

power, beauty and pathos. This was Hugh Mackail. He was a young minister of twenty-six—had traveled on the continent—possessed a liking for letters—amused himself in prison composing Latin verses, but was withal a zealous and fiery Covenanter. He was put to a species of torture equally cruel and clumsy, called the Boots. This instrument was composed of four pieces of narrow boards nailed together, into which when the leg was laid, wedges were driven down with a hammer, mangling the limb, forcing out the marrow, and producing exquisite pain. Mackail bore it with great firmness, denied all knowledge of the existence of a conspiracy, and asserted that the rising of Pentland was altogether accidental. His appearance on the scaffold excited floods of tears from the spectators. There was not, says an eyewitness, “a dry eye in the whole street.” He was so young,—had been so popular, and was possessed of a hectic beauty which now seemed, from the composure of his mind and the magnanimity of his resolve, to be tintured with the hues of heaven. The pale white-cloud assumed a golden tinge as it approached the west.—He went up the ladder, telling his fellow sufferers that he felt every step of it a degree nearer heaven. And when he reached the summit he burst out into the words, “Farewell, father and mother, friends and relatives! farewell, the world and all delights! farewell, meat and drink! farewell sun, moon and stars! Welcome God and Father! welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant! welcome blessed Spirit of grace, the God of all consolation! welcome glory! welcome eternal life, and welcome death!” It was worth a hundred poems. An apostle could not have left the stage of time with firmer assurance, or with loftier language on his lips. With what true, unconscious taste, he makes the climax, not in glory, but in “death!” — *Gillfillan.*

### One Sin too Many.

#### A FACT FOR HALF-AWAKENED SINNERS.

There is an old Grecian legend, which teaches that there was once a diver who boasted of his skill to bring up treasures from the sea. To test his powers, the people threw many a silver cup and many a golden-coin into water nine fathoms deep. And the bold diver brought them to the surface with triumph. But one day a disguised fiend threw a tinsel crown into a whirlpool, and challenged the confident diver to bring it up; promising him, if he succeeded, the power to wear it and to transmit it to his children. Down he sprang after the bauble; but the Nereids of the sea, hearing the clangor of the crown when it fell upon their grottoes, closed around him as he was grasping the prize, and held him fast until he perished.

Thus reads the legend. Its moral teaches that the most daring may dare once too often—that folly, though long successful will plunge its victim into ruin at last. A lesson worthy of the careful study of partially awakened sinners, as may be seen by the following fact:

A young man of fine talents was present one evening at the house of God in ——— during an interesting revival. Several of his companions had already given their hearts to Christ, and he had been deeply moved by their experience. He was therefore prepared to receive strong impressions, and he did. The truth went home to his conscience. He wept to see himself so vile, as he now beheld himself mirrored in the word of God. He felt a motion, almost irrepressible, to submit to Christ, and to join the band of penitents who bowed before the altar. But the pride of his heart revolted at so public and humiliating an avowal of his sinfulness. He dreaded the scorn of the worldly! He kept his seat, therefore, soothing his conscience by a resolve—firm and irrevocable, as he persuaded himself—to return home at