

that soon after the accession of Charles II. Episcopacy was forced upon the people of Scotland, and all who resisted were treated as rebels. To intimidate the great mass of Presbyterians, and to suppress opposition, two distinguished individuals were accused—liberally accused—yet tried, condemned, and executed—the Marquis of Argyle, and the Rev. James Guthrie of Stirling—singular men in their day, for might of character, talents, and piety. These individuals were fixed on as being considered those who would oppose the most influential resistance to the measures contemplated by Government in the restoration of Prebacy. In resolving to set up Episcopacy in Scotland, the meetings of Presbyteries were prohibited, bishops were appointed, acts of uniformity were passed, oaths were imposed, and all who made opposition to the tyranny of Government, or who ventured to adhere to Presbtery, were exposed to the violence of persecution of every possible form. Nearly four hundred ministers were excluded from their charges for their non-conformity, and subjected to severe privations. "But they resolved to fulfil their ministry, as they might have opportunity, to whatever sufferings their faithfulness to Christ and love to souls might expose them. Their labours were eminently blessed for encouraging and establishing the faithful friends of the Reformed religion. But to attend their meetings (now stigmatized as conventicles) for the worship of the God of their fathers, was first prohibited under various civil pains, and afterwards declared to be treasonable; and these sanguinary laws were executed with a savage barbarity. Many were reduced to indigence by the most vexatious prosecutions; some were driven into exile; others "were tortured, not accepting deliverance," and not a few perished on the scaffold, and in the high places of the field. Rarely, indeed, if ever, had even the arbitrary and cruel intolerance of Popery exceeded the tyrannical and barbarous measures to which the Protestant Government of Britain resorted, during this period, to suppress the Presbyterian worship and order in Scotland.

"But the Lord had pity for his name's sake. He saw the affliction and heard the cry of his people, and came down to deliver them. By the memorable revolution he broke in pieces the rod of the oppressor, and wrought a signal redemption for our Church and Nation." (Historical testimony of the United Secession Church)

In another communication we shall present the Revolution Church, and trace, from its character and actions, the reasonable and providential origin of the United Presbyterian Church.

Cleanings.

THE DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was waked away,
To the moorlands of mist, where the myrtles lay;
There Cameron's sword and Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone, where the heather grows green.
'Twas a dream of the ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountains and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark mounlains the standing of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying;
It was morning, and summer's bright sun from the east,
Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairnabate the clear shining dew,
Glistened aheen 'mong the heathbells and mountain flowers blue;
And far up in heaven, in the clear shining cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's dark solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and the bleating of sheep;
And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed nothing but gladness;
The first meadow blooms hung in beauty and rclness;
His daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of bright July's green morning.
But ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revelations;
Who drank thought from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.
'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl were crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were horring,
And their bridles-reins rung through the mist misty cutting.
Their faces were pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation;
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing;
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
While the hosts of the ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.
'Tough in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
'Their dark eyes a shot lightning, as bright as the sun,
They stood like the rock when the lightning is rending.
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
'The helmets were elfin, and the red blood was steaming;
'The heavens were dark, and the thunders were tolling,
While in Wellwood's dark mountains the mighty were falling—
When the righteous had fallen, and the coast was waged,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
Its attendants were angels, and cherubs of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axes of brightness;
A scroll unfolded the doors bright and shining,
And the souls that came forth out of great affliction,
Have mounted the chariot and streets of salvation,
On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the price is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

Histor.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

It matters little at what hour of the day
The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come
To him uniformly who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

Histor.

MILMAN.

DAHOMY AND ITS CUSTOMS.

In the Record, for April last, there is given an extract of a letter from John Beccoff, Esq., stating that in May, 1850, he and a Commodore Forbes paid a visit to the capital of Dahomey, and remained six weeks in that Golgotha of Skulls; the object of their visit being to induce Gizeo, the King of the Dahomans, to sign a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade, which, unhappily, he refused to do. Mr. Forbes has lately published, in two numbers, a narrative of this visit, and of one, which is in company with Mr. Duncan, the late traveller in Africa, he paid in October, 1849. As little comparatively, has, up to this period, been known of Dahomey, and as the minute narrative, and the beautifully coloured plates of these painfully interesting volumes, give a vivid idea of the remarkable customs of this extraordinary people, and shew the fearfully deteriorating influence which the slave trade has upon the nations of Africa, our readers, we doubt not, will peruse with deep interest at the following details:—

Dahomey, a military and slave-hunting nation.—Dahomey extends from the banks of the Niger to those of the Volta, and from the coast to the Kong mountains; its capital is Whydah. It is the principal support of the slave trade, north of the line; and could the King be persuaded to give up this infamous traffic, it would cease along nearly the whole northern coast of Africa. The population of Dahomey does not exceed 200,000, of which not more than 30,000 are free. The regular army consists of 12,000, and of these, 5000 are amorous or women soldiers, trained to warlike exercises, fully armed, forming the main strength of the army, and consisting in courage and in deeds of blood the male troops. The whole population is at the disposal of the King, and is just in fact an armed association, whose sole object is to hunt for slaves, and whose time is occupied by warlike expeditions and festivals. When the King goes to war, he leaves about 24,000 soldiers, and about as many camp followers, and thus he moves on his desolating expeditions with nearly a fourth part of his people. At certain of the annual customs, it is usual for the soldiers, both male and female, in their songs and addresses, to demand that some neighbouring town or nation be given up to them; when this demand has been made for three successive years, it is generally granted, and the ruin of that people becomes the object of the annual slave hunt. The soldiers have no regular pay. Their support is derived from presents which the King throws to them on one of the festival days, and from rewards for captives, and for heads taken in war. They have thus a pecuniary interest in these bloody expeditions. The months of August and September are occupied in serving out ammunition, and in preparing for war. The King then "makes a custom to the memory of his father, which generally lasts a month." In November or December, the army, headed by the King, sets out upon the annual slave hunt. It marches steadily, and pounces on the first strong city; and should the attack be successful, it massacres ruthlessly the old and the weak, and carries off those only that are fit for the slave market. The whole district is reduced to desolation. The army returns home in barbarous triumph; and the other months of the year are spent in feasting; and in the celebration of the national customs. During these, the people are kept "in a fever of excitement, dancing, singing, haranguing and cutting off heads." The country, though fertile, is but thinly inhabited; industry and agriculture are not encouraged, as such pursuits would interfere with a slave hunting; and all around them are ruin and devastation; the mud