

that historian is in recording the *facts* of the "killing times," he shows an utter incompetency to deal with the question of principles and springs of action. It is utterly false to speak of the "mood" of these heroic people, as "the audacity of their despair." Even in the darkest night of their oppression they knew nothing of *despair*. They were ever filled with joyful hope that their cause would ultimately triumph. It was not *despair* that nerved them either for the scaffold or the battle field, but "a good hope through grace" of their own personal salvation, unshaken confidence in the righteousness of their cause and full assurance of its final glorious triumph. For the phrase "the audacity of their despair," the historian should have substituted "the heroism of their hope." We extract the following from a contemporary:—

"One of the most noted of these persecuted men was the venerable Alexander Peden, who persisted in preaching the gospel in the wilds of his native land, traditions of whose history are said to be familiar in every cottage of Scotland. He had no home, and therefore spent much of his time in the fields and mountains, gathering a few people together to hold a meeting wherever there seemed to be a place of safety. If they were discovered, they fled to some hiding place unknown to their enemy. The caves by the mountain streams, the dense hazel wood in the deep glen, the feathery brackens on the hill, the green corn, when it was tall enough to screen them from observation, afforded both a retreat from their pursuers and a place for communing with their God. Among the many secret holes to which this good man occasionally retreated was the solitude of Glendyne. The width of the glen at the bottom is little more than five or six times the breadth of the brawling torrent that rushes through it. Dark, precipitous mountains rise on either side to an immense height. Towards this spot, which was only known to a few persons, he was hastening with three or four companions when he was discovered by the moss-troopers, as the king's soldiers were called. As they attempted to make their escape, they found themselves almost surrounded by the soldiers advancing up the mountain.

Mr. Peden immediately ordered a halt, and kneeling down, offered up the following prayer:—

'Twine then about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over old Sandy, and the poor things; and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of thy goodness, pity and compassion, what thou didst for us at such a time.' He had no sooner risen from his knees than dense volumes of snow-white mist came rolling down from the summit of the hills, shrouding them from the sight of their pursuers who like the men of Sodom when they were smitten with blindness could not grope their way after them.

A SYRIAN WEDDING.

Some evenings ago Mr. Easson and I attended a wedding in Latakiyeh. When we arrived at the dwelling it was already thronged and brilliantly illuminated. The elite of the city (Greek Christians) were present, dressed in their best and looking their sweetest, except the bride, who according to an inexorable custom is compelled to look as glum and sour as possible. Custom also forbids her to address any of her company. In most places she is required to be closely veiled, but here they seem to have violated the custom. The bride, arrayed in her robes, was seated in a position where all could see her, and there she sat for four long hours until the arrival of the bridegroom. The guests, who are invited by the parents of the bride only, appear at the house of the bride. Those