

## FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

Luke Short was born in Devonshire, England, about the year 1678. At an early age he went to sea, and like many other young men became weaned from his native home, and settled in Marblehead, in Massachusetts, whence he removed to the town of Middleborough, in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, where he died about the year 1793, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen years. It is related of him that on the day in which he completed one hundred years, he walked out into his field, and sitting down under a tree, began to reflect that he stood alone in the world; that the companions of his younger years, his childhood, and his youth, and even of his early manhood, were all gone, and that he was now a lone fragment of a former generation. Up to this time he had lived a careless, sinful life; he was "a sinner of an hundred years old," and in danger of dying "accursed." Without any very definite object before him, he thought he would arrange in order the principal events of his long life, and thereupon strove in the first place to recall the first of these which he could remember.—He recollected that ninety-two years before, when he was a boy of eight years of age, he was present at a religious meeting, and heard John Flavel preach from 1 Cor. xvi. 22, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." As the preacher advanced, Luke Short, the boy of eight summers, became deeply interested in the discussion, and when the people rose up for the benediction, Mr. Flavel, warmed with the subject, cried out, "How can I bless those whom God has cursed? for he declares that if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall be accursed." And then he went on with an exhortation of most wonderful power, inasmuch, that a nobleman who was standing in the broad aisle near the pulpit, fell to the floor. It created a great sensation in the assembly, and was the commencement of an extraordinary work of divine grace among that people. This circumstance was now revived in the mind of Luke Short with great vividness, and he could think of nothing but this terrible curse which was suspended over the heads of all those who love not Christ, and he seemed almost to hear Flavel's voice ringing in his ears. He had no more peace until shortly after, he obtained evidence that the love of Christ was shed abroad in his heart. He united with the Congregational church in Middleborough, and lived fifteen years afterwards.

This single seed was sown by Mr. Flavel's hand in some of the last days of his ministry, (he died A. D. 1691, aged sixty-one;) but God suffered it not to be lost, and after crossing the ocean, and lying long in a rugged soil, after ninety-two years it vegetated, and sprang up and bore fruit.

## SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR.

Some two hundred years ago, there was a dark period of suffering in this land, when deeds of blood and cruelty were committed on God's people, not outdone by Indian butcheries. One day the tide is flowing in the Solway Frith, rushing like a race horse, with snowy mane to the shore. It is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects on the wet sand. There, two women, each tied fast by their arms and limbs to a stake stood within the sea mark; and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven, that Christ who bends from His throne to the sight, would help them now in their hour of need. The eldest of the two is staked farthest out. Margaret, the young martyr stands bound a fair sacrifice near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing to their naked feet; on, and further on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by those tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her that had death first to face, is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now the sufferer gasping for breath, the death struggle is begun; and now, for Margaret's trial and her noble answer. "What see you yonder?" said the murderers, as, while the waters rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor, in the suffocating agonies of a protracted death. Response, full of the boldest faith and brightest hope, and all the divine unfathomed consolation of any text to you, she firmly answered, "I see Christ suffering in one of his own members." Brave and glorious words! borrowed in that hour from the precious language of my text, and leading us to the apostle's most comforting and sublime conclusion, "We have not an high priest that can not be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."—*Dr. Guthrie.*