

called upon to preach another sermon, on the melancholy occasion of the death of the good Regent Murray, when "three thousand persons were dissolved in tears before him." His grief upon this occasion, together with the results of his arduous labours, brought on an attack of apoplexy that filled his friends with fear and sorrow, and caused universal exultation among his enemies. He recovered, however, and in the following year the Queen's party, gaining the upper hand in Edinburgh, and threatening his life, was compelled to retire to St. Andrew's. Still troubles followed him, and one of the greatest was the desire of certain men to retain episcopacy in the Kirk. In his own language "he was weary and thirsting to depart." On August the 17th, a week before the Bartholinew massacre, he left St. Andrew's for Edinburgh. In the beginning of September the news of the massacre reached Scotland. Knox had been the friend of many that had perished in it, and, apart from private friendship, the cause of Christ in that as in other lands was near his heart. "Being conveyed to the pulpit, and summoning up the remainder of his strength, he thundered the vengeance of Heaven against 'that cruel murderer and false traitor, the King of France,' and desired Le Croc, the French ambassador, to tell his master that sentence was pronounced against him in Scotland, that the divine vengeance would never depart from him nor from his house, if repentance did not ensue." On Sabbath the 9th of November he preached his last sermon in the Tolbooth Church, and from thence went to St. Giles, where he inducted Lawson, his successor. Like Paul before the elders of Ephesus, he justified himself, praising God and exhorting the people to continue steadfast in the faith. The congregation followed his feeble steps till he entered his house, from which he never came out alive. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 24th he gave a deep sigh and said "Now, it is come." It was heaven, rest, peace, everlasting joy that had come; the spirit of John Knox was with his God and Saviour.

Of Knox we may truly say, as has been said with far less truth of many, "if you seek his monument, look around you." The great Presbyterian Churches of Scotland; the sister church of Ireland, and the immense body in the United States, with the smaller Presbyterian denominations that flourish alongside of them; the vigorous offshoots in England, Canada, and Australia; missions in every part of the world; with many a mighty power of education and influence, making men and nations wise and free and God-fearing—these are part of the monument that no human but the Divine hand, that led him out of Popish darkness, has reared to the memory of the great reformer. We do not propose to speak of his character. The short sketch of his life which we have given is sufficient to set forth the boldness, truthfulness, zeal, love, and ardent piety of Scotland's greatest hero, John Knox.

Missionary Intelligence.

FREE CHURCH MISSIONS.

Mr. Edward, at Breslau, has a field of labour among twenty thousand Jews, many of whom seem friendly to the truth. Mr. Moody, of Prague, holds with Dr. Delitsch that no church or missionary society ought to baptize a Jew without the earnest purpose of helping him through his preliminary difficulties, and giving him such aid as he may require until he be