

Life Leaves.

The day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden gates.
And a single star in the cloudless blue,
For the rising moon in silence waits.

THE STORY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

BY A. WILMOT, F. R. G. S.

CHAPTER III.

The murder by the Reformers of the great, vigorous, and able governor of the kingdom was a blow to Catholicism and to the independence of Scotland. The Queen was an infant and treason was rife.

Every honest man in Scotland felt indignant at the foul assassination of Cardinal Beaton. The Parliament declared the Reformers who had killed him guilty of treason, and an army was assembled under the governor, which proceeded to invest the Castle of St. Andrews.

the fortress itself not one stone was left on another—a complete destruction, attributed by some to the zeal of fulfilling an injunction of the Canon law enjoining the extermination of any building in which a murderer so foul as that of Cardinal Beaton had been committed.

On the 2nd of September, 1547, the Protector (Duke of Somerset), invaded Scotland with a large army, and was enabled by means of treason to march safely towards the capital. A Scottish force, in which there were four thousand Highlanders and a number of Islesmen, met him close to Musselburgh.

The unfortunate war between France and England induced the Regent to enjoin the country. The Scottish nobles declined to assist, and the old feud was thus again completely reopened.

At last so hopeless did the position of the garrison become that Knox was able to make religious capital by predicting that their walls would be shivered.

of Masses, in which it is commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and dead, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.

More than twenty-five years ago a noted divine of the Anglican persuasion was wont to refresh the public ear in this country through the English magazines with an article concerning some one of the topics of the day: "Concerning Growing Old," "Concerning Hurry and Leisure," "Concerning Going Up and Coming Down," and last, but not least, we remember an interesting article, "Concerning the Happiness of some one."

CONCERNING CONVERTS.

Ave Maria.

There is now a very critical one, and John Knox evidently felt afraid. An invitation suddenly arrived, asking him to become pastor of a congregation at Geneva, and he precipitately accepted it.

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Many years since, a minister of the Episcopal Church, a follower of the "Evangelical Alliance," in other words, an "Ailing" minister, was thundered forth against the Church of Christ, as they do to-day.

There is, now and then, a soul drawn to the Church on aesthetic grounds— finer music, more light, more flowers, more incense, than can be found even among the small body of extreme Ritualists—

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worldliness. In thinking of this pair we recall the words of a very devoted Belgian Father once spoke in our presence,—"I am afraid of converts."

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a slave. The liar is a slave to his own falsehood; the drunkard is a slave to his own intemperance; the covetous is a slave to his own avarice, and the unclean to the deadly abominations of those who shall be cast into the pit that burneth with fire and brimstone.

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