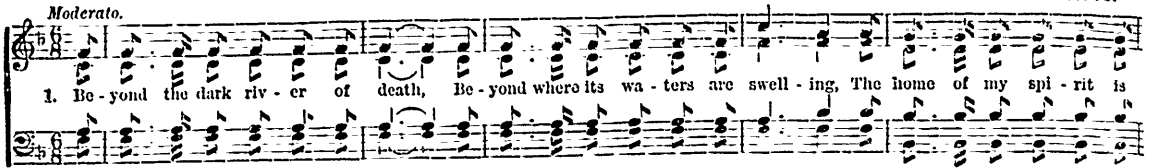
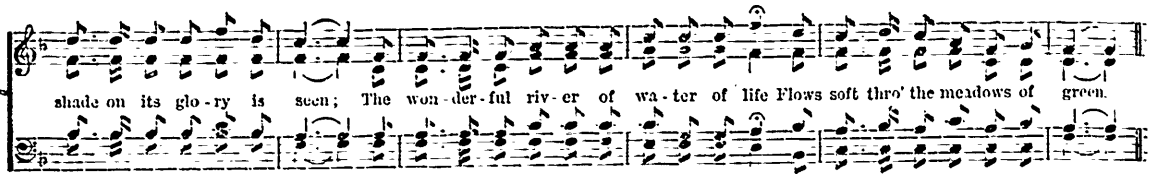
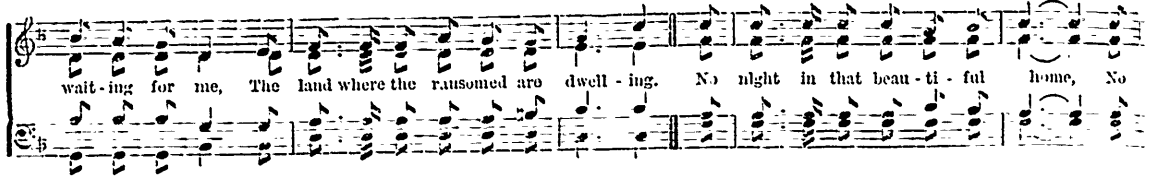


OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

CHORUS.



2 No grief in that beautiful home,
No sorrow can enter its portals;
But glad are the voices that join in its song,
The song of the shining immortals.

Chorus—"No night," &c.

3 No tears in that beautiful home,
No sin from our Saviour to sever;
The King in His beauty our eyes shall behold,
And join in His praises for ever.

Chorus—"No night," &c.

HEROES OF THE COVENANT.

BY FULTON SMITH.

DEEP, deep in the heart of every Christian (who looks back upon the history of his country so far as that is a record of the struggle of "the faith once delivered to the saints" against the inroads of apostasy) lies cherished the memory of those who nobly maintained the cause of sacred truth. The Christian does not necessarily "pin his faith" to these memories, as did the Jews to their traditions when they said, "We have Abraham for our father," but he finds his own faith and hope strengthened, when in thought he reverts to the men whose names are enshrined with historic interest in the annals of the nation.

The story of many parts of Scotland, of whole tracts of that highly-favoured land, is but the narrative of hardships endured by godly men and women who stained with their life's blood the heath-covered hills of their native land. The rugged mountains, while often affording a temporary hiding-place to the Lord's chosen, were as often the scene of heart-rending struggles of defenceless women and children against the fiendish attacks of their persecutors. Deprived of the freedom to worship in the state churches, the Covenanters were compelled to resort to the hills and glens, and there assembled, worship the God of their fathers. Rarely did the conventicles (as they were contemptuously called) assemble without interruption from the soldiery who were ever on the alert for these stolen meetings. The Lord's Supper was frequently celebrated on these occasions, and precious, very precious, were they to the hearts of the good people.

The officiating clergyman, with solemn mien, and uncovering his silver locks to the breeze, would engage in earnest supplication with the Almighty for His blessing on the bread and wine which symbolised the sufferings and death of their risen Saviour, whose cause was so dear to each heart. Then would follow an address of earnestness and pathos which made the hearts of the stoutest and bravest melt with tenderness as the thought occurred it might be the last word spoken or heard by minister or people. A terrible reality pervaded these meetings such as can scarcely be realised under any other circumstances. Yet these assemblies were the unmistakable protest of a people who claimed their just rights to civil and religious

liberty. And we are now enjoying the benefits which that protest implied. If, then, our Protestantism was only sustained by such heroism which involved the sacrifice of so many of our ancestors in defending their hearths and homes, ought we not to see to it that our faith is maintained against the onslaughts of a more subtle foe, which does not meet us with "swords and staves," but attacks the citadel of the heart?

The persecutions of Claverhouse and his party were not always confined to extracting confessions from grown men and cruelly shooting them at the threshold of their homes in sight of their families, as not unfrequently happened, but innocent childhood was made the subject of their inhumanity. One instance is recorded of a godly minister who had sought a refuge amongst the wilds of the hills in Upper Lanarkshire. A little fellow of ten summers, his only child, was daily in the habit of carrying provisions to the aged servant of God. The boy was discovered by Claverhouse, who was in search of the old man, and was very eager to have him taken prisoner. He questioned the boy, and on ascertaining the relation he held towards the object of his pursuit, demanded of him where the father was in hiding. The child would not disclose to the cruel monster the hiding-place, whereupon Claverhouse took him by the arms and held him over the brink of a dreadful precipice, threatening to let him drop should he not answer his question. The boy fearlessly looked down the dreadful abyss, and turning his eyes upon the savage who held him, said, "I would rather die than tell you where my dear father hides. He tells the people of the love of Jesus, and"—a shriek rends the morning, and then all is hushed—the mangled corpse of the little martyr lies far down the steep of that awful ravine. Similar instances of barbarity were not uncommon in those days, and strange to remark, the same varieties of cruelty and persecution characterise the operations of opposition to Christianity, whether amongst the Vaudois, or the Bohemians, in the days of Huss, or under the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and in Spain. The Apostle Paul foreshadowed all this in the closing verses of the eleventh chapter of his epistle to the Hebrews.

The banner of "Christ's crown and covenant" still waves fearlessly over Scotland, proclaiming to the world that the light of Gospel truth, like the burning bush of the wilderness, *Nec tamen consumebatur.*

In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your heart.