

peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington: that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age, like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befel him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study; for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and French well; we find in his writings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian; he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever knowledge was to be obtained out of books, concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge, not of books, but of the world in which he lived, but of the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood.

But this (the news of the Bartholomew massacre) was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its heat, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place, that men like to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet, simple way, he set his house in order and made his low preparations. We find him paying his servants wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends came in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and enquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him, which years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—"I'll see," he said, "bide me gods night, but when will we do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken leave of the world, and only a few dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accipias?*"—(what hast thou that thou hast not received.) It was the stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green forever.

On Monday the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning and partially dressed himself, but, feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain. "It is a painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sat by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, which was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he heard anything. "Ay," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise to God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promises which oft-time ye have shown to us of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign,' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and slepitt away without any pain."

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit, which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What had he been to those who were gathered about his death-bed, they did not require to be taught by losing him. What had he been to his country, "Albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulæ. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His

power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our own national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her, passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm, and we are like the agriculturists of a long settled country, who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise, against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are passed away, and the metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue we have made! Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror—he can see our faces in every part of it. But it is time to have done. We had intended to have had said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out.

We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave: "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."—*Extract from Westminster Review.*

THE LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF PAUL AND JOHN.—Scripture was written at sundry times, and in divers manners; by men of different ages, and of various minds; yet, amid their characteristic diversities, agreeing under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in one full and harmonious result. As one star differeth from another in glory, so among these lights of the world, a few take the first place. Moses, David, and Isaiah, impress the deepest stamp, amongst those who are cast into the mould of the Old Testament; and the writings of Paul and John are most conspicuous and characteristic in the New. Paul excels in the energy of the intellect; John in the calm intensity of love. In Paul we see two styles;—a style rivaling the classic models of antiquity, when in a formal speech he addresses a Grecian, and above all an Athenian audience. Another style when, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," he pierces into the depths of the ancient Scriptures, piles arguments upon arguments, and springs from conclusion to conclusion. The narrative of St. John, on ordinary topics, is clear, simple, and pellucid, like the purest and gentlest river; and when he ascends to heights, at the very highest elevation which the understanding of man can reach his style still preserves its usual calmness; the stream is increased to a depth that can scarcely be fathomed, but the surface still preserves its smoothness, and is waveless, like the sea of glass before the throne of God. The mind of Paul is rapid as the lightning, and yet strikes, with its zig-zag impetuosity, every projecting point that approaches its path, and still, undelayed by these deflections, attains instantaneously the goal. The mind of John is like the diffused light of the noon-day, and cloudless heaven, uniting ineffable splendour, with the deepest repose.—*Douglas' Structure of Prophecy.*

TEMPERANCE.—There is no better or more forcible description of intemperance, than that given by St. Augustine, who calls it, "A distemper of the head; a subversion of the senses; a tempest in the tongue; a storm in the body; a shipwreck of virtue; a loss of time; a wilful madness; a pleasant devil; a sugared poison; a sweet sin; which he that has it, has not himself; and he that commits it, doth not only commit sin, but he himself is altogether sin."

"Intemperance has been aptly called," saith Flavel, "the devil's bridle, by which he turneth sinners which way he pleases; he that is overcome by it can overcome no other sin."

Among the heathen he was counted the best man who spent more oil in the lamp than wine in the bottle.

Terullian says of the Primitive Christians: "They sat not down before they prayed; they eat no more than might suffice their hunger; they drank no more than was sufficient for temperate men; they did so eat and drink, as those that remembered that they must pray afterwards."

HUMAN LIFE.—It seems to be sometimes supposed that life emerges from the earth, and that in infancy and old age we touch the ground, while the arch of our humanity rises highest in our manhood. I think on the contrary, that life resembles a reversed rainbow, beginning and ending in heaven, and most immersed in earthly interests and concerns, when it appears to be at its zenith. The child is an angel let loose upon the earth and the old man is an angel putting on his wings for flight to a better world.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will any thing annoy you.

Great affection to any creature, but perhaps for so much the greater affliction, when it is either removed from, or imbittered to us.

We often needlessly perplex ourselves with imaginary troubles.

We fancy things worse than they are, and then afflict ourselves more than we need.