

reached the top, he cried with a loud voice,—“I beseech you all who are the people of God not to scorn at suffering for the interest of Christ, or stumble at any thing of this kind falling out in these days. Be encouraged to suffer for Him, for I assure you, in the name of the Lord, He will bear your charges!” Then asking the executioner if he was ready to do his office, and being answered that he was, he gave the signal, and was turned off, crying,—“Pray! pray! praise! praise!”

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

The *Christian at Work*, in a late issue, thus notices the heroic struggles of the Scottish Presbyterians, in the days of the Stuarts, “for freedom of conscience, for the rights of the human soul:”—“The contest grew out of the attempts made by the Government of England to force the Established Church on the Presbyterian people of Scotland. The former had learned its lesson of Papal masters, and could brook no dissent. ‘No bishop, no king,’ was the British Episcopal motto. King James VI. declared that dissent was democracy, and ‘a Scottish Presbytery is as well fitted with monarchy as God and the devil!’ The Scottish Presbyterians rallied in 1557 to protect themselves, and framed a memorable covenant; but the actual conflict began immediately after the singing of the National Covenant in 1683. The events of the following fifty years seem hardly credible. The last execution was that of James Renwick who was only twenty-five years old, a young man of remarkable devotion, ability and eloquence. His preaching created great excitement. The authorities outlawed him, forbidding any one to harbor or hear him, and set a price of a hundred pounds on his head. He travelled from county to county, preaching in one parish after another for four years, yet moving with such celerity that he escaped his pursuers until he became so worn out by toil, peril and privation that he could not sit on horseback without having a friend on each side to hold him up in the saddle; and he preached and prayed by the side of a swift horse, saddled and bridled, ready for instant mounting. At last he was knocked down by a long club and captured. His beauty, sweetness and lofty firmness made a powerful impression on the authorities, and they begged him to ask for a pardon. He would do nothing that seemed to imply that he had done wrong, and on the morning of his execution he wrote, ‘Death to me is as a bed to the weary.’ He was hung in the Grass Market at Edinburgh, February 17th, 1668, his address to the people being drowned by drums. And six weeks after king James was a disrowned fugitive. The story shows what a terrible price brave and faithful men paid for our present freedom and its privileges.”

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.