

One of the chapters, entitled "The Martyr Lassic," is a sketch of the life and death of a peasant girl in Galloway, who, in the days of persecution, refused, as became a Scottish maiden, to bow her knee to the golden image of the Court, and died for the Covenant and a good conscience. The narrative, which contains a number of Scotch words and phrases, will touch the hearts of those in Canada, whose hearts are right towards the father-land; indeed we should not be sorry though it roused a little the *perseveridum ingenium* of our countrymen. The father of the Martyr was a small farmer in Wigtonshire. He and his wife had been Presbyterians, and had not neglected the religious education of their family; but as poor frail human nature will, in the day of trial, they had given way, and became conformists to a compulsory Episcopacy. The children, however, stood steadfast, and the heroine of this piece was enabled nobly to pay the penalty. We will present her to the reader in Mr. Inglis' own words:—

Margaret Wilson, the eldest of the children, had ever from a child seemed to walk with beautiful feet in the footsteps of the Lord's flock: and her father had often in happier days praised God for his child, as he watched her growing up in knowledge, and in grace, and in gentle sweetness of disposition. Thomas, the only son, was a youth of strong will and ardent temper. He had eagerly received the truth from his father and the earnest ministers. When his father abjured, his cheek had burned with shame, and, without uttering a word, he had thrown his plaid round him, and, with firm step though bursting heart, came forth from his father's house to join himself to the "hill folk." Agnes, the only remaining daughter, was a fair child of thirteen summers, the beloved of all the family. Soon after Thomas had gone to the hills, Agnes firmly placed her hand in that of her sister, saying, "I will go with you." No persuasions, no entreaties, could move her from this resolution; her simple reply to them all was, "I am on Christ's side, too." Beautiful were they both! and never had they seemed so beautiful as when they went forth in the might and majesty of holy love, and left father and mother, and home and kindred, and sought shelter in the hiding-places of the Lord's people.

We cannot now tell of their sufferings and wanderings, or of the joys, such as the world knoweth not, which were measured out to these children of the Covenant. Often in the clear starry night, the voice of praise was heard floating along the hill-sides, and as these persecuted followers of Christ knelt among the heather in these awful solitudes, there was a felt and blessed reality in that union with the crucified and risen Saviour which links earth to heaven, and human helplessness to Divine Omnipotence.

For seven months Margaret and Agnes had not slept under the shelter of a roof, or looked upon the faces of their parents. One evening as they wandered on the hill-side, they saw the bonnie blink of their father's fire-side, away far down in the glen, and their hearts yearned for their home. Under this irresistible influence, they came down from the hills, and hastening along the beach to the entrance of the glen, they rushed to the home of their childhood; but in passing the curate's house, they were seen, like shadows, in the gray light of evening. The curate sent his servants to watch them; they were traced to Gilbert Wilson's house. What a wail went up from the farm-house of Glenvernoch, as the soldiers surrounded it and made the young girls their prisoners!

In the hasty trial both stood firm, and they were most cruelly sentenced to be tied to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water-mark, there to be drowned by the flow of the sea at high tide. Wilson succeeded in ransoming his youngest daughter; but the most exorbitant ransom was refused for Margaret, unless she would abjure, and this she steadfastly refused to do.

"I will not," said Margaret, "I am one of Christ's children." During her imprisonment she wrote a long letter to her friends, full of the deep and affecting