

He was not too squeamish nor too timid, to handle, even in the Pulpit on the Lord's day, the subject of Queen Mary's marriage with a Papist, as part of the "Evangel" he was commissioned to proclaim.

"In Parliament (we again quote Froude) when the Lords, thinking only of the Austrian Carlos, had been congratulating one another on the great match intended for their Queen, Knox rose in the pulpit at St. Giles and told them all, 'that whenever they, professing the Lord Jesus, consented that a Papist should be head of their Sovereign they did, as far as in them lay to banish Christ from the realm: they would bring God's vengeance on their country, a plague on themselves, and perchance small comfort to their Sovereign.'"

Mary sent for Knox. He obeyed the summons. The two representatives of the two forces contending for the mastery in Scotland, are face to face in an apartment in Holyrood. Her voice shaking with passion, she accused him of handling her as never prince had been handled; she had borne his bitterness, she admitted him to her presence, she had endured to be reprimanded, and yet she could not be quit of him; she vowed to God she would be avenged.

"Quiet, collected,—seeing through and through him," says the same historical authority, "yet with a sound northern courtesy, the Reformer answered, that when it pleased God to open her eyes she would see that he had done nothing to offend her: in private he had been silent: *'in the preaching place'* he must obey God Almighty."

"But what" she asked "have you to do with my marriage?" He said his duty was to preach the Evangel: the nobility were so much addicted to her affections that they had forgotten their duty, and he was therefore bound to remind them of it. After further words the Queen burst into tears and sobbed violently. Knox stood silent till she had composed herself. He then, said, "Madam in God's presence I speak: I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures: yea, I can scarcely abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects: but seeing I have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain your Majesty's tears rather than hurt my conscience."

"Such was Knox," (says Froude, who as an Englishman and a Free-thinker, cannot be suspected of undue partiality to a Presbyterian preacher) "such was Knox" (describing him towards the end of his life) "the greatest of living Scotchmen, in the last year of his life, still lifting the voice which long before had stirred his countrymen, like ten thousand trumpets, still strong in his infirmity, till he had finished his task upon the earth."