

for the King?" queried Major Balfour of three Glasgow labourers. "We will pray for all within the election of grace," was their reply. "Do you question the King's election?" he asked. "Sometimes we question our own," they answered. Such contumacy was unpardonable, and within an hour the dogs lapped their blood. "Though every hair on my head were a man," said another dying martyr, "I would die all these deaths for Christ and His cause." "Will you renounce the Covenant?" demanded the soldiers of a peasant whom they found sleeping on the muir with a Bible by his side. "I would as soon renounce my baptism," he replied, and in an instant dyed the heather with his blood.

In moss hags, in hollow trees, in secret caves, in badgers' holes, in churchyards, and other haunted spots—even in burial lots; in haystacks, in meal chests, in chimneys, in cellars, in garrets, in all manner of strange and loathsome places, the fugitives for conscience, from the sword or the gallows, sought shelter, and marvellous were their

beside him," he answered. "If you were permitted, I doubt na ye would," said the God-fearing woman; "but how are you to answer for this morning's work?" "To men I can be answerable, and as for God," was the blasphemous answer, "I will take Him into my own hands," and the brutal soldier struck spurs to his horse and galloped away. "Meekly and calmly," continues

hairbreadth escapes from the fury of their persecutors. In hunger, and peril, and penury, and nakedness, these "true-hearted Covenanters wrestled, or prayed, or suffered, or wandered, or died." Many of Scotland's grandest or loveliest scenes are ennobled by the martyr memories of those stormy times; by the brave deaths of those heroes of the Covenant, and by their blood that stained the sod—

"On the muirland of mist where the martyrs  
lay;  
Where Cameron's sword and Bible were  
seen  
Engraved on the stone where the heather  
grows green."

For eight-and-twenty years the flail of persecution had scourged the land. Nearly twenty thousand, it is estimated, had perished by fire, or sword, or water, or the scaffold, or had been banished from the realm, and many, many more had perished of cold and hunger in the moss hags and morasses. The fines imposed in eleven counties amounted to £180,000—an enormous sum in that day for a poor and soldier-harried country like Scotland.

the record of this martyrdom, "did this heroic woman tie up her husband's head in a napkin, compose his body, and cover it with her plaid—and not till these duties were performed did she permit the pent-up current of her mighty grief to burst forth, as she sat down beside the corpse and wept bitterly."

## A NEW YEAR.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Over the snow-covered hills hear ye the bells of the morn,  
Speeding the shade of the past, hailing the Babe that is born.  
Who for the old and the lost droppeth a sorrowful tear?  
Who, with a shiver and sigh, welcomes the birth of the year?

Glad is the singer whose song praiseth the tried and the true;  
Sweet is the soul that with smiles lighteth the way of the new.  
White are the pathways of earth, white for thy coming, O Year!  
Angels and holy ones, pray, pray for the watchers that fear!