

## PRAYER HEARD.

"Twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over old Sandy, and the poor things; and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of thy goodness, pity and compassion, what thou didst for us at such a time."

Thus prayed the old Highland Minister as he fled from his persecutors in those days of Scotland's struggles against religious oppression, when James II. sat upon the throne of England, and hundreds of ministers, driven from their churches, were forbidden to preach, even in the fields, or approach within twenty miles of their former charges. No one was allowed to supply them with food or shelter, and the desolation of multitudes of families was unutterable. The tender-hearted wife knew not how it fared with her husband traversing the waste, or lodging in the cold damp cave. She knew not the moment in which the moss-troopers, as the king's soldiers were called, would knock at her door and carry her captive, or pillage her dwelling. But none of these things moved the brave Scots. Determined to uphold their religion or die, when they held their meetings they placed sentinels on the hill tops to warn them of the troopers, and prayed and sang among the rocky recesses of their highlands. Sometimes they mustered in arms, and, though oft defeated and many of their number slain, nothing could subdue their spirit. In the language of an English historian, they were "hunted down like wild beasts, tortured till their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the license of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders; yet they still stood at bay in a mood so strange that the boldest and mightiest oppressors could not but dread the audacity of their despair."

One of the most noted of these persecuted men was the venerable Peden, who persisted in preaching the gospel in the wilds of his native land, traditions of whose history are said to be familiar in every cottage of Scotland.

He had no home, and therefore spent much of his time in the fields and mountains, gathering a few people together to hold a meeting wherever their seemed to be a place of safety. If they were discovered, they fled to some hiding place unknown to their enemy. The caves by the mountain streams, the dense hazel wood in the deep glen, the feathered brackens on the hill, the green corn when it was tall enough to screen them from observation, afforded both a retreat from their pursuers and a place for communion with God. Among the many secret holes to which this good man occasionally retreated was the solitude of Glendyne. The width of the glen at the bottom is little more than five or six times the breadth of the brawling torrent that rushes through it. Dark precipitous mountains rise on either side to an immense height. Towards this spot which was only known to a few persons he was hastening with three or four companions when he was discovered by the moss-troopers. As they attempted to make their escape, they found themselves almost surrounded by the soldiers advancing up the mountain. Mr Peden immediately ordered a halt and kneeling down offered up the prayer we have mentioned.

He had no sooner risen from his knees than dense volumes of show-white mist came rolling down from the summit of the hills, shrouding them from the sight of their pursuers who like the men of Sodom when they were smitten with blindness could not grope their way after them.

HOME PIETY.—Enjoyment in religion depends on observing little home duties—or fireside piety. An occasional effort to do some great thing may ease the conscience a little while; but it is only the spirit of Christ carried into the family, and into every day life, softening the temper, and rendering the heart affectionate which can impart an habitual elevation and solemnity of mind.