

be given up without effort and without regret, and you will enter into the joy of forsaking all to follow Christ.—REV. G. WILSON, Edinburgh.

“TE DEUM LAUDAMUS”

“We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord,” etc.—*Book of Common Prayer.*

THU Thee, O God, we joyous raise
Our voices in a song of praise:
As Lord who over all hast sway:
To Thee we hearty homage pay:
With reverence all the earth to Thee,
Eternal Father, bows the knee:
All Angels and all powers on high
Aloud to Thee in concert cry:
Ever to Thee ascends the hymn
Of Cherubim and Seraphim!
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
The God of Hosts! the rays which poured
Abroad are by Thy Majesty,
With brightness fill immensity
Thee praise those whom Christ gave command
To preach His Cross in ev'ry land:
Thee praise those who before made known
The coming of the Anointed One.
Thee praise those who held fast the faith,
And their lives loved not to the death!
The Holy Church, in ev'ry place
Unites in heart to seek Thy face.
The Father of a majesty
Extending, through infinity;
Him whom we for our Saviour own,
Thy glorious, true, and only Son;
Also the Spirit, who imparts
The balm of joy to bleeding hearts.
O Christ, to Thee we praises sing:
Thee who of glory art the King:
Ere time its course began to run,
Word of the Father, with Him One.
Thou, when to save man thou didst come,
Abhorrest not the Virgin's womb.
When o'er death's bitter agony
Thou hadst obtained the victory,
A place in Heav'n Thou didst provide
For all who in Thyself confide.
Thou sitt'st at God's right hand on high,
Clothed with the Father's majesty;
Thou shalt return, and righteously
Shall quick and dead be judged by Thee.
Help, therefore, on us now bestow.
Save by Thy blood from endless woe:
A place appoint us, Lord, we pray,
Among Thy saints in endless day!
Thy people send deliverance,
And bless Thine own inheritance:
Rule o'er them by Thy mighty power,
And lift them up for evermore!
We magnify Thee day by day,
And worship Thy great name for aye.
Help us, O Lord, that this day we
May from all sin ourselves keep free,
Thy mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
Who merit naught but endless woe!
Lord, cause to shine on us Thy face,
As in Thee all our trust we place!
Lord, I have trusted in Thy name,
Then let me ne'er be put to shame!

T. F.

THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.

AMONG the noble “Ladies of the Covenant” who laid down their lives for CHRIST'S KIRK AND COVENANT, the martyrdom of these two, by slow drowning, is the most tragic tale of all those “KILLING TIMES” from the Restoration, 1660, to the Revolution, 1688. Mr. Napier tried to deny the terrible facts, but they are now fully proved, as follows:—

Margaret Lauchlison, an aged widow, who lived with her married daughter in Drumjargon, Kirkiuner, and Margaret Wilson, a maiden of eighteen, daughter of Gilbert Wilson, Glenvernoch, Penninghame, suffered death for their religion in Wigtown. The former, a plain country woman, eminent in Bible knowledge, blameless in her deportment, was a “pattern of virtue and piety.” Strongly attached to the covenanted Presbyterian Church, she regularly absented herself from the ministrations of Andrew Symson, the curate in charge at Kirkinner, and attended the sermons of the proscribed Presbyterian ministers. She was farther known to have afforded shelter and relief to her persecuted friends and relatives in their wanderings and distresses. This was illegal, according to the custom of intercommuning or banishing from society those who were guilty of being present at Conventicles. But Margaret felt that those who had been banished from their homes, and were forced to wander from place to place, “being destitute, afflicted, tormented,” required sympathy and help. The aged matron was, in the quiet calm of the Sabbath, engaged in family worship when she was apprehended and carried to prison.

The younger woman, Margaret Wilson, seems to have been early possessed of a spirit of independence. Her parents had conformed, but she stood up for “Christ's cause and Covenant” in so emphatic a manner that the authorities were soon on the outlook for her and a younger sister Agnes, of thirteen years, whom she had no doubt instructed in the path of duty and religion. Thus hunted, they were forced to flee from their home, and wandered through Carrick, Galloway, and Nithsdale, with their brothers and some others, and lived for a time in “the wild mountains, bogs, and caves,” their parents being charged “on their highest peril, that they should neither harbour them, speak to them, supply them, nor see them; and the country people were obliged by the terror of the law to pursue them, as well as the soldiers, with hue and cry.” In

Rev. W. L. Macrae, son of Dr. Macrae of St. John, is about to engage in mission work in Trinidad.