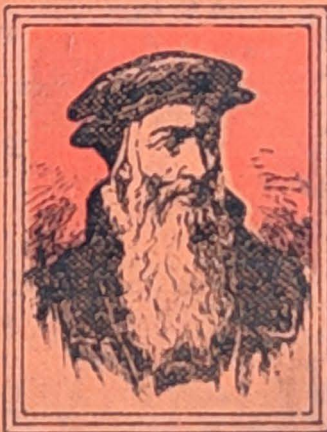


THE
LIFE STORY
OF
JOHN KNOX

THE GALLEY SLAVE WHO BROKE
A NATION'S FETTERS



THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF
JOHN KNOX.

By J. J. ELLIS.



GLASGOW:
The Scottish Bible and Book Society,
R. L. ALLAN & SON,
141 & 143 Sauchiehall Street.

LONDON:
The London Bible and Book Saloon,
ALFRED HOLNESS,
13 & 14 Paternoster Row.

And may be Ordered of any Bookseller.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—“LET HER SWIM;” OR, THE PRISONER A PROPHET,	3
II.—PLAIN SPEAKING; OR, HE WHO NEVER FEARED THE FACE OF MAN,	13
III.—“A BLAST OF THE TRUMPET;” OR, THE EXILE WHOSE HEART WAS AT HOME,	26
IV.—“TOLERABLE FOOLERIES;” OR, PULLING DOWN THE ROOKS’ NESTS,	34
V.—“SPARE NO ARROWS;” OR, FREE AND PURE, .	40
VI.—A SUBJECT, YET ROYAL; THE TIGRESS ROBBED OF HER PREY,	48
VII.—A DEAD HAND AND A GLAD HEART; OR, WHERE TO CAST THE ANCHOR,	56

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS,	7
MARTYRDOM OF GEORGE WISHART,	17
JOHN KNOX,	23
KNOX’S STUDY,	31
KNOX AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,	37
LORD STEWART WAS APPOINTED REGENT DURING HIS MINORITY,	43
JOHN KNOX’S HOUSE, EDINBURGH,	51
ENTRANCE TO OLD HOLYROOD PALACE,	59



LIFE AND WORK
OF
JOHN KNOX.

CHAPTER I.

“LET HER SWIM;” OR THE PRISONER A PROPHECY

“Oh, for a painter’s brush, or poet’s pen,
That I might now portray
The glories I saw then!”

“Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

“As ships cross, and more cheerily go,
Having changed tidings upon the sea,
So am I richer by them, I know,
And they are not poorer, I trust, by me.”

“**H**OW could you do so, man? I thought that you were a quiet, peaceable man, John Knox; but to fling their painted image of the Virgin Mary into the river is sheer madness! I am sure our lot is hard enough already, without the awful flogging we are

sure to receive when the captain returns and hears from the priests what has happened."

The speaker was a sturdy Dutchman, chained, as were his companions, to the benches of the galley, a long, narrow warship, propelled by oars and manned by criminals, or prisoners of war; but at that time in France especially by those who were not Romanists.

"I care not for these French idolaters and their graven image," said John Knox, a well-formed sturdy Scotchman, whose strong mind manifested itself in every movement of his face and form. "I have borne long time with their vile folly, and whatever happens, I care not now."

"What did he then, that you are so nervous about?" asked an Englishman who had only been transferred from the land prison to the galley a few hours previously. "This John Knox seems a ringleader in mischief; and yet I love the face of the sturdy rogue. What wickedness have you committed now, fellow slave?"

"Like your nation, whom I love well, though of course ye are only second to the Scotch," replied Knox, lifting his chained hand to obtain a little ease, aching as it did from the heavy irons upon it. "Ye English always like to probe into all secrets, but I will pleasure ye a little, knave. We came from Rouen to Nantes a few weeks since, and are to winter here on the river Loire until the

spring, when it is said that we are to attack the English. I know not how to endure the bitter taunts of the priests, that cut into my soul far more painfully than the whips of the officers do our bare backs. But this morning, after the captain had gone ashore upon his love affairs, the priests carried a wooden image of the Virgin Mary along our benches. They offered the doll to me to be kissed. I loade them begone and vex me not. But one priest pushed the doll into my face, and made me take it into my hands. I took hold of the idol and flung it into the river, and when they looked horrified I laughed at them and said, 'Let our lady now save herself. She is light enough; let her learn to swim.' They fished the image out of the water and dried its clothes, and now they are saying masses to make atonement for what they call the sin."

"They will give out to-morrow that the wooden block has performed a miracle," said the Dutchman. "Bah! I cannot tolerate the folly. And yet if a man will not say that he believes this nonsense, they tear him from his home, and send him to labour as a slave in the galleys."

"Better be silent; the officers will be along directly," said a thin, slender Frenchman, who was stationed on the same bench.

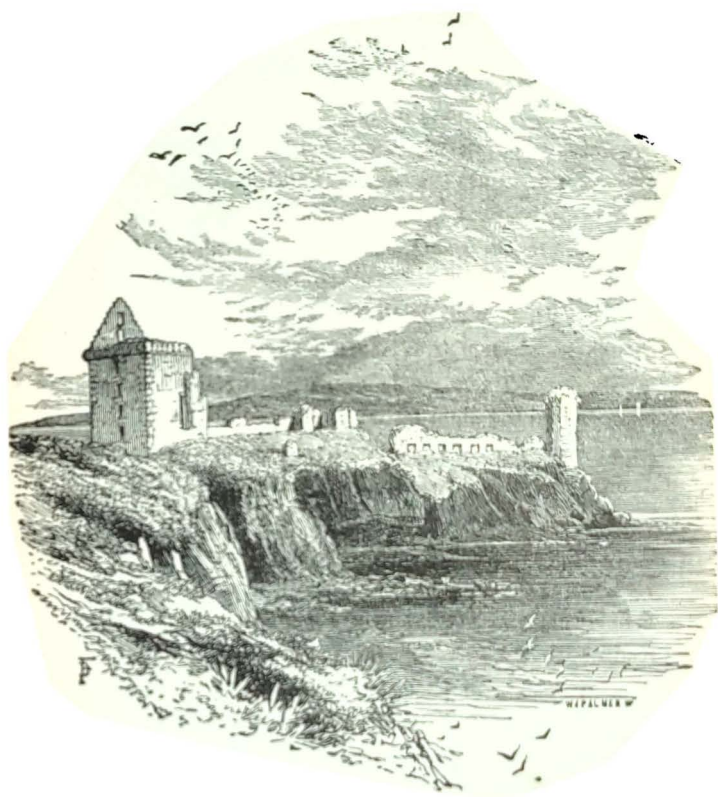
"No fear of them," replied the Dutchman; "they are

drinking in the captain's room. Let us have a talk. My tongue aches for a little friendly chat. Tell me, Knox, for I love thee, how came you here?"

"I was born in 1505," replied Knox, "at Haddington, in East Lothian, Scotland. The house, with a fair plot of land, is in a part of the town called Gifford-gate, and had belonged to my ancestors for some generations. My father's ancestors were noble; but alas! their wealth had not come with their name to me. From the Grammar School of the town I went to the University of St. Andrews. There John Major was my teacher, and from him I learned to think for myself, and not to be content to regard myself as the slave of priests and kings. After taking my degree I taught in the University, and in 1530, when I was about 25 years of age, I was ordained a priest after the Popish mode. But the vile lives of the clergy disgusted me with them, as much as their foolish studies mocked my desire to know the truth."

"Ay," said the Englishman, "it is like feeding hungry men with egg shells and chalk eggs. Nothing like the Scriptures to satisfy and comfort the soul."

"So I found," replied Knox. "But it was the fourteenth of John that spake first to my heart. Here, thought I, is what I require, and I seized upon the Divine Word with the joy and appreciation of a starving man. When the heart feels itself lost and aching it



CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.

delights in the very syllables of Scripture. How the words glowed with a sweet perfume of love, and with what delight did I read them !”

“But did the priests permit you to believe and teach these new doctrines ?” asked the Dutchman. “Wherever men begin to read the Bible, and to think, they break away from the Pope, but, poor things ! they generally have to suffer for it.”

“So, alas, it was in Scotland ! That foul Cardinal Beaton seized George Wishart, my teacher in the things of Christ. Wishart would not allow me to abide with him ; but on the night he was apprehended by Bothwell he said to me, ‘Nay, John, nay, let not the Cardinal destroy thee also. Return to thy work, and God Himself bless you. Me they will kill ; one is enough for a sacrifice ; and, beside, ye will be needed some day. He was speedily committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, and very shortly afterwards removed to St Andrews by command of the Cardinal, who, assisted by the Archbishop of Glasgow, began preparations for his trial. In March, 1546, being arraigned on various charges, Wishart defended himself meekly, and with a profound knowledge of the Scriptures, but was quickly condemned to the stake. On the 28th he was led out to execution, having a rope round his neck and a heavy chain round his waist. When encompassed by flames from the burning

faggots, the dying martyr foretold the violent death which was to overtake his cruel persecutor, and which was fulfilled within three months thereafter."

"What did ye when he was gone?" asked the Englishman.

"I clave to God and His Word in strong prayer and faith," replied Knox. "Methought I was alone now, without helper or friend, but then the consolations of God were mighty within me. I taught in the family of Hugh Douglas of Longniddrie, in East Lothian, and as I might not preach I expounded the Scriptures to my pupils, suffering all who desired to attend."

"And did many strangers come to hear?" asked the Englishman.

"Yea, they did, and with great profit to their souls; glory to God for it," replied Knox. "But see the hand of God. The wicked Cardinal Beaton meditated slaying me, but some whom he had grievously harmed set upon him and slew him while he was hunting for those who read the Bible. I knew not about the deed until afterwards, but I cannot but say that he died for his crimes. In 1547 I followed my pupils into the castle of St. Andrews, where the men who had slain the Cardinal had taken shelter, with others who desired to be free from the priests. While in St. Andrews, during the time that the Cardinal's brother (a spirit akin to the Cardinal in

very truth) besieged us, I received my call to the ministry."

"How was that?" asked the Dutchman.

"Why, thus. John Rough, the minister who was over us, had often urged me to undertake the charge of preaching," said Knox, "but I ever resisted his appeal. At length one day during sermon he turned himself towards where I sat, and said in the hearing of all, 'Brother, ye do ill to neglect the call of God. Ye are endowed with gifts that the Church requires, and I charge ye not to tarry, but to take up the work of preaching and labouring in the pastor's office.'

"As I sat confused, he turned to the congregation and asked them, saying, 'Did ye not so charge me, and do I not this by your commandment?' It thrilled my heart like to rending to hear the strong armed men and gentle women reply, 'Yea, it is our call'

"I left the kirk in sore agony of mind, but after long prayer I obeyed the voice of God, and began to preach in the congregation."

"And with what success?" asked the slim Frenchman. "I myself have preached, and know how the heart aches when no results follow the earnest pleadings of the preacher."

"I bless God," answered Knox, "that many through my words renounced the Pope, but I cannot say if they all have accepted Christ. Many, I fear, will be content

with giving up the Pope, and will not trouble about complying with the call of Christ. But in June, 1547, a French fleet came before St. Andrews, and the city was taken from us. I was brought here, and in spite of the promises made to us when the city capitulated, I was sent to the galleys."

"Papists regard not promises when they think that a lie will better serve their purpose," said the Dutchman. "One day I will tell thee how they served me. But take heed, the fellows on the reserved seats are making signs; the captain or priests are coming."

"Reserved seats!" asked the last comer. "What do you mean?"

"Those benches are so called," replied the Dutchman, pointing forward. "The slaves chained there are servants of the captain, and they never get beaten. They wait upon the captain, and eat the remnants from his table. When he dines they all stand with heads uncovered, in sign of respect. But silence, or we shall get the lash."

During the following summer (1548) the galleys were sent out in search of English vessels, and in their voyage at length came near the Scottish coast between Dundee and St. Andrews.

"See you that coast?" asked the Dutchman of Knox. "Know you yon place?"

"Yea, I know it well," replied Knox. "I can see the steeple of that place in which God first opened my lips to

bear testimony to His grace ; and weak as I now am I am fully persuaded that I shall not depart this life before I have once more glorified God there by preaching.⁴

“Prophecy not,” said the Dutchman, “and yet it is strange how thy words come true.”

“Let be ; this shall come true also,” said John Knox. “Only take heed, for I know what I say.”

In the following February (1549) the galley in which Knox was confined was attacked by the English, and after a furious combat was seized as a prize by them. The slaves found on board were carried to London and set free. John Knox found himself at last released from his chains. He decided to stay in this (to him) unknown country until Scotland should be a safe residence for him. But why he stayed he did not as yet know ; for with him, as with us, God was leading him graciously by a way that was concealed to accomplish the designs that cannot fail. “I will do this ; I did that,” says some man, not seeing that he will only do, after all, what God permits, and that only by the strength that God gives, for reasons and with consequences known only to God. Each man seems to study navigation out of his own cabin window, but, after all, the man at the helm guides the ship. We do our own will, as we imagine ; but the Lord at the helm carries our ideas and attempts to the port that He intends.



CHAPTER II.

PLAIN SPEAKING ; OR, HE WHO NEVER FEARED THE FACE OF MAN.

O sacred ties of friendship sweet,
Dear bonds of love,
Ye make this changeful life more like
To that above."

"**N**EARLY four of the clock, the candle in the great hall has burned down to the red line, and the call to arms has sounded for the second time ; surely he cannot be long now," said Marjory Bowes as she left her embroidery frame and walked to the window. The narrow casement was open, and the bustle of the street hummed harmoniously, for though not a manufacturing or trading town Berwick-on-Tweed was a busy place indeed. Its position as a Border town, between England and Scotland, gave it much importance in those times of warfare. Marjory's father, Sir Robert Bowes, as governor of Berwick, held a post of some rank.

At a spinning wheel, placed at the other end of the great parlour, sat Dame Bowes, an aged gentlewoman, whose sorrowful face and tearful voice contrasted with

the merry face and laughing eyes of her daughter. Marjory was fair, and her mother was dark ; the daughter, indeed, with her long flaxen curls and blue eyes, was accounted the beauty of the North.

“Ah, all preachers are not like John Knox !” said Dame Bowes. “I mind me when, directly upon his landing in England from the French galleys, the King’s Council sent him here as preacher for the North. How we wondered at his plain speaking, and how the Papists raved when he called their wafer *a round clipped god*. And when Tunstall, the Bishop of Durham, moved with envy and hatred of his doctrine, accused John Knox to King Edward, how anxious we were when he preached before the great assembly at Carlisle ! That was—let me see—in April, 1550 ; and the next year the King’s Council removed him to Carlisle and made him one of King Edward’s chaplains. They say that he is doing much the same work at Carlisle, but I would that he were here.”

“It was a sight, mother, I shall never forget to see our church filled with soldiers in their white coats edged with green. How they admired his boldness, as he spoke plainly about their sins and God’s anger against those who do wrong ! I fear, mother, that is one reason why my father loves not Knox. John has no fear of man before his face, and would as soon reprove the King and even the Emperor for their sins as he would the fishwives

down town. Yet men love him for his very plainness. Said old John Manwell, 'Look ye, Mistress Marjory, I love not the Scots, and I fight against them with a happy heart; but this runagate Scot is a preacher I loved to hearken to. I felt as if I could break my sword over his head because he showed my wicked life so plainly to all; but I love a man who says the truth.' But here, mother, comes a horseman."

"'Tis he, then, without doubt," replied Dame Bowes, "and I am glad. Hasten the maidens that they get him refreshment ready. Before he comes, Marjory, let me urge thee one question. I fancy that Knox will ask thy father for thy hand. I should love him for a son-in-law, for though as men say he hath a rugged mode of speech, he hath also a true loving heart beneath his rugged face. I love him the more that he is stiff in his opinions, and will not yield one inch when he believes himself to be in the right. He is a man of iron, but it is iron that will sustain a weak spirit like mine. I love to see him face the angry faces of those who in their hearts know him to be right; he is a soldier in the best sense. But, maiden, what do you say to becoming his wife?"

Marjory blushed scarlet at the question, and leaned over the window seat to conceal her face. Before she could reply, however, the door burst open and the subject of their conversation strode into the room, attired in a

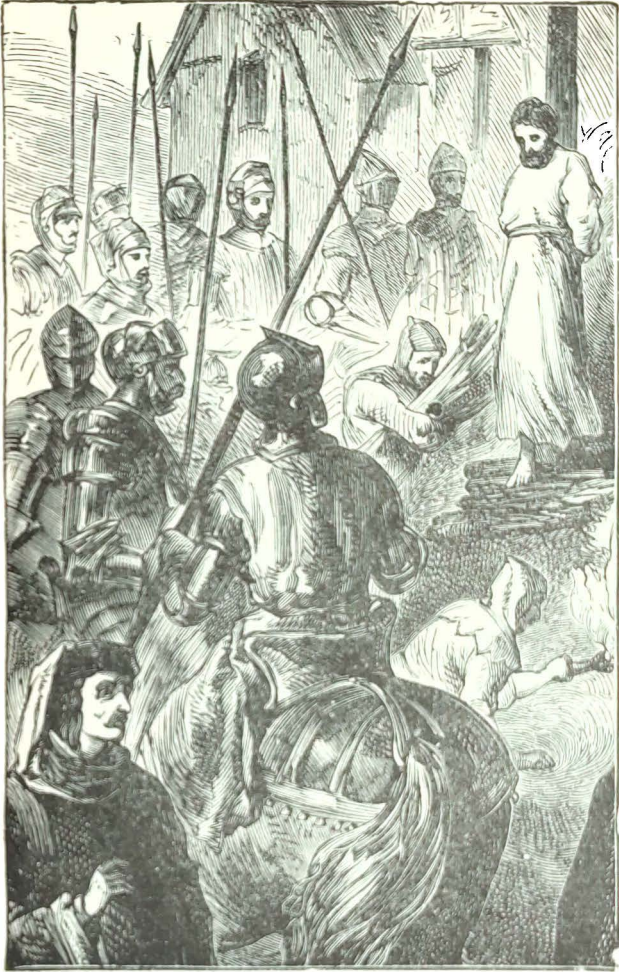
plain suit of black broadcloth, his face less haggard than when a prisoner in the galleys, and his eye lighted with kindly feeling. John Knox greeted the ladies and seated himself, as if conscious how welcome his presence was to them.

"How strong his step; every tone of his voice makes one feel him to be a strong man, indeed a man to lean upon in time of need," thought Marjory, as she watched her mother's sad face breaking into sunshine under the cheering speech of her favourite preacher.

"O mother, heed not these suggestions!" replied Knox to Dame Bowes' complaints. "Had I as much evidence of my own election as I have of yours, I should be indeed well content. It is the temptation of the adversary to put these thoughts into your mind. Why should you despair, and vex your soul with thoughts that may never, never come true? Is not Christ your all-sufficient strength, and will He desert the soul that hangs helplessly upon Him? Never! never! I am sure that He cannot do so. It would be as contrary to His nature, as for Sir Robert to do a coward's part."

"But you know not how evil I am," replied Dame Bowes, her face assuming again its habitual gloom. "You know not what a vile heart I have within."

"Did not Christ know, mother," asked Knox. "Did He not know it well, long before He called you by His



MARTYRDOM OF GEORGE WISHART.

grace? What would be that love which changes as the moon does, or depends upon our frail feelings? Is He not unchangeable and eternal? O mother! let us not do Him such foul injustice as to think that He will fail."

"Well, we must talk more about it another time, son John," said Dame Bowes. "I would that I were near you always. When I see you so calm and brave, and know what you have to bear, I feel ashamed of my cowardice; but when I am alone I begin to brood and brood, and as I sit alone, thinking over the past, and thinking about myself, I become so wretched."

"Mother, do not sit alone, and, above all, do not brood; go among thy maidens, and talk to them about these precious things of Christ. I am sure we ought not to look so much to ourselves, but spend all our quiet time thinking of Christ. It is as wicked for a Christian to brood as to steal or swear; and methinks 'tis both theft and blasphemy. It is robbing Christ of the honour due to Him, and it is a contempt of His Holy Word."

"Well, I will strive to overcome it. It is so sweet to be alone, and at times I feel a strange pleasure in making myself sad; but I know that it is wrong, indeed I do. I will not do it again, John. But tell me now, what about your suit, and what about Carlisle?"

"Dear mother" said Knox, "I find that the more I

prosper, the more the enemy rages against me and Christ. In Carlisle I had much difficulty at first; but the Word of God spoken boldly went to the hearts of the brave men that formed, with the townsmen, my congregation. My lord, the Duke of Northumberland, was moved with anger at my reproving sin and Popery, and he stirred up enemies against me among the Council. But by God's grace I escaped their malice, and now I am appointed to preach in London and the South of England during this year of 1553. The Lords of the Council permit me a short stay in Newcastle to arrange my affairs, after which I must go to London."

"Well, I am going to speak to Sir Robert," said Dame Bowes, rising. "I will be back anon."

Left alone, John and Marjory sat facing each other a few moments in silence. John played with his girdle nervously. At length, with a great effort, choking down his nervousness, he leaned his elbow upon the table and said: "Marjory, I am not like the Southrons, a man of many words and fluent speech, but my heart is not rugged as my tongue. I have, as you know, some forty pounds per year as one of the King's chaplains. With this we can manage to live in comfort, if not in wealth. I do not anticipate a smooth life, nor shall I ever be popular, for God has made me an axe to hew down the trees before smaller tools can make curious articles out of

their wood. I may oftentimes have to do hard and severe service, and shall have only a partnership in toil and shame perhaps to offer you. You and I have looked at each other a long time, and we can read each other's opinions easily. Tell me, now, will you become my wife, provided Sir Robert consents?"

"Yea, John," said Marjory, hiding her face in her handkerchief.

"Consider, I have no great title, and may be called upon to die at the stake, as better men have done. This King Edward is sickly and weak. There are bad men about him, who care not one whit for men's souls, but who will turn Papist to-morrow to gain a groat. I foresee a terrible judgment for the half-hearted way in which God's work is being done. O Marjory, can you share or endure this?"

"I can better bear it with you than alone; and I shall not weaken your faith, I hope," replied Marjory.

"No, of that I am sure," replied Knox. "I well mind the first time I visited your mother at her request. How I looked upon your face with delight. I attended to your mother's story, and yet I could not keep my mind from reverting to you. When I read, your face lit up my book, and in my dreams the angels of God that I saw coming to defend me looked but yourself in a mist of glory. O beloved, I feel that it is God's will to grant me

the priceless boon of your pure affection, and I long to deserve it. I do not idolize you, but I hope to share my life in all its joys with you, and to spend my heaven by your side. Consider, Marjory, that the minister's wife will be slighted by those who are pricked in their consciences by her husband's preaching: that many will defame her, and not a few take a wicked pleasure in adding to her toils by their coldness and lack of love. Can you bear this, my dear?"

"Yea, and twenty times worse, if Christ be my help. You bear far more than this, and a wife delights to share her husband's pain," said Marjory, smiling through her tears.

"Spoken like a true woman as ye are," replied Knox; "and let me say that if there are peculiar sorrows in a minister's life, there are singular delights also. If you become a mark for evil tongues and eyes, you will also have the peculiar experience of seeing souls drink in your speech and be comforted and strengthened by your words. O Marjory, to see a hard face soften into tears and a wicked man forsake his sins and begin life again, is such an experience as surpasses our ideas of heaven! And to see the faces of the dying light up with joy, as one minister to them the word of Christ, and to know that they depart with our name breathed thankfully by their dying lips, perfumed by the name of Jesus, is an intoxi-

cation of pleasure that cannot be described. O Marjory, a minister has joys and sorrows that are not of the earth! Are you sure you will share them with me?"

"Yea, dearest, I have no higher ambition. I had rather bear your sorrows than possess all the riches and honours of the kingdom of England."

At this moment Dame Bowes entered the room and began in a sorrowful voice, "Oh, son John, Sir Robert will not hear of your marrying our Marjory! 'Tis pride, pride, I know, and a feeling that should the Pope get the upper hand again in England, Robert would not care to oppose the King. Alas! must ye be separated?"

"Fear not, mother," said Knox. "Fear not for me. Marjory and I have passed our word to each other, and that is as binding as an oath. Did I never see her again, I should ever regard her as my wife. We must wait until God alters Sir Robert's mind, or somehow clears our path. Eh, Marjory, what think ye?"

"What you do, John. Let us trust God to clear the difficulties out of our way. We will be true to each other and commit this matter to God."

And so it was that in April John Knox went to London alone. His stout heart was very sad, but he did not permit his private grief to hinder his public works. The more earnestly did he labour, because he felt that the time for work was short. It was shorter than he imagined



JOHN KNOX.

for on the 6th of that July, 1553, King Edward breathed his last.

After his death Knox preached through several counties until the following November, when he returned to Berwick, and was married to Marjory Bowes. Her father was now rapidly becoming an avowed adherent of Queen Mary's religion; the marriage of his daughter was therefore very offensive to him. The wedding was very simple and plain, partaking of the matter-of-fact common-sense character so peculiar to the bridegroom.

"Let us have no heathen ceremonies, Marjory. We are not married to afford men eating, drinking, or a fine spectacle, but to help one another in the service of God and man. What care we if men despise us and make mock of our simplicity, so that we grieve not the Holy Ghost by undue lightness? I care not one rush for all men's opinions."

"I think with you," said Marjory. "Let it be as you wish."

Shortly after his marriage Knox had to fly from England, leaving his young wife in her mother's care.

"O Marjory," he said, "my heart is vexed with parting from you! It is fearful to think upon, but, beloved, we must bear this pain for Christ's sake. How I shall miss your sweet face and the music of your voice I cannot say. One-half my nature will be asleep. Pray God we may be united speedily, never to part again."

On the 28th January, 1554, Knox landed at Dieppe, a port of French Normandy, a lonely exile, without money or friends.

Ah ! it is hard to find oneself in a foreign city feeling that no one knows or cares for one ; that a passing exclamation would be all were one to drop down dead ; and especially, when the stranger thinks of a home where loved ones, sickly and needy, pine for his presence, and die because they have it not ! Yet the stout man set his face like a flint, and carrying his sorrows with a cheerful face went right forward into the path of duty. In the stern delight of self-conquest, which is the essence of martyrdom, Knox experienced a compensating delight counteracting the anguish of his separation and solitude. So will it be with thee, dear reader ; if thou wilt go forward in the path that God opens before thee, whether of suffering or of love, thou shalt not be forsaken nor forlorn.





CHAPTER III.

"A BLAST OF THE TRUMPET ;" OR, THE EXILE WHOSE HEART WAS AT HOME.

"Remember that the nearer we attain
A perfect state, a finer sense is given
To thrill with pleasure or to throb with pain."

"If God for thy portion thou hast ta'en,
There's Christ to support thee in every pain,
The world to respect thee thou wilt gain,
To fear thee, the fiend and all his train."

"Friendship ! what hallowed memories round thee cling ;
For Jesus had His John, and so we bring
Our friendships sweetly to be blessed by Him."

"O Beth'lem's Holy Stranger,
Until Thou call me home,
Keep Thou my soul from danger,
By joy from what shall come !"

A PARTY of gentlemen sat one afternoon, in a spacious apartment, looking over the beautiful lake of Geneva. But their thoughts were not about the charming picture visible from the open window. One of them, almost a skeleton, lean and invalid, sat in a large chair, attentively listening to a man whom we have

little difficulty in recognising as our friend John Knox. There were lines of care in his face, and the anxieties of the last two years had made him look older, but there were still a merry twinkle in his eye and a tremor in his voice that made his northern accent the more musical as he narrated his travels to the citizens and ministers that sat around John Calvin's chair. For the pale, thin invalid was none other than Calvin, the friend and the teacher of Knox. "Go on, friend," he said; "men call thee 'The Bugle,' and well they may. I love to hear of thy doings. It warms my heart to believe that God's mercy is not narrowed to our little town. A fair country your land must be; would that its brave sons were servants of Christ rather than the Pope. What a power for God Scotland would be if it were to devote its wisdom and courage to advance the kingdom of God?"

"It is a bonnie land," replied Knox. "The heather is a fairer bloom than any of the gay flowers that I have seen in the continent of Europe. When I came from Dieppe, and stayed here with you, you cannot tell how I longed to see the heather of my own land. Afterwards I was minister to the English exiles in Frankfort. They fled from Queen Mary's persecution. A pity they had not learned better manners than to disturb our worship, because we did not use the prayer book of King Edward the Sixth. Alack! I grieve to say it, but they (some of them at least)

went to the magistrates to get me into prison, because, they said, I was a traitor. The Lord judge in the matter."

"Amen! so He will. He who said, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm,' will bring the matter right," said John Calvin. "I have seen many persecute God's ministers; and I have seen also how their sins have been visited upon them and theirs. Leave them to God, John."

"I did, but when my wife wrote urging me to come to her, now that her father was dead, I determined to make a secret visit to Scotland. Two years it was since I had seen my wife and her mother, but when in August, 1555, I started for Dieppe, it seemed to me as if three times that period had elapsed since I came from them. How rejoiced they were to see me!"

"Tell us about their doings," said Calvin.

"Sir Robert Bowes I fear loved the things of this world more than the things of Christ, and I grieve to say it," said Knox. "He never had a spiritual knowledge of the Gospel, and very angry did he get at my reproofs and warnings about sin. But I knew that my tongue was not mine own, and that I stood up in the pulpit not to please men, but to utter the whole counsel of God. When I heard of his death I was deeply thankful that his blood would not be required at my hand, because I had not scrupled to warn him about the way of truth."

"True," said Calvin, "I have felt the same. It will secure honour and gain to please men, but it yields a happy heart to please God."

"He died a professed Papist," said Knox, drawing his hand over his eyes. "He, alas! conformed to please the cruel Queen, but his conscience was never at peace. He would sit a long while alone, and became moody and sullen in his speech. When men spake to him he was irritable and angry, but none dared to speak to him about the gloom that had settled upon his spirit. Much as he had loved the sports of a soldier, he now took no more care for archery or for golf than for children's play. Dame Bowes, who is a woman of a sorrowful spirit, strove to comfort him, but he would not heed her words. 'Nay, nay, preach not,' he said. So she laid in his way her own Testament, hoping that he might be led to look into it; but, alas! he did not, and the dame could but pray for his soul. But it fell out one morning that when they went to bid him to his breakfast they found him speechless, clasping the little Testament in his hand. He spake no more on earth, and gave no response to their entreaties. Alas! we must leave him in the hands of God."

"Yea, God is merciful, but He is also just," said Calvin, "and His Spirit will not ever strive with men. But let us not dive into questions too hard, perhaps, for men. What about Scotland?"

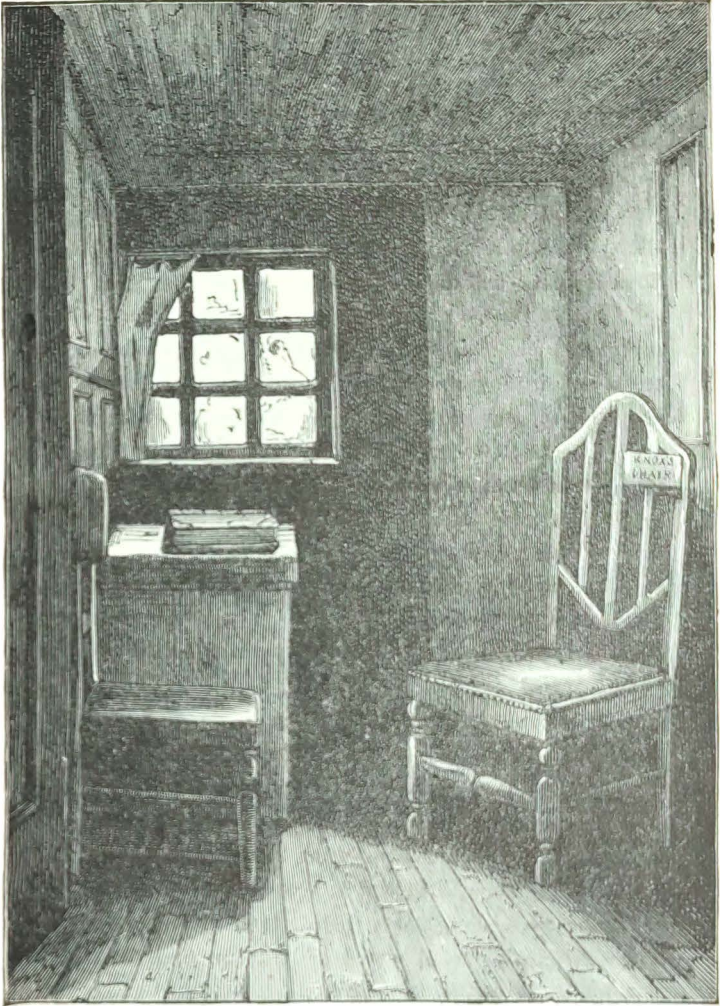
“I found that most of the Protestants continued to attend the Popish service and even mass. I pleaded with them, and they agreed to separate themselves from the ungodly,” replied Knox.

“Right! right!” said Calvin. “There can come no blessing upon half-hearted Christians. It cannot be that men can serve God acceptably, and obey the devil a little.”

“True, but now in Scotland the Reformed have come out and formed themselves into congregations. I myself administered the sacraments to them. In various great houses also I preached to all who would come, and I rejoice to say not without much success. The saints are becoming bold in the Lord, and scruple not to avow themselves servants of Christ. Thank God, that when the struggle and persecution come, they will not be found wanting.”

“Thanks be to God,” said Calvin. “But did not the bishops and the Queen Regent of Scotland molest you?”

“Tidings of my preaching came indeed to the Court,” replied Knox, “and one said that the preacher was an Englishman. But one proud prelate said, ‘Nay, nay, it is no Englishman, but that knave Knox.’ So was he pleased to term a poor man who had done him no harm. The Lord forgive him for speaking against me! The clergy also bade me attend a meeting at Edinburgh to answer for my preaching, not dreaming that I would obey their summons. But when I came my adversaries would



KNOX'S STUDY.

not appear, and so I was spared for that time. But at some time I too shall be delivered up to the stake. God give me strength to be faithful."

"So be it with us all," said Calvin. "No man loveth Christ with a pure affection unless he is willing to carry the Saviour's cross and die for His Lord. But go on, John."

"I sent to the Queen a letter, for I longed to somehow save her soul. But she flung aside my letter in bitter scorn, and I know not if she has taken any benefit from it. While I was preaching through the country there came an invitation from the English exiles here to become their minister, and with my wife and her mother I started back for Geneva. It will be better for Scotland that I be not there just now. The enemies of the Gospel hate me with such a bitter hatred that they would persecute the Church merely to harm me. If I am not there, there may be a lull in the storm."

"It is strange," said Calvin, "that while many will delight in the pure Word of God the faithful preaching of the Gospel cannot be borne by men of evil conscience or secret sins. They will hate and persecute the preacher, yet must we not abate one jot of our message for all their hate. What about England? We hear sad tidings about the persecuted saints there. It is said that well nigh a thousand learned men have left that kingdom to

avoid death, and that Queen Mary and her bishops burn and slay all who will not accept the Pope and his teaching."

"It is true, and though I love not to make strife I will speak on their behalf," said Knox. "They will be angry at my new book, 'A Blast of the Trumpet against the Furious Government of Women.'"

"No wonder," said Calvin. "But, John, I am not quite of thy mind in that matter. A good woman may rule, I think, with benefit to the truth. Do not be so sweeping. You are not really so hard on women?"

"I am hard upon all who do wrong," replied Knox. "Because Queen Mary is crowned shall she be allowed to burn and slay without reproof? If she were fifty times more Queen than she is I would speak out to tell her of her sins."

"Well, you will have your opinion whatever you may hear, so we will let you think as you are willing. But come, let us wait upon Dame Bowes and Dame Knox, and show that we at least believe in the government of women in some measure. You will not blow your trumpet, Knox, against a woman ruling her own kitchen?"

"Out with you," said Knox; "you should not flout me though I love a pleasant jest as much as any. But come, let us to my house."

And along the lovely lake the travellers went to the exile's house in Geneva.



CHAPTER IV.

"TOLERABLE FOOLERIES;" OR, PULLING DOWN THE ROOKS' NESTS.

" Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. But fairer wreaths are due
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fallen in her defence."

" It grieves me too, Lord, that so many should wander,
Should see nought before them but desolate night ;
That men should be walled in, with darkness around them,
When within and without there is nothing but light."

" Lo, where it comes ! the tempest lours,
It bursts on the polluted towers,
I hear the universal cry,
' Down with the nests and the rooks will fly.' "

" **T**HE Earl of Argyle and myself have come, as we
said, to meet you, and consult about what may
be done to reform the scandalous lives of the
clergy, and indeed deliver Scotland from its present sad
condition."

The speaker, Lord James Stewart, as he spoke introduced the Earl to John Knox in the little room in St. Andrews that the Reformer then occupied. In 1557 he

had been urged to return to Scotland, and resolved to do so. But the congregations, or associations for worship, into which his adherents had been gathered became discouraged, and Knox returned to Geneva.

In 1559, leaving his wife and her mother in Geneva, the Reformer returned to Scotland. He arrived in time to take his place with four ministers who had been called upon to answer for the crime of celebrating the Lord's Supper other than in the Romish method. But the clergy did not desire a battle with Knox, and dismissed the charge against the five ministers. The Queen Regent now engaged to stay the proceedings, but broke her word. A riot at Perth led to her quartering troops in that city in spite of her promise not to do so. Hence the two nobles, acting with many others, met Knox to discuss the wisdom of openly commencing a Reformation.

"That one is needed there can be no doubt," said Lord James. "The Queen Regent is faithless, and her daughter Mary, Queen of Scots, and her husband, the son of the King of France, are both fickle and despotic too. Nearly half the land and property of Scotland is in the hand of the Romish Church; and the men who are priests are ignorant, sensual, and a disgrace to humanity. In politics the Regent too is laying the foundations, by means of her French troops, of a despotic rule; yet we must reform slowly, and spare all that we can."

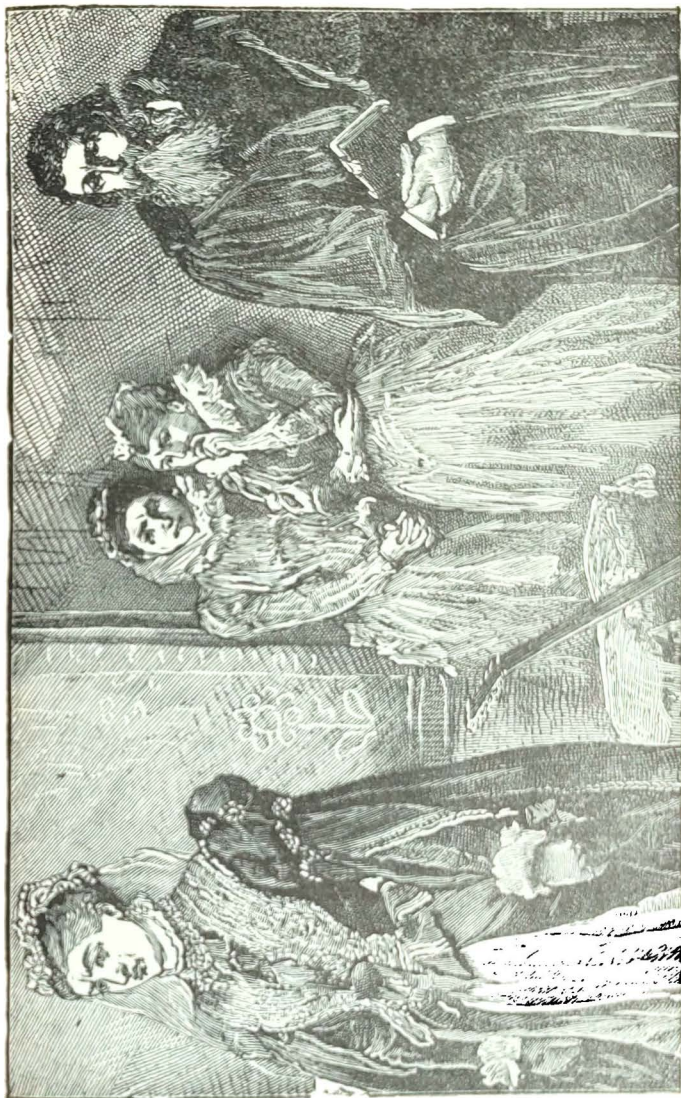
“Not so, my lord,” said Knox. “In England the attempt to serve God and mammon brought about the persecution under Queen Mary. Though at present Queen Elizabeth is minded to stand by the Reformation, she in like manner is attempting to face north and south. I said of old that in England the many *tolerable fooleries* that were left in their service would bring down God's wrath. I say, make a clean sweep, and do it speedily.”

“But shall we not strive to spare the abbeys and other fine buildings?” said the Earl of Argyle. “It will be sheer vandalism to pull them down.”

“My motto is to pull down the rooks' nests,” said Knox, “and then you will not be bothered by the birds. Take them all hence, say I.”

“But ye see that Scotland cannot stand the French influence both of money and armies that will come to the Pope's aid. What can be done, and where can we look for aid?” asked Stewart.

“To God first,” said Knox, “and afterwards to the Queen of England. She loves me not; and when I desired to return home through her kingdom, she refused me a passage through her realms. But I have been in communication with one of her officers, and she will lend her aid in time. What I most fear, however, is that her troops will come too late. Let us urge her to make haste,



JAMES VI AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

and above all things let us now make a beginning ourselves."

"But how?" asked Argyle.

"I will preach in the cathedral next Sabbath (11th June, 1559)," said Knox, "and call upon the people to renounce their follies. I said that I would."

"Yes; but the Archbishop declares that if you do he will imprison you, and I fear we cannot defend you against the Queen and clergy. I have but few retainers," said Stewart.

"I call God to witness," said Knox, "that I have never preached in contempt of any man, but to desist from preaching on the morrow I cannot agree. In that place God first made me a preacher; and when the French, instigated by the bishops, tore me hence and sent me into exile, in the hearing of many I expressed my belief that God would open my mouth in that church once more. Now in His providence He has granted me the desire of my heart; suffer me to do what I feel to be right. As to peril and danger to myself, let no man be solicitous. I desire no man's hand nor sword; my life is in the power of Him whose I am, and whom I serve. Oh, sirs, I crave only sufferance. If I be denied what I crave I shall seek it where I may have it."

"Have your own way, then," said Lord James. "We will stand by you"

Accordingly Knox preached upon "Take these things hence," and the magistrates and people of St. Andrews at once proceeded to clean the city of its idolatries. After staying in St. Andrews about a month, Knox accepted a call to become the minister of Edinburgh. But that place falling into the Queen's hands, Knox commenced a tour of the country. The Queen Regent was at length formally deposed from her authority, and the civil war began. But disaster attended the popular cause, and it seemed probable that the Queen Regent would triumph. Yet, after all, the disaster turned out for good, as calamity often does. The English Government decided, in their self-interest, to interfere, and in April, 1560, an English army entered Scotland. The Queen Regent died, the French returned to their own country, and a free Parliament was called to settle the affairs of Scotland.

Thus much had been accomplished ; the Reformation had obtained legal recognition, and had secured for itself the liberty of worship, which was all that it required to win its due place and authority.

Knox's wife and her mother had now joined him, having been allowed to travel through England. Reinstated as minister in Edinburgh, John Knox commenced a fresh career of usefulness.



CHAPTER V.

"SPARE NO ARROWS;" OR, FREE AND PURE

" Live I, so live I
To my Lord, heartily,
To my prince faithfully,
To my neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I."

" A gentleness best felt in time of tears,
Clasping me closer when most drear the way,
Such is true friendship, polestar of our years,
Salt of our life that savours every day."

" Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

ON the 20th of December, 1560, the first General Assembly of the Reformed Church of Scotland met in Edinburgh. With a full heart John Knox took his place among the six ministers and 35 laymen who composed this gathering. But, if he felt thankful and happy as he saw the success of his long and arduous toils, the close of the year beheld the removal by death of the loving wife who had shared his labours, but was not permitted to partake of his triumph.

"I should have so rejoiced to have seen our prayers answered," she said to her husband. "But it is not to be. I perhaps shall learn how you fare after I have left this world. I believe that God does permit these things to be known in heaven."

"Ye have been a true helpmeet to me," said her husband sadly. "My sorrow hath been lightened, and I have been a better man for your prayers. O Marjory, what a fearful blank my life will be when you have gone away! No one to share my sorrows, or to comfort me when cast down. What a grief is mine! O Marjory, when I shall call you and no reply comes back, what shall I do?"

"What you have done in the past, and bidden others do also," said the dying woman. "Trust in God, and rest on Him alone. Oh, John dear, we have been very, very happy together. We have gone through trouble, but you have brightened my life, and I hope I have comforted yours a little. I am sure I have tried."

"Yea, you have indeed been my joy and life; I know not what I should have done without you."

"God gave us to each other; and now He calls us to give Him back His gift. Shall we not allow Him to do His will?"

"Yea, His will is blessed and all of grace. I will

be patient," said John Knox. "One thing remember, Marjory, your mother shall ever find a home with me."

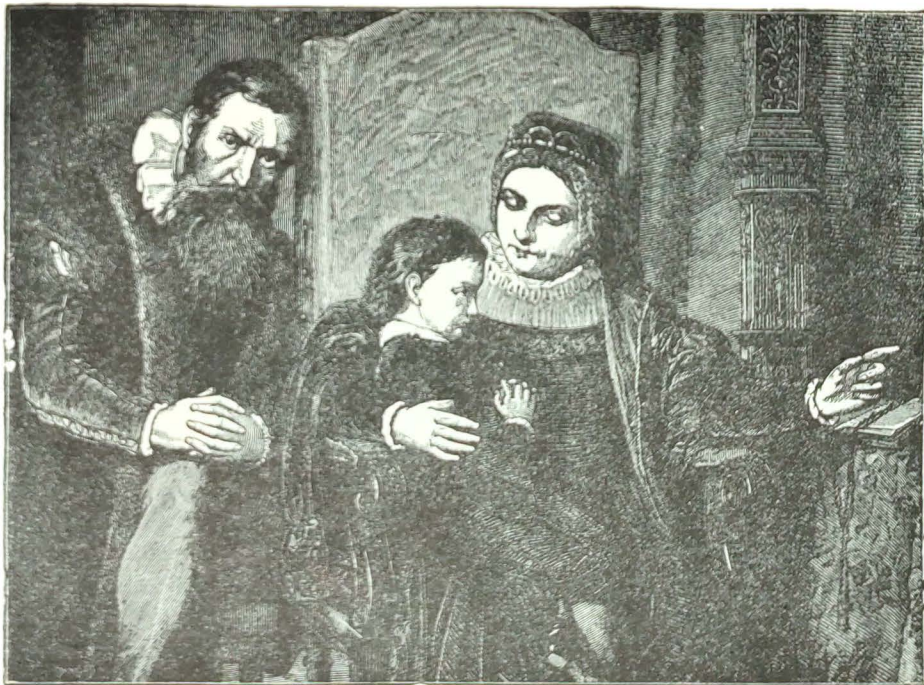
"It is kind of you, but just like your goodness," said Marjory. "She loves you with a peculiar reverence, you have done her so much good. O John, when shall we be united in heaven!"

.

They laid her out of his sight, and Knox realised, as we all do, that no joy comes without sorrow, and that when our ideals and hopes are realised, it is then that we find an unexpected bitterness and grief where we only anticipated pleasure. John Knox busied himself with his work, comforting the widowed mother, whose natural melancholy was increased by this new and bitter anguish.

On the 19th of August, 1561, the young Queen, Mary of Scots, arrived in Scotland, her husband having died in France. Her training led her to bitterly oppose the Gospel and hate its bold preachers. Soon after her arrival she sent for Knox to her palace, endeavouring by her blandishments to overcome his strong aversion, and make him a tool to serve her ambitious designs.

"Think you," asked the beautiful, but haughty queen, "that subjects having the power may resist their lawful princes? I have been taught that the lives and property of all my subjects are at my disposal, and I believe it. In France, which I love dearly, Francis the great king, when



LORD STEWART WAS APPOINTED REGENT DURING HIS MINORITY.

once asked what revenue he drew from some of his provinces, replied, 'What I please;' and so it should be in Scotland !"

"No, madam; when princes exceed their bounds they may be lawfully resisted. For as a man who is out of his mind must be bound lest he should harm his children, so princes, when they are in like manner possessed of a frenzy either of anger or of folly, must be stayed, lest the people suffer harm," answered Knox.

The Queen at this made no answer. She seemed in a silent stupor. The features that have made so many men forget her many faults worked convulsively under the strong passions of rage and ambition her prudence compelled her to master.

At length she broke silence, and flinging her fan to the ground, exclaimed passionately, "Well, then, I see what it will be. My subjects will obey you, and not me. I shall be subject to them, and not they to me."

"God forbid, madam," exclaimed Knox firmly. "God forbid that I should take upon myself to command any subjects to obey me or to set them at liberty from their duty. Nay, madam, I am no treason maker. My concern is that both princes and subjects obey God. O madam, would that ye were on the Lord's side !"

"I love the Romish faith; it does for me all that I need."

"But, madam, consider that ye are placed in high place

to serve God and to do His will. And ye will one day go to a bar where princes can plead no favour, and where the Judge regards not rank or wealth, nay, nor beauty either. O madam, the only plea accepted at the bar of God will be the atonement of Christ, made ours by a living faith. Oh, fair lady, reject not the mercy of God, but while ye may be at peace with Him."

"My conscience is not disturbed, and is quite content to live and die with the Romanists, whom I account the true Church," replied the Queen angrily.

"Conscience, madam, requires knowledge," replied Knox. "I fear me that the right knowledge ye have not. The Bible is the teacher of conscience."

"Ye interpret the Bible one way, and my priests another. Whom shall I believe?" asked the Queen furiously.

"Believe the Bible itself, madam," said Knox earnestly. "It speaks for itself, and needs no human help or wisdom."

"Would that my priests were here to silence you," said the Queen with a frown. "In France men never dared to dispute my word, but all men agreed with my opinions. Who are you to dare to oppose my will?"

"A man who shall answer before God for the use that he makes of his opportunities, and who would willingly

give his life to see you, madam, a true disciple of Christ," said Knox.

"You are very rude! Begone!" said the Queen. "I am sore pained at your daring to answer me again;" and, unused to contradiction, she burst into a flood of indignant tears. The Reformer was hustled from the apartment, while the courtiers, by adroit flatteries, endeavoured to soothe the angry Queen.

For a long time Knox heard no more of the Queen, but when she gave a ball to celebrate a massacre perpetrated by her uncles (in which an inoffensive congregation of French Protestants was ruthlessly butchered by the Duke of Guise, who was annoyed by their singing a hymn to Christ that he overheard while passing), Knox spoke plainly about the wrong in his sermon. In days when newspapers did not exist, and books were few, no other method of protest was possible than in the sermon. The Queen at once sent for him, and after having been convicted of a false accusation against Knox, she bade the preacher in future come and tell her of anything that he heard to be wrong in her.

At once detecting the snare, Knox replied, "Madam, I would do anything lawful to content you; and would your grace but come to the preaching yourself, ye can hear what I say for yourself, and not be dependent upon people who strive to make mischief. Or, should your

grace bid me, I will attend your pleasure, and repeat what I say in my preaching. But to wait at your door, and whisper in your ear what people think or say, neither my conscience nor mine office will permit me to do."

Seeing the angry look that the Queen bent upon him, Knox continued, "By your grace's will I am here now, but what will men say of me that am waiting at the court and away from my book?"

"Your book! Your book! Ye will not be always at your book," replied the Queen, turning her back.

As Knox left the room, one of the lords-in-waiting said aloud, "A bold knave! He is not afraid!"

With a sarcastic scowl Knox replied, "I have looked into the faces of many angry men and not been afraid; why should the pleasing face of a woman frighten me?"

It was evident that neither snares nor threats could move Knox from the path of duty, and Queen Mary regarded him with equal fear and hate. His victory in a disputation with one of the most famous Romanists made him only more dangerous in the Queen's opinion, and she dissembled her hatred only until the Papists were ready to take up arms to destroy the Protestants.



CHAPTER VI.

A SUBJECT, YET ROYAL; THE TIGRESS ROBBED OF HER PREY.

" Well may he grieve, who for the love
Of things which cannot last eternally,
Loses the love of God above."

" If truth and love and gentle words
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh, has not each some kindly thought
Then let's at once awake it,
Believing that, for good and ill,
The world is what we make it."

RUMOURS during 1560 were spread through all Scotland about the Queen's intended marriage. Her first husband, the dauphin, afterwards King of France, as Francis the second, had been dead for some time. The fears of the friends of liberty were aroused, and, above everything, the Reformed dreaded Mary marrying a Popish prince.

The Queen, hearing that Knox had made some reference to this subject in his sermon, sent for him to the palace.

"What have you to do with my marriage, I should like to know; or who are you in this commonwealth?" she asked, in a tone of strong contempt.

"A subject born within the same, madam," replied Knox, irritated at her glance of scorn. "And albeit I am neither earl, lord, nor baron in it, yet abject as I am in your eyes, God has made me, I know, a profitable member of the same."

The Queen now began to sob bitterly. One of the bystanders praised her beauty and accomplishments. "There is not a prince in Europe, madam," he said, "who would not count himself happy to gain your smile."

Knox continued silent until the Queen had sobbed her passion away, and then in a firm tone said, "Madam, I have never yet rejoiced in the distress of any living creature. When my boys cry it gives me great anguish, and I am not pleased to see your grace weep. But I had rather do so than wrong my conscience and betray the commonwealth of Scotland by silence."

"Begone, rude man, and wait in the next room for my royal pleasure," said the Queen, stamping her foot.

Knox walked at once into the ante-chamber, all his friends being now afraid to speak to him for fear of offending the Queen. The court ladies made jest of him, too, and tittered witty sneers at his expense.

"Oh, fair ladies," said the reformer earnestly, "how
D

pleasing this life of yours would be could it abide for ever! Were it not for death, how happy ye fair butterflies would be! Would it not be well if ye could carry your fine dresses to heaven? but, alas! ye cannot."

Dismissed from attendance at the Queen's court, an attempt was now made to injure Knox by a slander, that was, however, clearly disproved.

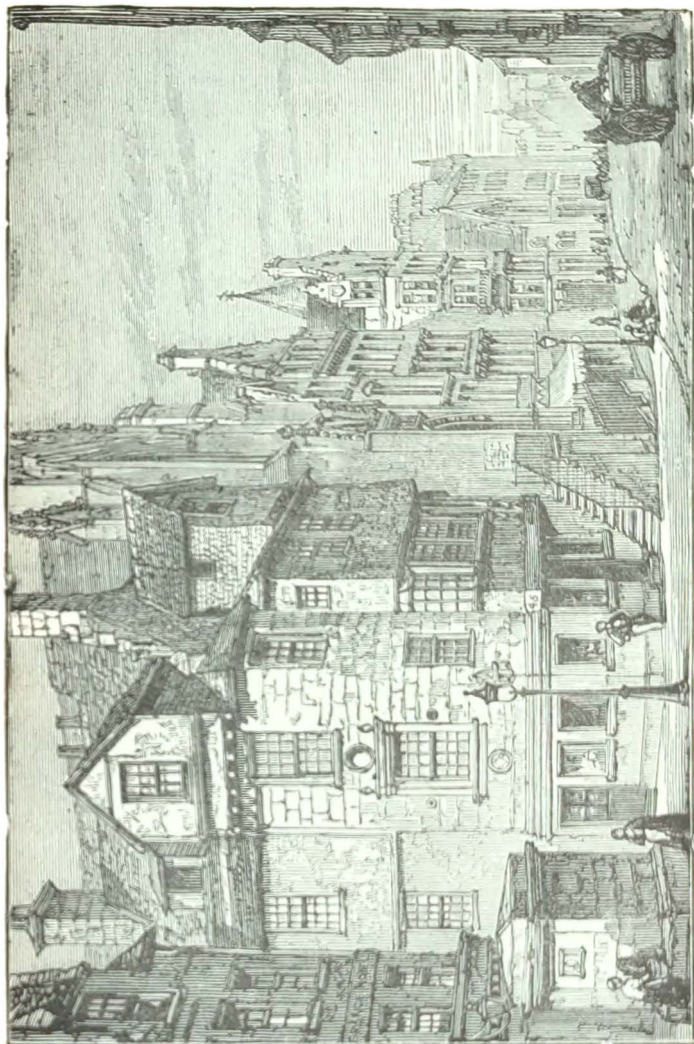
The Queen now married Lord Darnley, whose religion was merely the reflection of the influences in which he happened to be placed, being either a Protestant or Romanist as his circumstances differed.

Some Protestant gentlemen being brought to trial by the Queen for an alleged invasion of her palace, Knox wrote a circular letter detailing the circumstances of the alleged crime. This letter, which was written at the suggestion of the Protestants of Edinburgh, was declared by the Privy Council, who thereby hoped to please the Queen, an act of treason.

Queen Mary, who had been accustomed to regard human life as a very unimportant thing, now resolved to get rid of this troublesome preacher, whom neither threats nor entreaties could induce to neglect his duty.

As she saw him standing uncovered to take his trial, she burst into a fit of loud laughter.

"That man has made me weep many a time by his



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

obstinate disobedience," said she ; " I will see now if I cannot make him weep."

One of the lords who was of her party said harshly to John Knox, " Think ye, sir, that ye are not now in the pulpit ! Remember where you are."

" I am in the place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth ; and therefore the truth I will speak, impugn it whoso list," retorted Knox.

But the Queen's threats and blandishments and entreaties were utterly useless, and Knox was acquitted in spite of the Queen's attempt to destroy him.

The next year, 1564, Knox having mourned for Marjory for three years, married Margaret Stewart, the daughter of Lord Ochiltree. Queen Mary forbade his preaching while the Court remained in Edinburgh, and her husband, Lord Darnley, to please her, declared himself a Papist. The Roman Catholic worship was now publicly restored, and measures were devised to tread down the civil and religious liberties of Scotland.

But the Queen's husband deserted her at the last moment, and assisted some nobles to slay the Queen's unworthy favourite, Rizzio, an act which Mary never forgave. Driven from Edinburgh by the Queen's army, Knox now went to England, where his two sons were being educated. In 1567 the Queen's husband was murdered, Mary being upon strong evidence suspected

of complicity in the crime. A few months afterwards she married the Earl of Bothwell, who was certainly deeply implicated in the murder of her late husband. She without doubt married the murderer, and could scarcely disprove her own innocence.

When Mary fled with Bothwell to Dunbar, Knox returned to his pulpit. The Protestant lords now took up arms to secure the infant prince, Mary's son by Darnley, from Bothwell. The Queen was captured, and compelled to resign in favour of her son, who was crowned King; his uncle, Lord James Stewart (now the Earl of Moray), being appointed Regent during his minority.

At the coronation of the young King in Stirling Knox preached a sermon. He, with many of the Scottish nation, desired that the Queen should be brought to trial for the murder of her husband, and, if found guilty, demanded that she should be punished as any other criminal would be.

The Earl of Moray now restored peace to the Kingdom. But before he had fully secured the civil and religious freedom obtained by the Reformers, he was basely assassinated by a man who had received his life from the Earl's mercy.

Knox was deeply distressed at the loss of his protector and friend. Some wicked youth placed a paper in the pulpit, as if a request for prayer. It, however, referred to

the murdered Earl, saying, "Take up now the man whom you accounted another God, and consider the end to which his ambition had brought him."

After his sermon Knox referred to the wicked men who exulted in the death of Moray, and said about the writing, "The wicked man, whosoever he may be, who wrote this paper, making mock of the anguish of the good, shall not go unpunished. He shall die where there are none to lament him."

"He is a madman and raves," said the man who had written the paper. "How can he so speak of a man he knew not?"

"O brother, none of that man's denunciations are wont to prove idle," said his sister who overheard the remark. "Repent, if perhaps you may yet be forgiven."

"Not I," laughed Maitland; "I will run the risk."

The prophecy came literally true, and the mocker died alone and despised. Did he in his dying moments think of the salvation Knox had preached just before foretelling the unknown enemy's doom? That none can tell; but the fact is as singular as true, and is one instance of many in the life of Knox.

"I knew and loved the Regent," said Knox, as he sat with his family upon the day before the funeral. "Not a profane word was ever heard among his domestics; at dinner or supper a chapter from the Bible was always

read by his chaplain, who, at the same time, gave a few words of explanation. How the poor loved him, and the great were not envious, so well did he carry his dignities ! Is it not strange that just when we need him most, he is taken away from us ? Where shall we find another to lead us such as he was ?”

“ Oh, husband, what shall we do ?” said Margaret. “ I fear me that others will fall victims to the cruel Papists !”

“ I expect to fall some day by the dagger, or perhaps be killed by poison. But, wife, the kingdom of God depends upon no one man. God can do without us all, and may do without us, to humble us and lead men to rely more steadfastly upon Himself. Alack, I obtained from Moray the pardon of the wretch who did the deed ! God forgive me. I meant but to give a hardened man an opportunity of repentance. He had sorely injured me, and methought it might soften his heart if I showed him how I forgave without reserve.”

So is it sometimes that doing well has apparently evil results, and that because the *ends* of things are as yet concealed, and in this world we see *only the beginning of actions*, whether good or evil. Yet is it a trial to faith, and sometimes a heavy cross, as we wait for the light that does not come !



CHAPTER VII.

A DEAD HAND AND A GLAD HEART; OR WHERE TO CAST THE ANCHOR.

"It had a most convincing tongue,
A potent oratory, that secured
Must mute attention."

"The bitter word, that closed all earthly friendships,
And finished every feast of love—Farewell."

"Say not farewell; in some happier clime
Give me good morning."

"OH, wife, I am so wearied," said John Knox, as he entered his home one evening in 1570. "I have been seeking to make Grange see the error of his ways. That man's soul is very dear to me, and I would fain that he should repent while it is yet time. He meant to have slain me; I think would have done so had not the citizens of Edinburgh warned him that they would not suffer him to do me harm. Oh, how distressed I feel!"

"Heed him not, he cannot harm you," said Margaret. "Come, supper is waiting."

"I have little appetite for supper," said her husband, seating himself wearily, "but perhaps the appetite will come. I fear not for myself, though the future is dark and dread. What I grieve about is the poor deluded man who will, I fear, die in his sins. Oh, poor Grange, to put from himself the offer of mercy and turn back to sin!"

"Was he not once a member of your congregation?" asked Margaret, who judged it wiser to permit the grief to have expression.

"Yea, and a more hopeful youth I knew not. So lowly in his own eyes, and so earnest in his endeavours to serve God. How tender he was of conscience! But he has turned aside because he thinks to mend his estate by serving the enemies of Christ. Alas! he will find, as others have done, that serving Satan is bad policy."

"But, father," said one of his sons, "I would for our sake that ye were not so plain-speaking. Men mock at us for your sake. Do not be so careful to speak about sin."

"I am not a man of law, who has his tongue to sell for gold or the favour of the world," replied Knox. "What I feel to be right I must say; and, God helping me, no fear of consequences shall ever prevent my saying the word of the Lord."

"Oh, father, I knew ye would be glad to hear it," said his son; "but I went along the High Street this afternoon, thinking upon your sermon the Sabbath ago. It seemed as if a voice cried, 'Dost thou love the Lord, and wilt thou serve Him too?' I turned to see, but there was no one near me, and while I mused in myself I heard the voice again. I looked once more about me but no one was near me, and the third time the call came. I cannot tell what it may be, but I replied with all my heart, 'Yea, I do love God.' But what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

His father's face was strangely contorted, his arm hung powerless, and his head lay back as if the soul of John Knox had already fled. He was struck with apoplexy,

and it was a long time before he recovered his speech perfectly.

When he did so it was to find his enemies more malicious and active than ever. His friends watched his house during the night time lest the Popish party should kill him during the darkness.

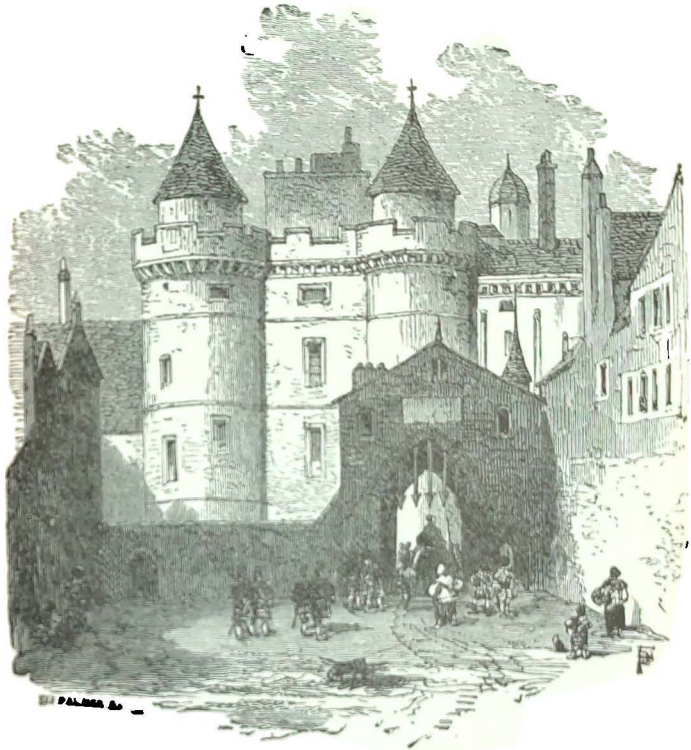
"He must leave Edinburgh, or they will kill him without fail," said one citizen to Knox's son.

"Let him go to St. Andrews, and there abide until the danger be past," said another.

"That he will never do," replied young Knox. "My father will never desert his post because of danger."

"Then he will be attacked, and we shall fight to defend him," said the first speaker. "If blood is shed in the quarrel, as will certainly be, it will be upon his head. If he wants to prevent bloodshed he will go."

This argument prevailed with John Knox, and on the 5th of May, 1571, he left Edinburgh for St. Andrews. But here he had no rest from the incessant demands upon him. In the pulpit he was as vigorous as ever. Said one who knew him then, "When I looked upon his feeble, shattered form, I marvelled that he should ever think about preaching. I took out my book to write his sermon. When he opened his text all his feebleness seemed to depart, and I began to tremble and shake, so that I could not write. He flung off the fur around his neck, and stood forth a comely young man, as it seemed, striking the pulpit as if he would beat it into tinder, or were eager to fly out of it to punish our sins. Oh, it was a sermon that burned into me like the fire of God. I have never heard the like."



ENTRANCE TO OLD HOLYROOD PALACE.

On the 17th August he left St. Andrews to return to his beloved Edinburgh.

"Here I come, John Knox, with a *dead hand but a glad heart*," said he as he entered the city, "praising and blessing God, that He will not leave His people desolate, but will raise up for them faithful preachers of His Word. Oh, I am weary of the world, and daily looking for the coming of my Lord to finish this battle. Pray for me, good people," he said entering his doorway. He looked upon the sad faces that noticed his feebleness. "Pray for me, that God may call me home."

"Alack, he will never come out alive," said one man, and so all who saw him believed.

But in September the couriers brought news about the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew. Before the horror that seized the city had diminished fresh details came by successive posts, until Scotland was in a frenzy of anger and horror.

"Carry me to my pulpit," said Knox; and they did so.

With a mighty effort he summoned all his little strength and denounced the vengeance of God upon the wicked King who had committed this foul wrong. Said he, in tones that long lived in the memory of his hearers, "Let the French ambassador tell his master," he said, "that sentence is pronounced against him in Scotland. Let him say to the King of France that vengeance will never depart from his house unless he repent. Tell ye this persecutor that his name shall descend to all time as a scorn and a reproach, and none of his race shall possess the kingdom in peace."

The ambassador quitted the kingdom in a rage, the Regent refusing to silence Knox.

But the days of Knox's preaching were nearly over. On Sunday, the 9th of November, he preached in the Tolbooth church, Edinburgh.

"I protest," he said, "before God, whom I shall shortly see, that I have walked before you all with a good conscience. I have preached the Gospel with all my might, and I now leave the work in the hands of Him who hath glorified Himself by me."

He walked up the street leaning upon his servant's arm, the people following eagerly to catch a last sight of their beloved leader and friend. Through the lines of anxious, loving faces the aged man crept feebly, until he entered his house for the last time.

On the following Tuesday he was much worse, and the physicians gave him little or no relief.

On Thursday he called his secretary, Richard Bannatyne, and said, "Read me each day that I am alive with a distinct voice the seventeenth chapter of St. John, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and a chapter from the Epistle to the Ephesians. Especially read me that fourteenth chapter in John," he said. "It was there I *cast my anchor* at first, and there I anchor my soul still. Alack! alack! my anchors would not find other hold, but I am there held fast. Oh, Richard, anchor thy soul fast in this solid unchanging hold!"

As he lay a long time silent, Richard paused in his reading and asked, "Oh, master, are you asleep? Can you hear?"

"Yea, I praise God I can hear His true Word, and I understand it far better than I ever did. Now I behold

the length and breadth and depth of that word of promise upon which my soul relies."

"Think of your family," said Lord Ruthven. "If I am able to do anything to serve you, I pray you charge me."

"I care not for the pleasures of this world," replied the dying man. "*Live in Christ! live in Christ!* and then ye will need nought and will fear nought."

"What a comfort it must be to you!" said Lady Ruthven, who had accompanied her husband into the sick room. "How you must enjoy thinking upon what good you have done!"

"Tongue! tongue! Heed thy tongue to-day. The proud flesh needs not any to puff it up. Do ye mind what I said to you when ye were quite a bairn? 'Lady, lady,' said I, 'the black one has never trampled upon your foot;' but in truth ye must lay aside your pride, and be humble as a little child in the service of Jesus Christ."

On the 23rd, which day was a Sabbath, he broke out into a cry. "If any be present let him now come and see the work of God. I am willing to lie here for many years, if but God will shine upon my soul through Jesus Christ." Then, stretching out his hand, he cried, "Lord, Thou knowest my troubles. O Lord, make an end of my sorrows."

"Go read where I cast my first anchor," he said to his wife, and she read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

"Is it not a comfortable chapter?" said Knox. "Oh, what sweet and wonderful consolations God hath afforded me in that chapter! Now let me sleep!"

The next day he was apparently in a stupor, and when he aroused himself to consciousness he sank into a heavy sleep, during which he uttered heavy groans.

The watchers expected every moment to be his last, but after a long time he opened his eyes.

"Why did you sigh so?" asked his son. "Have you been in pain, father?"

"During my life," said Knox, "I have had many conflicts with the devil, but never have I had such a battle with Satan as now. The great enemy hath often placed my sins before mine eyes and tempted me to despair, but now he has attacked me in quite a different way. He, the cunning old serpent, laboured to persuade me that I had merited heaven by a faithful discharge of my ministry. But, blessed be God, I beat down this temptation, for the Spirit of God suggested to me that I should answer, 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' and 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' Now I have gotten the victory, and in a little while I shall depart to be for ever beyond pain or noise of battle. No more fighting! No more fighting! But rest and joy in the Lord!"

At eleven o'clock he heaved a deep sigh and said, "Now it is come! Now it is come!"

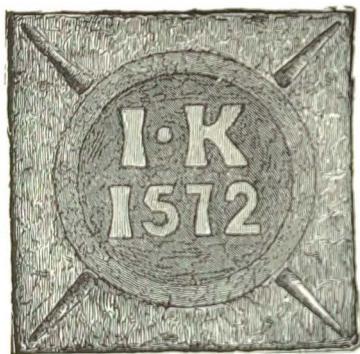
Richard Bannatyne drew near and asked, "Oh, master, think on the comfortable promises of Jesus Christ that you have often declared to others, and since ye cannot speak, give us a sign that you die in peace resting upon Christ?"

John Knox lifted up his hands, and sighing twice he departed where sighing and sin can never come!

He was but 67 years of age, but his great sufferings had worn out his body more than the strain of years. A widow and five children, two of whom were sons, remained behind to inherit the precious legacy of a good man's prayers.

The cause for which Knox had suffered and toiled did not die when he passed away. His bold and fearless advocacy of the truth had an abiding influence in the hearts of many of God's people, and gave them courage to confess Christ, and to testify to the mighty power of the grace of God.

Strong evils and stout adversaries require qualities such as John Knox possessed in a pre-eminent degree. His austerity, hardness, and perseverance were all required in the warfare that brings no pain to the conquered, and which is after all to be won by righteousness, meekness, and joy in the Holy Ghost.



LONDON: ALFRED HOLNESS, 13 AND 14 PATERNOSTER ROW.
GLASGOW: R. L. ALLAN & SON, 141 & 143 SAUCHIEHALL ST.