



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

to the front again with another set of martyrs. The Presbyterians suffered under the Stewarts; the Episcopalians suffered for them. The faithfulness of the Scottish non-jurors arose from no personal affection to the morose and bigoted James, still less from any sympathy with him in his project of placing Britain once more under the sway of Rome. Their brethren in England had been the most outspoken opponents of his rash and ill-advised course, thereby losing for a time their liberty and imperilling their lives. They resisted in no way, nor did they incite others to resistance, but when James's own children forsook him, they dared to be true. A magnanimous enemy would have spared such men. But the King, who dethroned his father-in-law and permitted the massacre of Glencoe, was not magnanimous; he determined to ruin them. The "robbing of the curates," the burning of the churches, the imprisonment and banishment of the clergy, are matters of history. And those who fancy that prelacy is another name for pomp and self-indulgence, should read the lives of the bishops of those days. Like their clergy, they never had more than bare food and raiment, and often they had not these. Bishop Falconer's stipend was twenty pounds. There being no divinity school, Bishop Innes received two guineas for training students. Bishop Petrie rode about on a little Highland pony—"the old spavined grey." The saintly Bishop Jolly, when visited by Bishop Hobart, of New York, was found living by himself in a humble cottage, and making his own tea by a peat fire. An upper chamber, a barn, on the hillside, was their church; a shepherd's plaid their rochet.

And their poverty never soured them. They were friends with everybody.* Dean Skinner passed the greater part of his life under the ban of the Penal Laws; he had his chapels burned before his eyes, and he spent six months in prison. And yet he was always overflowing with the liveliest humour. Take some of his keen retorts: that to the man who said to him, patronizingly, "I was aince a chaipel-man (Episcopalian) mysel"—"na man, ye only *thocht* it!" Or to the gossip who warned him that if he did not do so and so, people would speak ill of him—"Ay, guidwife, and nane sooner than yersel!" Or to the grateful beggar who fervently wished the Dean might be in heaven "this vera nicht"—"Thank ye, John, but ye needna hae been sae particular as to set the time." Read his "Tullochgorum," which Burns pronounced the best song Scotland ever heard; and then admire the versatility by which classic Latin was bent to the same measure in the "Ode Horatiana—metro

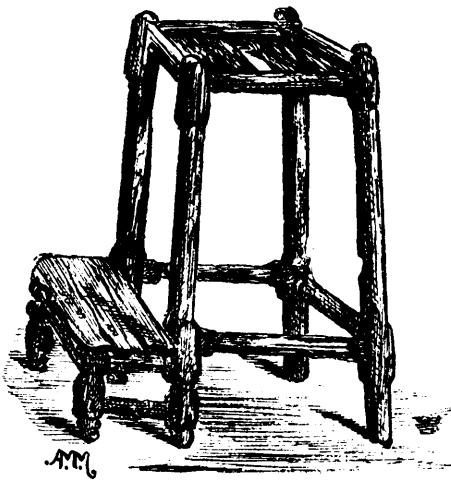
* A beautiful little incident is mentioned casually—I think in the "Life of Dean Skinner"—of the Episcopalian clergyman borrowing the Presbyterian minister's pony to go and see the Roman Catholic priest—the three being warm friends.

Tullochgormiano." Skinner, and many of his brethren, might be described in his own words:

"Cheerful, brisk and keen;
In spirits lively, in apparel clean;
With proper feelings and sufficient spring;
Good faithful subjects of their God and King."

Long after all thought of armed resistance was at an end, the exiled princes were lovingly remembered in the north. They were prayed for when such a prayer was a penal offence; their healths were drunk when such a toast was treason; above all, they were sung of in the beautiful and pathetic ballads of which their wrongs were the inspiration. All sorts of devices were resorted to on public occasions to admit of the Jacobite toasts being given in the presence of the strongest Hanoverians: "The King—ye ken wha I mean;" "The King!" then passing the glass beyond the water carafe, to denote "over the water." Ladies were particularly defiant. One, who had vowed that she would drink King James' health in a company of Brunswickers, fulfilled her promise by proclaiming aloud, while her friends implored her silence, "The tongue can no man tame—*Jeems Third and Aucht*,"† and forthwith drinking off her glass.

Well, so far as the Stewarts were concerned, Scottish cavaliers fought, and Scottish non-jurors prayed, all in vain. Happily all in vain, we can say now; yet many a family points proudly to the ancestor who was "out in the fifteen," or "out in the forty-five."



"CUTTY" STOOL.

Do you say that I am praising all in turn? finding not only "sermons in stones," but "good in everything"—and everybody? In these brief wanderings, dear fellow-pilgrim, it is as in the longer and graver pilgrimage of life: the good is apparent

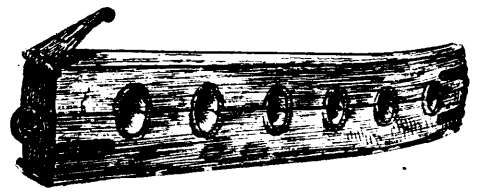
† In reference to James being Third of England and Eighth of Scotland.

to every one who will not shut the eyes of his soul persistently against it

Before we leave Edinburgh, let us look at one church more. In strange contrast to St. Mary's is the plain and ugly West Kirk; yet the latter is on the site, and its parish bears the name of the Culde: church of St. Cuthbert—older than any record in Scotland, and supposed to have been founded in the eighth century.

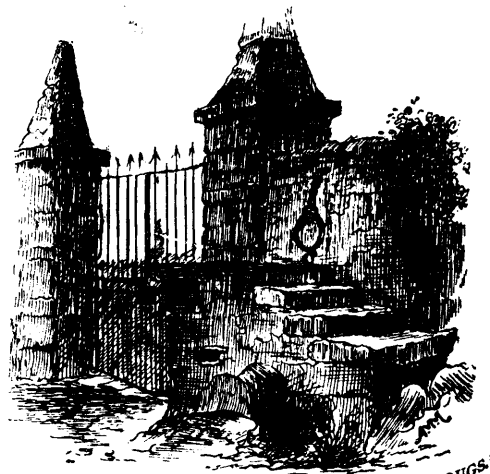
Apropos of the Stewarts, it was a minister of the West Kirk who, having been ordered to pray for King James, after the battle of Prestonpans, offered in the hearing of many of the Highland soldiers the following prayer: "Bless the King—Thou knowest what King I mean—may the crown sit long on his head. As for the young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory." The Prince, on hearing of the petition, laughed and expressed himself satisfied. Happy for him had it been heard, and he had gone to his death, young, gallant and generous.

In St. Cuthbert's, or the West Kirk, as in other old churches, we find traces of that somewhat stern church discipline which prevailed after the Reformation. Iron joughs and repentance, or "cutty" stools were a regular part of the church furnishings, and were by no means intended for ornament. The cutty stool from Greyfriars is pre-



OLD STOCKS.

served in the Antiquarian Museum with the maiden that laid low so many ambitious heads, the thumb-biken that did such cruel work on the Covenanters, the stool of Jenny Geddes, etc. In the West Kirk joughs, according to the records, there figured among others a certain "pottriman" for "plucking geiss upon the Lord his Sabbath, in tyme of sermon," and another, for "taking snuff in tyme of sermon." It is curious to note how "in tyme of sermon" is added as one of those "several aggravations" which, according to the Shorter Catechism, makes the sin more heinous. As the years went on, the joughs disappeared or, at least, culprits ceased to figure in them. Reproofs by words of mouth were substituted; and when the offender had the hardihood to "speak back," the scene must have been a strange one. In many of the



GATEWAY OF DUDDINGSTON CHURCH WITH "JOUGHs."

true stories of this later era, the parish idiot plays the leading rôle; one of them who had been specially warned against coughing "in tyme of sermon," raising his voice in the pathetic remonstrance, "Minister can a puir body like me no gie a bit hoast (cough)?" and another whose seeming attention had been used to point a rebuke to sleepers—"Even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not sleep, breaking out indignantly, "An I hadna been an idiot, I micht hae been sleepin' tae!"