

and certainly his forecasts indicated keen insight and intelligence.

No man in all Scotland knew better than Peden, the dim caves, the wild crags, the caverns, the deep and gloomy recesses amid the hills and moors where the persecuted children of the Covenant could, unmolested by spy or trooper, meet to worship God. For long, dark, stormy years the misty hills, the lonely dells, the savage ravines were his parish, often trodden by him in ministering consolation to the poor exiles who lived daily in peril of their lives. With more than fatherly tenderness he tended his scattered flock.

Age, hunger, exposure to cold and heat, to summer rains and winter snows, told on the once powerful frame of Peden, and he sought his childhood's home to die. At the old spot was a cave where for some time he found safe hiding for wasted frame and weary limb. But even there they would not let him rest. Troopers came to seize him, but they missed once more their prey. He was near the end of his stormy pilgrimage. Creeping feebly to his brother's house to die, he asked them if they could to let his weary limbs sleep beside Richard Cameron at Ayrs Moss. He breathed his last praying for the Church he loved so well. They buried him—not beside Cameron, for that was far away; but a troop of dragoons came by order of the government, took up the decaying body and buried it like that of a criminal at the foot of the gallows at Cumnock. But "if the heart be right it matters not where the dust lieth"—awaiting the summons from on high.

"There came a worn and weary man  
To Cameron's place of rest,  
He cast him down upon the sod,  
He smote upon his breast;  
He wept as only strong men weep,  
When weep they must or die,  
And 'Oh to be wi' Ritchie' was still his  
bitter cry.

"Alas! alas! for Scotland,  
The once beloved of Heaven.  
The crown is fallen from her head,  
Her holy garment riven;  
The ashes of her Covenant  
Are scattered far and near,  
And the voice speaks loud in judgment  
Which in love she would not hear!

"Alas! alas! for Scotland!  
Her mighty ones are gone;  
Thou, brother, thou art taken—  
I am left almost alone;  
And my heart is faint within me  
And my strength is dried and lost,  
A feeble and an aged man, alone against  
a host!

"Upon the wild and lone Ayrs Moss,  
Down sank the twilight grey,  
In storm and cloud the evening closed  
Upon that cheerless day;  
But Peden went his way refreshed,  
For peace and joy were given;  
And Cameron's grave had proved to him  
The very gate of Heaven."

### Household Words.

FOR ME.

I.

Matthew xxvii. 46.

My LORD, I saw Thee on the cross,  
For me.

That pallid face, that tear-dimmed eye,  
That broken heart, that wailing cry,  
"Eli, lama sabachani!"

'Twas all for me.

I saw my sins all washed away,  
My guilty soul made bright as day,  
Thy precious blood the debt did pay  
For me.

II.

Hebrews x. 37.

My LORD, I'll see Thee coming soon,  
For me.

Oh blessed hope, oh wonderful grace,  
In mansions blessed to find a place,  
The uplifted shining of Thy face  
'Twill be for me.

For ever with the white-robed crowd,  
Sing, sing, my heart, in praises loud,  
My Saviour comes in glory crowned  
For me.

R. T.

### HEART WORSHIP.

In a certain congregation, may be seen regularly an aged man silently following the course of the service, kneeling in prayer, standing in praise, and sitting patiently through the sometimes lengthy sermon; yet all the while there is visible on his countenance that pathetic, passive calm, indicating a deafness that is all but total.

"Do you not find church-going very uninteresting now?" asked a friend, recently.

"Yes," answered the old man, "I cannot deny that I do weary sometimes when the service is long; but I go for three reasons: