

COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

BY A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

FILIAL DEVOTION.

"Do you think, mamma," said a bright-eyed girl of twelve or thirteen, the other evening, in our hearing, "it would be very wrong for the Sabbath-school teacher in the *Record* to tell us a nice little story, instead of the long lectures he writes? I am sure I would like it a great deal better." We said nothing at the time, but on our way home resolved to gratify our young critic. There are worse judges in the world of appropriate writing than an intelligent child; and so for the story.

During the latter part of the reign of King James II., people were only allowed to worship God as the king and his friends pleased, and very severe and terrible punishments were for a long time inflicted upon all who ventured to disobey. This was more especially the case in Scotland; but the Scots having been at all times a sturdy and determined people, gave the government a great deal of trouble, and took every opportunity of worshipping their Creator in their own simple, earnest way. Every day, however, it became more dangerous, especially to the rich, who had property to lose; for they were sure to be subjected to enormous fines, and not seldom even to be put to death. There lived in those sad times, a religious and high-spirited nobleman, named Lord Dundonald, an ancestor of the brave Earl Dundonald, who commanded the fleet a few years ago on the North American station. This lord was a pious Presbyterian, and sometimes invited a clergyman to come to his house, and conduct worship, by reading and explaining a portion of Scripture. This you will think was not a very great crime; but the bad people who surrounded the king, and the king himself, thought otherwise, and for doing this they sentenced Lord Dundonald to pay the very large sum of £10,000, and to remain in prison till it was paid. His lordship was rich, but in order to raise this vast sum he had to sacrifice a large portion of his estate, as well as find security not to be guilty of the same offence again. What cruel oppression! you will say. It was indeed very cruel; but there was nothing for it but submission. Still, this good lord felt the loss of his Bible and the liberty of serving God according to his conscience, far more than the loss of his money or estate. Accordingly, though he obeyed for a time, it happened that one of the poor, wandering, persecuted preachers met him, and he could not resist the temptation, but took him, as he thought, very secretly, to his house, sheltered him for the night, and before retiring to rest, asked him to read a chapter, sing a psalm and pray. He hoped it would not be known, and his heart yearned after his beloved faith. But the good have sometimes

many and malicious enemies. He was once informed on, and without delay thrust into prison, where he was treated with brutality. To add to his other troubles, his friends were very angry with him, on account of his imprudence, as they called it, and intended that they could not again run the risk of endeavoring to serve him. He was brought to trial, and his cruel judges thinking that it would have a very great effect on the people in general, if so high and influential a person were condignly punished, sentenced him to death—to death for reading his Bible and praying to his God. Once more was he thrust back to prison till the warrant for his execution should be signed by the king.

In those days it took a long time to get a letter from London, five or six weeks, and sometimes longer. During this time he lay in a dungeon, firmly and even cheerfully waiting for death, attended by no one but his daughter, a fair and beautiful girl, not fifteen years of age. Her father loved her next to his God, and well she deserved his love. In his awful position she cheered and comforted him—read to him from the holy book, which even the jailor was not half-hearted enough to take away. These good doings, however, roused the nation fearfully, the people were goaded almost to madness, and were resisting everywhere. Grizel Cochrane, this young lady's name, saw and heard much of this, and she concocted a scheme of her own mind, which, for daring and resolution, has scarcely any equal, even in the excited times. It would be yet a fortnight before the dreaded warrant could be expected, and about this time, while sitting at her father's feet, she told him she thought she could save him, but he must not ask her but only trust to her prudence and firmness. The good lord smiled, stroked his child's head with a parent's fondness, and asked what a weak lassie like her could do to get him out of the lion's claws. "I can do it," she said, earnestly; "but I must be away a week, and you, dear father, must ask no questions." Her father looked grave: "My child," he said, "no. If I cannot know what you intend doing, it is something that may stain your fair name," and he folded her in his heart. "Father!" she insisted, while the blood mounted to her temples, "am I not Grizel Cochrane? You must give me leave." The desired permission was reluctantly granted, and Grizel hurried away, on the back of a faithful pony, many miles south, to the home of a faithful nurse, to whom she committed her whole secret, because she required assistance.

At that time the mail between England and Scotland was carried by a post-boy on horseback, who, for better security, was always well armed. Grizel had found out the time when this man might be expected, as well as the road he would take. She knew also, that in his bag would be the warrant