased at the interference of his brother. Stung to the heart with the reproofs which he administered, (for his own conscience upbraided him, and his conduct appeared nefarious even to himself,) his indignation rose to the highest pitch, and he left his poor and kindly brother with oaths and imprecations, and vowing vengeance. He instantly repaired to the commander of the garrison and lodged information against his own brother. In the meantime Robert had withdrawn, and knowing the temper of his brother, he was aware that mischief was pending. He sought a retreat somewhere in the wilds, and eluded the danger. John, however, was intent

on his mission of evil, and traversed the moors, and glens, and mountains of several contiguous parishes, in quest of the harmless object of his hatred, but without success; though he had received a party of troopers from his commander to apprehend his brother. Indignant at the failure of his first enterprise, he separated the dragoons into three small divisions, with strict injunctions to search every heath, and wood, and cottage, on their way back, and to leave no means untried to accomplish the end. Having thus arranged matters, and appointed the soldiers to meet on the evening of the second day, at a place called Braecleuch, he resolved to proceed alone, and to wend his way through the valleys of the Ken and the Deuch, if perchance he might meet with the object of his search. As he was advancing, singly and alone, along a remote glen, in the romantic

parish of Kells, he came all at once on a young man stretched at his full length on the heathy turf, with a book open before him. The thundering step of the trooper's horse roused the youth from his meditations, and, little expecting such an unseasonable intrusion, he sprang to his feet, and, seeing it impossible to escape, he stood still. Our adventurer, conceiving that a person found in such a situation must necessarily be an obnoxious Covenanter, and thinking that his new commission more especially bound him to execute vengeance on all such, prepared for the onslaught, and aimed at the life of an innocent man. He drew a pistol from his holster and, having asked sundry questions the answers to which he deemed unsatisfactory, he attempted to shoot, but the instrument missing fire, he drew his sword and advanced furiously to the slaughter. The young man re-

monstrated on the injustice and folly of such an aggression, and requested his assailant to listen to him for a moment. He stayed his hand for an instant, and listened to the young man while he uttered, with an uncommon energy and impressiveness of manner, the following words of holy writ: "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," and, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Just as the youth had finished the utterance of these awful words, a company of colts, that were grazing on the side of the hill, having observed the trooper's war steed in the glen below, rushed in a body down the steep, and Forest's horse began to neigh and prance at the approach of the sportive animals. This trifling incident arrested his attention, and his mind being impressed with the alarming threatenings which had just been sound-

ed in his ears, he restored his sword to its scabbard, and rode away, leaving the stranger unscathed and astonished at the unexpected deliverance.

But the trooper, who was about to smite to death an innocent man, was himself smitten with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Forest's conscience was wounded, and he was thrown into great perplexity and disquietude. He was now impressed with a conviction of the sinfulness of his conduct, and alarmed at the danger to which his iniquities exposed him. His cheerfulness forsook him, and his mind became dark and melancholy; a weight pressed upon his heart, which no efforts of his could remove. He joined his companions on the evening of the day he had appointed at Braecleuch, and his saddened looks did not escape the notice of the soldiers, who, naturally enough,

attributed the circumstance to his unsuccessful adventure. They did what they could, in their own rude way, to comfort him, but Forest could not efface from his mind the attitude and the words of the young man in the glen, from the shedding of whose blood an overruling Providence had so signally restrained him. His spirit was bowed down under the load of mental affliction; and this sensibly affected his bodily frame. Under the pretence of feeling unwell, he asked of his commander a few days' exemption from duty, which was readily granted. At the expiration of the time, however, his disorder was found to be nothing abated, but rather to be on the increase; and, therefore, he requested the liberty of repairing for a few weeks to the north, in hopes that, among his friends, and by means of his native air, his constitution might be strengthened. To this reason-

able request the officer acceded, and Forest left the garrison, glad to escape from a situation that had yielded so much discomfort.

When he reached Carluke, he found that his worthy parents were in the dust, and how far his conduct had contributed to bring down their heads with sorrow to the grave, it was left to himself to conjecture. His sister he found residing in a small cottage in the neighbourhood, alone, but not solitary, for God was with her, and in the midst of her sorrows her heart was at peace; and this her prodigal brother felt not his to be. When John saw his sister, his heart melted within him; the remembrance of his parents, and all their goodness and kindness, rushed upon his mind; he was oppressed with self-reproach on account of the base and ungracious part he had acted in abandoning the parental

roof, and connecting himself with the iniquitous persecutors. He opened his mind freely and fully to his sister, and acknowledged his grievous errors. His heart underwent a mighty revolution; he became sincerely penitent, and a true believer in the Saviour, and, through divine grace, he was determined to pursue for the future a very different line of conduct.

After remaining awhile with his beloved sister, and having received from her pious conversation that instruction and consolation he so much needed, he resolved to search out his brother, with an intent very different from that with which he went to seek him with his dragoons. He had now come to the full determination to unite himself to the persecuted people, and, for conscience' sake, to endure the hardships to which, in their company, he might be subjected.

From his sister he could learn nothing respecting his brother, excepting that he had proceeded to the south on the errand already specified, and, for any thing she could tell, his blood might have by this time stained the heather-blooms on the waste; but John was determined to find out his honest brother, whom he now felt to be very dear to him, to confess the injury he had meditated against him, to ask his forgiveness, and to inform him of the change of views he had now experienced. For this purpose he travelled southward, conjecturing that probably he might be found among the wilds of Galloway, not far from the scene of their interview at Carsphairn. In advancing across the country, it was now his solicitude to keep out of the way of the troopers, with whom, even though as yet they knew nothing of his change of sentiments, he wished to have no intercourse.

At length, after many a weary step, and after many an anxious inquiry, he found his brother in a secluded spot in the southern part of the parish of Kells, plying industriously his occupation for the purpose of earning an honest livelihood. The meeting between them was of a very affecting nature. John hastened to make known his change of mind, and to solicit forgiveness for the contemptuous manner in which he had treated his remonstrances, and for the injury he had done him. Robert, on the other hand, was overpowered with amazement and gratitude for the grace bestowed on his wayward brother, and regarded this decided change as an answer to the prayers of himself and his parents, whose solicitude on his behalf was very great. The brothers were now united in the same bond of high christian relationship, and in attachment to the

covenanting cause, in the defence of which they were to abide by each other. As they were both of the same manual occupation, they lived together for some time, and followed their employment in the various houses where their services were required. At length it became known to the garrison at Carsphairn that Forest, the trooper, was in the district, that he had become a renegade from their party, and had attached himself to the obnoxious Covenanters. In those days, when spies and informers were so numerous, it was impossible for persons in the covenanting interest to remain long concealed, and hence more than ordinary caution was requisite. The brothers, on learning that they were sought for, kept themselves as quiet as possible, though they never absented themselves from any of the prayer-meetings or conventicles that were held in the district.

On one occasion, a conventicle was kept by Mr. Renwick, on the banks of the Cree, in a solitary place in that wild district; and though it was in the depth of winter, and the spot many a long mile distant, they resolved to attend. They travelled all day, and reached the vicinity of the meeting-place in the dusk; and being afraid of discovery, they chose rather to seek a shelter in some woody retreat, or cave, during the night, than obtrude themselves into any but where the inhabitants were strangers to them, seeing the search for the fugitive dragoon was very strict. When they issued from their resting-place in the morning, they observed a shepherd traversing the waste after his flock, whom they accosted, and were happy to find him a friend. He gave them information respecting the precise place of the meeting, and conducted them to his house, to

bestow on them that hospitality which they no doubt needed. In a short time, the people convened in a suitable place, not far from the shepherd's hut, and the worship commenced. During the time that Mr. Renwick was reading out the psalm, John Forest, whose eyes were rivetted on the youthful servant of Christ, fainted, and was conveyed to the outskirts of the assembly. The circumstance created a stir among the people, and was attributed to the cold and the fatigue which he had previously endured. He was carried to the shepherd's cottage, and carefully attended till he recovered. In the mean time, the services went on at the conventicle, and Mr. Renwick, with his usual earnestness and sweetness, addressed them on the great matters of the gospel, to which the people listened with uncommon attention; for no person could avoid being attracted by Mr. Ren-

wick's manner, or fail to be impressed by the weighty truths which he uttered. The assembly was permitted to continue till the close of the services, and disperse without molestation—a circumstance more noticeable in those precarious times. After the dismissal of the conventicle, Robert was desirous that the minister should see his brother, and accordingly he accompanied him to the hut. When Mr. Renwick entered, John started up in his bed, and stretching out his hand, he exclaimed, “Sir, do you not recognize me?” “No,” replied Mr. Renwick, “I cannot say I do.” “What!” said Forest, “do you not recognize, in me, your intended murderer in the glen?” Mr. Renwick, supposing that the man was in a frenzy, desired him to compose himself, while he should pray in company with him. Forest, with great energy, recalled the circumstances to Mr. Renwick's mind, and craved his

forgiveness, adding, "I trust God has, for the ever blessed Redeemer's sake, forgiven me." This statement astonished every one present, and none more than Mr. Renwick, who saw, in this, an additional instance of the care of Providence over him, when in those days of peril, his life hung every hour in doubt before him; but what, doubtless, interested him more, was the grace bestowed on this poor man, who from being a persecutor, was become a lowly follower of the Saviour, and a member of that despised and wasted remnant, who strove, in the midst of the severest privations, to maintain the standard of the gospel on the mountains and solitudes of Scotland. Mr. Renwick did not fail to make a suitable improvement of the circumstance, and the little group rejoiced over the finding of this lost sheep, that had now returned to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

ROBERT BRUCE.

ROBERT BRUCE was born about the year 1554, and was bred to the study of the law; but, in consequence of strong conscientious feelings, he determined to relinquish that profession, which he did, and entered the ministry about the year 1590. He once told Dr. Livingston, that, in a dream, he had seen a great long book with black boards flying in the air, and a multitude of black fowls flying about it, and that, as it touched any of them, they fell down dead; and that he heard a voice, which was quite audible, saying, "*This is the ire of God upon the ministry of Scotland;*" and that he presently fell a weeping and crying to God that he might be kept faithful, and

not be one of those that were stricken down dead; and he said when he awoke he found all the pillow wet with his tears.

The day on which the news of Dr. Leighton's censure reached him, Mr. Bruce remained till late in his study, weeping. He said his grief was not for Dr. Leighton, but for himself; "for," said he, "if I had been faithful, I might have got the pillory, and some of my blood shed for Christ as well as he, but he hath got the crown from us all."

He was, both in public and private, very short in prayer with others, but then every sentence was like a bolt shot up to heaven.

When he preached at Larber, he was accustomed, after the first sermon on the Sabbath, when he had taken some little refreshment, to return to his chamber in a house near the kirk. One day

some noblemen being there, and he staying long in the chamber, and they having far to ride home after the afternoon's sermon, desired the bellman to go listen at the door, if there was any appearance of his coming. The bellman returned and said, "I think he shall not come out the day at all, for I hear him always saying to another, that he will not nor cannot go, except the other go with him, and I hear not the other answer him a word at all." The foolish bellman understood not that he was dealing with God.

Before king James's departure into Norway, to meet the princess of Denmark whom he was to marry, he appointed a provisional government, and Bruce was nominated as an extraordinary member of the privy council, the king declaring that he reposed more confidence in him and his brethren, than he did in all his

nobility. During the six months that the king was absent, the kingdom exhibited a scene of unwonted tranquillity; and, upon his return, so sensible was he of the valuable services of Bruce, that he declared he was “worth the quarter of his kingdom.”

Bruce was afterwards banished by the king, because he would not violate his conscience. He was allowed to return before his death, but was never forgiven by the king.

For some time previous to his death, which happened in August, 1631, he was, through age and infirmity, mostly confined to his chamber. Being frequently visited by friends and acquaintances, he was, on one occasion, asked by one of them, how matters stood between God and his soul. He made this reply, “When I was young I was diligent, and lived by faith on the Son of God; but

now I am old and not able to do so much, and yet he condescends to feed me with lumps of sense and experience." On the morning before he died, his sickness consisting chiefly of weakness, he came to breakfast, and having, as usual, eaten an egg, he said to his daughter, "I think I am yet hungry, ye may bring me another egg;" but instantly afterwards, falling into deep meditation, and after having mused a little, he said, "Hold, daughter, my Master calls me!" Upon these words his sight failed him; and calling for his family Bible, but finding he could not see, he said, "Cast up to me the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and set my finger on these words, *'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to*

separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Now," said he, "is my finger upon them?" and being told it was, he said, "Now God be with you, my children. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night,"—and so, like Abraham of old, he gave up the ghost, in a good old age, and was gathered to his people.

WALTER MILL.

THE death of this martyr is said to have contributed most effectually to the downfall of Popery in Scotland. He was born about the year 1476. He had been a parish priest, but having embraced the reformed religion, and left off the saying of Mass, he was, so early as the year 1538, arrested and condemned by Cardinal Beaton. He escaped, however, for his life into Germany, where he remained about twenty years. He then returned home, and having attempted to render himself useful, by instructing his neighbours in the Protestant faith, he was again taken and condemned as a heretic. His conduct, while on trial, powerfully evinced the sincerity of his faith, and

made a deep conviction on all who witnessed it.

He appeared before the court, so worn out with age and hardships, that it was not expected he would be able to answer the questions put to him; but to the surprise of all, he managed his defence with great spirit. He was condemned to the flames; but such was the horror now felt at this punishment, and such the general conviction of the innocence of the victim, that the clergy could not prevail on a secular judge to ratify the sentence, nor an individual in the town, so much as to give or sell a rope to bind the martyr to the stake, so that the archbishop had to furnish them with a cord from his own pavilion.

All things being prepared, he was led forth, with a guard of armed men, to execution. On reaching the place, some called on him to recant; he answered, "I

marvel at your rage, ye hypocrites, who do so cruelly pursue the servants of God; as for me, I am now eighty two years old, and cannot live long by course of nature; but an hundred shall rise out of my ashes, who shall scatter you, ye hypocrites and persecutors of God's people. I trust I shall be the last who shall suffer death in this fashion, for this cause in this land." Being ordered by Oliphant, one of the persecutors, to go up to the stake, he refused, and said, "No, I will not go except thou put me up with thy hand, for by the law of God I am forbidden to put hands to myself; but if thou wilt put to thy hand, and take part of my death, then shalt thou see me go up gladly." Then Oliphant putting him forward, he went up with a cheerful countenance, saying, "I will go unto the altar of God." Having then asked permission to speak to the people, he was answered

by Oliphant, that he had spoken too much already, and that the bishops were exceedingly displeased with what he had said. But some youth having taken his part, and called him to say on what he pleased, he first went to his knees and prayer, then arose; and, standing upon the coals, he said, "Dear friends, the cause why I suffer this day is not for any crime laid to my charge, though I acknowledge myself a miserable sinner before God; but only for the defence of the truths of Jesus Christ, set forth in the Old and New Testaments, for which, as many faithful martyrs have offered their lives most gladly, so this day I praise God that he hath called me, among the rest of his servants, to seal his truth with my life, which as I have received it of him, so I willingly offer it up for his glory." During this speech, loud murmurs and lamentations were heard among

the multitude : some admiring the patience, boldness, and constancy of the martyr; others complaining of the hard measures and cruelty of the persecutors. Having spoken as above, he again prayed a little while, and was then drawn up and bound to the stake. The fire being kindled, he cried, "Lord have mercy on me; pray, pray, good people, while there is time,"—and thus cheerfully yielded up his spirit into the hands of God.

The citizens of St. Andrews marked the spot on which the martyr died, by rearing over it an immense heap of stones; and as often as the priests caused it to be removed, the sullen and ominous memorial was restored by the next morning. The knell of Popery had rung; and Scotland was prepared to start up, as one man, and shake itself free of the monster which had for so many centuries prostrated its strength and preyed upon its vitals.

PETER BRULIUS.

ABOUT the year 1538, a college or school was opened at Strasburg, a free imperial city upon the Rhine. This college soon attained great celebrity. Among those drawn thither by its character was Peter Brulius, and he was for some time pastor of the church of which Calvin had been pastor before him. About this time, there prevailed throughout the Netherlands a great desire to be instructed in the reformed religion; and some people of Tournay having heard of Brulius, sent to Strasburg, and invited him to settle among them. Ready in every good word and work, this excellent man complied with their request, and arrived in Tournay in September, 1544, and was

most joyfully received by those who had sent for him. After staying some time, he made an excursion to Lisle, in Flanders, in order to propagate the truth, and having accomplished his purpose, he returned to Tournay. The Romish governors, having heard of his business, ordered the gates of the city to be shut, and strict search to be made for him. In this imminent danger, as there was no possibility of concealing him longer, his friends, in the night, let him down over the wall by a rope. When he had reached the ground, he sat down to take a little rest; but one of those who assisted in the escape, leaning as far as he could over the wall, that he might softly bid him farewell, forced out a loose stone with his foot, which fell upon Brulius's leg and broke it. The pain occasioned by this wound, and the severe cold of the night, extorted such loud groans

from the good man, as alarmed the watch, who soon seized the prey and committed him to prison.

The afflicting news soon reached Germany, but no efforts of his friends could procure his release, and soon after, he was put to death. The manner of his execution was severe, his body being burned by a slow fire, for his greater torment. But nothing could triumph over his faith, for he stood to the truth of God to his last breath, and exhorted, by letter, many of his friends who were imprisoned for the gospel's sake, to hold fast their profession. Before his death, he underwent an examination before his accusers, in which he made a glorious confession of Christ. Some days before he was brought to trial, he wrote of all his sufferings and of his examination, to his wife and friends, who had earnestly requested an account of his treatment.

The last letter which he wrote must have been a most affecting one indeed. It was written to his wife the day before he suffered. He gave her an account of the kind of death he was to endure on the ensuing day, and filled his letter with pious exhortations and consolations to her; concluding, that she ought not to be grieved for his sake, but to rejoice, since this whole dispensation was an honour that his heavenly Father conferred upon him, and that Jesus Christ had suffered infinitely more for him.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD is one of those characters whom every one thinks he should know by his writings, as familiarly as if he had seen him face to face. Rutherford was the most popular preacher of his day, and was distinguished as much for his learning as for his eloquence. He received invitations to the chair of philosophy in more than one of the foreign universities; but such was his love to his native country, that he could not desert her in the midst of her troubles. The following anecdote of his infancy, though it approaches the marvellous, is so characteristic of the future man and the age in which he lived that it deserves to be preserved: while

amusing himself with some of his companions, Samuel, then a mere child, fell into a deep well; the rest of the children ran off to alarm his parents, who, on reaching the spot, were astonished to find him seated on an adjoining hillock, cold and dripping. On being questioned how he got there, he replied, that “a bonnie white man came and drew him out of the well.”

The minutest particulars concerning such a person are interesting. The following are curious:—“I have known many great and good ministers in this church,” said an aged cotemporary pastor, who survived the Revolution, “but for such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherford was, I never knew one in Scotland like him, to whom so many gifts were given; for he seemed to be altogether taken up with every thing good, and excellent, and useful. He seemed to be always

praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechizing, always writing and studying. He had two quick eyes, and when he walked it was observed that he held his face upward. He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of *skreigh*, that I never heard the like. Many times I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit, when he came to speak of Jesus Christ."

One day, when preaching in Edinburgh, after dwelling for some time on the differences of the day, he broke out with—"Woe is unto us for these sad divisions, that make us lose the fair scent of the rose of Sharon," and then he went on commending Christ, going over all his precious styles and titles, about a quarter of an hour; upon which the laird of Glanderstone said in a loud whisper, "Ay, row you are right—hold you there."

Rutherford died in 1661, shortly after his book, called "Lex Rex," was burned by the hangman at Edinburgh. He departed just in time to avoid an ignominious death; for, though every body knew he was dying, the council had, with impotent malice, summoned him to appear before them, at Edinburgh, on a charge of high treason. When the citation came, he said, "Tell them I have got a summons already, before a superior judge and judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." When they returned and reported that he was dying, the parliament, with a few dissenting voices, voted that he should not be allowed to die in the college! Upon this Lord Burleigh said, "Ye have voted that honest man out of his college, but ye cannot vote him out of heaven." Some of them

profanely remarked, "he would never win there—hell was too good for him." "I wish I were as sure of heaven as he is," replied Burleigh, "I would think myself happy to get *a gripe of his sleeve to haul me in.*"

Among his brethren, who came to pray with him on his death-bed, were Mr. Wood, an excellent man, and Mr. Honeyman, who afterwards was made a bishop, and distinguished himself for his opposition to the cause of God. It was observed that when Mr. Wood prayed, the dying man was not much affected, but when Mr. Honeyman was engaged, he wept all the time of the prayer. Being afterwards asked the reason for this, he replied, "Mr. Wood and I will meet again, though we be now to part; but, alas for poor Honeyman! He and I will never meet again in another world—and this made me weep!"

When dying, he frequently repeated, "O for arms to embrace them! O for a well tuned harp! I hear him saying to me, 'Come up hither!'" "And thus," says Howie, "the renowned eagle took its flight into the mountain of spices."

HUGH OWEN.

MR. OWEN was a Welch preacher; he lived upon his own little estate, and preached the gospel to the poor ignorant people *gratis*. He was a burning and a shining light in this obscure corner, a bright star that moved in a large orb.

He had a circuit about thirty miles in extent, which he performed in about three months, and then back again. His preaching was very affectionate and moving. Great numbers of people attended his ministry, and were much impressed by it. His indefatigable labours much impaired his health, as he often rode in the night, and in cold rains, over the mountains, scarcely allowing himself necessary food. He rarely ate any flesh,

and avoided all strong liquors. His principal food was milk, to which he used himself, by lodging in poor houses where they had nothing else, and only beds of straw.

He had many remarkable deliverances in answer to prayer. As he was once coming home, in a very dark night, he lost his way, and found himself in a dangerous place. In this extremity, he alighted from his horse, and prayed to God to direct him. Before he had done praying, the heavens cleared over his head, so that he plainly perceived the way and escaped the danger. Another time, going to preach in a frosty, snowy season, he was benighted on the hills, and a sudden storm arose, which drove the snow so violently in his face that the horse could not go forward. He, therefore, let him go as he would, till he perceived himself in danger of the bogs,

so that it was not safe to ride any farther. After he had commended himself to godly prayer, he left his horse to shift for himself, and walked in his boots in a deep snow till midnight, when he was so spent, and so affected with the cold that he despaired of life. Providentially in a little time he came to a cow-house, into which he attempted to enter, but when he got to the door he found it barred within. He scrambled about for above an hour, trying to get in, but to no purpose. At length, when all hope was gone, he discovered a hole at one end of the place, and, with much difficulty, got in that way, and lay between the cattle till morning, when he crept out again, and seeing a house not far off he went to it, and knocked at the door. The master of the house arose and let him in, when he found his hair and beard frozen, his hands benumbed, his clothes stiff with

frost and snow, and himself scarcely able to speak. He made a good fire and gave him some hot milk and put him into a warm bed, where he lay some hours, after which he preached the same morning without suffering by it.

JOHN BLACKADER.

JOHN BLACKADER was one of those bold and faithful preachers, in the days of Scotland's troubles, who was expelled from his charge for conscience' sake; but after his ejection he continued to preach in the fields to his persecuted followers. One of his sons, then a mere child, relates, with much simplicity, what happened on one of these occasions:—"A party of the king's guard of horse, called Blue-bearders, came from Dumfries to Troqueer, to search for and apprehend my father, but found him not; for what occasion I know not. So soon as the party entered the close, and came into the house, with cursing and swearing, we that were children were frightened out of our little

wits and ran up stairs, and I among them; who, when I heard them all roaring in the room below, like so many breathing devils, I had the childish curiosity to get down upon my belly and peep through a hole in the floor above them, to see what monsters of creatures they were; and it seems they were monsters, indeed, for cruelty; for one of them, perceiving what I was doing, immediately drew his sword and thrust it up where I was peeping, so that the mark of the point was scarce an inch from the hole, though no thanks to the murdering ruffian, who designed to run it up through my eye. Immediately after, we were forced to pack up, bag and baggage, and remove to Glencairn, ten miles from Troqueer. We, who were the children, were put into cadgers' creels, where one of us cried out, coming through the bridge end of Dumfries, 'I'm

banisht, I'm banisht!' One happened to ask, 'Who has banished ye, my bairn?' He answered, 'Bite-the-sheep (a nickname for the bishop) has banisht me.'"

The same boy gives the following artless, but graphic, account of one of those scenes which took place when he was about ten years of age:—"About this time (the end of winter, 1666), Turner and a party of sodgers from Galloway came to search for my father, who had gone to Edinburgh. These rascally ruffians beset our house round, about two o'clock in the morning, cursing on us to open the door. Upon which we all got up, young and old, excepting my sister, with the nurse and the child at her breast. When they came in, the fire was gone out; they roared out again, 'Light a candle immediately, and on with a fire quickly, or else we'll roast nurse and bairn and all in the fire, and make a bra'

bleeze.' When the candle was lighted, they drew out their swords and went to the stools and chairs, and clove them down to make the fire withal; and they made me hold the candle to them, trembling all along, and fearing every moment to be thrown quick into the fire. They then went to search the house for my father, running their swords down through the beds and bed-clothes; and among the rest they came where my sister was, then a child, and as yet fast asleep, and with their swords stabbed down through the bed where she was lying, crying, 'Come out, rebel dog.' They made narrow search for him in all corners of the house, ransacking presses, chests, and flesh-stands. Then they went and threw down all his books, from the press, upon the floor, and caused poor me to hold the candle all this while, till they had examined his books; and all they thought

whiggish, as they termed it, (and brave judges they were,) they put into a great horse-creel, and took away. Then they ordered one of their fellow-ruffians to climb up to the hen-coops, where the cocks and hens were; and as they came to one, threw about its neck, and down to the floor wi't; and so on till they had destroyed them all. Then they went to the meat-aumry, and took out what was there; then to the meal and beef barrels, and left little or nothing there. All this I was an eye-witness to, trembling and shivering all the while, having nothing but my short shirt upon me. So soon as I was relieved of my office, I began to think, if possible, of making my escape, rather than to be burnt quick, as I thought and they threatened. I went to the door, where there was a sentry on every side, standing with their swords drawn; for watches were set around

to prevent escape. I approached nearer and nearer, by small degrees, making as if I were playing myself. At last, I got out there, making still as if I were playing, till I came to the gate of the house; then, with all the speed I had, (looking behind me, now and then, to see if they were pursuing after me,) I run the length of half a mile, in the dark night, naked to the shirt. I got to a neighbouring town, where, thinking to creep into some house to save my life, I found all the doors shut, and the people sleeping. Upon which, I went to the cross of the town, and got up to the uppermost step of it; and then I sat me down, and fell fast asleep till the morning. Between five and six, a door opens, and an old woman comes out, and seeing a white thing upon the cross, comes near it; and, when she finds it was a little boy, cries out, 'Save us! what art thou?' With

that I awoke, and answered her, 'I am Mr. Blackader's son.' 'O my poor bairn! what brought thee here?' I answer, 'There's a hantle of fearful men, with red coats, has burnt all our house, my breether and sister, and all the family!' 'O poor thing!' says she, 'come in, and lie down in my warm bed:' which I did—and it was the sweetest bed I ever met with."

JAMES RENWICK.

AFTER all others had ceased to hold field-meetings, contented with the liberty they enjoyed, or unwilling to expose their people to almost certain destruction by an unequal war with the royal forces, one individual alone continued to out-brave the government by persevering in the practice. This was Mr. James Renwick. Born of poor but pious parents, he was early devoted to the work of the ministry, and after finishing his course at the university, he went abroad, and received licence in the United Provinces. In September 1683, he returned to Scotland, and joining himself to the society-people, became their minister. With the ardour of youth, and the zeal of a

martyr, he entered into all the extreme measures of his party; he penned the Sanquhar declaration, and preached with great keenness against all who accepted the various indulgences and tolerations of the period. It may be easily conceived that such a character would be obnoxious to the government. Young as he was, they thirsted for his blood, and set a high price upon his head. After a variety of hair-breadth escapes, he was at last apprehended in the beginning of February 1688. When brought before the Council, he boldly avowed his principles, disowning the authority of the king, and acknowledging that he taught his people that it was unlawful to pay cess, and lawful to come in arms to the field-meetings, to defend themselves against the king's forces. The Council, struck with his ingenuousness and extreme youth, employed various methods to in-

duce him to qualify or retract these sentiments, but in vain. He stood firm, and was brought to the scaffold. There he displayed the same noble intrepidity of mind, mingled with a spirit of cheerful and elevated devotion. "Lord," he said in his last prayer, "I die in the faith that thou wilt not leave Scotland, but that thou wilt make the blood of thy witnesses to be the seed of thy church, and return again and be glorious in this land. Now, Lord, I am ready; the bride, the Lamb's wife, hath made herself ready." He died, February 18, 1688, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

We are told that "the drums beat all the time, from his first ascending the scaffold, till he was cast over, without intermission." The government were too conscious of the injustice of their cause, and too much afraid of the impression

likely to be produced by the home truths which came from the lips of this faithful witness, to allow him to be heard. But they failed to stifle his testimony; and his death may be said to have sealed their doom. He was the last that suffered martyrdom in Scotland.

THE END.

3063. HEecl.
Scot.
L.

Author

Title Life sketches.

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