

But that work which cost me ten years of labor, will be a grand octavo of at least 700 pages. Its printing is too expensive for my limited means. I must ask the help of my friends in Nova Scotia and elsewhere to publish, not as a gift or a loan, but as the price of the volume which can not be less than \$5. By sending me that sum by Post Office Order, every one of my Christian friends will have the book forwarded by mail. It will be sent gratis to every daily, weekly or monthly paper that will have the kindness to reproduce this letter. The same thing will be done to every one who will send me \$40 collected from eight subscribers to the work.

Truly yours,
C. CHINIQUE.

THE MURDER OF JOHN BROWN.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

In these days of ease, when every man can worship under his vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid, we too often undervalue our privileges. It is well at times to turn to the darker pages of history, especially to those that tell of the sufferings of our own Scottish forefathers, when for Christ's crown and covenant, they laid down their lives.

Nowhere in the world's annals do we find more unswerving purity, and piety, and faithfulness, more single hearted devotion to God, than among the Scottish Covenanters. Though there is now no need for the self-denial and suffering that they endured, would that the Church now possessed more of their spirit.

We give a story from a book called "Martyrs and heroes of the Scottish covenant," which will interest young and old and should make us all more thankful for the privileges we enjoy.

In 1684 another measure, still more cruel, was adopted. The common soldiers were empowered, without indictment or trial, to put to death suspicious persons if they refused to take the oaths, or to answer the questions which they pressed upon them. Hence occurred the never-to-be-forgotten murder of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier. This man lived at a

house (still standing, we believe,) called Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk. It occupied an eminence commanding a wide and waste view of heath, mosses and rocks.

John Brown was an amiable and blameless man. He had taken no part in the risings or public testifyings of the times. His only crimes were, his non-attendance on the curate of the parish, and his occasionally retiring, with some like-minded, to a favorite ravine among the moors, where they spent the Sabbath-day in praise and prayer. His wife was a noble spirit; blithe, light-hearted, humorous even. While he, on the other hand, was gravely mild and sedate, her smile shone on him like sunshine on a dun hill-side, and transfigured him into gladness. His family was one of peace, although Isabel Weir was his second wife, and three children of the first alive. All were wont to pour out like blood from one heart, to meet him, when he was seen approaching or his pack-horse from his distant excursions.

Latterly, as the persecution fell darker and closed in around those Ayrshire woods, John could no longer ply his trade; nay, was even compelled, occasionally, to leave his home, and spend days and nights in the remoter solitudes of the country.

Nevertheless, his hour at last arrived. It was the 30th of April, 1685. John Brown had been at home, and unmolested for some time; he had risen early, and had performed family worship. The psalm sung was the twenty-seventh, and the chapter read the 16th of John; which closes with the remarkable words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." His prayer was, as usual powerful and fervent; for although he stammered in common speech, he never stammered in prayer: He could not but speak fluently in the dialect of heaven! He then went away alone to the hill to prepare some peat-ground. Meanwhile Claverhouse had come in late at night to Lesmahagow, where a garrison was posted; had heard of John: had risen still earlier than his victim; and by six had surrounded him with three troops of dragoons, and led him down to the door of his own house. With the dignity of Cincinnatus, leaving his plough in mid-furrow, John dropped his spade, and walked down, it is said, "rather like a leader than a captive." His wife was warned of their approach, and, with more than the heroism of an ancient Roman matron, with one