

Scottish Covenanters before a Battle.

Scotland passed in a few years from an abject devotion to Rome to a rigid simplicity in rites and doctrines. The Stuart kings of England strove to force episcopacy and a formal faith upon the unwilling Scotch. The people and their pastors met together to form the Solemn League and Covenant. They abjured popery and pro-lay forever; they began the swift movement of modern reform. The Covenant was signed by thousands of nobles and commons in St. Giles' Church-yard, Edinburgh (March 1, 1638), upon a tombstone, sometimes in letters of blood. All Scotland rose in defence of its spiritual independence. The English Presbyterians caught the flame of progress, and in 1643 the Solemn League and Covenant was adopted by the republicans of England. The Covenanters were in the full tide of victory, but were soon checked by their own imprudence. They recalled Charles II. They were defeated by Cromwell. At the restoration (1660) they were to feel the bitter ingratitude of the worthless Stuart for whom they had put in peril their liberties and lives.

In the reign of Charles II. and his brother James II. (1660-1688), the Covenanters, persecuted and contemned, hid in wild glens, dismal caves, and lonely moors, were shot by savage dragoons, or often perished in crowded prisons, or died rejoicing on the scaffold. The "testimonies" of their eminent preachers and even of their humblest followers, uttered as they left the world, or prepared in expectation of death, resound with a faith that shined before it the towers of the heavenly city, and a swift joy that was glad to be released. During the twenty-eight years of its trials the Scottish Church seemed often ready to sink before its destroyers. Its ministers hid in caves and forests; its people wandered forth by stealth to celebrate their Presbyterian rites in lonely valleys or on desolate moors; its marriages, baptisms, and communion ceremonies were performed under the chill and open sky; while all over Scotland Claverhouse and his wild dragoons hunted the glens and caves with blood-hounds and traitorous spies, and shot down their tenants as if they had been beasts of prey. Yet the Scottish ministers still met their faithful people in almost inaccessible retreats, and preached to vast throngs on the declivities of tall mountains, where the cry of ptarmigan alone disturbed their appropriate worship, or often in the still midnight, when the hosts of heaven circled above their heads. The Presbyterian Church still lived amidst the solitude, destined at last to rise from its afflictions, to rule over its native land, and to extend its beneficent teachings to countless throngs of its adherents in the New World.

From one of these numerous gatherings of the persecuted people in the wilderness arose the battle of Drumclog. The Covenanters had come armed and prepared for a bold defence to a solemn religious meeting. The country around Drumclog is a dreary and desolate moor. Loudon Hills rises above, and the vales of the Avon and the Clyde open beneath the lofty fells. Here had gathered peasants and soldiers, women and children, eminent ministers and famous Covenanters, on whose head had been set a tempting price. Balfour, of Burley, Hackstoun, and Hamilton, hunted by the officers of justice, were mingled with the throng. The services had begun, the voice of a faithful minister was heard in exhortation and prayer, when a signal from a neighboring hill announced that the enemy was near. The women and the children were at once removed to the rear, the armed men arranged themselves in a line before the morass that protected the front, and swiftly dashing down the side of Calder Hill came Claverhouse at the head of his dragoons. He sent a messenger to the Covenanters summoning them to surrender. They replied with a loud cheer of defiance. A short silence followed, and then the whole Presbyterian army broke into a loud psalm of faith—

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name in Israel's great"

and the trumpet-like peal of a thousand voices swelled over the everlasting hills and rose to heaven.

Claverhouse and his men answered with a shout of execration. They dashed into the morass to reach their victims, for they scarcely looked for any resistance from the undisciplined enthusiasts; but a rain of bullets met them as they came on. They faltered; they fled. Claverhouse enraged to madness, strove to drive his men back upon the foe; but the Covenanters, led by Hackstoun and Balfour, pressed their broken ranks. The Presbyterians were victorious, and Claverhouse fled over the hills, cutting his way through the peasantry who sought to capture him as he passed. For a moment Scotland rose in fierce excitement, hoping to drive proslavery and the Stuarts forever beyond the Tweed.

Yet Drumclog was the last victory of the persecuted Church. A large English army poured across the border; Claverhouse led back his dragoons eager for vengeance; the Highlanders turned against their countrymen; and a series of fatal defeats and massacres filled every glen and valley with slaughter. From 1680 to 1688, with some intermissions of pretended pacification, the Scottish Church sank into its lowest humiliation, its bitterest sorrows. Field preachings were still held, a Cameron or a Renwick, wan, haggard, and yet ever joyous, thundered amidst the solitudes, and persecuted Covenanters sang exultantly together in the clefts of the mountains; but the dragoons of Claverhouse and the rage of the kings and prelates had nearly completed the extirpation of the primitive faith. With his Bible and his pistol the wild Cameronian might be seen hiding in the caves of Ayrshire or the wildest scenes of the west. Yet a throng of Covenanters were imprisoned on the bare cliffs of Bass Rock—a huge mass of stone that raised from the waters of the Frith of Forth—to perish of cold and disease; and many died on the scaffold at Edinburgh, the noblest and most resolute of martyrs. The last of these victims was James Renwick. Fair, young, learned, eloquent, he had been torn from his bed amidst the moors, where he was already dying of consumption, to meet a public death, 1688, at Edinburgh. A few months more and the arm of William of Orange

would have been stretched out to save him. His enemies hastened his execution. A great throng looked on, the drums beat to drown his parting words; yet amidst their clamour he was heard crying out as his "testimony" at the tomb he lived and died "a Presbyterian Protestant."

In 1688 William of Orange delivered the Scottish Church from its oppressors, and of the various benefits Holland has conferred upon mankind not the least will be ever esteemed the setting free of that fertile national intellect from which was to spring up the fairest fruits of modern culture, which was to cover the bare hills of Scotland with immortal lustre, and people its picturesque scenes with poets, historians, philosophers, and men of genius, the offspring of its persecuted saints. Nor have the heroic struggles of the Scottish martyrs been without their proper influence upon the progress of the race. They have shaken the dull lethargy of the Old World, and pressed onward every generation in the New.

The Jesuits—Their Work and Fate.

The experiences of three centuries shows that the Jesuits have no lucky hand. No blessing ever rests on their undertakings. They build with unwearied assiduity, but a storm comes and shatters the building, or a flood comes and washes it away, or the worm-eaten edifice falls to pieces in their hands. The Oriental proverb about the Turk applies to them, "where the Turk sits grass never grows." Their missions in Paraguay, Japan, and among the tribes of North America have long since gone to ruin. In Abyssinia they had once (in 1625) almost obtained dominion, but some time afterwards (in 1634) the whole concern collapsed, and they never ventured to return there. What is left today of their laborious missions in the Levant the Greek Islands, Persia, the Crimea and Egypt? Scarcely a reminiscence of their former presence there, is to be found on the spot.

Above all, the Society of Jesus devoted its best services to its native home in Spain. The result was bankruptcy and depopulation of that once powerful kingdom, and its loss of one possession after another, so that by the end of the 17th century it had become an inanimate corpse, the skeleton of a giant. It is behind every other country in Europe, except Turkey, and having no healthy literature of its own has to feed on the foreign literature of France. Well might a Spanish diplomatist in Rome say at the suppression of the order, "the Jesuits are the wood-worm that gnaws at our bowels."

They it was that brought on the German nations the thirty-years' war, and its results and to them Catholic Germany owes the decline of its schools, and its consequent backwardness in cultivation and long intellectual sterility. It was they who completely undermined the ancient German and Catholic empire, and paved the way for its fall. They, as the all-powerful conscience-keepers of the Hapsburgs, Ferdinand I., Ferdinand II., and Leopold I., have on their conscience the destruction of the liberties of the states of the Empire, the enforcement of absolutism, the oppression and expulsion of the Protestants.

Bohemia has long been given over to the care and charge of the Jesuits; and what have they made of it? They have utterly destroyed the old Czech literature, and have brought matters to such a pass that nearly the whole Bohemian nobility is annihilated through confiscation, executions and banishment.

In England the destiny of the Catholics was for a century moulded by the influence of the Jesuits at Rome, and the intense hatred which they excited at home; and we have seen what a monstrous weight of misfortune and oppression they rolled down on the shoulders of their co-religionists.

They tried to re-introduce Catholicism into Sweden by means of a liturgy, forcibly imposed on the clergy, and with the help of the king, Sigismund, who was under their guidance. Sigismund, in consequence, lost his crown, and they were banished forever from the country. In Russia, they undertook, by means of their instrument, the false Demetrius, to establish Polish influence, and to bring the empire and nation into subjection to the see of Rome; but their proselyte and protegee was killed, and they had to quit the country. In Poland they dominated the kings, the higher clergy and the nobility for a long time; and Poland is destroyed. In France, the Jesuits were the conscience-keepers of the Bourbons, and their spiritual children, Louis XIV. and Louis XV., paved the way for the Revolution and the destruction of the dynasty; or rather, one may say made it inevitable.

I readily leave to this order the fate of the Vatican decrees (namely, 1870, the infallibility of the Pope) the more readily as it has the duties of paternity to discharge towards them; for the Jesuits, excited, sketched out, and finally shaped those decrees, though, with the assistance of certain Bishops.—Doellinger.

Worldliness—The Great Sin.

If I were called to point out the most alarming sins to-day—those which are most deceitful in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling with its crazed victims, nor harlotry with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice seeds its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incurst the soul with an impenetrable shroud of worldliness, debase the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshipper of self. While doing all this, the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment.—Dr. Crosby.

Strikes and Strikers.

Is it not time that the precise nature of the right of strikers to strike non-strikers should be clearly ascertained? At present every set of men who want higher wages than their employers offer resort to strike, which it is their right to do. Men individually, or by shop-falls, or by entire trades, can accept or refuse the remuneration offered for their labor with perfect propriety. But not content with this right of every free man, many who exercise it claim the right of intimidating or maltreating those who are willing to work at the rates they have declined, thus refusing to others the liberty which they claim for themselves. This persistent abuse is, to a great extent, winked at by the authorities, on account of the voting power of large societies. The men who are beaten are individuals; the men who beat them are associations. Hence it is easier to let the matter drop than to punish the perpetrators of lawless violence. But if a trade union is numerous and powerful, the public are still more so, and every man maltreated in this way belongs to that largest of all societies, the people, and should have the whole strength of the people to vindicate his rights. The gangs who waylay and abuse the men that have taken the place of strikers should be punished as severely as garroters. Instead of saying, as is usually done, that the assailants could not be identified, the most strenuous exertions should be made to identify and punish them; and this will be done when the police of this and other cities are appointed on account of fitness for office and not for party purposes.

Any crime countenanced and committed by leagues or associations should be punished far more severely than a crime of the same gravity committed by an individual on his own account.—N. Y. Witness.

Saying "No."

Many persons, and especially young persons, are betrayed, often, by the persistent sophism that to say "no" is somehow ungenerous and discourteous. There is something benevolent to the casual eye, in that yielding disposition which cannot pain another, as it declares with a refusal, and which wins a kind of transient regard from others because of what is deemed to be its good-nature. Let us understand, right here, if we find ourselves yielding to such weakness, that it is not another's feelings that we are so much considering as our own. It is not merely the pain which saying "no" gives them that we are thinking of, as the pain which saying it gives us. And what is such a consideration, when we try it in the crucible of a candid logic, but sheer selfishness, and not benevolence at all? The young mother cannot deny her child its wildest demands, because, as she tells you, she cannot bear to wound it with the pain of refusal. But would she hesitate to refuse the child if there were no pain to her own feelings involved in that refusal? and is it generosity or unselfishness to sacrifice the child's real good to her own feelings? Ah! what a rare school for the training of the will into a firmer habit and a braver readiness for denial exists in every home among us! You that are parents, read over again the story of our first mother's fall, and see there how every complex misery that has come into the world in the horrible train of sin entered it when that innocent life in Eden weakly refused to say "No!" Look again on all the various ramifications of that life that make up home and the family, and remember, whether you are a child there are a parent, encountering the temptations of youth or those of maturity, that God has set you there pre-eminently to put the weak will in you under the yoke of an early and steadfast discipline, and thus to learn how the truest grandeur of life consists not in yielding, but in refusing to yield.

And as in the family so out of it. Says Emerson, speaking for character in the merchant: "In his parlor, I see very well that he has been very hard at work this morning, with that settled humor, which all his desire to be courteous cannot shake off. I see plainly how many firm acts have been done; how many valiant noes have this day been spoken, when others would have uttered ruinous yeas." Who that hears me does not know that it has been that fatal facility in saying "yes" that has dragged more fair and prosperous barques down to ruin than any financial storm that ever swept the seas of commerce. Some concession, both weak and wicked, (wicked because it involved not only our own ruin but the ruin of others,) to plausible solicitations to go upon a neighbor's paper, to divide risks in some gigantic speculation; to launch out into habits of living that are neither suited to one's means or his education, all these are occasions when many a man of business has tasted the bitter fruits of a timid, ruinous reluctance to say no!—occasions, too, on the other hand when the courage and firmness and promptness and persistency with which one could say so, have been the four corner-stones of all a man's subsequent success!—Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D.

Joy is for all men.

It does not depend on circumstances or condition; if it did, it could be only for the few. It is not the fruit of good luck or of fortune, or even of outward success, which all men cannot have. It is of the soul's character; it is the wealth of the soul's own being, when it is filled with the spirit of Jesus, which is the spirit of eternal love.—Bushnell.

Cruelty to animals should be resented more than anything. Brute beasts are defenseless, and to torture them is despicable, but the torturer of animals risks nothing; and I do not hesitate to place him lower in the scale of humanity. There are men who have committed great crime, and yet in whom the spark of humanity is certainly not extinct; but he who takes pleasure in the sufferings of a dumb animal, and prolongs them, regardless of its supplicating looks, I pronounce—without a heart's pang and when the heart is dead, all is dead.—Comte de Gasparin.

A Husband's Confession.

"Really, Mrs Hope," exclaimed a maid-en friend to the wife of a journeyman. "I can't make you out at all. Ever since I've come into your house you've smiled, and laughed, and bustled about, as though some stinky old relative had died and left you a lot of money. Is it so?"

"No, Alice, it isn't; but I'm in good spirits for all that" and the happy wife smiled again.

"Then what's put you into such an enviable humor?"

"Well, I don't think I ought to tell you. So far, it's a secret."

This rebuff only increased Alice Paine's desire to be enlightened, so she persevered till her friend, Mrs. Hope, promised to satisfy her curiosity.

"The other day," began the wife, "I had to take John's dinner to the office; and you know it's one of those queer old buildings, with a good many ins and outs about it."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Mrs. Hope," said Alice, impatiently; "but do be quick and tell me the rest."

"And quite by accident, I overheard my husband make a confession to one of the other workmen:

"The wisest thing you can do, Harry," I heard John say, "is to get acquainted with a healthy, sensible, industrious young woman, and marry her. I was as poor and miserable and as lost-like as a young fellow well could be before I got my little gem of a wife, often without a sixpence when payday came, and couldn't tell how the money slipped through my fingers. Like you, I went in for 'pleasure an' enjoyment, but I never remember to have felt the better for it afterwards. In fact, you may take my words for it, Harry that most of that sort of thing's humbug; and selfishness. At least, I found it so, and it's a wonder you haven't before now. Talk about turning over a fresh leaf, keeping steady and saving up—the only way to do that, Harry is to get a good, active wife, and love her with all your might, as I do. Though poor and plain, I'm never ashamed to bring anybody into my little cot, because I know it's always clean and orderly. Then there's the children—God bless 'em!—how they warm a man's heart after a long day's work! And how cheerfully and quietly their mother manages to keep things strait and cuts about like just what she is—one of the best of wives, and a real workman's friend. Get a helpmate, Harry, and depend upon it, if she's of the proper sort, you will soon be a better, a richer, and a happier man. You may think I'm speaking too warmly on the subject, but I assure you, I feel more than I can put into words. Good wives are our best and noblest reformers, Harry, and though I never told her so to her own sweet face, mine, is worth a little fortune to Jack Hope."

"I dare say what you've told me's all true enough, I heard the man remark, 'but where can I find a gem of the same pattern?' They're rather scarce now-a-days."

"I didn't hear what answer my husband made, for just then the door near which I had been standing, and which stood a little ajar, was pulled wide open, and I walked into the place as though I hadn't heard a word. On seeing me they both laughed, but I didn't appear to know anything of their conversation."

"And is that all?" asked Alice Paine.

"Yes, and if you'd felt as I have many a time," replied Mrs. Hope, "you would know that it was quite enough to fill my heart with gladness. At home my husband doesn't talk much," she continued, "and I used to fancy that, with all my slaving and trying to make him and the children comfortable, he wasn't satisfied. But I know that he is, and it makes me feel as if I could do anything for my dear John and our own little home."

"Well, if I ever got a husband, Mrs. Hope," said Alice in a whisper, "I'll strive to deserve being called behind my back as Mr. Hope called you."

In a short time the two friends separated. His fellow-workman took John Hope's advice; and without relating particulars, or asserting that the Hopes had nothing to do with what followed, "Harry" chose Alice Paine for a helpmate.

Accomplishments.

So-called accomplishments are a sort of mansard roof clapped on the sounder structure of the average English education. Why they are thus denominated, when in the possession of them so little is really accomplished, it is difficult to determine. Their material is generally as unsubstantial as that of the thing to which they have been compared, and, subjected to the fiery tests of life and experience, they are almost as readily destroyed. The acquirement of a little knowledge of music, certain rules of drawing, the process of mixing colours, and a few foreign phrases, are oftentimes the result of much misapplied industry. If music, drawing, and painting were studied and cultivated as arts, with the intent of becoming thoroughly proficient in them, that they might stand, if need be, in good, practical stead, then the time devoted to them would not be wasted. Instead of being mental follies in which to deck their ill-clothed minds in public, these attainments would be of deep and lasting satisfaction to their possessors, even though not put to any severe trial.

Few girls care enough for music and drawing to pursue them after being freed from the restraint of masters, and many would never begin such study were it not for the ambition of parents, guided by a society that demands all girls to be molded after one model. This idea is so obviously impossible as to be absurd. Countless good gardeners, milliners, dressmakers, housekeepers, have been spoiled in poor piano-players, simply because knowledge of the piano was considered an elegant acquisition; while an understanding of the other things was regarded as something that only necessity should require. The hours of stammering on unresponsive instruments (unresponsive because touched by no sympathetic fingers), which, otherwise employed, might have made capital cooks, are inculcated.

The original design was good—to enable women to impart pleasure and improvement to themselves and others; but it signally fails. Seldom are girls willing to play, or exhibit the work of their pencil to critical ears and eyes; and when good nature impels them to, what have they to offer? Ordinarily the merest smattering—more repellent to ripe judgement than total ignorance would be.

It is evident that an acquaintance with the alphabet of many branches is not so great an aid to intellectual improvement, as being thoroughly versed in one. In this short life, it is much to know even one thing well. If thoroughly understood, everything from steak boiling to oratorio-composing, should be considered an accomplishment. Pupils apt at figures should be taught book-keeping in place of minims and semi-breves; and natural nurses given an insight into bottles and bandages, in lieu of curved lines and neutral tint. Thus the training of the mind, in a direction at once natural and useful, contributes to its healthiest growth, and redounds to individual advancement and general advantage.—"Home and Society," Scribner's for June.

"Take me on Shore."

A golly minister had a careless and idle son, who left his home and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice. The ship which bore their boy reached a distant port and was waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore, and brought back with them a nat ve boy who could play some curious kind of music.

He amused them for a long time, but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore."

The sailors told him that he must not go yet.

"O, indeed, I cannot stay any longer," replied the little black boy; "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ. This is about the hour when he meets us under a tree to tell us more; I want to go and hear him."

The sailors were overcome by the boy's entreaties, and at once rowed him ashore.

The minister's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by them. "Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus than that poor boy, and yet caring far less for Him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the Word of Life, while I am living quite careless about it!"

In this great distress of mind he retired that night to his hammock. There his father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation he so much needed. He became a sincere Christian; and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.

The Old Lady at the Depot.

An old lady entered a railroad depot, and sat down near the stove to warm her wrinkled, bare hands. A large basket covered with an old newspaper, was drawn close to her side, and she seemed weak and weary. It was hard for one so old and feeble to be out of doors at all that wintry day. She needed a place by some warm fireside and kind hands to minister to her wants. But she had none of these. Surely that gay group of merry girls with their bright hoods and dancing curls, their warm wraps and bounding, happy blood can spare a thought of pity, and a kindly word for her. Perhaps she thought so too, as she watched them with dim eyes, recalling perhaps a happy girlhood of her own.

Alas, how vain was her hope! One tall girl, with keen black eyes, gave her a rapid glance from head to foot, then haughtily swept back her dress as if afraid that poverty was contagious. She moved away, and the others with whom she seemed at leader, drew back also.

They did not speak a word to her the was unpleasant. But looks often speak the loudest. She heard as plainly as if it had been shouted in her ear, the truth that her presence was unwelcome. Her right to the public fire was as good as theirs, but they took care to make her feel that she was an intruder. Six girls from comfortable, happy homes, grudging a poor woman a little space and a few minutes' comfort in a public waiting room! Could selfishness reach a deeper depth? Did you ever feel the first risings of such a whisper in your own spirit. Oh, pause if you have, and remember that their Advocate is taking notes of your deportment towards them, and when the great day comes for hearing this case, you may find a fearful indictment made against you. "The Lord is their judge."—Early Dew.

Freshness of the Gospel.

As for the Gospel, it wears the dew of its youth after eighteen centuries of struggles; and it predominates most in those young nations which have evidently a history before them. The old systems are now most favoured by those nations which are left behind in the race of civilisation, but the people whom God has made quick by nature are those to whom He has given to be receptive of His grace. There are grand days coming for the church of God. Voltaire said that he lived in the twilight of Christianity; and so he did, but was the twilight of the morning, not the twilight of the evening. Glory be unto God, the little cloud the size of a man's hand is spreading; it begins to cover the heavens, and the day is not far distant when the sound of abundance of rain shall be heard. Christ was not a strong man, who bounded forth at a leap, and then put forth no more strength, but He rejoiced to continue His work, and to run His race. He was not a shooting star that sparkles for a moment, but a sun that shall shine throughout the live long day.—Mr. Spurgeon's New Work, "Flashes of Thought."