

THE REFORMERS NOT ILLITERATE.

Here let us enter a protest against those who loosely talk of the Scottish Reformers as a set of illiterate fanatics, or rough, ill-mannered bigots. Hamilton and Wishart had mingled in the most polished society, and were, in manner and spirit, perfect gentlemen. John Willock, who was so closely associated with Knox, had been domestic chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, and probably one of the instructors of that accomplished lady herself. He had been the close associate of the leading scholars and divines in Edward's reign,—“That notable man, John Willock,” as Knox admiringly styles him. Knox himself was a man of scholarly attainments and wonderful knowledge of men and things. He was related by marriage to the best of the land, kept company with the leading aristocracy, had resided at the court of England, knew all knightly accomplishments. John Row, another of Knox's associates, had a most exact knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and Italian. “Perhaps some of our literati” (says McCrie) “who entertain such a diminutive idea of the taste and learning of those times, might have been taken by surprise had they been set down at the table of one of our Scottish Reformers, surrounded with a circle of his children and pupils, where the conversation was all carried on in French, and the chapter of the Bible, at family worship, was read by the boys in French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Perhaps they might have blushed if the Book had been put into their hands, and had they been required to perform a part of the exercises. Such, however, was the common practice in the house of John Row.” We know what a prodigy of learning was George Buchanan, Knox's fellow-student at college. Sir David Lindsay, too, was a man of fine talents and taste—poet and satirist of the Reforming era—well-thumbed editions of whose works used to be in the “boll” of almost every Scottish peasant's cottage, to whom Sir Walter Scott makes such complimentary allusion in some of his prose writings, and of whom, in *Marmion*, he has drawn the beautiful picture.—

“A man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave and sage,
As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen and sly
Expression found its home.
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the Keys of Rome.
Still is thy name in high account
And still thy verse has charms.
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King at Arms.”

KNOX NO CYNIC.

It is true, Knox made Mary weep, but he had no pleasure in her tears. She sobbed passionately. He quietly waited till the flood had spent itself, and then calmly and kindly said, “that he never took delight in the distress of any creature, that it was with great difficulty he could see his own boys weep when