

up to trade, were in business, one in Catrine and the other in Newmilns. His eldest brother, now the father of a family, occupied the farm. Mr. Stewart, his beloved schoolmaster, was no more. Many of the old neighbours were dead. Every spot around was familiar as an old friend, and yet all was changed—*affectingly* changed. Mr. Peden felt this, but said little; only turning to Robert Mitchell and his brother in tears, he feelingly exclaimed, ‘Oh, the delightful prospect of a better land, of a Father’s house in heaven, and of a family meeting which is to know no parting!’

The time Mr. Peden remained was necessarily limited—in fact, his personal safety required that it should be so. Hurrying on to Carrick, he encountered another of those remarkable deliverances which have been so carefully recorded, and become as household narratives among the peasantry of the West of Scotland. Here he met with the venerable Mr. Welsh, one of the ministers of Ayr, at the house of the Laird of Glorover. Riding out together, they suddenly came upon a party of the enemy’s horse, whom it was impossible to avoid. The Laird’s heart failed him, as he saw no prospect before them but of becoming prisoners. Mr. Peden, observing this, instantly exclaimed, in his wonted prophet-like strain, ‘Keep up your courage and your confidence, for God hath laid an arrest on these men that they shall do us no harm.’ When they met they were courteous, and asked the way. Mr. Peden went with them, and showed them the ford of the Water of Titt. When he returned, the Laird said, ‘Why did you go? you should have let the lad go with them.’ ‘No said he, “they might have asked questions of the lad, which might have discovered us; but as for me, I knew that they would be like Egyptian dogs, they could not move a tongue against me, my time not being yet come.”’

Many were the pastoral visits which ‘the prophet’ paid, on his way into Galloway, cheering the hearts of the persecuted, and enlivening the faith of those who were downcast because of continued oppression. There was a hiding-place, near Sanquhar, which was frequently made use of by him about this time, as well as during other periods of his pilgrimage, called Glendyne, from which he emerged, preaching on the moor at some distance to multitudes who gathered from all the districts around, and again retiring into this solitude. Glendyne is situated about three miles from the town of Sanquhar. It is, in fact, a complete glen, in some parts assuming the form of a ravine, and stretching for miles eastward in the midst of high and overfrowning hills. At the eastern opening into this deep retreat is a cluster of rocks, gathering to a peak, from the summit of which a noble prospect of a vast extent of country is obtained. Near the western end, in former days, was a cavern, of considerable dimensions, overhung with the branches of the sturdy oak and clustering brushwood, known only to few, and visited by them in order to supply the wants of God’s suffering people, and in which ‘the prophet’ spent many a dreary day and solitary night. This retreat is still venerated as the consecrated home of the Covenanting wanderers, and the honoured shelter of the memorable Alexander Peden.

On this journey almost every family in the parish of New Luce was visited at night by their former pastor, accompanied by Robert. And now they made their way to Portpatrick, entered into a fishing-boat, and after a cold, but by no means boisterous passage, landed at Donaghadee. It is not our intention, inviting though the subject may be, to follow Mr. Peden in his many journeyings, or to recount the wonderful doings of God by him during this period of his voluntary exile. In truth, Presbyterianism owes to this holy man and his fellow-fugitives an eternal debt of gratitude for what was accomplished by them throughout the whole of the north of Ireland. Has their martyr energy even now departed? Is there not much of the spirit of stern adherence to principle and opposition to error, severe it may be, yet trustworthy and true, for which the north of Ireland is still remarkable, which may be traced from sire to son, since the visits of these fugitives? Returning now and then secretly to his native country, and counselling the leaders of the Covenanting party in their difficulties, and then going back again, he passed the greater part of his time in Ireland until 1673.

It was in June of that year when Mr. Peden paid a hasty visit to his friend