

THE

# Life and Prophecies

OF

# Mr. Alex<sup>r</sup>. Peden,

Late Minister of the Gospel at NEW GLENLUCE,  
in GALLOWAY.

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IN TWO PARTS.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

## HIS REMARKABLE LETTER

To the Prisoners in DUNNOTAR-CASTLE,

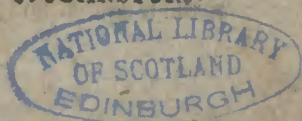
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OF

Mr. Alexander Peden.

PART I.

**M**R. ALEXANDER PEDEN was born in the parish of Sorn, in the sheriffdom of Ayr. After he had past his course at the College, he was employed for some time as school-master, prescenter and session-clerk to Mr. John Guthrie, minister of the gospel at Tarbolton. When he was about to enter on the ministry, a young woman fell with child, in adultery, to a servant in the house where he stayed; when she found herself so, she told the father thereof, who said, I'll run for it, and go to Ireland, father it upon Mr. Peden, he has more to help you to bring it up than I have. The same day that he was to get his licence, she came in before the Presbytery and said, I hear you are to licence Mr. Peden to be a minister, but do it not, for I am with child to him. He being without at the time, was called in by the moderator; and being questioned about it, he said, I am surprised I cannot speak. But let none entertain an ill thought of me, for I am utterly free of it, and God will vindicate me in his own time and way. He went home, and walked at a water-side upwards of 24 hours, and would neither eat nor drink, but said, I have got what I was seeking, and I will be vindicated and that poor unhappy lass will pay dear for it in her life, and will make a dismal end; and for this surfeit of grief that she

she hath given me, there shall never one of her sex come into my bosom. And, accordingly he never married. There are various reports of the way that he was vindicated; some say, the time she was in child-birth, Mr. Guthrie charged her to give account who was the father of that child, and discharged the women to be helpful to her, until she did it. Some say that she confessed; others, that she remained obstinate. Some of the people, when I made enquiry about it in that country-side affirmed, that after the Presbytery had been at all pains about it, and could get no satisfaction, they appointed Mr. Guthrie to give a full relation of the whole before the congregation, which he did; and the same day the father of that child being present, when he heard Mr. Guthrie begin to read, he stood up, and desired him to halt, and said, I am the father of that child, and I desired her to father it on Mr. Peden, which has been a great trouble of conscience to me: and I could not get rest till I came home to declare it. However, it is certain, that after she was married, every thing went cross to them and they went from place to place, and were reduced to great poverty. At last she came to that same spot of ground where he stayed upwards of 24 hours, and made away with herself.

2. After this he was three years settled minister at New Glenluce in Galloway; and when he was obliged, by the violence and tyranny of that time, to leave that parish, he lectured upon Acts xx 17. to the end; and preached upon the 31st. verse in the forenoon "Therefore watch, and remember that for the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one night and day, with tears." Asserting, that he had declared the whole counsel of God, and had kept nothing back; and protested, that he was free of the blood of all souls. And, in the afternoon, he preached on the 23d verse, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace,"

which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.' — Which was a weeping day in that kirk; the greatest part could not contain themselves, he many times requested them to be silent; but they sorrowed most of all, when he told them that they should never see his face in that pulpit again. He continued until night, and when he closed the pulpit-door, he knocked hard upon it three times with his Bible, saying three times over, I arrest in my Master's name, that never one enter there, but such as come in by the door, as I did. Accordingly, neither curate nor indulged minister ever entered that pulpit, until after the revolution, that a Presbyterian minister filled it.

I had the account from old persons in that parish, who were witnesses to it, worthy of all credit.

3. After this he joined with that honest and zealous handful that was broken at Pentland-hills in the year 1666, and came the length of Clyde with them, where he had a melancholy view of their end, and parted with them there. James Cubison, of Poluch-beaties, my informer, to whom he told this, he said to him, Sir, you did well that parted with them, seeing you was persuaded they would fall and flee before the enemy. Glory, glory to God, that he sent me not to hell immediately! said he; for I should have stayed with them, though I should have been cut all in pieces.

4. That night the Lord's people fell, and fled before the enemy at Pentland-hills, he was in a friend's house in Carrick sixty miles from Edinburgh; his landlord seeing him mightily troubled, enquired how it was with him? He said To-morrow I will speak with you; and desired some candle. That night he went to bed. The next morning calling early to his landlord, said, I have sad news to tell you, our friends that were together in arms, appearing for Christ's interest, are now broken, killed, taken, and fled every man. He said, Why do you speak so? There is

a great part of our friends prisoners in Edinburgh. About forty-eight hours thereafter, they were fully confirmed in the truth of it.

5. After this, in June 1673, he was taken by Major Cockburn, in the house of Hugh Ferguson, of Knockdow, in Carrick who constrained him to tarry all night. Mr. Peden told him, that it would be a dear night's quarters to them both. Accordingly they were both carried prisoners to Edinburgh. Hugh Ferguson was fined in a thousand merks, for resetting, harbouring and conversing with him. The council ordered fifty pounds sterling to be paid to the Major out of the fines, and ordained him to divide twenty-five pounds sterling among the party that apprehended him. Some time after examination, he was sent prisoner to the Bass, where, and at Edinburgh, he remained until December, 1668. that he was banished.

6. While prisoner in the Bass, one Sabbath-morning being about the public worship of God, a young lass about 13 or 14 years of age, came to the chamber-door mocking with loud laughter: He said, "Poor thing, thou mocks and laughs at the worship of God, but ere long God shall write such a sudden surprising judgement on thee, that shall stay thy laughing, and thou shalt not escape it." Very shortly after, she was walking upon the rock, and there came a blast of wind and swept her into the sea; where she perished.

While prisoner there, one day walking upon the rock, some soldiers passing by him one of them said, "Devil take him." He said, "Fy fy, poor man, thou knowest not what thou art saying; but thou wilt repent that." At which word the soldier stood astonished, and went to the guard distracted, crying aloud for Mr. Peden, saying, the devil would immediately take him away. He came to him again and found him in his right mind, under deep convictions of great guilt. The guard being to change, they desired him to go to his arms; he refused, & said, he would not use arms against Jesus Christ

his cause, and persecute his people, he had done that too long. The governor threatened him with death to-morrow about ten of the clock; he confidently said three times, though he should tear all his body to pieces, he should never lift arms that way. About three days after, the governor put him out of the garrison, setting him ashore. He having a wife and children, took a house in East Lothian, where he became a singular Christian. Mr. Peden told these astonishing passages to the foresaid John Cubison, and others, who informed me.

7. When brought from the Bass to Edinburgh, and sentence of banishment passed upon him in Dec. 1768. and sixty more fellow-prisoners, for the same cause to go to America never to be seen in Scotland again, under the pain of death; after this sentence was past, he several times said, that the ship was not yet built that they should take him and these prisoners to Virginia, or any other of the English plantations in America. One James Kay, a solid and grave Christian, being one of them, who lives in or about the Water of Leith, told me that Mr. Peden said to him, "James, when your wife comes in, let me see her;" which he did. After some discourse, he called for a drink, and when he sought a blessing, he said, "Good Lord, let not James Kay's wife miss her dear husband, till thou return him to her in peace and safety; which we are sure will be sooner than either he or she is looking for." Accordingly, the same day month that he parted with her at Leith, he came home to her at the Water of Leith.

8. When they were on shipboard at the Water of Leith, there was a report, that the enemies were to send down thumbkins to keep them from rebelling; at the report of this, they were discouraged: Mr. Peden came above the deck and said, "Why are ye discouraged? you need not fear, there will neither thumbkins nor bootkins come here: lift up your hearts and heads, for the day of your redemption draweth near; if we were once at London, we will be all set at liberty."

erty." And when sailing in the voyage, praying publicly he said, "Lord, such is the enemies hatred at thee, and malice at us, for thy sake, that they will not let us stay in thy land of Scotland, to serve thee, though some of us have nothing but the canopy of thy heavens above us, and the earth to tread upon; but, Lord, we bless thy name, that will cut short our voyage, and frustrate thy enemies of their wicked design, that they will not get us where they intend; and some of us shall go richer home than we came from home." James Pride, who lived in Fife, an honest man, being one of them, he said many times, he could assert the truth of this, for he came safely home; and beside other things, he bought two cows, and before that, he never had one. I had these accounts both from the foresaid James Kay and Robert Punton, a known public man, worthy of all credit who was also under the same sentence, who lived in the parish of Dalmony, near Queensferry.

9. When they arrived at London, the skipper, who received them at Leith, was to carry them no further; the skipper, who was to receive them there, and carry them to Virginia, came to see them, they being represented to him as thieves, robbers, and evil doers; but when he found they were all grave Christian men, banished for Presbyterian principles, he said he would sail the sea with none such. In this confusion, that the one skipper would not receive them, and the other would keep them no longer, being expensive to maintain them, they were all set at liberty. Others reported that both skippers got compliments from friends at London; however, it is certain, they were safely set free, without any imposition of bonds or oaths; and friends at London, and in their way homewards through England shewed much kindness unto them.

10. That dismal day, June 22, 1679, at Bothwell-Bridge, that the Lord's people fell, and fled before the enemy, he was forty miles distant, near the border, and kept himself retired until the middle of the day, that

that some friends said to him, " Sir, the people are waiting for sermon." He said, " Let the people go to their prayers: for me. I neither can nor will preach any this day; for our friends are fallen, and fled before the enemy at Hamilton: and they are langing and hashing them down, and their blood is running like water."

11. After this, he was preaching in Galloway: in the forenoon he prayed earnestly for the prisoners taken at and about Bothwell; but in the afternoon, when he began to pray for them, he halted and said, " Our friends at Edinburgh, the prisoners, have done something to save their lives that shall not do with them, for the scabillows shall be many of their winding-sheets; and the few of them that escape, shall not be useful to God in their generation." Which was sadly verified thereafter. That which the greatest part of these prisoners did was the taking of that bond, commonly called the *Black Bond*, after Bothwell, wherein they acknowledged their appearance in arms, for the defence of the gospel and their own lives, to be rebellion; and engaged themselves never to make any more opposition: Upon the doing of which, these perfidious enemies promised them life and liberty. This, with the cursed and subtil arguments and advices of ministers, who went into the New Yard, where they were prisoners, particularly Mr. Hugh Kenedy, Mr. William Crichton, Mr. Edward Jamieson, and Mr. George Johnston; these took their turn in the yard, where the prisoners were, together with a letter that was sent from that Erastian meeting, of ministers, met at Edinburgh in August 1679, for the acceptance of a third indulgence, with a cautionary bond. Notwithstanding of the enemies' promise, and the unhappy advice of ministers not indulged after they were ensnared in this foul compliance, they banished 255, whereof 205 perished in the Orkney-sea. This foul step as some of them told, both in their life, and when dying, lay heavy upon them all their days; and that these unhappy arguments and advices of ministers, prevailed more with them



them than the enemies' promise of life and liberty.

In August, 1679, fifteen of Bothwel-prisoners got indictments of death. Mr. Edward Jamieson, a worthy Presbyterian minister, as Mr. Woodrow calls him, was sent from that Erastian meeting of ministers, into the Tolbooth to these fifteen, who urged the lawfulness of taking the bond to save their lives; and the refusal of it would be a reflection on religion, and the cause they had appeared for, and a throwing away their lives, for which their friends would not be able to vindicate them. He prevailed with thirteen of them, which soured in the stomach of some of those thirteen, and lay heavy upon them both in their life and death. The prisoners taken at and about the time of Bothwel, were reckoned about fifteen hundred.

The faithful Mr. John Blackader did write to these prisoners, dissuading them from that foul compliance; and some worthy persons of these prisoners, whom he wrote to, said to me with tears, that they slighted his advice, and swallowed the unhappy advices of these ministers who were making peace with the enemies of God, and followed their foul steps, for which they would go mourning to their graves. I heard the same Mr. Blackader preach his last public sermon, before his falling into the enemies' hands, in the night-time in the fields, in the parish of Livingstone, on the side of the Mair, at New-house, on the 23d of March, after Bothwel, where he lectured on Micah iv. from the 9th verse, where he asserted, That the nearer the delivery, our pains and showers would come thicker and sorer upon us; and that we had been long in the fields, but ere we were delivered we would go down to Babylon. That either Popery would overspread this land, or be at the breaking in upon us, like an inundation of water. And preached upon that text, "Let no man be moved with these afflictions, for ye yourselves know that ye are appointed thereunto." Where he insisted on what moving and shaking his-  
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pensations the Lord had exercised his people with in former ages, especially that man of God, that went to Jeroboam at Bethel, and delivered his commission faithfully, and yet was turned out of the way by an old ying prophet; how moving and stumbling the manner of his death was to all Israel! And earnestly requested us to take good heed to what ministers we heard, and what advice we followed. When he prayed, he blessed the Lord that he was free of both band and rope, and that he was as clearly willing to hold up the public blest standard of the gospel as ever. And said, The Lord rebuke, give repentance and forgiveness to these ministers that persuaded these prisoners to take that bond. For their perishing by sea, was more moving and shocking to him, than if some thousands of them had been slain in the field. He was thereafter taken, the 6th of April, by Major Johnston, in Edinburgh, and detained prisoner in the Bass, and died there. As the interest of Christ lay near his heart through his life, amongst his last words he said, The Lord will defend his own cause.

12. After the public murdering of these worthy women-martyrs, Isobel Allison, and Marion Harvie, in the Grass market of Edinburgh, January 1681, he was in Galloway; a professor of some note, who had more carnal wit and policy than faithfulness and honesty, after reasoning upon the grounds of their sufferings, affirmed that they would never be reckoned among the number of the martyrs. After musing a little, Mr. Peden said, Let alone, you will never be honoured with such a death; and for what you have said against these two worthy lasses, your death will be both sudden and surprising. Which happened very shortly thereafter; the man standing before the fire, smocking his pipe, dropt down dead, and never spoke more.

13. In the month of June 1682, he was in the house of James Brown, in Paddockholm, above Douglas,

John Wilson in Lanark was with him, who suffered martyrdom in the Grass market of Edinburgh next year, May 1682. He lectured at night upon Amos viii. and repeated these words in the 9th. verse three times, *And I will rise against the house of Jeroboam with the sword.* He laid his hand on the said John, and said, "Encourage yourself in the Lord, and hold him fast, John, for you will win up yonder shortly, and get on your brows." That night he went to the fields; and to-morrow, about six o'clock, John went to seek him, and found him coming to the house. He said, "John, let us go from this house for the devil is about it, and will take his prey with him." John said, "We will take breakfast ere we go it is a question when we will get the offer again." He answered, "No, no, I will not eat bread in this place. our landlord is an unchristian man, the devil will get him shortly, for he will hang himself." Which very shortly came to pass. His daughter, Jean Brown, was the first that got him in her arms, hanging in the stable. She was reckoned by all, to be a grave Christian lass but from that day never had her health, and died of a decay at last, after she had been some time in prison for her principles. This passage the same John Wilson reported several times to many, and some alive can bear witness to the truth of it.

14. In the year 1680, after the murdering of Mr. Cameron, and these worthies with him at Airdsmoss, he was near Machline, in the shire of Ayr; one Robert Brown of Cross-house, who lived near New-Mills, and one Hugh Pinanove, factor to the Earl of Lothian stabled their horses in that house where he was, and went to a fair in Machline; and, in the afternoon, when they came to take away their horses, they got a drink, and in the time of it, the said Hugh, a wicked wretch, both in principle and practice, broke out in a railing against sufferers, particularly against Mr. Cameron: Mr. Peden being in another room over-  
hear-

hearing all, was so grieved that he came to the chamber door and said to the said Hugh, " Sir, hold your peace, e'er twelve o'clock thou shalt know what for a man Mr. Cameron was, God shall punish that blasphemous mouth, and cursed tongue of yours, in such a manner, as shall be astonishing to all that shall see you, and shall set you up a beacon to all railing Rabelakehs." Robert Brown knowing Mr. Peden, hastened to his horse, being persuaded that Mr. Peden's words would not fall to the ground, and fearing that some mischief might befall him for being in the said Hugh's company, he rode hard home. Robert went to his own house, and Hugh to the Earl's house, and casting off his boots, he was struck with such a sickness and pain through his body, with his mouth so wide, and his tongue hanging so far out, in a fearful manner, that they sent for the said Robert. Being used to take blood, he got some blood of him, but all in vain: he died before midnight. The said Robert, an old man, told me this passage when in prison together.

15. In the year 1632 he was in Kyle, and preached upon that text. *The plowers plowed upon my back, and drew long their furrows.* Where he said, " Would ye know who first yoked this plow? It was cursed Cain, when he drew his furrows so long and deep, that he let out the heart-blood of his brother Abel; and his cursed seed has, and will gang summer and winter, frost and fresh weather, till the world's end; and at the sound of the last trumpet when all are in a flame, their theets will burn, and their swingle-trees will fall to the ground; the plowmen will lose their gripes of the plow and the gadmen will throw away their gads: and then, O the yelling and shrieking that will be among all this cursed seed, clapping their hands, and crying to the hills and mountains to cover them from the face of the Lamb, and of him that sits upon the throne, for their hatred of him, and malice at his people."

After

After sermon when marrying a pair of folks, when the man had the woman by the hand, he said, Indeed man you have a bonny bride by the hand, I see a covetous devil in her; she is both a thief and a whore, let her go, you will be ashamed of her.— The man keeping fast her hand, he said, You will not take my advice, but it will tend to thy disgrace. After the marriage, when praying, he said, " Good Lord, many a plow hath been yoked on the back of the Church in Scotland, Pagans yoked theirs. Antichrist yoked his, and Prelacy hers, and now the plagued Erastian indulged have yoked theirs, and it ill becomes them: Good Lord, cut their theets, that the swingle-trees may fall to the ground." Ensign John Kirkland was witness to both this sermon and marriage; he was my dear acquaintance, who told me several times of this, and more, of that sermon.

16. About the same time he was marrying two pair of folks, he said to the one, Stand by, I will not marry you this day: The bridegroom was anxious to know the reason; after enquiring privately, he said, You will thank me for this afterwards, and think yourself well quat of her, for she is with child to another wife's husband. Which was matter of fact, as time afterwards discovered.

17. Shortly after that sad stroke at Bothwel, he went to Ireland, but did not stay long at that time. In his travels through Galloway, he came to a house, and looking in the goodman's face, he said. They call you an honest man, but if you be so, you look not like it, you will not long keep that name, but will discover yourself to be what you are. And shortly after, he had to flee for sheep-stealing. The short time he was in Ireland, the Governor required of all presbyterian ministers that were in Ireland, that they should give it under their hand, that they had no accession to the late rebellion at Bothwel-bridge, in Scotland, and that they did not approve of it: which the most

part did, and sent Mr. Thomas Gowans, a Scotsman, and one Mr. Paton, from the north of Ireland to Dublin, to present it to the Lord-Lieutenant.— When Mr. Peden heard of it, he said, Mr. Gowans and his brother Mr. Paton are sent and gone the devil's errand, but God will arrest them by the gate. Accordingly, Mr. Gowans was struck with a sore sickness by the way, and Mr. Paton fell from his horse, and broke or crushed his leg. I had this account from some worthy Christians when I was in Ireland.

18. In the year 1682, he married John Brown, that singular Christian, upon Marion Weir, at his own house at Priesthall, in Kyle. After marriage he said to the bride, Marion, you have got a good man to be your husband, but you will not enjoy him long; prize his company, and keep linen by you for his winding-sheet, for you will need it, when you are not looking for it, and it will be a bloody one.— This came sadly to pass in the beginning of May, 1685, as afterwards shall appear.

19. After this, in the year 1682, he went to Ireland again, and came to the house of William Steel, in Glenwharry, in the county of Antrim. He enquired at Mrs. Steel, if she wanted a servant for threshing victual? She said she did, and asked what his wages a-day or a-week were? He said, The common rate was a common rule; to which she assented. At night he was put to the barn, to lie with the servant lad; and spent the night in prayer and groaning up and down the barn. Next day he threshed victual with the lad, and spent the night the same way.— In the morning the lad said to his mistress, This man sleeps none, but groans and prays all night; I get no sleep for him. He threshes very well, and is not sparing of himself, but I think he has not been used with it, for he can do nothing to the botteling and ordering of the barn. When I put the barn in order, he goes to such a place, and there he prays for the

afflicted Church of Scotland, and names so many people in the furnace. He wrought the next day, and his mistress watched and overheard him praying, as the lad had said. At night she desired her husband to enquire if he was a minister, which he did, and desired him to be free with him, and he should not only be no enemy to him, but a friend. Mr. Peden said, he was not ashamed of his office; and gave an account of his circumstances. He was no more set to work, nor to lie with the lad, and he staid a considerable time in that place, and was a blessed instrument in converting some, and civilizing others, though that place was noted for a wild, rude people; and the fruit of his labour appears unto this day. There was a servant-lass in that house, that he could not look upon but with frowns; and sometimes, when at family-worship, he said, pointing to her with a frowning countenance, You come from the barn and from the byre, reeking in your lusts, and sits down among us, we want none such. At last he said to William Steel and his wife, Put that unhappy lass from your house, for she will be a stain to your family, for she is with child and will murder it, and will be punished for the same. Which accordingly came to pass, and she was burnt at Craig Fergus, which is the usual punishment of murderers of children there. I had this account from one John Muirhead, who staid much in that house, and other Christian people, when I was in Ireland.

20. On the second of August, 1684, he was in a Christian Scots woman's house, called Margaret Lumbhonor: that day there was an extraordinary shower of big hail, such as he had never seen the like. She said, What can be the meaning of this great hail? He said, Within a few years there will be an extraordinary storm and shower of judgement poured out upon Ireland, but, Margaret, you shall not live to see it. And accordingly, she died before that rebellion; and the rest had a sad accomplishment at Derry, and the water of Boya.

21. On the second of February 1685. he was in the house of one Mr. Vernor; at night he and John Kilpatrick, Mrs. Vernor's father, a very worthy old Christian, he said to him, John the world may well want you and me. John said, Sir, I have been very fruitless and useless all my days, and the world may well want me, but your death will be a great loss.— Well, John, said he, you and I shall be in heaven shortly; but though you be much older than I, my soul will get the forestart of yours, for I will be first in heaven; but your body will get the advantage of mine, for ye will get rest in your grave until the resurrection; but for me, I must go to the bloody land (this was his ordinary way of speaking, bloody or sinful land, when he spake of Scotland) and die there; and the enemies, out of their great wickedness, will lift my corpse unto another place; but I am very indifferent, John for I know my body shall lie among the dust of the martyrs; and though they should take my old bones and make whistles of them, they will all be gathered together in the morning of the resurrection; and then, John you and I, and all that will be found having on Christ's righteousness, will get day-about with them, and give our hearty assent to their eternal sentence of damnation. The same night after this discourse, while about family-worship, about ten or eleven o'clock, explaining the portion of scripture he read, he suddenly halted and hearkened, and said three times over What's this I hear? And hearkened again a little, and clapt his hands and said, I hear a dead shot at the throne of Britain! let him ga yonder, he has been a black sight to these lands, especially to poor Scotland: we are well quit of him; there has been many a wasted prayer wared on him. And it was concluded by all, the same night that unhappy man Charles II. died. I had this account from the foresaid John Muirhead and others, who were present, and was confirmed in the truth of it by some worthy Christians when I was in Iceland.



92. Upon the 4th of February 1635, he preached at a woodside near the said Mr. Vernor's house; he read the whole of the xlix psalm; after reading, he charged his hearers, that none of them open their mouths to sing, but those that could do it knowingly and believingly; for some few lines few opened their mouths: but as John Muirhead and John Waddel, who were present, (two solid Christians and great sufferers, who lived and died in the parishes of Cambusnethen and Shots,) said to me, they and some others, could not contain and forbear singing, but broke out with their whole hearts and whole strength, so that they were never witness to such loud singing, through the whole psalm. After the singing, in prefacing, he cried out, "Pack and let us go to Scotland, let us flee from one devouring sword and go to another; the poor honest lads in Scotland, are running upon the hills, and have little of either meat or drink but cold and hunger; and the bloody enemy are pursuing & murdering them, wherever they find them, their blood is running like water upon scaffolds and fields; rise, go and take part with them, for we fear they bar us out of heaven. Oh! secure Ireland, a dreadful day is coming upon thee within a few years, that they shall ride many miles and shall not see a reeking house in thee; Oh! hunger, Derry, many a pale face shall be in thee; and fire, fire upon a town, whose name I have forgot, which was all burnt to ashes. This had an exact accomplishment four years thereafter. And for the profanity of England, the formality and security of Ireland, for the loathing and contempt of the gospel, covenant-breaking and innocent bloodshed in Scotland, none of these lands shall escape, ere all be done. But notwithstanding of all this, I'll tell you good news, keep in mind this year, month and day, and remember that I told you that the enemies have got a shot beneath their right wing, and they may rise and fly like a bird shot, but ere this day seven years, the strongest of them all shall fall." Then upon the sixth,

he was in that wood all day, and at night he came to the said Mr. Vernor's house, where several of our Scots sufferers were; he said, "Why are ye so discouraged? I know ye have got ill news of the dreadful murder of our friends in Scotland; but I will tell you good news, that unhappy, treacherous, leacherous man, who has made the Lord's people in Scotland, tremble these years bygone, has got his last glut in a lordly dish from his broker, and he is lying with his tongue cold in his mouth." The news of this came not to Ireland for 24 hours thereafter. The foresaid John Muirhead and John Waddel, and others of our Scots sufferers, who had heard him preach the Sabbath day before concluded this was the shot beneath the right wing that he spoke of, Charles II. dying the Friday's night before.

23. After this he longed to be out of Ireland, what through the fearful apprehensions of that dismal day of rebellion in Ireland that came upon it four years thereafter, and that he might take part with the sufferers of Scotland. He came near the coast one morning: John Muirhead came to him lying within a hedge: he said, "Have ye any news John?" John said, "There is great fear of the Irish arising." He said, No, no, John: the time of their arising was not yet; but they will rise and dreadful will it be at last. He was long detained waiting for a bark, not daring to go to public ports, but to some remote creek of the sea—Alexander Gordon of Kinstour in Galloway had agreed with one, but Mr. Peden would not sail the sea with him, having some foresight of what he did prove afterwards. In the beginning of August, before this, Kinstour, was relieved at Eterker-path, going from Dumfries to Edinburgh, prisoner, when the news of it came to Ireland, our Scots sufferers their acquaintance were glad of the news especially that Kinstuir had escaped. He said, "What means all this Kinstuiring? There is some of them received there that one of them is worth many of him; for all will be ashamed of him ere all be done."

Being

Being in this strait, he said to Robert Wark, an old worthy Christian, worthy of credit, " Robert, go and take such a man with you, and the first bark ye can find, compel him, for they will be like the dogs in Egypt; not one of them will move their tongue against you." Accordingly, Robert and his comrade found it out so, and brought her to that secret place where he was. When Robert and his comrade came and told him, he was glad and very kind and free; but he seemed under a cloud at that time. He said; " Lads; I have lost my prospect, wherewith I was wont to look over to the bloody land, and tell you and others, what enemies and friends were doing: the devil and I puke, and rides time about upon one another; but if I were uppermost again, I shall ride hard, and spurgaw weir: I have been praying for a swift passage over to the sinful land, come of us what will: And now Alexander Gordon is away with my prayer-wind; but it were good for the remnant in Scotland he never saw it; for he will assuredly wound that interest ere he go off the stage. This sadly came to pass in his life, and was a reproach to it at his death.

A little before they came off, he baptised a child to John Maxwell, a Glasgow-man, who was fled over from the persecution: in his discourse before the baptism, he burst out into a rapture, foretelling that black day that was to come upon Ireland, and sad days to Scotland, and after all this, was good days to come. Mrs. Maxwell, or Mary Elphinston, the mother of the child, yet alive in Glasgow, told me, that in the time he was asserting these things, she was thinking and wondering what ground of assurance he had for them, he cried aloud; shaking his hand at her, and said, Woman, thou art thinking and wondering within thyself whether I be speaking those things out of the visions of my own head, or if I be taught by the Spirit of God; I tell thee, woman, thou shalt live and see that I am not mistaken.

She

She told me, that she was very hoody deliver'd, and out of her great desire to have her child baptized before he came off, that she took travail too soon; and being weak, and so surpris'd with telling her the thoughts of her heart, that she was in danger of falling off the chair. As this exercise also he told them, that he could not win off till he got this done; and this was all the drink-money he had left in Ireland, and to the family (pointing to the landlord) for all the kindness he had met with from them. After the baptism they got breakfast; there was plenty of bread upon the table, and seeking a blessing, he put his hand beneath the bread, holding it up with much affection and tears, said, Lord, there is a well covered table, and plenty of bread; but what comes of the poor young kindly honest lad Renwick that shames us all, in staying and heiding up his fainting mother's head, when, of all the children she has brought forth, there is none will avowedly take her by the hand; and the poor, cold, hungry lads upon the hills? For the honour of thine own cause, let them not starve. Thou caused a ravenous bird, greedy of flesh itself, to feed Elijah; and thou fed thy people in the wilderness with angels' food; and blessed a few loaves and small fishes, and made them sufficient for many; and had experience of want, weariness, cold and hunger, and enemies daily hunting for thy life, while in the world: look to them, and provide for them.— We will get the black stone for leaving him and them. The waiters being advertised of the bark being in that place, they and other people came upon them, which oblig'd them that were to come off, to secure the waiters and people altogether, for fear of the garrison of Carrickfergus apprehending them, being near to it, which oblig'd them to come off immediately, however it might be with them. After that, he and twenty-six of our Scots sufferers came aboard, and he stood upon the deck and prayed, there being not the least wind; where he made a rehearsal of times

and places, when and where the Lord had heard and answered them in the day of their distress, and now they were in a great strait. Waving his hand to the west, from whence he desired the wind, and said, Lord, give us a loof-full of wind; fill the sails, Lord, and give us a fresh gale, and let us have a swift passage over to the bloody land, come of us what will. John Muirhead, Robert Wark, and others, who were present, told me, that when he began to pray, the sails were all hanging straight down, but, before he ended, they were all like blown bladders; then they put out the waiters and other people, and got a very swift and safe passage. The twenty-six Scots sufferers that were with him, having provided themselves with arms, and being designed to return to Scotland, there being then such a noise of killing; and, indeed, the din was no greater than the deed: it being then in the heat of killing-time, in the end of February, 1685. When at exercise in the Bark, he said, Lord, thou knowest that these lads are hot-spirited, lay an arrest upon them, that they may not appear; their times is not yet; tho' Monmouth and Argyle be coming, they will work no deliverance. At that time there was no report of their coming, for they came not for ten weeks thereafter. In the morning, after they landed, he lectured before they parted, sitting upon a brae-side, where he had fearful threatenings against Scotland; saying, the time was coming, that they might travel many miles in Galloway and Nithsdale, Ayr and Clydesdale and not see a reeking house, nor hear a cock crow. And further said, that his soul trembled to think what would become of the indulged back-slidden and upsitten ministers of Scotland; for none of them should ever be honoured to put a right pint in the Lord's tabernacle, nor assert Christ's kingly prerogative, as king and head of his church. To the same purpose said the worthy and never-to-be-forgotten Mr. Donald Cargill, within eight hours of his martyrdom, that he feared, tho' there were not another

ther ministry in all the earth, he would make no more use of them in a national reformation, but send dreadful judgments upon themselves, and a long curse upon their posterity. And Mr. Rutherford said in his day, 1656. That sad and heavy were the judgments and indignation from the Lord, that was abiding the unfaithful watchmen of Scotland; meaning the unhappy Resolutioners. When ended, he prayed earnestly for many things; particularly, that all the sins they had committed in Ireland might be buried in that place, and might not spread with the air thro' the sinful land.

24. When the greater part took their farewell of him, he said to the rest, To what house or place shall we go? One Hugh Kennedy said, We will go to such a house. He said, Hewie, we will not get in our nose there, for the devil and his hairs are there. Notwithstanding Hugh went, and found the house full of the enemies; and that night a woman in the house made away with herself. Hugh came quickly back and told him. He said, We will go to such a house, I have an errand there. When they went, the goodwife was dying, under great doubts and fears; where he was a blessed instrument of comfort to her; and said to Hugh, Hewie, this is the errand I had here.

25. They went eastward somewhat contrary to his inclination, till they came to the top of an hill, upwards of two miles distant from the place they designed. He halted and said, I will not go one foot further this way, there is undoubtedly danger before us. An herd lad being there, he gave him a groat, and desired him to go to that house, and fetch him meat and news. When the lad came to the house, the goodwife hastened and gave him meat to them, saying, Lad, run hard and tell them that the enemies are spread, and we are expecting them here every minute. As the lad was going from the house, eighteen of the enemies' foot were near, crying, Stand dog. The lad ran, and six of them pursued half a mile, and fired hard upon him; the ball

went close by his head. All that time Mr. Peden continued in prayer for him alone, and with the rest, being twelve men: when praying with them, he said, "Lord shall the poor lad that is gone our errand, seeking bread to support our lives, lose his? Direct the bullets by his head, however near let them not touch him; good Lord, spread the lap of thy cloak and cover the poor lad." And in this he was heard and answered, in that there was a dark cloud of mist parted him and them.

26. About this time there was an honest poor wife brought him and them some bread and milk: when seeking a blessing he said, "Now in this bloody land, this poor woman has endangered her life in bringing bread to support our, we cannot pay her for it, but Lord, it is for thy sake she has brought it; there is no need that she should be a loser at thy hand, thou givest plenty of bread to many that are not so worthy of it; giving does not impoverish thee, and with-holding does not enrich thee: give this poor Wife twenty banocks for these few." And the wife said several times afterwards, she got many banocks; so that she was never so straitened for bread as before.

27. At this time upon a Sabbath-night, he preached in a shield or sheep-house, in a desert place; a man standing at the door as he came in, he gripped him and said, "Where are you going Sir, go home, y<sup>e</sup> have neither art nor part with us, there will be a black account heard of you ere long." Accordingly, very shortly thereafter he went to Edinburgh, and took the black test. That night he lectured upon the vii. of Amos, "And I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel." He cried out, "Oh! how few of the ministers of Scotland will answer the plumb-line; Lord send us a Welwood, a Cargill, and a Cameron, and such as they, and make us quit of the rest." And I will

will rise against the house of Jeroboam with the sword. He said: "I will tell you good news, our Lord will take a feather out of Antichrist's wing, which shall bring down the Duke of York, and banish him out of these kingdoms, and will remove the bloody sword from above the heads of his people: And there will never a man of the name of Stewart sit upon the throne of Britain after the Duke of York, whose reign is now short for their lechery, treachery, tyranny, and shedding the precious blood of the Lord's people: But oh! black, black, black will the day be that will come upon Ireland that they shall travail forty miles, and not see a recking house, nor hear a cock crow!"

At this he started up to his feet, and clapt his hands, and with a ravishing voice cried aloud. "Glory glory to the Lord, that has accepted a bloody sacrifice of a sealed testimony off Scotland's hand; we have a bloody clout to hold up, and the lads that got the bullets thro' their heads the last day at Glentrol, their blood has made the clout redder. When our Lord looks upon the bloody clout, he will keep the sword of his avenging justice in the sheath for a time, but if Scotland shall not consider the merciful day of their visitation, nor his long-suffering patience and forbearance lead them to repentance, as we fear it will not, but harden them in their sin, and the greater part turn gospel-proof and judgment-proof, and wax worse and worse, then will the Lord accomplish all that he has threatened a well-deserved, foreseen and foretold day of vengeance; when he begins he will also make an end, especially against the house of Eli, for the iniquity which they cannot but know."

When ended, he and those that were with him, lay down in the sheep-house, and got some sleep: He rose early, and went up to the burn-side, and stayed long: when he came into them, he did sing the xxxiii. Psalm,  
from



from the 7th verse to the end; when ending, he repeated the 7th verse,

Thou art my hiding place, thou shalt  
from trouble keep me free;

Thou, with songs of deliverance,  
about shalt compass me.

Saying, These and the following are sweet lines, which I got at the burn-side this morning; and we'll get more to-morrow, and so we'll get daily provision. He was never behind with any that put their trust in him; and he will not be in our common, nor none who needily depend on him, and so we will go on in his strength, making mention of his righteousness, and of his only. The foresaid James Cubison went eight miles with him; when he took good night, he said, Sir, I think I'll never see you again. He said, James, you and I will never meet again in time. And two several times he went to Ireland before, when they parted, he told them that they would meet again.—The said James, John Muirhead, and others of our sufferers, who were present, gave me these accounts.

23. Shortly after they landed from Ireland in Galloway, the enemy got notice, they being then in garrisons, foot and horse, and it being killing-time, the alarm came to them in a morning, that foot and horse were coming upon them; the foresaid John Muirhead being struck with a violent pain in his forehead, they started up to run for it: He said, Stay, stay lads! let us pray for old John ere we go. He stood up and said, Lord, we hear tell that thy enemies and ours are coming upon us, and thou hast laid thy hand of affliction on old John, have pity upon him, for thy enemies will have none; his blood will run where he lies! spare him at this time, we know not if he be ready to die. And, as John told me, with tears in his eyes, the pain in his head, and the indisposition of his body quite left him, and he started up and ran with the rest. The enemies seeing them pursued them hard, sometime the horse, and sometimes the foot being near them, mossy, bog-

gish ground did cast about the horses. After they had run some considerable way, and got a little height between the enemy and them, he stood and said, Let us pray here; for, if the Lord hear not our prayers, and save us, we will be dead men, and our blood run like water: If we die, let the enemy kill us; let our blood fill up their cup, that the day of vengeance that is coming on them may be hastened. Then he began, and said, Lord, it is thy enemies' day, hour and power; they may not be idle, but hast thou no other work for them, but to send them after us? Send them after them, to whom thou wilt give strength to flee, for our strength is gone; twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over auld Sandy, and thir poor things, and save us this one time, 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. In the mean time, there was a dark cloud of mist came betwixt them. After prayer, he ordered two of them to give notice of the enemy's motion, and the rest to go alone, and cry mightily to the Lord for deliverance. While they were thus exercised, there came posts to the enemy, desiring them to pursue after Mr. Renwick, and a great company with him. After the enemies were gone he called them together, and said, Let us not forget to return thanks to the Lord, for hearing and answering us in the day of our distress. And charged the whole creation to praise the Lord; and also adjured the clouds to praise him. Then he sat down at the side of a well, and enquired if they had any crumbs of bread? Some of them having some crumbs, when seeking a blessing, he said, Lord, thou who blessed the few loaves and fishes, and made them sufficient for many, bless this water, and these crumbs to us; for we thought we should never have needed any more of these creature-comforts.

29. A few days after this, the aforesaid John Muirhead was in a house alone, at a distance from the rest,  
and

and in the morning was a dark mist, and he knew not whither to go, or where to find them: only he heard him speak of the name of a place where he was to baptize some children: he gave a sixpence to a lad to conduct him to that place, which was six miles distant. When he came, he was praying. After baptism, he came to John, and said, Poor straying sheep, how came you to stray from the rest? I had a troubled morning for you. Do not thus again, otherwise it will fare the worse with you.

30. About this time, he and John Clark, who was ordinarily called Little John, were in a cave in Galloway, and had wanted meat and drink long. He said, John, better be thirst through with the sword, than pine away with hunger; the earth & the fulness thereof, belongs to my Master, & I have a right to as much of it as will keep me from fainting under his service; go to such a house, and tell them plainly that I have wanted meat so long and they will willingly give it. Said John, Sir, I am not willing to leave you in this place yourself. for some have been frightened by the devil in this cave. No, no, John, said he, you need not fear that, I will take my venture of him for a time.— John went, and the people willingly gave him some meat. When he came back, he said, John, it is very hard living in this world, incarnate devils above the earth, and devils beneath the earth! the devil has been here since you went away; I have sent him off in haste, we will be no more troubled with him this night.

31. A little after this, he being yet in Galloway, John Muirhead and some others being with him, John said to him, This is a very melancholy, weary time. It being killing time. He replied. There are more dark, weary days to come, when your pulpits will be full of Presbyterian ministers, and it will turn that dark upon you, that many shall not know what to do, whether to hear or forbear; and they shall be reckoned

happy that wan well through at Pentland, Bothwel, and Airdsmoss, and wan fairly off the stage, and got martyrdom for Christ; for the ministers will cut off many of the serious and zealous godly at the web's end; but I will be hid in a grave. They enquired what would become of the testimony of the Church of Scotland? Then he plucked the bonnet off his head, and threw it from him, saying. See ye how my bonnet lies? The sworn-to, & sealed testimony of the Church of Scotland, will fall from the hands of all parties, and lie as close upon the ground as ye see my bonnet lie. How lamentably is this accomplished, to the observation of all who see with half an eye!

32. At this time it was seldom that Mr. Peden could be prevailed with to preach, frequently advising people to pray meikle, saying. It was praying-folk that would win through the storm: they would get preaching both meikle and good, but not meikle good of it, until judgments be poured out, to make the land desolate. And, at other times. We needed not to look for a great or good day of the gospel, until the sword of the Frenches were amongst us, to make a dreadful slaughter; and after that braw good days. He and Mr. Donald Cargil saw as it had been with one eye, and spake with one breath. And, frequently, when they pressed him to preach, he had the same expressions in his answers.

33. There were three lads murdered at Wigtown, and at the same time he was praying at Craigmvne, many miles distant: He cried out, There is a bloody sacrifice put up this day at Wigtown. These were the lads of Kirkelly; and those who lived near, knew not of it, till it was past. I had this account from William M'Dougal, an old man in Ferrytown, near Wigtown, worthy of credit, who was present.

34. After this, in Auchengrooch-muir, Nithsdale, Captain John Mathison and others being with him, they were alarmed that the enemies were coming fast  
upon

upon them: They designed to put him in some hole, and cover him with heather, he not being able to run hard by reason of his age; he desired them to forbear a little until he prayed, where he said, "Lord, we are ever needing at thy hand; and if we had not thy command to call on thee in the day of trouble, and thy promise of answering us in the day of our distress. we wot not what would become of us: If thou hast any more work for us in the world, allow us the lap of thy cloak this day again: And if this be the day of our going off the stage, let us win honestly off & comfortably through, and our souls will sing forth thy praises thro' eternity, for what thou hast done to us and for us." When ended, he ran alone a little, and came quickly back, saying, "Lads, the bitterness of this blast is over; we will be no more troubled with them to-day." Foot and horse came the length of Andrew Clark's in Achengrooch, where they were covered with a dark mist: When they saw it, they roared like fleshly devils, and cried out "there is the confounded mist again! we cannot get these damned whigs pursued for it." I had this account from the said Captain John Matthison.

35. About this time he was in a house in the shire of Ayr (James Nesbet, yet living in the castle of Edinburgh, can bear witness to the truth of this) and one night he was standing before the fire, where he uttered some imprecations upon the cursed intelligencers, who had told the enemy that he was come out of Ireland: When James took him to the place where he was to rest a little James said, "The servants took notice of your imprecations upon the intelligencers." He said, "Ye will know to-morrow, about nine o'clock, what ground I have for it: I wish thy head may be preserved, for it will be in danger for me; I will take my own time, and be gone from his house." Some time that night he went to a desert place, & durned himself in a moor. The next morning, James was going at the harrows, and about eight of the clock there was a troop of the

enemies surrounding the house; when James saw them he ran for it, and they pursued him hard, till he was to a moss, where they could pursue him no farther with horses; They then fired upon him, and he having knots upon his hair, on each side of his head, one of their bullets took away one of the knots. He ran where Mr. Peden was, who said, "Oh! Jamie, Jamie, I am glad your head is safe, for I knew it would be in danger." He took his knife, and cut away the other knot.

36. About this time, he and James Wilson in Douglas, a singularly known man to many, was at Airds-moss; and being together some time, without speaking, as Mr. Peden's ordinary was, when there was any extraordinary thing in his head, they came to Mr. Cameron's grave, where he and other eight were buried. After sitting some time on the grave, he gave James a clap on the shoulder with his heavy hand, and said, "I am going to tell you a strange tale!" James said, "I am willing to hear it." He said, "This is a strange day, both of sinning and suffering! (as indeed it was it being killing time, wherein many fainted, and could not endure the scorching heat of the persecution! but to some the Lord in his love gave gourds of strength, support and comfort, that kepted them from fainting: But, said he, tho' it be a dreadful day, it will not last long; this persecution will be stopt within these few years, but I will not see it: for ye are all longing and praying for that day, but when it comes, ye will not crack so much of it as ye trow. And ye are a vain man, James, and many others, with your oits of paper and drops of blood! But when that day comes, there will be a bike of indulged lukewarm ministers from Holland, England, & Ireland, together with a bike of them at home, and some young things that know nothing, and they will all hye together in a General Assembly; & the red hands with blood, and the black hands of defection, will be taken by the hand, and the hand given them by our ministers; & ye will not ken who has been the persecutor, complier

er sufferer; and your bits of paper and drops of blood will be shut to the door, & never a word more of them; and ye and the like of you, will get their backside." — He gave him another sore clap upon the shoulder, saying; "Keep mind of this, James Wilson, for, as the Lord lives, it will surely come to pass." James Wilson told me this shortly thereafter. & repeated it again the first General Assembly, when he and I, and many others, saw the accomplishment of this, in every particular, to our grief.

37. In the beginning of May, 1685, he came to the house of John Brown and Marion Weir, whom he married before he went to Ireland, where he stayed all night; and in the morning, when he took farewell, he came out at the door, saying to himself, "Poor woman, a fearful morning!" twice over: "A dark misty morning." The next morning, between five and six, the said John Brown, having gone about the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground; the mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel & bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, and brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly & solidly; which made Claverhouse to ask those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if ever they heard him preach. They answered, "No, no, he was never a preacher." He said, "If he has never preached meikle, he has prayed in his time." He said to John, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die." When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times: One time that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger, Claverhouse said, "I give you time to pray, and ye are begun to preach:" He turned about upon his knees, and said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of praying nor preaching, that calls this preaching; then contin-

need without confusion." When ended, Claverhouse said, "Take good-night of your wife and children." His wife standing by, with her child in her arms, that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, "Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me." She said, "Indeed John I can willingly part with you." Then he said, "That is all I desire, I have no more to do but die." He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot, and the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" She said, "I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever." He said, "It were justice to lay thee beside him." She said, "If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length. But how will ye answer for this morning's work?" He said, "To man I can be answerable, and for God, I will take him in my own hand!" Claverhouse mounted his horse and marched and left her with the dead corpse of her husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, & tied up his head & straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, & far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her: The first that came, was a very fit hand, that old singular woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting on her husband's grave, told me, that before that she could see no bod but she



was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled. His corpse were buried at the end of his house, where he was slain, with this inscription on his grave-stone,

*In earth's cold bed, the dusty part here lies,*

*Of one who did the earth as dust despise:*

*Here, in this place, from earth he took departure;*

*Now he has got the garland of a Martyr.*

This murder was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning: Mr. Peden was about ten miles distant, having been in the fields all night; he came to the house about eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them. When praying, he said, Lord, when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh! let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight; and hasten the day when thou wilt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargil's, and many others of our Martyrs' names. And oh! for that day, when the Lord will avenge all their blood! When ended, John Muirhead enquired what he meant by Brown's blood? He said twice over, What do I mean! Claverhouse has been at the Presbytery this morning, & has cruelly murdered John Brown, his corpse is lying at the end of his house; and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her. This morning after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament; the appearance of a very bright clear-shining star, fall from heaven to the earth! and indeed there is a clear-shining light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with.

53. After this, two days before Argyle was broken and taken he was near Wigtown in Galloway; a considerable number of men were gathered together in arms to go for his assistance; they pressed him to preach, but he refused, saying, he would only pray with them; where he continued long, and spent some part of that time in praying for Ireland, pleading that

the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger; and would put it in the hearts of his own to flee over to this bloody land, where they would find safety for a time. After prayer they got some meat, and he gave every one of his old parishioners, who were there a piece out of his own hand, calling them his bairns. Then he advised all to go no further: But, said he, for you that are my bairns, I discharge you to go your foot-length, for before you can travel that length, he will be broke: and though it were not so God will honour neither him nor Monmouth to be instruments of a good turn to his church; they have dipt their hands so far in the persecution. And that same day that Argyle was taken, Mr. George Barclay was preaching, and perswading men in that country to go to Argyle's assistance. After sermon, he said to Mr. George, Now Argyle is in the enemy's hand, and gone! Though he was many miles distant, I had this account from some of these his bairns, who were present, and the last from Mr. Barclay's self.

39. After this he was to preach at night, at Pengarroch in Carrick: the mistress of the house was too open-minded to a woman who went and told the enemy, and came back to the house that she might not be suspected Mr. Peden being in the fields, came in haste to the door and called the mistress, and said, Ye have played a bonny sport to yourself, by being so loose-tongued, the enemy is informed that I was to drop a word this night in this house, and the person who has done it, is in the house just now, and you will repent it; for to-morrow morning the enemy will be here. Farewel, I will stay no longer in this place. The next morning both foot and horse were about the house.

40. In the same year, within the bounds of Carrick, John Clark, in Muirbrock, being with him, said, Sir, what think ye of this present time? Is it not a dark, melancholy day? Can there be a more discouraging time than this? He said, Yes, John, this is indeed

a dark, discouraging time; but there will be a darker time than this: These silly, graceless, wretched creatures the Curates, shall go down; and after them shall arise a party called Presbyterians, having no more than the name; and these shall as really crucify Christ, as ever he was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem, on Mount Calvary, bodily. I say, they shall as really crucify Christ, in his cause and interest in Scotland; and shall lay him in his grave, and his friends shall give him his winding-sheet; and he shall ly, as one buried, for a considerable time. O then, John, there will be darkness and dark days, such as the poor Church of Scotland never saw the like of them, nor shall see, if once they were over! Yes, John they shall be so dark that if a poor thing would go between the East sea-bank & the West sea-bank, seeking a minister, to whom they would communicate their case, or tell them the mind of the Lord, concerning the times, she shall not find one," John asked where the testimony should be then? He answered, "In the hands of a few, who shall be despised & undervalued by all, but especially by these ministers who buried Christ! But after that, he shall get up on them; and, at the crack of his winding-sheet as many of them as are alive, who were at his burial, shall be distracted and mad for fear, not knowing what to do. Then, John, there shall be brave days, such as the Church of Scotland never saw the like! but I shall not see them, but you may."

41. In the same year 1685, preaching in the night-time in a barn at Carrick, upon that text Psal. cxviii. 1. "Let God arise! and let his enemies be scattered! Let them that hate him flee before him! As smoke is driven so drive thou them!" So insisting how the enemies and haters of God and goodness were tossed and driven as smoke or chaff by the wind of God's vengeance, while on earth; and that wind would blow them all to hell in the end: stooping down, there being chaff among his feet, he took a handful of it, and said, "The Duke

of York, and now King of Britain, a known enemy of God and goodness, it was by the vengeance of God that he ever got that name: but as ye see me throw away that chaff, so the wind of that vengeance shall blow and drive him off that throne; and he nor any of that name, shall ever come on it again.

42. About this time, preaching in Carrick, in the parish of Girvan, in the day-time, in the fields; David Mason, then a professor, came in haste, trampling on the people to be near him; he said, There comes the devil's rattling-bag, we do not want him here. After this, the said David became officer in that bounds, and an informer running through rattling his bag & summoning the people to their unhappy courts for their non-conformity; for that, he and his got the name of *the devil's rattle-bag* to this day. Since the Revolution he complained to his minister, that he and his got that name; the minister said, Ye well deserve it, and he was an honest man that gave it you, you and your's must enjoy it, there is no help for it.

43. A little before his death, he was in Auchincloich, where he was born, in the house of John Richman.— There being two beds in the room, one for him, & one for Andrew —, who dwelt near New-Milns, when Andrew was going to bed, he heard him very importunate with the Lord, to have pity upon the West of Scotland, and spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. And when he was off his knees, he walked up and down the chamber, crying, Oh! the Monzies, the French Monzies! See how they run! How long will they run? Lord cut their houghs and stay their running. Thus he continued all night, sometimes on his knees, and some times walking — In the morning they enquired what he meant by the Monzies? He said, Osirs! ye will have a dreadful day by the French Monzies, and a set of wicked men who will take part with them in these lands. The West of Scotland will pay dear for it! They will run thicker  
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in the water of Ayr and Clyde, than ever the Highlandmen did. I lay in that chamber about three years ago, and the said John Richman and his wife told me that these were his words. At other times, to the same purpose, he said, O the Morzies, the Monzies, will be through the breadth and length of the South and West of Scotland!—O I think I see them at our fire-sides, slaying man, wife and children! The remnant will get a breathing, but they will be driven to the wilderness again, and their sharpest hours will be last.

To the same purpose spoke the two following ministers, viz. Mr. Thomas Lundie, a godly minister in the North of Retray. His sister, a Lady in that country, who died in the year 1683, gave the following account: That the said Mr. Lundie, after some sickness and seeming recovery again, which comforted them, one morning staying longer than ordinary in his chamber, the foresaid Lady knocked at the door; on opening it, she found him very uneasy. She asked him the reason, seeing he was now better? Whereupon, smiling, he said, Within a few hours I will be taken from you; but alas! for the day that I see coming upon Scotland! The Lord has let me see the Frenches marching with their armies thro' the breadth and length of the land, marching to their bridle-reins in the blood of all ranks, and that for a broken, burnt and buried covenant! But neither ye nor I will live to see it. As also, one Mr. Douglas, a godly minister in Galloway, a little before his death, seeming as slumbering in his bed, his wife and other friends standing by, when he awakened, he seemed very much weighted, and groaned heavily, saying, Sad days for Scotland! His wife asked him, What will be the instruments? He said, The swords of foreign enemies; they will be heavy and sharp, but not long; but they will not be yet, but not long to them. But O the glorious days on the back of them, to be poured out upon Scotland! The

The late worthy Mr. Richard Cameron, spoke to the same purpose, when preaching at the Grass-water-side, south from Cunnock, July 20th, 1680, eighteen days before his death, viz. There are three or four things that I have to tell you this day, which I must not omit. because I will be but a breakfast, some hour or another, to the enemy, and my work and time will be finished. First, As for King Charles, who is now upon the throne, after his death there shall not be a crowned king of the name of Stuart in Scotland. Secondly, There shall not be an old Covenanter's head above the ground in Scotland, (that swore these Covenants with up-lifted hands) ere ye get the reformation set up. Thirdly, A man shall rside a summer-day's journey within the shire of Ayr, and shall not see a house reek, or a cock crow, ere ye get reformation; and several other shires in Scotland shall be as ill. Fourthly, The rod that the Lord will make instruments of, shall be the French and the French king, with a party in this land joining with them. But ye that stand to the testimony in that day, be not discouraged at the fewness of your number, when Christ comes to set up his work in Scotland, he will not want men anew to work for him; yea, he will chap on the greatest man in all Scotland, and he will be the greatest malignant in it, and he will say, Sir, let alone this Babel-building, for I have another piece of work to put in your hand; and he will gar him work whether he will or not. It may be he will convert the man, and give him his soul for a prey. And there are many of you that are my hearers this day, that shall live to see these things accomplished. And after these desolations are over, ye shall see the noblemen and gentlemen's houses so ruined, that the nettles shall be growing out of their bed-chambers, or ye die, and their memory and posterity shall perish from the earth.

44 The following are some notes of Mr. Peden's last Sermon in the Colom wood, at the Water of Ayr,

a little before his death. " My Master is the rider, and I am the horse.—I never love to ride but when I find the spurs.—I know not what I have to do amongst you this night; I wish it may be for your good, for it will be the last. It is long since it was our desire to God, to have you taken off our hand; and now he is granting us our desire. There are four or five things I have to tell you this night, First, A bloody sword, a bloody sword for thee O Scotland, that shall tear the hearts of many. Secondly, Many miles shall you travel, and shall see nothing but desolations and ruinous wastes in thee O Scotland. Thirdly, The fertilest places in Scotland shall be as waste and desolate as the mountains. Fourthly, The women with child shall be ript up, and dashed to pieces. Fifthly, Many a conventicle has God had in thee O Scotland! but ere long God will have a conventicle that will make Scotland to tremble.—Many a preaching has God wared upon thee, but ere long God's judgments shall be as frequent as these precious meetings were, wherein he sent forth his faithful servants, to give faithful warning of the hazard of thy apostacy from God, in breaking, burning and burying his Covenant; persecuting, slighting and contemning the gospel; shedding the precious blood of his saints and servants.—God sent forth a Welwood, a Kid and a King, a Cameron and a Cargil, and others, to preach to thee; but, ere long, God shall preach to thee by fire and a bloody sword! God will let none of these men's words fall to the ground, that he sent forth with a commission to preach these things in his name: He will not let one sentence fall to the ground, but they shall have a sad accomplishment: to the sad experience of many." In his prayer after sermon, he said, Lord, thou hast been both good and kind to auld Sandy, through a long tract of time, and given him many years in thy service, which has been but as so many months; but now he is tired of thy world, and hath done all the

good in it that he will do; let him win away with the honesty he has, for he will gather no more.

45. When the day of his death drew near, and not being able to travel, he came to his brother's house, in the parish of Sorri, where he was born: he caused dig a cave, with a saughen bush covering the mouth of it, near to his brother's house; and the enemies came and searched the house narrowly many times. In the time that he was in this cave, he said to some friends, 1. That God shall make Scotland a desolation. 2. There shall be a remnant in the land, whom God should spare and hide. 3. They should lie in holes and caves of the earth, and be supplied with meat and drink; and when they come out of their holes, they shall not have freedom to walk, for stumbling on the dead corpses. 4. A stone cut out of a mountain, should come down, and God shall be avenged on the great ones of the earth, and the inhabitants of the land, for their wickedness, and then the church should come forth with a bonny bairn-time of young ones at her back. He wished that the Lord's people might ly hid in their caves, as if they were not in the world, for nothing would do it, until God appeared with his judgments, and they that wan through the bitter and sharp short storm, by the sword of the Frenches, and a set of unhappy men, taking part with them, then there would be a spring-tide day of the plenty, purity and power of the gospel; giving them that for a sign, if he were but once buried, they might be in doubts; but if he were oftner buried than once, they might be persuaded that all he had said would come to pass; and earnestly desired them to take his corpse out to Airdsmoss, and bury them beside Richy (Mr. Cameron), that he might get rest in his grave, for he had gotten little thro' his life: but he said he knew they would not do it. He told them that bury him where they would, he would be lifted again; but the man that put first to his hand to lift his corpse; four things should befall him.

1. He



1. He should get a great fall from a horse. 2. He should fall into adultery. 3. Into debt; and that for this he should leave the land. 4. Make a melancholy end abroad for murder. Which accordingly came to pass. There was one Murdoch, a mason to his trade, but then in the military service, who first put hands to his corpse.

A little before his death he said, "Ye shall be angry where I shall be buried at last, but I discharge you all to lift my corpse again." At last, one morning early, he came to the door and left his cave; his brother's wife said, Where are you going, the enemy will be here? He said, I know that. Alas, Sir, said she what will become of you? You must go back to the cave again, He said, "I have done with that, for it is discovered. But there is no matter, for within forty eight hours I will be beyond the reach of all the devil's temptations, and his instruments, in hell or on the earth: and they shall trouble me no more." About three hours after he entered the house, the enemy came and found him not in the cave; then they searched the barn narrowly, casting the unthreshed corn; and searched the house, stabbing the beds but entered not the place where he lay.

Within forty-eight hours he died, January 28, 1686, being past sixty years; and was buried in the Laird of Affect's Isle. The enemies got notice of his death and burial, and sent a troop of dragoons, and lifted his corpse and carried him to Cumnock-gallows-foot and buried him there (after being forty-days in the grave) beside others. His friends thereafter laid a grave-stone above him, with this inscription:

*Here lies*

*Mr. ALEXANDER PEDEN,*

*A faithful Minister of the Gospel at GLENLUCE,*

*Who departed this Life, January 28 1686.*

*And was raised, after Six Weeks, out of his Grave,*

*and buried here out of contempt.*

After this, that troop of Dragoons came to quarter in the parish of Cambusnethen: Two of them were quar-

Vered in the house of James Gray, my acquaintance: they being frighted in their sleep, started up, & clapped their hands, crying, Peden, Peden. These two dragoons affirmed, that out of curiosity they opened his coffin, to see his corpse, and yet he had no smell, though he had been forty days dead.

All the foregoing articles I was assured of, except the 40th, which is said he spoke to John Clark in Muirbrock, within the bounds of Carrick, in the year 1685, and has been passing from hand to hand in writ. I sent a friend twenty miles to him, for the certainty of it: & although he was my old acquaintance, he delayed to give it. But I am informed, that some other friends enquired of the said John, who owned that the 40th. passage was all one for substance, with what Mr. Peden said to him.

There are other two passages I have often heard, and doubt nothing of the truth of them, though the times & places be not mentioned, viz. One day preaching in the fields, in his prayer he prayed earnestly for the preservation of the people, and again & again he prayed for that man that was to lose his life. The enemies came upon them the same day, and fired upon the people, and there was none of them either wounded or killed, save one man, and he was shot dead. Another time he was preaching, and giving a very large offer of Christ, in the gospel terms; an old woman being sitting before him, he laid his hands on each side of her head & rocked her from side to side, and said, "Thou witch-wife, thou witch-wife, thou witch-wife, I offer Christ to thee! Quit the devil's service, thou hast a bad master; thou wilt never make thy plack a babee of him: But if thou wilt break off and renounce the devil's service, I promise thee, in my Master's name, that he will give thee salvation." After this, there was a discernable change in her practice; & when she was a-dying, she confessed that she was either engaged in the devil's service, or was engaging: and expressed her thankfulness that she had the happiness to hear Mr. Peden at that time.

## PART II.

Containing Thirty new additional Passages.

1. **I**N the year 1666, when the Lord's persecuted & oppressed people were gathered together for their own defence, who were broken at Pentland-hills, he, with Mr. Welch & the Laird of Glorover, in the parish of Balentrea, were riding together in that parish, they met upon the way a party of the enemy's horse, and notwithstanding of them; the Laird fainted, fearing they would all be taken. Mr. Peden seeing this, said, "Keep up your courage & confidence, for God hath laid an arrest upon these men, that they shall not harm us." When they met, they were courteous, and asked the way: Mr. Peden went off the way, and shewed the ford of the water of Tit. When he returned, the Laird said, "Why did you go with them? You might have sent the lad with them." He said, "No, no; it was more safe for me; for they might have asked questions at the lad, and he might have fainted and discovered us. For myself, I knew they would be like the Egyptian dogs, they would not move a tongue against me; for my hour of falling into their hands, & the day of trial, is not come, that is abiding me." There is an old Christian gentlewoman, yet alive in Edinburgh, a daughter of the said Laird's, who told me of late, that she had several times heard her father give an account of this. She also told me, since Bothwell-bridge fight, she heard him preach in the fields, in the foresaid parish; and a woman sitting before the tent, looking up to him, he said, "How have you the confidence to look up? Look down to hell, where you are going; the devil has a fast grip of you, & will not lose it." That woman lived & died under the *mala fama* of a witch, and presumptions of the same.

2. About the year 1670, he was in Armagh, in Ireland, one John Goodale, with his wife, two serious zealous Christians, living in Armagh, who had gone from  
Scot.

Scotland, who was a wheel-wright to his employment, his zeal was such against the superstitious worship, and keeping so many holy days, that when people were going and coming by his shop-door, he wrought most hard; for which he was excommunicate: When he told Mr. Peden, he said, Rejoice John, that you are cast out of the devil's count book. After this, preaching privately in John's house in his preface he said, Our Lord has been taking great pains on you in Ireland, that you might learn your lesson per quire, and few have been brought to say it off the book. He has got a goodly company in Scotland, that he is learning, and they are brave scholars; but, ere long, he will try some of you with it also: He will say, Come out, thou man in Armagh, and thou man in Benburb, and say your lesson off the book. The Bishop of Armagh (where the great Mr. Usher was formerly Bishop) and his underling, were so enraged against the said John, that he rode twenty miles to Dublin to get an order of caption from the Lord-Lieutenant there, for apprehending the said John and also George Fleming, in Benburb, which he easily obtained: and came quickly back, and was in such haste to deliver his order, that upon horse back he called for the chief magistrate: When delivering his commission, his horse cast up his head, & gave him such a stroke on the breast, that he died the 4th or 5th day thereafter. George Fleming went out of the way, who was father to the late Mrs. Fleming, that Christian motherly woman, who kept a school in the Castle-hill, and died there. The aforesaid John was immediately put in prison; His wife and other friends came to visit him; his wife said, Now, my dear, learn to say your lesson off the book. He answered, I am much obliged to you, that reminds me of that note. The jailor, at night, said, John you are called an honest man: now if you will promise to return to-morrow, I will let you home to your bed. John said, "That I will not do." The

keeper said, Will you run for it? He said, No, no, I have done no ill thing, that needs make me either afraid or ashamed. Well, said the keeper, go home to your bed, and I will send for you in the morning. When he went home, it was his ordinary in family-worship to sing these lines in the 109th Psalm,

Few be his days, and in his room  
His charge another take, &c.

When ended, he said to his wife, I never found such a gale upon my spirit, as in the singing of these lines. She said it was so with her also. Well, said he, let us commit our case and cause to the Lord, and wait on him, and we shall know the meaning of this afterwards. The unhappy man fell immediately ill, and said, that all this mischief had come upon him, for what he had done against John Goodale; and caused write, and signed a discharge, and sent it to the said John, that he might not be troubled for the expence he had been at in getting that captian. He died under great horror of Conscience. Notwithstanding he was detained three years prisoner, working at his employment in the Tolbooth in the day-time, and went home to his bed at night. The said John and his wife returned to Scotland, and died since the Revolution. His wife, when dying at Leith, gave this relation.

3. When Mr. Peden was prisoner in Edinburgh; under sentence of banishment, James Miller merchant in Kirkcaldy, was under the same sentence, and his wife came to visit him: Mr. Peden said to her, It is no wonder you be troubled with your husband's going to the plantations, but if any of us go there at this time, the Lord never spoke by me.

4. In their voyage to London, they had opportunity to command the ship, and make their escape, but would not adventure upon it, without his advice. He said, Let alone, the Lord will set us all at liberty in a way more for his own glory and our safety.

5. About this time, in their voyage, on the Sabbath, the prisoners pressed him to preach, the wind blowing very hard. In that sermon he said, Up your hearts lads, and be not discouraged, for this man thought he had got a prize, when he got the gift of us from the wicked, bloody Counsel; but, in a few days, he shall be as glad to be quit of us, as ever he was to get us. A little time ago, I had a long scroll of many accounts about Mr. Peden, from an old Christian English gentleman, who was much in his company, and gave me many notes of his sermons, and asserts the truth of many things I have said about him, that he was witness to, and some other persons of great integrity. He assured me, the only instrument the Lord raised up for the relief of Mr. Peden, and these six prisoners with him, was my Lord Shaftesbury, who was always friendly to Presbyterians. He went to, Charles II. and, upon his knees, begged the release of these prisoners, but could not prevail. Then he went to the master of the ship, and told him, that if he did not set these prisoners at liberty, he should never sail in English seas. At length he came down to Gravesend, and set them at liberty. After that the Scots and English shewed more than ordinary kindness to them; which should be kept in remembrance with thanksgiving to the Lord, for favouring our outcasts.

6. After they were set at liberty, he stayed at London, and through England, until June 1679. Upon the 21st of June he was come to the south of Scotland, being Saturday, the day before the Lord's people fell and fled before the enemy at Bothwell-bridge; in his exercise in a family, he cried out, "I will tell you, sirs, our deliverance will never come by the sword. Many thought, when the bishop, were first set up, that they would not continue seven years, but I was never of that mind: it is now near three sevens, but they will not see the fourth seven, but I fear they will come near to it." — Which sadly came to pass.

7. He went that night to the fields, and came in on Sabbath-morning, about the sun-rising, weeping and

wringing his hands. One John Simpson, a good man, enquired what the matter was that made him weep? He said, I have been wrestling all night with God, for our friends that are in the West, but cannot prevail — I gave an account in the former passages that about the middle of that day, many people were waiting for sermon when he told him, he said Let the people go to their prayers, for I can preach none; our friends are all fled and fallen before the enemy, and they are haggling and hashing them down, and their blood is running like water. At night he was called to supper, having tasted nothing that day, several friends being present. In forking & blessing, he broke out in a rapine of weeping and lamentations for that sad stroke upon the bodies of the Lord's people; but much more for the dead-stroke the greatest part had got upon their spirits that very few of the ministers and professors of Scotland should recover; which sadly held true as I formerly mentioned in Sermons of Writings of that blast of East withering wind. He also insisted in prayer for the wounded, who were wallowing to death in their blood; and for the many prisoners — When ended, he went off and all others without tasting of their supper tho' it was upon the table. He was then forty or fifty miles distant from Bothwell-bridge.

8. About this time he was preaching in the South, on that text, "But they are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph." He had many edifying remarks upon the foregoing verses, especially upon the first, "Wo unto them that are at ease in Zion." He insisted upon the true nature of grieving; and lamented that there was but little grieving for the present great afflictions of the Church of Scotland. Pointing to a woman standing amongst the people, he said, Some of you will grieve and grieve more for the drowning of a bit calf or stirk than ever ye did for all the tyranny and oppressions of Scotland. That woman had a calf drowned a few days before, for which she made great noise. She challenged his landlady for telling the minister that she grieved for

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her caif. She replied, I could not tell him what I knew not, and as little did he. At the same time seeing some of the people turning weary, he said, Ye are not taking notice, some of you are thinking upon one thing, and some upon another. The Lady Hundelso sitting near him, but knew her not, he turned to her, and said. And ye are thinking on greeting Jock at the fire-side. This was a son of her's, that she had left very weak of a decay at the fire-side upon a couch. She sold several afterwards, that the very time there was a drow of anxiety overwhelmed her about him.

9. In the year 1682, he went to Ireland: Peter Aird, who lived in the parish of Galstoun, who was taken with me, and imprisoned together, told me, that he followed him some good piece of the way to detain him until he got his child baptized: He said, I resolve to come back shortly, and I hope the Lord will preserve your child. Which accordingly he did; and after baptism he said to Peter, If the man of the parish (Mr. James Veitch, one of the actually indulged) had baptized your child, you would have got your horned beasts kept, but now you will lose them. Which came to pass in a few days after. The enemy came and took away his cattle, every hoof, but he fled with his horses.

10. The same year 1682, he married John Kirkland and Janet Lindsay, both my very dear acquaintances, who told me, that when they were standing before him, he sighed deeply, and said, First one husband killed, and then another, and must have a third! If it must be so, let her say, Good is the will of the Lord. Which came to pass: her husband, Thomas Weir, in Cumberhead, was deadly wounded at Drunclog, by Claverhouse, June 1st, 1679, being the Sabbath-day, and died the 5th day; and Ensign John Kirkland was killed in Flanders. Kersland Fullerton and he were buried in one grave; and since, William Spence, bailie in Coulter, who also was my intimate acquaintance, married her. They are both now in their graves.



11. In the year 1684, he was in Ireland, in the house of John Slowan in the parish of Conert, in the county of Antrim; about ten o'clock at night, sitting at the fire-side, discoursing with some people, started to his feet. and said, Flee auld Sandie, and hide yourself, for Colonel — is coming to this house to apprehend you; and I advise you all to do the like, for they will be here within an hour. Which came to pass. And when they had made a very narrow search within and without the house, and went round the thorn-bush under which he was lying praying, they went off without their prey. He came in and said, And has this gentleman (designing him by his name) given poor Sandie and thir poor things such a fright? For this night's work, God shall give him such a blow within a few days, that all the physicians on earth shall not be able to cure it. Which came to pass; for he died in great misery. vermin flowing from all the parts of his body, with such a noisome stink, that few could enter the room where he lay.

12. About the same time he was in the said parish and county; one Mr. David Cunningham. minister there, in the meeting-house. on a Sabbath-day broke out in very great reflections on Mr. Peden, and these that heard him. One Mr. Vernor, one of Mr. Cunningham's elders, was very much offended at it, and told Mr. Peden, on Monday, what Mr. Cunningham had said. Mr. Peden. walking in his garden, took a turn about, and came back. and charged him to go and tell Mr. Cunningham from him, that before Saturday's night he should be as free of a meeting-house as he was; which came to pass. And he was charged, that same week, not to enter his meeting-house, under the pain of death. This account one John M'George, in the parish of Orr, in Galloway gives. who was present.

13. About the same time, he was in the house of the foresaid John Slowan, who was a great friend to our Scots sufferers. who fled there from the persecution

dition here, as I have heard John Muirhead and others give account. His son, John Slowan, gave me this and several other distinct accounts. The fore-said Mr. Cunningham carried over many of the reviews of the History of the Indulgence, to spread in Ireland, in defence of the Indulgence here. When Mr. Peden heard of them, he said to some friends, Be not discouraged, for these books will do no hurt here; I saw the sale of them spilt this last night. And so it came to pass, the most of them was returned to Scotland.

14. He was preaching one Sabbath-night in the said John Slowan's house, a great number both within and without hearing him; where he insisted on the great need and usefulness of seeking and getting spiritual riches. He brought in an example, that if any man was going to Belfast or Bellinony, he would be looking his pockets for what he had to bear his charges. A man standing without, said quietly, Lord help me for I have nothing to bear mine. Mr. Peden said immediately, pointing to the door, Poor man, do not fear for I have it out of heaven, as with an audible voice thy charges shall be borne in a remarkable manner. That man has been remarkably supported ever since and that in the way of his duty.

15. In the same place, in a Sabbath-morning family-worship, he sang the cxlth Psalm, verse 11th. He said, Sirs, I charge you to sing this Psalm in faith for we will have a room-throw belyve; some one hat given him a deadly blow, tho' poor Monmouth hat no hand in it. A fowler, when he shoots a bird, may rise and flee, but not far, for there is some of the shot in it. Within ten days after, the news of the death of Charles II. was confirmed.

16. About the same time he said to James Slowan We must go to another house, for I am mistaken there be not a very narrow search made this night. They went to William Craig's, and James went with them to the house, and returned to his own bed.

When he awaked, the house was full of people, constables and others, making search for prisoners, who had broken prison and fled, but found none.

17. Mrs. Maxwell, or Mary Elphinston, yet alive, whom I mentioned in the former passages, whose heart's thoughts Mr. Peden told, when her child was baptized; that child is now a married woman and has children of her own, whom I spoke with about three months ago. She came far (from Kilmarnock) to public occasions, about fifty miles distance. The said Mrs. Maxwell told me since, that when she told me that, she forgot to tell me also, that when the child was in her father's arms, Mr. Peden said, That child's coming here at this time, is a testimony against the unfaithfulness of the ministers of Ireland. The people in Ireland think that Carolina in America will be a refuge for them; but it shall be no shelter to them: And these of them designing to go there at this time, many of them shall lose their lives, and the rest shall come home in great distress. And, at that time, there were two ships setting out from Ireland to Carolina; one of them was cast away near Carolina, and seven score of people in her, the one half of whom were lost. Mr. James Brown, minister in Glasgow since the Revolution, was one of seventy preserved. The other ship was driven back to Ireland, much shattered, and the people in great distress.

18. One time travelling alone in Ireland, the night came on, and a dark mist, which obliged him to go into a house belonging to a Quaker: Mr. Peden said, I must beg the favour of the roof of your house all night. The Quaker said, Thou art a stranger, thou art very welcome, and shalt be kindly entertained; but I cannot wait upon thee, for I am going to the meeting. Mr. Peden said, I will go along with you. The Quaker said, Thou may, if thou please; but thou must not trouble us. He said, I will be civil. When they came to the meeting, as their ordinary is, they

sat for some time silent, some with their faces to the wall, and others covered. There being a void in the loft above them, there came down the appearance of a raven, and sat upon one man's head, who started up immediately, and spoke with such vehemence, that the froth flew from his mouth. It went to a second; and he did the same; and to a third, who did as the former two. Mr. Peden sitting near to his landlord, said, Do you not see that? Ye will not deny it afterwards? When they dismissed, going home, Mr. Peden said to his landlord, I always thought there was devilry among you, but never thought that he did appear visibly among you, till now that I have seen it. O for the Lord's sake quite this way, and flee to the Lord Jesus, in whom there is redemption, thro' his blood, even the forgiveness of all your iniquities. The poor man fell a-weeping, and said, I perceive that God hath sent you to my house, and put into your heart to go along with me, and hath permitted the devil to appear visibly among us this night; I never saw the like before. Let me have the help of your prayers, for I resolve, thro' the Lord's grace, to follow this way no longer. After this he became a singular Christian, and, when he was dying, blessed the Lord who, in mercy, sent the man of God to his house.

19. There is an old Christian woman living at the Water of Leith, that in the beginning of 1685, went to Ireland, to the foresaid parish of Conert (being big with child) to an aunt's house, who lived there: shortly after, she was safely delivered, & Mr. Peden baptized her child. After she recovered, she went on a Sabbath morning to the foresaid John Slowan's house, (where Mr. Peden was) expecting sermon: being snow, she and others sat in the kitchen, at the fire side; then Mr. Peden came & called for water to wash his hands: when he saw them, he said, For what do you come here, without ye had been advertised? For I have nothing prepared for you. They said, O Sir, you must  
not

not send us away empty, for we are in a starving condition." He said; I cannot promise you; but if I can get anything, ye shall not want it." A little while thereafter he called, and said, "Let not these people away, for I will come to them shortly." Which he did, & preached upon that text, *The day being far spent, they constrained him to tarry all night.* Where he broke out in strange raptures, expressing his fears of the Lord's departure from these lands. He said. "England for superstition and profanity Ireland for security and formality, great shall thy stroke be! For in a few years, ye may travel forty miles in Ireland, and not get a light to your pipe!" Which came to pass four years thereafter, in the last rebellion. He said also, "O Scotland! many, long & great shall thy judgements be, of all kinds, especially the West & South, for loathing & contempt of the gospel, covenant-breaking burning & burying, & shedding of innocent, precious, dear blood. O! all ye that can pray tell all the Lord's people to try, by mourning and prayer, to teagle him. O! see if ye can teagle, him, teagle him, teagle him, especially in Scotland; for we fear he will soon depart from it." When ended, he said. "Take ye that among you, & make a good use of it; for I have gotten it new & fresh out of heaven, having nothing of it this morning." The fore-said John Muirhead, & the said old woman, & others, told me, they were never witnesses to such a day, for many tears, both from preacher and hearers.

20. After this, this old woman longed to be home to Scotland, her husband (whose name was Paton) being in danger and hearing of such a killing in Scotland, being 1685 one of the bloody years, upon scaffolds and in the fields (& indeed the din was no greater than the deed) a bark being to go off with passengers, she resolving to go along went to take her leave of Mr. Peden, & found him in a wood with John Muirhead, & others of our Scots sufferers. She told him her design, & he mused a little, and then said. "Go not away, till I speak

with you." He took a turn through the wood, & when he came back, he said, "Janet, go back to your aunt's; for you will not see Scotland these five months; there will strange things go through Scotland ere you go to it, you will see a remarkable providence in your being stopt." The bark went off and was cast away, and 17 passengers' corpse were cast out at the place where they took ship; John Muirhead gave me this account also.

21. After he came to Scotland, in the beginning of March 1685, flying from the enemy on horseback, & they pursuing, he was forced to ride a water, where he was in great danger of being lost: When he got out, he cried, "Lads, follow not me, for I assure you, ye want my boat, and so will certainly drown. Consider where your landing will be! ye are fighting for hell, & running post to it." Which affrighted them to enter the water.

22. At another time, being hard pursued, he was forced to take a dangerous bog & a cross before him: One of the Dragoons, more forward than the rest, run himself into the bog, & he & his horse were never seen more.

23. Lying sick in a village near Cumnock, he told his landlord, who was afraid to keep him in his house the soldiers being to travel through that town the next day, "Ye need not fear to let me stay in your house, for some of these soldiers shall keep centry at this door, but shall not come in." Which came to pass: His landlord being digging stones at the end of that village, told the officers he was afraid the soldiers would plunder his cottage. They said, "Poor man, you deserve encouragement for your virtue; be not afraid of your house, we will order two soldiers to stand at your door, that no man enter to wrong you." Which they did.

24. He lying sick about the same time, his landlord was afraid to keep him in his house. The enemy being in search of hiding people, he was obliged to make a bed for him among the standing corn at which time there was a great rising of the water, but not one drop to be observed within ten foot of his bed.

25. About this time he came to Gerfield, in the parish of Mauchlin to the house of Matthew Hog, a smith. He went to his barn, but thought himself not safe, foot & horse of the enemy being searching for wanderers, as they were then called. He desired the favour of his loft, which Matthew refused: He said, "Well, well, poor man, you will not let me have the shelter of your roof; but that house shall be your judgement & ruin." Some time after, the gavel of that house fell, and killed both him and his son. Their bodies were severely crushed.

26. About the same time, he came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning on a chair-back, with his face covered. When he lifted up his head, he said, "They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto!" He halted a little again, saying, "This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work;" Then there was a woman went out, ill looked on for a witch. John Muirhead (formerly mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Alloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the scripture read, there was a very ill-looking man came in, and sat down within the door. He halted and said, "There is some unhappy body just now come into this house, I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth." The man went off, and he insisted; but he saw him neither come in, nor go out.

27. In that bloody year 1685, he came to a house in the shire of Ayr, Captain John Matthison & other 12 of our wanderers being in the house he said, 'Lads, ye must go to the fields & seek your beds, for the enemy will be here this night, and I'll go to my cave.' They said, 'Some of us will stay with you, for you will weary alone.' No, said he, I will not weary. For a sign that the enemy will be here this night, a godly eminent Christian man, whom I often have heard of, but never saw, will come and ly with me this night." All which came to pass: for the men fled, and he entered the cave, and  
fell

fell asleep; and a little thereafter the said man coming to the family, asked for Mr. Peden, and desired access to the cave, to ly with him: When in bed he found Mr. Peden slumbering, but in a little he awoke, and, naming the man, asked him how he did? The soldiers came that night, but missed their prey. The next morning, when these said men returned, he said, "Lads it was well I came to this house yesternight, otherwise ye had been among their bloody hands this day."

28. In the said year 1685 he came to Welwood, to Captain John Campbel's, he having escaped out of Canongate-Tolbooth in the month of August 1684. Being in danger every day, he resolved to go to America, and took farewell of his friends, and went aboard of a ship. Mr. Peden said to his mother, "Mistress, what is become of John?" She said, "He is gone to America." He said, "No, no! he is not gone; send for him, for he will never see America." Accordingly it was so; a storm arose, where he was in great danger, but was preserved, and is yet alive.

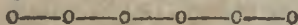
29. Since the publishing of the former passages of Mr. Peden's life and death, I received two letters from Sir Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun in the year 1725, & 1726, since gone to his grave: shewing, that he was not only fully satisfied, but much refreshed, with the passages, requesting me not to delay the publishing of a 1 that I proposed; and that he longed to see them before he went off the stage: Knowing that my day is far spent, being long since I was his fellow-prisoner, and taught him from my own experience, how to manage the great weight of irons that was upon his legs; and wishing that all the Lord's people, who have any zeal for the sworn-to and sealed testimony and savoury remembrance of the names of Christ's slain witnesses for the same, and of the Lord's signal manifestations of his faithfulness and all-sufficiency to them, in their life & death, would give me an encouragement in such a piece of good and great generatish-work, which may be use-  
ful



ful and edifying, when he and I are both mouldering in the dust. For himself, he willingly would, & sometime a-day could; but now, being 74 years of age, and seven years in imprisonment, and often-times in irons and many other troubles thro' his life, his memory and judgment were much broke, therefore he could make me little help. Only he remembered he was once sent from the Societies in Galloway to Carrick, to call on Mr. Peden to preach: When he told him for what end he was come, Mr. Peden went for some time alone; when he returned he said, I am sorry, Earlstoun, you are come so far in vain, for I cannot obey your desire, I can get nothing to say to your people. Nothing will convince this generation but judgments, and a surprising lump of them on the West of Scotland. Earlstoun said, Sir, you was once legally ordained and authorised to preach the gospel, and the Lord's people's call is sufficient; I think you are under a temptation of enthusiasm. Mr. Peden said, he sometimes feared that; but since he was driven from his people at Glenluce, his Master in mercy and goodness, gave him more encouragement; and gave one instance, That one time he was called, and resolved, and prepared to go, as he thought; but, when his horse was drawn, he went into a barn, where he was stript bare of all his thoughts, and a darkening, damping cloud overwhelmed him, which stopt him; and he afterwards saw a remarkable providence in it, and need-be for it. And, further, he said, The last time he saw Mr. Peden, it was with Mr. Cargil, where they continued a long time together comparing notes; seeing with one eye, thinking with one mind, and speaking with one breath of all things, past, present, and also what was to befall this church and nation.

30. In his last sermon, which, as I said before, was in the Colm-wood, he said, That in a few years after his death, there would be a wonderful alteration of affairs in Britain and Ireland, and the persecution.

cution in Scotland should cease; upon which every body should believe the deliverance was come, and consequently would fall fatally secure. But I tell you, said he. you will be all very far mistaken; for both England and Scotland will be scourged by foreigners, and a set of unhappy men in these lands taking part with them, before any of you can pretend to be happy: or get a thorough deliverance, which will be a more severe chastisement than any other they have met with, or can come under, if that were over.



A  
L E T T E R,

FROM

MR. ALEXANDER PEDEN,

*To the Prisoners in DUNNOTAR-CASTLE,*

July 1685.

DEAR FRIENDS.

**I** Long to hear from you, how you spend your time, and how the grace of God grows in your hearts. I know ye, and other of the Lord's people, by reason of the present trial, have got up a fashion of complaining upon Christ; but I defy you to speak an ill word of him, unless ye wrong him. Speak as you can, and spare not; only I request that your expressions of Christ be suitable to your experience of him. If ye think Christ's house be bare and ill-provided, and harder than ye looked for, assure yourselves Christ minds only to diet, and not to hunger you: our Steward kens when to spend and when to spare. Christ knowes full well, whether heaping or straking agrees best with our narrow vessels for both are alike to him: Sparring will not enrich him, nor will spending impoverish him. He thinks it ill-won that is holden off his people. Grace and glory comes out of  
Christ's

Christ's lucky hand. Our vessels are but feeble, and contain little: His fulness is most strained when it wants a vent. It is easy for Christ to be holden busy in dividing the fulness of his Father's house to his poor friends: He delights not to keep mercy over-night. Every day brings new mercies to the people of God: He is the easiest merchant ever the people of God yoked with: If ye be pleased with the wares, what of his graces make best for you, he and you will soon sort on the price: he will sell goods cheap that ye may spier for his shop again; and he draws all the sale to himself. I counsel you to go no farther than Christ. And now when it is come to your door, either to sin or suffer, I counsel you to lay your account with suffering; for an out-gate coming from any other airth, will be prejudicial to your soul's interest. And for your encouragement, remember he sends none a warfare on their own charges. And blest is the man that gives Christ all his money. It will be best for you to block with him, when you want hand-money. And the less you have, he has the more heart to trust you. And so it is best with you to keep in with your old acquaintance Christ. New acquaintance with strange lords, is the ready way to make a wound in grace's side, which will not heal in haste; the sore may close before the wound dry up; for grace is a tender place, and is very easily distempered with the backslidings of our present time; and if the wheels of it be once broken with sin, all the money in the world will not make it go about, until it be put in Christ's hand. I hope I have said more on this matter than is needful; for I have seen marks of tenderness deeply drawn on your carriage. The safest way to shift the shower, is to hold out on God's gate, and keep within his doors, until the violence of the storm begin to ebb, which is not yet full tide. Christ deals tenderly with his young plants, and waters them oft, lest they go back; be painful, and lose not life for the seeking. Grace, mercy and peace be with you.

THE EPITAPH

*Upon the Martyrs' MONUMENT in the Grey-friars  
Church-yard in Edinburgh.*

UPON the Head of the Tomb there is an Effigy of an open Bible drawn, with these Scripture-citations, Rev. vi. 7. 10. 11. *And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, &c.—* Rev. vii. 14.

*Also the following Lines.*

**H**ALT passengers, take heed to what you see,  
This Tomb doth shew for what some men did die;  
Here lies interr'd the dust of those who stood  
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood;  
Adhering to the Covenants, and Laws  
Establish'ng the same; which was the cause  
Their lives were sacrific'd unto the lust  
Of Prelatists abjur'd. Though here their dust  
Lies mix'd with murderers and other crew,  
Whom justice justly did to death pursue;  
But as for these, no cause in them was found  
Worthy of death, but only they were found  
Constant and stedfast, zealous, witnessing  
For the prerogatives of CHRIST their King.  
Which Truths were seal'd by famous Guthrie's head,  
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood.  
They did endure the wrath of enemies,  
Reproaches, torments, deaths and injuries;  
But yet they're these who from such trouble came,  
And now triumph in glory with the LAMB.

From May 27th. 1661, that the noble Marquis of Argyle suffered, to Feb. 1688. that Mr. James Renwick suffered, 100 Noblemen, Gentlemen, Ministers and others, were executed at Edinburgh. noble Martyrs for JESUS CHRIST. The most part of them lie here. It is also said, that 28,000 suffered in the late persecution in Scotland.

F I N I S.