

was really the ruler of Scotland at this time, nephew of the Archbishop to whom reference has already been made in the case of P. Hamilton, soon got hold of Wishart, cendemned him for heresy, and burned him in St. Andrew's in 1546, in the same town where Hamilton had perished eighteen years before.

Knox was one of those that came under the spell of his preaching—one that followed him from place to place—that drank in his words with delight and stood by him to the last—going sometimes before him with a sword to protect this devoted servant from the *rascal multitude* as he called them. He was at this time employed in the house of Douglas, of Longniddry, as tutor to teach two young boys, *but how could he stop away from Wishart?*

Wishart was greatly pleased with his faithful attendant, and seems to have seen, with a sort of prophetic eye, the great work that was before Knox, and at the same time to have foreseen his own martyrdom. One day John Knox was insisting upon following him still farther, when he, taking the sword from him, dismissed him, saying: *God bless you; gang away to your bairns, one is sufficient for a sacrifice.* According to McCree, Wishart was seized that very night, and before long was led to the stake with an iron chain about his waist and a rope about his neck. The pile on which he was to be burned was erected opposite to the Cardinal's palace, that this dignitary and his priests might have a full view of the martyr in the flames. After the fire had kindled around him and the gunpowder had exploded, the executioner, perceiving that he was still alive, bade him be of good courage, whereupon Wishart, with unfaltering voice, replied: *This fire torments my body, but it in no way abates my spirit.* Then, looking at the Cardinal, who was seated at his window dressed in scarlet, said: *He who in such state from that high place feasts his eyes upon my torments shall, within a few days be hanged out at the same window to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leans there in pride.* And, sure enough, in accordance with the prophetic language of

Wishart, this bloody Cardinal that sat at his window, with priests and concubines feasting their eyes on the martyr, soon thereafter met an ignominious death. Sixteen men, inflamed with rage, made their way into his palace, and, with sword in hand, followed him into his bedroom and put him to death—he crying out meanwhile, "*I am a priest, ye will not slay me, fy, fy, all is gone!*"

And so this man passed away to the eternal world, leaving behind him a name unrivalled in Scottish annals for infamy, unscrupulous ambition, treachery, deliberate malice, gross licentiousness, and unrelenting cruelty. Hence the words of Lindsay, whose witty poetry was much in request at the time.

As for the Cardinal, I grant
He was a man we weel could want;
And yet I think, and sooth to say,
Altho' the loon was weel away,
The deed was foully done.

But to go back to George Wishart, whose life was so beautiful and whose death was so triumphant, let me say that, like Samson, he accomplished more by his death than by his life. His martyrdom made a deep impression upon the country, and, like lightning, spread through the land, stirring up a spirit of inquiry. Instead of his fate suppressing the Reformation, or intimidating the Reformers, it emboldened them, and touched many a heart that was previously hostile or indifferent to the cause of God. I think I see Wishart, young and beautiful, going to the stake with his hands tied behind his back, and a halter round his neck and halbert men by his side, and thousands lining the way all along to the stake. I see them noting his words, his looks, his face pale and wan, but his eyes sparkling with a hope full of immortality. I see them looking on in silence, gathering round the stake eager to catch his last words, surveying the whole sad spectacle, till his body, burned to a cinder, topples over, while the iron chain drops into the leaping flame. I see that great multitude going home, slowly dispersing, saying, *we have seen strange things to-day.* Surely that man sees what I don't see, and hears what