

against His foes. As such live in history and tradition the names of Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick, and such has Sir Walter Scott portrayed in his marvellous creations—Ephraim MacBriar and Habakkuk Mucklewrath.

Wild superstitions were mingled with lofty faith. Some claimed the gift of second sight, and uttered dark prophesies of the future. They believed in magic and Satanic agency. Claverhouse was in league with the arch-fiend, and lead could not harm him, nor water drown. Only to the cold steel of the Highland skian or the keen edge of the claymore was his body vulnerable; and in the violent and bloody deaths of many of their persecutors they beheld the avenging hand of God.

The moral heroism of these brave men has never been surpassed. Take the fate of Richard Cameron and David Hackstoun as examples. When Cameron was ordained, the minister who laid his hand upon his head predicted "that that head should be lost for Christ's sake, and be set up before sun and moon in the sight of the world." But the prophecy daunted not his daring. He was the most powerful of the Covenanting preachers, and his voice stirred the souls of the people like the peal of a clarion. His home was the wild muir, his bed the heather, his pillow a stone, his canopy the sky.

At Aairsnoss, he, with Hackstoun and about sixty companions, were attacked by the royal troops. "This is the day I have prayed

for," he exclaimed with prophetic soul; "to-day I gain the crown." He fell pierced with wounds. His head and his hands were hacked off and borne on a halberd through the High Street of Edinburgh, the fingers uplifted as in prayer. "These," said Murray, as he delivered them to the officials of the Privy Council, "are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting." With shocking barbarity they were presented to Cameron's father, in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, with the unfeeling and mocking inquiry if he knew to whom they belonged? "Oh, yes," said the poor old man, taking them and kissing them, "they are my son's, my own dear son's. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days."

As the saintly Peden sat on Cameron's grave he lifted his streaming eyes to heaven and pronounced his noblest eulogy in the prayer: "Oh! to be with Ritchie." "Bury me beside Ritchie," he asked on his death-bed, "that I may have rest in my grave, for I have had little in my life." But his prayer was not to be answered. for forty days after his own burial, the ruffian soldiery disinterred his body and hanged it on a gibbet.

And the Cameronian rank and file, humble pedlars and weavers and weak women, were no less heroic than their leaders. A martyr spirit seemed to animate every frame.\* "Will you pray

\* The story of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, has been often told, but will never lose its power to touch the heart. His only crime was the worship of God according to the dictates of his conscience. Surprised by troopers, he walked at their head, "rather like a leader than a captive," to his own door. "To your knees," said Claverhouse, "for you must die." John prayed with such feeling that the dragoons were moved to tears. He tenderly kissed his wife and babes, and prayed, "may all purchased and

promised blessings be multiplied unto you." "No more of this," roared the brutal Claverhouse, and he ordered the dragoons to fire. Seeing them waver, he snatched a pistol, and, with his own hand, shot the good man through the brain. As he fell the brave wife caught her husband's shattered head in her lap. "What think you of your husband now?" demanded the titled ruffian. "I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir," was the brave response. "but never sae muckle as I do this day." "I would think little to lay thee