

years followed—years of civil strife, of revolution, of cruel murders and foul assassinations; but, through all divisions and troubles, Knox was safely kept in his integrity. He knew the value of schools, and secured to Scotland a system of education which has proved an unspeakable blessing to her people from that day till this. The church and the school were the institutions which he endeavoured to bring within the reach of every man, woman and child in the land. Through good report and evil report his influence deepened and widened. The flatteries and the tears of Mary Stewart were alike ineffectual to seduce him from his purpose.

During the last years of his failing health, he lived at St. Andrew's. When unable to walk or ascend the pulpit without aid, he still preached with all his wonted ardour. He applied the truths of the Bible to the men and women, and the circumstances of his own time; and he did it so terribly in earnest that his hearers would "*grue and tremble.*" Weakness, sickness, weariness were all forgotten when the prophetic power was upon him, "and he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and to fly out of it."—In August he came to Edinburgh; and it was evident to all that his splendid career was drawing to a close. Still he continued to preach. It is recorded that when the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew reached Scotland, Knox was deeply affected. Parliament met in October, and the great Reformer was called to preach to the leaders of the nation for the last time. The French Ambassador was present, and Knox turning to him in course of his sermon, said: "Go tell your King that sentence has gone out against him, that God's vengeance shall never depart from him nor his house, that his name shall remain an execration to the posterities to come, and that none that shall come of his loins shall enjoy that kingdom unless he repent." No prophecy was ever more fully realized. The Ambassador withdrew in anger; but the event showed that Knox spoke the truth. Some twenty months later (says Froude) Charles IX. lay dying of hemorrhage—he was haunted with hideous dreams; the darkness

was peopled with ghosts which were mocking and mowing at him, and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood—blood—ever blood. The night before his end, the nurse—a Huguenot—heard him sob and sigh. "Ah," he muttered, "but I was ill-advised. God have mercy on me and on my country; what will become of that? what will become of me? I am lost; I know it but too well." The nurse told him that the blood would be on the heads of those who misled him—on them and their accursed counsels. He sighed again, and blessed God that he had no son to inherit his crown and his infamy.

Shortly after his October sermon Knox was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis. His mental power was unabated and he continued from his couch to give wise and earnest warning and counsel to all. His burning zeal for Christ's cause never abated. On the morning of his last day on earth he rose, half-dressed himself, but finding himself too weak, sank back upon his bed. "It was no painful pain," he said, "but such as will end the battle." His wife read to him Paul's words on death, and he responded, "Into thy hand O Lord for the last time I commend my soul, spirit and body." He then asked her to read to him the 17th chapter of John "where he first cast anchor." As night fell he seemed to sleep. The family assembled in his room for their ordinary evening worship, and "were the longer because they thought he was resting." At the close, one asked, "Sir, heard ye the prayers?" He answered, "I would to God that you and all men heard them as I have heard them, and I praise God for the heavenly sound." Then with a long sigh he said, "Now it is come." Being asked if he remembered now the promise of the Saviour, he gently raised his head, and then rendered up his spirit.

"There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man" said Morton, as he stood beside the great Reformer's grave. But it is now, removed by a distance of three hundred years, that we can better estimate the greatness and the power of Knox. No grander figure can be found in the entire history of the British Reforma-