

mere general discourse, and to come into close interior contact—soul to soul—with the consciences and affections of the people. He may never see them more; never again address them on the concerns of their eternal well-being. He bursts away from the trammels of common didactic speech. Harken! as that mighty thrilling voice startles the solitudes around—

“Are there any of you here saying, this doctrine is true that you are telling us; you have told me the thoughts of my heart, for there is a great unwillingness in me to come to Christ.

“Alas! ye came too easily by your religion in the west of Scotland, and so betides. You have taken it up at your feet. You have been born with it.

“Oh, sad to think upon the west of Scotland! The wild Highlands have not neglected so many calls as thou hast done. O ye in the west! ye all have religion! Truly, ye are like the Church of Laodicea, that lacked nothing, but knew not that she was lukewarm, poor, wretched, blind, and naked.

“It may be ye think ye have enough, and stand in no need of persecuted Gospel ordinances. Yet ye are the people in all Scotland that are in the worst condition. My Master hath been crying unto you in the parishes of Muirkirk, and Crawfordjohn, and Douglas, “Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.” What say ye? Shall I go away and tell my Master that ye will not come unto Him?

“Ye that have been plagued with deadness, hardness of heart, and unbelief He now requires you to give in your answer,—Yes, or No.

“I take instruments before these hills and mountains around us, that I have offered Him unto you this day. Angels are wondering at the offer. They stand beholding with admiration, that our Lord is giving you such an offer this day.

“What shall I say to him that sent me? Shall I say, “Lord, there are some yonder saying, I am content to give Christ my heart and hand, house, land, and all I have, for His cause.”

“Look over to the Shaw-head, and all those hills,—look at them! They are all witnesses now, and when you are dying they shall come before your face.”

The preacher trembles as he speaks; and the thousands around him, from the aged patriarch to the tender stripling, are touched with indescribable emotion. Language fails to paint the scene. Fancy cannot realize it. The old chronicler, with Hebraic beauty and simplicity, records: “Here both minister and people fell into a state of calm weeping.” *Calm weeping!* What a depth of meaning in that one phrase! The Shaw-head seemed to look down into their very souls. “All those hills” became animated into living creatures with eyes of flame. Surrounding nature was bound over to appear as a witness against them at the day of dread decision; and already they felt themselves amid all the fears and anxieties, the shadows and gleams of hope that wait upon a dying bed. “The Shaw-head and all those hills! . . . When you are dying, they shall come before your face!”

After a long and affecting pause—after an interval where so many thousands were subdued into “calm weeping”—Cameron, before again proceeding, offered up a prayer for the composing and tranquilizing influences of the Holy Spirit.

If you comprehend, even in the faintest measure, the scene which I have endeavoured to depict, you have the key which at once explains the whole problem—How it was that Scotland could bear up for so many years, and grow in strength and fortitude, and ultimately triumph over the fiercest and most desolating persecution which, perhaps, ever descended upon any age or nation. The mother of sons like Richard Cameron could not be crushed.—*Fifty years struggles of the Scottish Covenanters.*

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ΣΥΜΠΑΘΥ.—The happiness of making happy is one that all can attain. Whatever we may be, there are still some to whom we can give happiness. It does not need wealth, nor talent, nor high spirits, nor indeed any quality, except that one which is given to all by nature, but is cherished and kept alive by so few—sympathy.