

BOYS AND GIRLS

Drowned for Christ's Sake.

'Scotland is like a pebble; it needs rain to bring out its beauty,' said good old Prof. Blaikie. Yet we may go farther, and say that it is because of the rains of persecution that Scottish character has been purified and made lovely.

Let all who think union of church and state a good thing, and that it is sublime and beautiful to have uniformity in religion and to have politicians make laws for the government of churches, remember the slaughter and martyrdom which such uniformity cost in Great Britain. Awful is the long story of the persecution of the Scottish Covenanters. The names of those who shed

were called. One was eighteen and the other thirteen. When arrested, they were so firm in their convictions that they were condemned to be drowned. The father of Agnes pleaded for her life, paid a fine of £100, and gained her release, but was unable to redeem the life of his older daughter, Margaret, and for her the sentence was carried out.

The two girls had found shelter with an old widow lady who also believed in serving her Master without having a minister dressed up in a particular way, or without using prayers printed in books. She believed that Christians redeemed by the blood of Christ had a right to hold different opinions in

England's king should rouse the manhood of Wigton to rescue these weak women. Hundreds of people came out on the shore as spectators. It is said that on that day no noon meal was cooked or eaten in the town.

The waters were soon around the waist of the older woman. Quickly they reached her neck, and, too weak to struggle, she was soon silent and her spirit flown. Seeing this, the young girl's mother cried out, 'Gie in, gie in, and tak the oath.' Other friends and acquaintances called out to 'Bonnie Margaret' to yield and pray for the king. This they would accept as a sign that she would recant. Yet so far from doing this, and that her last breath might go up to God as an offering of thanksgiving, she chanted the Twenty-fifth Psalm: 'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. . . . Let not mine enemies triumph over me. Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed.'

The water having come up to her knees, the people fell further back. Then it rose to her waist, but, having finished the psalm, she repeated the latter part of the eighth chapter of Romans, verses 35 to 39: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' By this time the waves were nearly at her lips. Soon the incoming swells silenced her voice. This was Scotland's last martyr.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Uncle Gerald's Views.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

'Well, I think just as Uncle Gerald does, that anyone who cannot take a glass of wine or champagne when he feels disposed without becoming a drunkard, does not amount to much, and to bind oneself with a pledge is an admission of weakness.'

The two boys had halted just below the window where Gerald Lawrence was seated, and unmindful of the old adage that 'listeners never hear good of themselves,' he leaned forward at the sound of the voice of his nephew and namesake.

He could not deny he had been quoted correctly; but some way his argument did not seem so convincing, repeated by this lad of fourteen, who was already causing his parents anxiety by his independence and recklessness.

Gerald was curious to hear what the boy's companion would reply, for he was evidently urging him to some step he was unwilling to take.

'Why, Gerry, no one ever became a drunkard all at once, but beginning with one glass, they go on until they acquire a taste for it, and it takes more and more to satisfy them. Just look at Sam Snyder.'

'Pshaw,' interrupted Gerald, 'I was not talking of such low creatures; I meant gentlemen,' and he drew himself up proudly.

'Who do you call gentlemen?' Fred asked.

'Oh! educated people, who dress well, go into good society, have money and, and'—he hesitated how to finish his sentence.

'Well, then, Sam was a gentleman, or at least a gentleman's son, whatever you may call him now,' persisted Fred. 'Father knows his whole history, for they were schoolmates. Sam's father was one of the richest men in town, and there was not a boy in school as well dressed, or one who had as handsome a sled, or as fine skates as Sam. He even had a horse and carriage of his own, and the boys all envied him, but he was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, ready to share his good things, and so was



GIE IN, GIE IN, AND TAK THE OATH.

human blood so freely, in vainly seeking to obtain conformity, are detested in Scotland. 'Bonnie Dundee,' though a pretty piece of music, describes one who was a human butcher. To this day, the very sound of Claverhouse is execrated.

Finally, when the better conscience of England prevailed, the noble-minded and great-hearted William III. took the throne, and toleration became customary. The Scottish people were allowed to worship God according to their own belief, and the storm of persecution and bloodshed ceased.

The better day, however, came too late for Margaret and Agnes Wilson. These two sisters attended the 'conventicles,' as all meetings not held in the state churches

minor matters. This old woman was to die first.

Look on the map of Scotland, and, in the extreme southwestern shire, you will find Wigton, on Wigton Bay; and, flowing into it, a little river called Blednock. Waiting until the tide had gone down and was about to turn, the officers in the pay of the political church went out over the sand, and drove two stakes in the sloping shore. To the one first reached by the incoming waters they fastened the old woman. Further back, toward the shore, they drove another stake, and to this they tied Margaret Wilson. Around each stake, until the water drove them away, stood a detachment of troopers with naked swords, lest the barbarism of