

On the 10th of October, 1681, Robert Garnock, D. Farrie, James Stewart, Alexander Russel, and Patrick Foreman were hanged at the Gallow-lee, between Leith and Edinburgh. Foreman's hand was cut off before death, and the heads and hands of the others after, and stuck up at the Pleasance Port, Edinburgh. In his last speech, he said, "I bless the Lord that ever He honoured the like of me with a bloody gibbet and a bloody winding-sheet for His noble, honourable, and sweet cause." He manifested a spirit like that of the apostles when "they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonour for the Name" (Acts v. 41, *Rev. Vers.*), and like that of Paul, when he says to the Philippians, "To you it hath been granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in this, but also to suffer in His behalf" (Phil. i. 29, *R. V.*).

Garnock was baptized by James Guthrie, who, himself, was afterwards added to "the noble army of martyrs." Guthrie's head was cut off after death, and set up on the Nether Bow. Often a little boy was seen standing and looking up with awe at those features, darkening by the weather. It was "the martyr's child"—Willie Guthrie. He knew not the pain which he often caused his widowed mother, when, in reply to her question on his coming home, "Well, Willie, where have you been?" he said, "I've been looking at ma father's head."

John Welch, a great grandson of John Knox, died on the 9th of January, 1681. He laboured hard, but in vain, to heal the divisions among the Covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. But for these, in all likelihood, the history of that day would have been very different from what it is. Though he was severely persecuted, he died a natural death at his home.

Robert McWard, another Covenanting minister, died at Rotterdam, Holland, according to some, in December, 1681. He studied divinity under Samuel Rutherford, and afterwards, when the latter went to the Westminster Assembly, he accompanied him as his private secretary.

There was a grand review of the Union troops at Washington at the close of the late civil war. One of the mottoes displayed on the occasion was to the following effect: "Gratitude—a debt we owe our brave soldiers, which we never can pay." The same is true of us and our Covenanting forefathers. Those who sneer at and revile them should consider this. Admitting that they did some things of which we cannot approve, we must remember that they were only men, and therefore not perfect. But, in order to judge them fairly, we should—as far as we can do so—put ourselves in their place. There is a vast amount of false judging in the world, just owing to this reasonable principle being disregarded. With all their faults, the Covenanters were men of God. Let us not be satisfied with merely reviving their memories. It shall profit us nothing at the last to do so, if we do not imitate their faith.

"Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Begin the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumbering weight,
Their holy footsteps trace."

Metis, Quebec.

T. F.

INDIA.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE.—Two weeks ago to-day I returned from the hills, and I am thankful to say, feeling very much refreshed and strengthened to begin my work anew. This week your Report reached me, and as I read of your efforts in organizing societies, auxiliaries, and seeking to stimulate and encourage those already in existence, I thought God blesses our sisters in the dear home-land, and I could not help feeling more hopeful for the future of our mission. The various Bands are doing nobly, and their finances seem to be in quite a flourishing condition. The name given to each seems very suitable, when one sees how vigorously the work is carried on. You will be pleased to learn I have received a handsome donation for my school, a gift of \$100 from a kind friend. It will, of course, appear in the Treasurer's Report, but it is still more agreeable to learn that half that amount is promised for each year during the lifetime of the person who contributed. Thank God who opens the hearts of His servants to give thus liberally. The school was not closed during my absence at the hills. Oenoo carried it on by herself, and when I returned I found quite an increase in the daily attendance, which now numbers about

twenty, sometimes more, varying, of course, according to the whims of parents and children. This is Saturday, and a holiday for them, so one of our little pupils came in the morning, sent by her mother, to carry off Oenoo to spend the day at their home, in order to teach them to write. I have brought a number of old newspapers, a bottle of ink, and some pens, then the articles are placed on the floor, and the children likewise. I am reminded of the days of yore, and my earliest effort at pot-hooks and hangers, when I see my little Hindoo maids trying to imitate the copy set them; but they are learning, and will by-and-by send you a specimen of their penmanship. I am almost afraid to speak of my dispensary, as you have been kindly pleased to call my effort to deal with the diseases of women and children, but the work, such as it is, still goes on, and I was sent for this week to see a woman who has been suffering, but while I was there others came in until we had a congregation of ten. You asked me what would be the cost of carrying on the dispensary during the coming year. While the instrument continues in working order, the cost is not ten cents a month, but my trouble is, the machine I have now has been in use four years. Any day the "box," as the natives call it, may not be fit to use, and then I can do nothing. The cost of a new one is \$25, and I do sincerely wish I had another here now, as nothing of the kind can be got in India. I am somewhat anxious on the subject. I am thinking of opening another school, either in the camp or city, but as yet have not fixed upon any suitable locality. Our new Resident seems inclined to keep Holkar—in order, not, I apprehend, from any other motive than to preserve the dignity of the Government, but it may help us too. He is much more showy than the other Regent, and goes in state to call on the Marajah, making quite a display. At present we are troubled for want of bungalows, as both Mr. Douglas and we have been obliged to remove from our former quarters, and Miss Rogers and I live in a native house. We can get no building within cantonment limits. I think it is a pity that there is not a suitable building put up on the mission compound opposite this place. Mr. Wikie lives in the one mission house which is habitable, and we are now quite a distance from them. And now that things are somewhat settled here, it would, perhaps, be well to seriously consider the sending out of another lady, as the work should go on, and health is very precarious in India.

The message so kindly sent from our sisters in Canada was received, and I may thank you in the name of the ladies here, for the sweet Christian kindness which dictated the letter, and their loving remembrance of us in this our adopted home. It would be pleasant to see the tint of the autumn leaves once more, to tread the crisp snow underfoot, and to hear the merry sleigh bells ring; but the welfare of immortal souls, and the thought that the Gospel is spreading, will help us to bear a temporary separation from home and friends. A native has just come to the door with mangoes, which he is determined to sell. He carries them in a flat basket on his head, and he will probably chatter for a time, and then give them for half the price he first asked. He says his children will die, and what will he do if he does not get his price?

Mr. Douglas and family have been obliged to go to Mhow, for want of a bungalow; they cannot get one here.

All the members of the missions are well at present. We are living much nearer the bazaar than formerly, in fact we are just at the entrance to it, and in a good place for our work. M. MCGREGOR.

Indore, July 6th, 1881.

It seems that the average minimum salary which the Congregationalists are trying to establish in England is \$750. A recent report gives the present average as between three and four hundred dollars. The well-known Mr. Hanway, who visited Canada some short time ago, said lately, "I do know that the Congregationalists of England cannot afford to allow the pastorate of the churches to fall into the hands of men who are not worth £150 a year, and I know, moreover, that the present plan of giving them something less is dragging our ministry down, so that it may have become true in some parts that there are men among us who are not worth that amount." True of all Churches. A scandalously supported ministry soon makes a scandalous ministry.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

CITIZENS OF HEAVEN.

BY ALEXANDER MAC KEN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

We do belong to another polity or order of things than that with which we are connected by the bonds of flesh and sense. Our true affinities are with the mother city. True, we are here on earth, but far beyond the blue waters is another community, of which we are truly members, and sometimes in calm weather we can see, if we climb to a height above the smoke of the valley where we dwell, the faint outline of the mountains of that other land, lying dream-like on the opal waves, and bathed in sunlight.

Therefore it is a great part of Christian discipline to keep a vivid consciousness that there is such an unseen order of things at present in existence. We speak popularly of "the future life," and are apt to forget that it is also the present life to an innumerable company. In fact, this film of an earthly life floats in that greater sphere which is all around it, above, beneath, touching it at every point.

It is, as Peter says, "ready to be unveiled." Yes, behind the thin curtain, through which stray beams of the brightness sometimes shoot, the other order stands, close to us, parted from us by a most slender division, only a woven veil, no great gulf or iron barrier. And, before long, His hand will draw it back, rattling with its rings as it is put aside, and there will blaze out what has always been, though we saw it not. It is so close, so real, so bright, so solemn, that it is worth while to try to feel its nearness; and we are so purblind, and such foolish slaves of mere sense, shaping our lives on the legal maxim that things which are non-apparent must be treated as non-existent, that it needs a constant effort not to lose the feeling altogether.

There is a present connection between all Christian men and that heavenly city. It not merely exists, but we belong to it in the measure in which we are Christians. All these figurative expressions about our citizenship being in heaven and the like, rest on the simple fact that the life of Christian men on earth and in heaven is fundamentally the same. The principles which guide, the motives which sway, the tastes and desires, affections and impulses, the objects and aims, are substantially one. A Christian man's true affinities are with the things not seen, and with the persons there, however the surface relationships knit him to earth. In the degree in which he is a Christian, he is a stranger here and a native of the heavens. That great city is, like some of the capitals of Europe, built on a broad river, with the mass of the metropolis on the one bank, but a wide-spreading suburb on the other. As the Trastevere is to Rome, as Southwark to London, so is earth to heaven, the bit of the city on the other side the bridge. As Philippi was to Rome, so is earth to heaven, the colony on the outskirts of the empire, ringed round by barbarians, and separated by sounding seas, but keeping open its communications, and one in citizenship.

Be it our care, then, to keep the sense of that city beyond the river vivid and constant. Amid the shows and shams of earth, look ever onward to the realities, "the things which are," while all else only seems to be. The things which are seen are but smoke-wreaths, floating for a moment across space, and melting into nothingness while we look. We do not belong to them or to the order of things to which they belong. There is no kindred between us and them. Our true relationships are elsewhere. In this present visible world, all other creatures find their sufficient and home-like abode. "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but man alone has not where to lay his head," nor can he find in all the width of the created universe a place in which and with which he can be satisfied. Our true habitat is elsewhere. So let us set our thoughts and affections on things above. The descendants of the original settlers in our colonies talk still of coming to England as going "home," though they were born in Australia, and have lived there all their lives. In like manner we Christian people should keep vigorous in our minds the thought that our true home is there where we have never been, and that here we are foreigners and wanderers.

Nor need that feeling of detachment from the present sadden our spirits or weaken our interest in the things around us. To recognize our separation from the order of things in which we "move," because we