



ABS. 1.86.79





AN ALBUM

OF

CARTES DE VISITE.

*Published by*  
JAMES MACLEHOSE, GLASGOW.

*London.* . . HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

*Edinburgh* EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

AN ALBUM

OF

CARTES DE VISITE;

OR,

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER

FROM REAL LIFE.

BY THE

REV. DAVID RUNCIMAN, D.D.,

MINISTER OF ST. ANDREW'S PARISH.

GLASGOW:

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 ST. VINCENT STREET.

1866.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND  
B  
NO  
1985



TO

PETER CLOUSTON, ESQ.,

*Ex-Lord Provost of the City of Glasgow,*

THESE SKETCHES

ARE DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,

IN TESTIMONY OF HIS ADMIRATION OF THE WISE AND NOBLE MANNER

IN WHICH HE DISCHARGED HIS PUBLIC DUTIES,

AND SINCERE REGARD FOR HIM

AS A PRIVATE FRIEND.



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION, .....	9
The Clergyman of the Old School,.....	13
The Politician, .....	18
The Miser,.....	21
The Benevolent Farmer, .....	24
The Gossip,.....	28
The Bigot, .....	31
The Radical Despot,.....	36
The Passionate Man,.....	39
The Pious Murderer,.....	41
The Devout Deceiver,.....	47
The Rude Christian, .....	51
The Ignorant Carter,.....	55
The Black and White Believer,.....	58
The Exaggerator,.....	62
The Obstinate Man,.....	65
The Man of War, .....	68
The Victim,.....	71
Concluding Sketches, .....	75
Clerical Anecdotes, .....	82
Beadles,.....	91



AN ALBUM  
OF  
CARTES DE VISITE.

---

THERE is scarcely a drawing-room table on which there is not an Album of Cartes de Visite. This is a modern institution, and it is a real evidence of progress in science and art. It is very amusing to examine the contents of different Albums. The first page of almost every one contains the portrait of that illustrious lady who is an honour to her sex, to her country, and the world. And in that single circumstance of the Queen's picture being so universally seen in the Album, there is no small evidence of the loyalty which reigns in every British heart.

Some have in their Albums the leading characters of the age—the statesmen, heroes, philosophers, divines—those men whose names will go down to posterity on the proudest pages of our country's annals.

Others have chiefly their family and relations—interesting emblems of the love which links in harmony so many hearts—the hearts of those, it may be, separated by the wide ocean. A young married couple have invariably their first-born riding on a hobby or perched on papa's knee. The most remarkable Album into which I have ever looked is that of an elderly gentleman, which is chiefly filled with himself. There he is in every variety of attitude and expression—standing, sitting, lounging, with his hat on, with his hat off, with his gloves, without his gloves, smiling, frowning, looking gentle as a lamb, or bold as a lion—all proving that whatever may be his position in the world, and the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-mortals, he stands well in his own eyes.

I have long kept an Album, but little did I ever dream of exhibiting its contents so publicly. Taking advantage, however, of the spirit of the age, I propose to exhibit a few portraits, the contemplation of which I trust may be useful as well as amusing. The reader must pardon the egotism which necessarily pervades the exhibition. The pictures are, with one exception, of persons whom I have seen and known.

I don't pretend to have seen more of life than others, nor do I affect to have looked on it with an eye so

philosophical or poetical as many ; but I have seen a great variety of human beings among all classes of the people, and from various points of view have had opportunities of noticing their peculiarities and studying their characters. I have in my Album many of their sayings and doings, and some few rather racy anecdotes respecting them.

In every community there are certain well-defined characters—not common-place, milk-and-water people—but persons distinguished by genius or wit, piety or profligacy, great learning or gross ignorance, giants in their way, nothing mediocre about them. If any one have the eye of a poet or a painter, how easy to find subjects to interest, to amuse, to instruct. Put a Burns or a Wilkie into the remotest hamlet and he will see among the people what no one else had discovered. But the moment the character is described in verse by the one, or sketched on canvas by the other, all wonder and admire.

Unfortunately, I am neither a poet nor a painter. But I will do my best to set before my readers some old acquaintances—some as examples, others as beacons ; and if they discover in them any likeness to the living, that will prove that human nature is in all ages the same.

If my object were merely to amuse—if I had no higher aim than this, it were easy from that volume of human life which we are reading every day, to present a few leaves full of the oddities and eccentricities of some frail fellow-creatures. And this I shall not hesitate to do, if I can clearly see some good practical lesson to be learned from the exhibition. But I could not—I will not attempt to paint any of the weaknesses or foibles, far less the vices and the crimes of any fellow-man, for the mere sake of exposing either weakness or wickedness. I would as soon dwell on bodily deformity or mental incapacity, on blind eyes and crooked limbs, on raving madness or idiot imbecility.

I have higher aims—I hope sincerely I may not miss my mark. It is to exhibit such characters as are fitted to teach some useful lesson. But at the same time I shall try to do this in such a way as will be interesting generally—sometimes amusing—always, I trust, profitable.



## The Clergyman of the Old School.

THE first picture which I present to you is that of one who greatly adorned in his day the sacred profession to which I have the honour to belong. In every community the minister is a very public character. In the country the parish minister is in many respects the most public. His position is peculiar. He is the connecting link between the lord of the manor and the poorest of the people. Among the clergy there is a vast variety of character. The profound scholar, the popular preacher, the zealous missionary, the accomplished gentleman, the decent, well-meaning, harmless man.

The minister whom I am about to photograph was a very remarkable man. He lived before my day; but I used to hear so much about him that I feel as if I had seen and known him. He had a tall, thin, gaunt figure. He flourished in the days when cocked hats, shoe buckles, tights, and silk stockings were worn by the clergy. In this garb he had a very imposing appearance. As soon as he was comfortably settled in his parish, he formed the resolution which every young minister

ought to form, and which, to their credit, most of them do form, of taking to himself a wife. His acquaintance with the gentle sex was rather limited. But he had a clerical friend in Edinburgh who took much interest in getting suitable partners for his brethren. He had always on hand a long list of ladies suitable as better halves for the clergy. He kept a register, without their knowledge of course, of their age, appearance, fortune in ready money, or prospectively; and by turning up his little book he could at once condescend to particulars. My subject had not made up his mind on any of these points. So it was thought better to furnish him with the names and addresses of a considerable number. With the names and addresses of twenty ladies, all pronounced suitable, the good man set out on a wooing expedition. As they all lived in the metropolis, a good deal of business might be done in one day. He called on the lady marked as No. 1. After being admitted he rather abruptly introduced the great object of his visit. "Madam," he said, "would you like to become a minister's wife?" And before the lady had time to answer the general question, he plied her astonished ears with the more particular one, "would you like to be the wife of the minister of —," naming his parish. The lady

majestically answered, "No, Sir." "Good morning, Madam," said the reverend suitor, and off he went to No. 2. Here success for a moment seemed certain; but while the young lady was on the eve of pronouncing that charming monosyllable Yes, the mother entered the room. Mothers are sometimes more difficult to manage than maidens. The mother was one of those vulgar, purse-proud women, who value their daughters and their daughter's admirers entirely by what is called the money standard—that standard by which, in this utilitarian age, everything is valued—she eyed the minister from head to foot, from wig to buckles. When she came to the knowledge of the fact that this parish minister was raising his thoughts to the heart, and hand, and purse of her beloved and only daughter, she gave a thump on her grossly filled pocket and said, "Sir, what is your stipend?" The worthy minister felt treated as if he had been buying a horse or a cow, and making a profound bow, left mother and daughter to ponder the words of Solomon, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich."

It would be tedious to follow the good man through all the scenes of that memorable day. There was considerable variety, and were I to write a new "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," many instructive hints

might be got from the history of his courtship. But after many long stairs had been ascended and many fine ladies visited, he did succeed in getting a most estimable partner. And when the worthy man told the story of his courtship, which he was in the habit of doing, turning to his wife, he uniformly said, "You were the 19th on the list, my dear." He used to allege that some of the young ladies did not expect to be taken so literally at their word. And his advice was ever after to those who had come out, "Make hay when the sun shines."

There was no doubt a very business-like air about this good man's courtship. But he acted a far more honourable part than those light-headed and wrong-hearted men who court twenty ladies at the same time, when perhaps they are not in circumstances to marry one. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

The clergyman of whom I have been speaking had a marvellous influence in his parish. One form of his influence was peculiar. When any theft was committed, the person who had suffered loss went to the minister and told him all particulars. By a strange process he often succeeded in getting the stolen property restored. On one occasion a web of cloth was

stolen from the bleachfield on a Saturday night. Information was immediately lodged at the manse. On Sabbath morning when the minister entered the pulpit, he looked round the Church with a very stern countenance, and before commencing the service, he said, "Is the thief here? The web must be restored to-night as quietly as he pleases. But if it is not, he will hear of it in the deafest side of his head next Sabbath." The web was restored that night! This dexterous shot, or rather bow at a venture, rarely failed to take effect. By this kind of power the minister was an efficient police—a first-rate detective. Instances very many are recorded of his bringing guilt to light, and securing for innocence protection and reward.

This influence over his people was not accidental. It was the result of an earnest, watchful, prayerful ministry—the fruit of a life consecrated to God and to duty.

Ministers now-a-days have not this kind of influence; but every minister who faithfully does his duty, whether in the crowded city or the rural parish, has much influence for good.

## The Politician.

THE second picture in my Album on which I ask you to look is the Politician. This man bore on his own shoulders the whole heavy burden of Church and State. No prime minister was ever so oppressed with his country's wrongs as was he. Rotten burghs, grinding taxes, sinful sinecures, corrupt patronage, all vexed his righteous soul. He raised his voice in public and in private against mis-rule, and cried himself hoarse for Reform. This gentleman was not understood to be in his own house a very gentle ruler, and there were sundry abuses of a domestic character which might have been very advantageously for his family rectified. But his patriotism was of that vast comprehensive nature which led him to forget personal improvement and domestic reform. The nation was his care. And if he had been ruler he would have sat at the gate listening to every grievance and redressing every wrong. With vehement longings he looked forward to the millennial period of the Reform Bill of 1832. This was to be the grand panacea for all the ills and woes of Britain. His faith in

reform was proverbial. A friend met him one very stormy day when he complained very bitterly of the blast. His friend jocularly said, "Never mind, the Reform Bill will put down all that."

The important and long-wished for era at last came. All evils were now to be remedied. A new state of things was to commence. Britain was now free.

Years glided by in quick succession. To the horror and amazement of my politician, things, in his eye, remained much as they were before. There were still crying evils, physical, moral, and political. He was now more disconsolate than ever. He mourned over false profession, blighted hopes, broken promises. Red tape, patronage, sinecures still stared him in the face. One day I met him with a very rueful, but I must add a very red countenance. He was burning with indignation at some great sin which the powers had committed. And before I mention the tremendous anathema which he uttered, it is right to state that my acquaintance habitually used very strong language. For example, if any one ventured to express an opinion different from his own on any subject, he would tell such an one never to open his mouth if he had not a penny loaf ready to put into it. You will therefore not attach more im-

portance than you think proper to his authoritative deliverance when, with clenched fists, he addressed to me these terrible words, "All men when in office are villains, the only difference between them is the Tories don't deny it."

The affairs of the nation went on as well after he was dead and gone as when he was taking so great a charge of them. But the fruits of a much neglected family soon began to appear: when freed from his tyranny, licentiousness sprang up. They who had been during youth treated with politics instead of prayer, soon scattered to the winds the wealth which he had acquired. "He sowed the wind, he reaped the whirlwind."



## The Miser.

THE next picture which I select is the Miser. In every community we have this odious creature—this detestable reptile. The man whom I have in my eye lived a long life; and during that long life he was never known to do one kind or generous action. I say never *known*, because it is possible that, unseen by human eyes, he may have done deeds of beneficence. If he ever did, they were well concealed—no one ever mentioned them. His whole life was spent in saving, gathering, hoarding. By every conceivable means he tried to make money—he was a greedy, grasping, sordid, selfish mortal.

This man, however, had the reputation of being honest and upright. If he did not dispense alms, neither did he cheat his neighbour. If his hand was shut against the claims of suffering humanity, it was not put forth to steal. If he was a hard, he was ever considered strictly an honest man.

A very singular circumstance occurred toward the end of his life which rather diminished the value of his reputation. One Saturday evening while the minis-

ter of the parish was sitting in his study, a gentleman called and expressed a wish to see him alone. This gentleman was a lawyer. He made to the minister this extraordinary offer:—"I will give you twenty pounds sterling for the poor of this parish, on one condition, and that is, that you ask me no questions." The minister at once thankfully agreed to the terms, and the twenty pounds were put into his hands. On Sabbath he asked the elders to remain after Divine Service, as he had an important communication to make. He told them the story of the twenty pounds. As might have been expected, the elders were filled with wonder. The miser was one of the elders, and he was the loudest in expressions of extraordinary surprise. This was indeed a great mystery. In the course of a few days the secret was divulged. The lawyer had some business transactions with the miser, and he discovered an act of very fearful dishonesty on the part of the miser. The lawyer (though it is said that lawyers are not always very squeamish about such matters) was filled with indignation at the conduct of the rich man. He instantly resolved to punish the old man in the severest of all ways. He said:—"Sir, unless you pay me down twenty pounds for the poor of the parish, I will expose you

for the greatest villain in it." The miser was frightened and grieved; the loss of money, and the loss of character being the dire alternative. The lawyer, knowing that the miser had always plenty of money in his house, was inexorable. After much shuffling, lying, evading, promising, he at last was compelled to dole out the twenty pounds. This explains how the minister got his much-prized gift for the poor. And this renders it not altogether improbable that the miser may have, on other occasions, overstepped the bounds of honour and honesty.

How important the admonition, "beware of covetousness." A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. A man may be very rich in the eyes of the world—may have much money—and yet be a very poor man. A man may have only his daily bread, and yet be rich toward God.

Who would not rather be poor with God's blessing, than rich with God's curse.

### The Benevolent Farmer.

THE next character which I present to you is that of a very different man. There is no class of society which occupies a position of greater respectability in many parts of Scotland than the Farmer—the active, industrious, independent yeomanry of the country. One of these I single out. He was not a rich man, but what is better—a sterling, honest, good man. He was remarkably distinguished by some qualities. The first of these was a love of peace. He was not merely peaceable,—he was a peace-maker. He was the great arbiter of all disputes in the country side. Rarely did he fail in throwing oil on the troubled waters. The practical wisdom which he displayed on some occasions was very great. A mistress and her maid had quarrelled very seriously. The farmer was called in as mediator. He saw very quickly that though the maid might be to blame, the mistress was unreasonable. The maid gained a victory by being willing to make an apology. The mistress put herself in a false position by refusing to admit that she was in the least wrong. The peace-maker was

nearly tempted to abandon the case as hopeless; but a sudden and happy thought occurred to him. After the maid had left the room, the farmer said to the mistress:—"That is a very superior young woman; I am in want of a servant; I'll be happy to relieve you of her." The mistress was instantly in a blaze. "Do you think that I would part with such a servant? I would rather give her double wages." So the whole affair was settled; and for many long years the relation of that mistress and maid never was disturbed. Another quality for which the good farmer was distinguished was an extreme pleasure in relieving distress. He and his worthy partner were pre-eminent for kindness to the poor. The hungry were fed, and the naked were clothed, and the homeless were sheltered. And often did they bear this honourable testimony—that they never lost a penny at the hands of the poor.

But the farmer was not satisfied with this kind of generosity. If a man was straitened in his circumstances, and threatened with the law, the farmer was applied to, and often his generous soul led him to the brink of imprudence in propping up a falling neighbour. On one occasion a blacksmith, who had been a great blessing to the whole country side by his veterinary skill, was in sore trouble. Everything he had was to

be sold by public roup by order of the Sheriff. The farmer attended the sale, bought every article that was exposed, and presented the whole concern to the astonished Vulcan.

On another occasion, forgetting, I fear, the wise man's proverb, "he that hateth suretyship is sure," he gave his name as security to a young man who had married the widow of his late master. Such was the farmer's confidence in this young man, a common post-boy, that he never dreamt of danger from the transaction. It was only a week before the farmer's death that he was fully delivered from the obligation—his protégé having by this time become Chief Magistrate of his native burgh!

This worthy farmer took an uncommon pleasure in the prosperity of his own servants. In reference to this part of his character an amusing incident occurred. One fine summer day a post-chaise stopt near the farmer's door. Out stept a very smartly-dressed gentleman, with white hat, green coat, glittering buttons, boots and tops, and altogether an imposing exterior. The farmer instantly recognised him as an old servant. "Bless me, Tam, is this you? how have you come to all this grandeur?" The farm servants at the time came out of the court-yard on their way to the

plough. With beaming eyes the farmer, addressing them, said: "You see, lads, what my men come to when they behave themselves."

In the course of a few weeks some of his neighbours were dining with the farmer, and of course the story of the post-chaise was not forgotten. One of the company happened to be the landlord of a neighbouring hotel. He maintained perfect silence till the farmer had fully delivered himself: whereupon he broke silence. He said to the farmer, "Did you not know who yon gentleman was?" The farmer said "No; he would give me no information about his great rise in the world." The farmer, knowing what is the history of many a fine carriage, said "he had no doubt Tam had married a rich wife." "Ah!" said the hotel keeper, "so you don't know who yon fine gentleman is—perhaps I should not tell you. Yon was the Glasgow hangman on his way to Greenlaw to lash a woman through the town." This was the veritable Thomas Young yet remembered by many. In these days Glasgow could afford to keep a hangman for itself.

From that day henceforth, the good farmer never boasted of the exaltation of his servants.

## The Gossip.

LET us again vary the scene. I ask you now to look at a character everywhere to be met with—the Gossip. In the city and in the village, in town and in country, this personage is to be met with. It very often happens that the gossip is a female, but not always. There are many men just as fond of what is called *tittle-tattle* as women. But it will give life to the picture, though it may look a little ungallant, to speak of the gossip in the feminine gender. In many places the busy-body is a greater terror to evil-doers than the police. Profoundly ignorant of herself, she knows well about her neighbour. She knows all the particulars in that old man's will—can tell precisely what the daughters are to have for a dowry. She is in the secret of an intended elopement—knows the dress the wrong-headed girl is to wear—the very cab in which she is to drive to the station—the spot where her lover is to meet her—the seclusion which the fugitives are to seek. She knows a great deal about family matters—family secrets, family failings. In a word, she seems as if she knew everybody and everything.



It is a question which would have puzzled Plato, how this good lady came to all this knowledge. Far am I from professing to answer fully this great question; but I think I can throw a little light on the sources of her wonderful acquaintance with the affairs of other people.

(1). She is ever on the alert—her eyes and ears are open to all that can be seen and heard. If the busy bee gathers honey all the day from every opening flower, the busy-body gathers dirt all the day at every open door.

(2). Then she makes shrewd conjectures. She puts together two things that in her eyes have a seeming connection, though they have none. If a young lady walk along one side of the street, and a young gentleman shortly after walk along the other side, in that she sees an assignation, and a marriage in the future tense. If she sees a gentleman putting his letter into the post-office with rather a rueful look, at that she shakes her head very knowingly, and hints a coming bankruptcy, though perhaps the gentleman was posting a letter to some dear son in a distant colony.

(3). She does a world of business by asking questions. "Did you ever hear," a gossip said to me once, "that such a lady is rather given to a certain

failing?" I was so certain of the falsehood that I said, "Pray, madam, did you ever hear that?" Her guilty look proclaimed that she never had.

(4). When all else fails, she has recourse to invention. I once pressed a lady very much to tell me her authority for a most audacious falsehood. What do you think was her answer. "I must have dreamt it." But to show you that there are male as well as female gossips, I feel bound to give the following sample. A few years ago I met a lady on the street who, with a very serious face, said to me "this is a very melancholy thing about Mr. ——," naming a highly respectable young minister; "he has been sent," she said, "to the Lunatic Asylum." I said "impossible; I dined with a near relation of his last night, and was informed that he was quite well." On asking her who told her, she at once gave me the name of the gentleman. I said there must be some mistake. I walked directly to the gentleman's house, and inquired who had given him this information. He seemed a little confused, and said he was not sure, he had forgotten. I entreated him earnestly to make inquiry, as I was confident there was some mistake. He promised to do so and let me know immediately, but he never did. And I am confident that if that lie had not been

detected, all Glasgow would have rung with the report in twenty-four hours.

I would not have polluted my pages with such abomination, were it not that the tendency is so strong to believe and propagate evil reports. What an important admonition is this: "Study to be quiet and to mind your own business."



### The Bigot.

LET us now take a look at the Bigot. In a country parish where, in early life, it was my great privilege to be an assistant to one of the best men who ever ministered in the Church of Scotland, I met with a beautiful example of this character. There was a respectable couple in the village literally living on their money; for they had got a legacy of £500, and they did not wish to give the banker any trouble. So they put the whole sum into the safest drawer in the house, and helped themselves to one pound after another till the sum total was exhausted. At the time I knew them, they were about half-way through their

fortune. No man and his wife ever presented a greater contrast in body and in mind. The wife was a very large woman. Her dress, especially her head gear, was very voluminous. Six yards of Welsh flannel at least were wound round her head, as if to set rheumatism at defiance in that region. We may assume that other regions were equally well defended. She regularly attended the parish church, and patronised the *helper* very extensively.

The husband was a little, neat, clean, smart, conceited man. He belonged to one of the strictest Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. His place of worship was twenty miles distant, which he was unable to attend; but he never entered the parish church though near his door, and where, when the incumbent was at home, the Gospel was preached in great purity and with great power. Sabbath after Sabbath this little man sat in his arm chair reading his Bible, or some other good old divine, bearing this somewhat equivocal testimony to his Church and his Creed.

The wife, who was a great friend of mine, asked me to give her and her goodman a visit, which I willingly agreed to do. Dr. Chalmers used to say, "I have great faith in seeing a man at his own fireside." And

with this sentiment I cordially agree. When I went to pay my visit, the Mrs. was greatly pleased to see me, and showed me everything in her house worthy of inspection, especially, I remember to this day, a beautiful tea chest, in which she informed me she kept green tea in the east end, and black tea in the west. She then more particularly called my attention to the goodman who was sitting in his chair adorned with a red night-cap. His voice I had yet scarcely heard. Respecting him she said that "our Aleck is a very knowing man." The little man repudiated the compliment, and in an angry tone of deep humility, he said, "I know nothing as I ought to know," a very honest sentiment, but uttered in a manner which conveyed to me quite the opposite sense, viz., that Aleck *thought* he *was* a very knowing man.

After a little conversation, I took the great liberty of suggesting to him this very natural thought: "As you are so far from your own place of worship, and the parish church so near, you might sometimes at least join with your neighbours in public worship. The difference between your Church and ours is only in trifling matters." "They are no trifles, Sir," was the indignant response. "Well, not absolutely," I said, "but surely trifles compared with the weighty

matters of salvation and eternity. Would you on your death-bed," I continued, "attach any moment to those things which separate you from the Established Church." "Certainly not, certainly not," he muttered. Thinking, however, that perhaps he had admitted too much, he added, with considerable emphasis, "Sir, it is my duty to testify against a Church which, it has been said, in the matter of patronage at least, is going *forward* in a *backsliding* course."

After much serious and friendly discourse, we had worship; the wife conducted the psalmody, and with great pathos sang the 61st Psalm; I read the Word and prayed: and before leaving the house, Aleck assured me that I would soon see him in the parish church. Sabbath after Sabbath I looked for him; but in vain,—he never appeared. The old prejudice returned, and he continued to bear his testimony in his old arm-chair. He is long since gone; we trust to that better land where there is but one temple, in which it is to be hoped many will meet in harmony and love, who could not even be civil to one another while here.

The circumstance which I have narrated, I mentioned to a very eminent minister of that select body

of which Aleck was a member. I said "Doctor, was he not wrong in not attending the parish church when he was so distant from his own?" To my astonishment, the Doctor, who was a great, and good, and learned man, gave me this very dry answer, "Yes, he was wrong—he was wrong in *promising*."

It is highly proper that every man should be true, even chivalrous to his own Church. But this is quite consistent with an enlightened liberality towards other Churches; and the idea of any minister attempting to interdict his hearers from worshipping in any other than those of the body to which they belong, is insufferable intollerance, and unmistakeable priest-craft.

### The Radical Despot.

THE next picture which I will exhibit is rather a singular one. Among those who speak very loudly about liberty and equality, there are sometimes strange inconsistencies, and manifestations of character are given, grotesque and ridiculous. A mason whom I knew well was a fine specimen. John was a character. He was not habitually intemperate, but he was fond of a spree. On one occasion his real character was strongly developed. John had gone on some business to a neighbouring town about 16 miles distant from his home. Combining pleasure with business, it is undeniable that towards the evening John was a little excited. Unfortunately, that memorable Friday became very stormy. Rain and wind combined to make a walk of 16 miles rather unpleasant. John no doubt might have remained all night on the banks of the Tweed at no great expense; but he took a different view of the subject. He ordered a post-chaise for his special accommodation. If John had the means in his pocket to pay the hire, and if he chose for once to act the fine gentleman, who may say Nay! John



entered the post-chaise majestically, wrapt his plaid around him, sang for his own delectation "Begone, dull Care," and drove off in style to his native town. The night became more and more boisterous; a violent thunderstorm raged—the lightning flashed terrifically. The driver became alarmed. The profane thought did enter his mind of taking an inside seat. He stopt the chaise, opened the door, and was about to step in and manage his horses from the window. But the post-boy's plan was speedily frustrated. The mason roused himself from his slumber, and with a tremendous oath, bawled out to the astonished driver, "Keep your distance, Sir," and ordered him, at the peril of his sore displeasure, again to mount the box. The poor fellow had no alternative but to face the storm, and drive the inflated mason to his home.

There can be no doubt that the mason was only insisting on his civil rights, though in a somewhat uncivil manner. But most people will agree with me in thinking that John's dignity would not have been compromised, and that his Christian benevolence would have been more apparent if he had offered to shelter the starving post-boy, and not repelled him. There is something ineffably contemptible when one

working-man treats with insolence another working-man. And it is to be hoped in charity that the strong drink had done for John what it has done for many a man, driven out the good, and put in the evil spirit.

The instructive incident which I have just mentioned, forcibly recalls to one's memory the story of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson. On arriving at a hotel, he asked the hostess, whom he knew to be a great *leveller*, if she would do him the honour to dine with him. The landlady was in ecstasy about sitting at table with the great philosopher. Johnson then proposed to ask the barmaid to join them. The lady of the tavern fired in a moment. "What, Sir, do you suppose I would sit at table with a barmaid?" "O, I see," said Johnson, "I see, you wish to level *down*, you don't wish to level *up*!"

This is a matter for grave consideration with all who fancy that there should be no distinction of class or rank in the country. While all the grandees and nobles would be pulled down, all the lowest and the poorest would need to be raised up. And when they all met on one platform of equality, we suspect it would be found a more irksome and nauseous thing for the leveller, than the present state of things with all its drawbacks.

There may be true nobility among the humblest classes of the community. There may be great meanness in the highest and wealthiest of the land. And every man has it in his power to adorn the station, high or humble, which by Providence is assigned to him.

---

### The Passionate Man.

Weaknesses, foibles, are not confined to any one class of society. The next picture which I present is that of a man in a very different position from that which we have just been looking at. In many respects, he was an excellent man—a man of great integrity and a high sense of honour—but he was very proud and very passionate, and by these feelings he often brought himself into grief. One day on leaving his house, he discovered that he had forgot his gloves. He rung the bell, but received no answer. A second time—but no answer. Being naturally irritated by the seeming neglect of his servants, he pulled a third time with a tremendous fury—still no answer. The

infuriated gentleman stamped, and swore, and foamed, and threatened. He was in a state of fearful excitement. The old butler at this crisis opened the door, but, unconscious of any thing wrong, went after his own business. This made matters worse. The old butler, who had been half a century in his service, was ordered to leave instantly. And if the whole property of this unfortunate man had been destroyed by neglect, he could not have been more volcanic. What do you think was the cause of all this fury? The bell wire was broken, and the bell had never rung!

What a melancholy exhibition did this man make! For weeks after his nervous system was shaken. His hands became almost powerless; and what was worse, he felt he had dishonoured himself in the eyes of his household. This gentleman made a great fool of himself; and so does every man, whether master or servant, who allows his passion to rise uncontrolled. "Anger is madness," saith a Heathen writer. And while it is possible to be angry without sinning, there can be no doubt that anger unrestrained often leads to many and fearful crimes. An earthquake suddenly swallows a city—a fit of passion has landed many a man in ruin. What is the main cause of many of the murders committed, now, alas, so frequent in this land

of light and freedom? It is ungoverned passion—unbridled anger—unsubdued revenge. He is a truly great man who rules well a city; but he is greater still who rules his own spirit.

---

### The Pious Murderer.

ABOUT forty years ago, a very brutal murder was committed in one of the eastern counties of Scotland. The murderer from his early days was a reckless, daring fellow, fond of adventure, a great poacher—a lawless, fearless man.

The amiable gentleman on whose estate he lived, and who suffered much from his poaching habits, fell on the wise expedient of converting the famous poacher into his game-keeper. No better appointment could have been made. He was truly “the right man in the right place.” The whole poaching fraternity in the neighbourhood were alarmed. Not another unlawful shot was heard.

From his earliest days this man had been the victim of a savage temper. Anger, malice, revenge, were

the frequent inhabitants of his heart. And a very awful display of these passions he gave on a remarkable occasion. It was the fair or market-day at a neighbouring village. People from all the country round were there on business or pleasure. Towards the evening, the effects of strong drink began to appear in the staggering, and swearing, and quarrelling which abounded.

The game-keeper had been drinking, and some angry words passed between him and two of his neighbours. No fighting, however, took place between them. Indeed, they parted apparently on friendly terms. But the devil entered into the heart of the game-keeper. When within a short distance of his home, he secreted himself in the thicket through which the public road passes. In a short time his two unsuspecting neighbours came up. He rushed out of the wood, and with his powerful arm, in a few moments laid them lifeless on the ground. Not satisfied with taking their lives, he mangled their bodies in a way which I cannot, dare not tell. Two harmless men who in the morning had left their wives and children, were that night brutally murdered: lamentation, mourning, and woe were inscribed on their humble dwellings.

The murderer was next morning apprehended. In due time he was tried, and condemnad to be executed near the spot where the bloody deed was done.

In this brutal and savage murder we see the natural effects of violent and ungoverned passions—an awful manifestation of the most fiendish feelings, and a solemn warning to all men to beware of the first rise of anger and revenge.

But the history of this murderer presents us with another view of human nature which it is not so easy to explain. Between the day of his condemnation and that of his execution, the murderer gave himself energetically and wholly to the subject of religion. Though very ignorant, he in these few weeks made wonderful attainments in religious knowledge. The excellent minister who attended him during that short period was astonished at the progress which the murderer made, not only in knowledge, but apparently in grace. Week after week his faith and hope seemed to increase. Peace, joy, assurance, seemed now to reign in the heart where fiendish feelings so lately dwelt. In the solitude of a prison he was not only resigned, but cheerful and happy.

The day of the execution at last arrived. A journey of twenty miles intervened between the prison and

the scaffold. During this journey the murderer was calm and self-possessed. A tempting opportunity to escape was presented during a short pause in the journey, of which he declined to take advantage; but which if he had taken, he would, by his strength and speed, have defied all the police and military to capture him. The cavalcade proceeded, and they were soon at the spot, near the scene of the terrible murder, where stood the grim apparatus of justice and death. Twenty thousand people had assembled from all parts of the country to witness the execution of a man whose character as a desperado was so well known. We can understand why crowds assemble to witness a fight between two champions, or between a man and a wild beast. We can even understand the charms of the cock-pit to persons of a depraved taste. Courage, strength, skill, are called into exercise. But a fellow-creature in the hands of the executioner, vainly struggling with that foe who always conquers, is a sight from which we would suppose men and women would stand back in awe.

There was in that vast crowd what would have shaken the nerves of most men. The officiating clergyman stood pale and trembling, but not so the guilty man: he expressed a wish, in strong and



decided language, to be permitted to pray *aloud*. This was readily granted ; and on the testimony of many who were present, I am entitled to affirm, that the murderer poured out a most powerful, and impressive prayer.

The solemn services of religion having been concluded, the work of execution was proceeded with. The murderer ascended the scaffold with a firm, and unfaltering step. And while on that spot he gave utterance to these extraordinary words:—"I am bold as a lion, and innocent as a dove." The good minister in attendance was startled by these words ; but he afterward put on them a most orthodox interpretation. "The murderer did not mean to deny that he was guilty of the crime for which he was doomed to die—*that* he had never denied. He meant simply to affirm that, trusting to the divine Redeemer's merits, he was bold as a lion, and clothed with his perfect righteousness, he was innocent as a dove."

It is not our business to limit the freeness and power of divine grace. We are willing to believe that the heart of the murderer was changed. But the whole circumstances connected with the last days of this man are very singular. The rapidity with which

an ignorant man acquired knowledge—with which a careless, godless man became a man of prayer—the suddenness with which he arrived at full assurance of faith—the boldness with which he met death—all these circumstances are very wonderful, and different views may be taken of them. I humbly acknowledge that I would have been more hopeful of this man's eternal safety if, on the scaffold, he had shed bitter tears for the horrid deed he had done, and the great misery he had occasioned. The words which fell from him might have become a martyr at the stake—they hardly became the man who had shed innocent blood—they savoured fully as much of presumption as of faith; and we rather regard them as a warning to beware of self-deception, than an encouragement to trust to repentance at the eleventh hour.

## The Devout Deceiver.

THERE was once upon a time, in a parish with which I am well acquainted, a lady who made a great profession of religion ; she was prominent in everything of a pious character ; she presided at prayer-meetings, and was noted for fluency and earnestness. Infant schools, benevolent societies—every good object she encouraged, aided, patronised. In private life she was in manners quite a lady, and except that she spoke rather much, she was an agreeable, intelligent, and well-bred woman.

This good lady had arrived fully at the years of discretion, when a report became current that this well-known Dorcas was about to be married, and to a gentleman of large fortune. It was delightful to think that this lady, so kind and zealous, was to settle as a wealthy married woman in the locality where she was so well known for her labours of love.

Preparatory to this great event, one of the handsomest houses in a most beautiful suburb was rented. In due time furniture of the most costly kind began to arrive—tables, chairs, sofas, ottomans, mirrors, cabi-

nets ; carpets, of the most gorgeous patterns, were laid on every floor ; silver plate, fit for the queen, in tremendous oak chests ; china, pictures, books, everything that could give splendour and comfort to a mansion—all were laid down.

As the day drew near for the celebration of the nuptials, much excitement prevailed. The clergyman was engaged, the company were invited, the marriage feast was ordered, a magnificent carriage and pair were purchased, in which the interesting couple were to leave the city. But seldom does the course of true love run smooth. The day before that fixed for the wedding, an express message brought the intelligence that the ceremony must be postponed for a fortnight.

This was disappointing. But the two weeks quickly passed away, as all weeks do. The second day appointed for the grand affair arrived. The whole neighbourhood were on the tiptoe of expectation. The bridegroom had not arrived, but he was on his way. The hour struck at which the knot was to be tied. At the very next minute the—not the bridegroom—but the letter-carrier, arrived. A letter was delivered containing the melancholy intelligence that the bridegroom had got a compound fracture of the right leg when following the hounds.

This second disappointment was rather ominous. Some of the wiser people who had so cheerfully executed the magnificent orders began to feel a little uneasy. Many began to make inquiry about the mysterious man of fortune whom they had never seen, but whose cash they had hoped to finger. Unfortunately they could get no information. Letters were sent, but no answers ever came. The bride was asked to show the letters she had received; but she would not, or could not. The sky became blacker and more black. And now for the first time it dawned on the minds of the intelligent tradesmen of the Metropolis that the whole was a fiction. It *was* a fiction. There was no bridegroom. The marriage existed only in the brain of the good lady. It was a day dream—a pious fraud.

In a very short time the upholsterer's men arrived and carried off the tables and chairs; the jeweller's men arrived and carried off the big oak chests. The house was speedily dismantled; and a board was hoisted to tell of a house to let—entry immediately.

On what principle can we account for such a freak? The lady stole nothing. No one lost anything except the lady herself. She lost her good name—that most

precious possession. "She sowed the wind, she reaped the whirlwind."

What lesson is to be learned from the conduct of this devout deceiver? It was so extraordinary—so objectless—so sure to redound to her disgrace, that it is difficult to divine the motive by which she was influenced. I think we might give the devout lady the benefit of a sentence which is now often given to greater criminals—"The panel was guilty of great folly, being at the time of unsound mind."

## The Rude Christian.

OF the many paradoxical titles which I have given in the syllabus, the Rude Christian is one of the most inconsistent. *Can* a Christian be rude? Now, we don't open up the question whether the person of whom I am about to speak was a real, or only a nominal Christian. He was a professing Christian. He was an elder of the kirk, and had signed the Confession of Faith, and made no small profession of religion. He had many good qualities, and in many respects was a very estimable man in his way.

But he was very *rude*. It was not merely at a time that he came out with an ill-mannered remark. It was his *habit*—his daily practice to say rude things. Not more frequently did he put on his brown wig, and take into his hand his gold-headed cane, than he delivered himself of some ironical, satirical, and ill-bred speech. It was his delight to do so.

The persons whom he specially liked to assault were the clergy. Never did he meet with a minister but he took some sly opportunity of having a shot. It would not be worth while to detail many specimens

of the dry, caustic remarks in which he indulged ; but in order to understand what I mean, it is necessary that I give a sample.

The first occasion on which I met him was at a meeting, where the point of discussion was whether a sabbath-school society, consisting of members and teachers from two congregations, should remain as it was united, or be split in two, in order to induce a wholesome rivalry. After much speaking, the old man rose and gave utterance to this very sage remark:—" Mr. Preses, It is God's work to *unite* ; it is the Devil's work to *divide*." One of the ministers who was present, and who was favourable to the division, started up and said, " I hope, Sir, you don't mean to say that I wish to do the work of the Devil?" " I meant no offence," replied the worthy elder; " but I say again, It is God's work to unite; it is the Devil's work to divide."

This same worthy elder was on one occasion dining with his minister, who was much addicted to the common but filthy practice of taking snuff immoderately. The minister offered the elder his box, which he declined, remarking that snuffing made a person so disagreeable to his neighbour, that as soon as he learned any manners, he had given up the practice.



The minister remarked, "I think I see you taking a snuff in church sometimes." "Yes," he said, "I never take a snuff except on Sabbath. And gie ye me an interesting discourse, and I'll no trouble the snuff-mull much." "I don't know," the minister said, "I see you very often taking a pinch." "Very likely, very likely," said the elder; but gie ye me an interesting discourse, and I'll no trouble the snuff-box."

On another occasion there was in the company a very popular preacher, and who was drawing great crowds to hear him. This preacher was deservedly popular, and a very modest, unpretending man. The old elder addressing him said, "since Ducrow and his horses left the town, you are most run after." The minister modestly said, "Oh, you know I am a new man, and you know the proverb." The elder informed him of what evidently he thought no small matter. "I was hearing you last Sabbath." "Oh, indeed," said the minister. "Yes; and whether the great mob that was yonder was pleased or no, I cannot say: but one thing was very evident to me,—*the breacher was highly pleased with himself.*"

Among those who make a considerable profession of religion, there are some who have that same unfortunate propensity to say and do very

rude things. This is greatly to be lamented. It does a world of mischief. Good breeding is a great ornament, and should be cultivated and practised. "Be courteous," is an apostolic precept. It is greatly more agreeable to most people to have to do with a polite man of the world, than a snarling, ill-natured, rude professor of religion.

It is not real religion, but the want of it, which produces bad manners. The true Christian will be the last to say aught which can injure the feelings of any one. He will not flatter, but neither will he offend. He speaks the truth, but he speaks it in love.

### The Ignorant Carter.

IN Scotland the working-classes are generally well instructed in divine truth—indeed fully as well as those in higher stations. This is very much owing to our admirable parish schools, in which the sacred Scriptures are regularly read and the catechism taught. I have met frequently, among the young men and young women of Glasgow, an accuracy and extent of Biblical knowledge which would do credit to any clergyman. But there are exceptions: some, whose education has been neglected, and who grow up in very gross ignorance. The most remarkable case which ever came under my notice was in Edinburgh, many years ago. A man applied to me for baptism to his child. As is usual in our church on the first occasion, I asked him some plain questions on the most important subject of religion. It was soon made plain to me that the man was very ignorant. I at last went so far as to ask, if he had ever heard of Jesus Christ? His answer was, No—never. On expressing my great surprise, and especially as he declared he was a regular attender of church, he

seemed as if making a desperate effort of memory, and came out with the extraordinary reply, "O yes, I mind him perfectly, I was at the school wi' him." Here was a man attending the church, and not knowing anything about Jesus Christ—a man giving his bodily presence, but wholly ignorant.

It was somewhat remarkable that George was not altogether ignorant. When I asked who made him? He at once replied, God Almighty. And when I asked what became of wicked people at death? He replied, in the coarsest style, They are burnt in hell fire. I then asked who, in his opinion, were wicked people? This answer was most characteristic. George was a carter, and his idea of wickedness was—folk who tear, and swear, and *kick their horses*. This last was a most Scriptural answer. Swearing being a breach of the third commandment, and the wise man says, "A righteous man regardeth the life of the beast."

To the credit of the honest fellow, he came to my house once every week till he acquired as much knowledge as enabled me, with a safe conscience, to baptize his child. George, though ignorant, was willing to learn. He had lost his parents in early life, and had been only six weeks at school. But he never

refused to become my scholar, and he was by no means destitute of the ability to learn.

The baptism I shall never forget. George lived in a cottage, near the place where the Laird of Dumbiedykes lived of old. The cottage was a pattern of cleanliness. His wife was a pretty looking young woman. George was dressed in his best corduroys. And there was about that baptism a mixture of simplicity and solemnity, which, at the distance of twenty-five years, I well remember.

### The Black and White Believer.

THE very best of Christians are spotted. Spots there are which stain the whitest raiment; that is to say, there is no perfection in this world. But it is not with spots we have at present to do; but with a character appearing at different times in colours diametrically opposite. So decided, so glaring is the contrast, that it is hardly possible to believe he is the same person. One gentleman once went up to another in the Parliament House, and accosted him thus—"Is this you?" Then, looking a little more attentively, he added, "Oh! I beg pardon, it is not you." This is an exact representation of the kind of character I wish to put before you. The man is so unlike to-day what he was yesterday, that we are tempted to ask, Is this you? and after, to add—Oh, no! it is not you. It is not that there is a great dissimilarity—there is actual contrariety—the man of this week is not the man of the last week; he is the very opposite.

It would not be difficult to give a variety of illustrations of the black and white believer. You have all heard the story of the grocer who, after the shop

was shut, called to his apprentice, "Jack, is the whisky watered?" "Yes, Sir." "Is the sugar sanded?" "Yes, Sir." "Very well, come up stairs to family worship." That was black and white.

I remember of a striking case which occurred in my experience when a minister in Edinburgh. When visiting a dying man, he professed a great desire to give me a confession of his faith. And he did in very appropriate terms go over the great leading doctrines of Christianity, all of which he solemnly declared he believed. He asked me if I was satisfied. I said to him that his creed was most orthodox, but hinted that was not all that was necessary. He spoke very sensibly on the whole subject of preparation for death; and, on taking leave of him, he said, with great solemnity, "I now die in peace."

The following day I was passing the man's door, and I went into the house believing that he would be gone. But this was not the case; and, to my unutterable horror, while his poor wife was doing what she could to assist him to turn himself, he requited her kindness with a most profane oath. That was black and white.

But in those days there was another man who presented a most singular contrast, and whose character

suggested to me the idea of the black and white believer. He was a Church-going, professing Christian—in many respects just like his neighbours. But in one particular he was the most remarkable contrast to-day of what he was yesterday. It was impossible to identify him. If one soul had jumped out of his body, and another soul had jumped in, the change could not have been greater. It certainly is not overstating the truth to affirm, that surely the Good Spirit, the author of all love, was the inhabitant one day, and the Evil Spirit, the author of all evil, was the inhabitant next day.

At one time he would do the most liberal, generous, handsome thing; he would give the most munificent contribution to some good object; he would stand out conspicuously among the most large-giving citizens—certainly not hiding his light under a bushel—not keeping it a very strict secret what he did. When he thus appeared one naturally admitted his liberality, and thought how worthy this was of a good and prosperous man. This was the white.

But next week he could appear as black as night. He would do the meanest, shabbiest, dirtiest, lowest, most discreditable thing. The same man who had given of his abundance to some charitable object,



would turn to the door a widow and fatherless family, because they could not pay a half-year's rent. The same creature, who, to gratify his vanity, would give £50 to some flatterer, would scowl the beggar from his door without pity and without relief.

I often thought it would have been a great improvement if that black and white believer had become grey like a shepherd's plaid, and never appeared either so good or so bad—so black or so white. He has long since given in his account, and it would be difficult to determine whether, during a long life, he had given his influence most for darkness or light.

## The Exaggerator.

IN all communities, there are some who have seen more than their neighbours—men who have seen wonders by sea and land, and who have an amiable pleasure in fighting their battles over again, and recounting their experience and adventures. It was my privilege when very young to know such an one. And often have I sat listening to his marvellous stories, greatly wondering. Many of them were such as could never be forgotten by me, and the only one which I shall repeat, I am quite sure will never be forgotten by you.

In his old days, my friend Thomas was threatened with that terrible calamity, the loss of sight. At the expense of a friend by whom Thomas had been employed, he was sent to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. There he saw many strange sights and heard many strange sounds. Probably the most wonderful thing which he narrated was in reference to his own eyes. The whole Faculty held a consultation on the subject; and, after mature consideration, they came to the unanimous conclusion, that Thomas' eyes would re-

quire to be taken out, cleaned, and thoroughly repaired. Accordingly, by some process which Thomas did not explain to me, and which I cannot explain to you, Thomas' eyes were taken out of his head and underwent a thorough repair. Young as I was at the time, when this wonderful achievement was minutely related to me, I was a little sceptical about the truth of this great triumph of surgery. I asked Thomas if he was perfectly sure of the reality of this operation. Whatever doubt I may have had, you will at once perceive how unreasonable it would have been for me to have doubted any longer. Thomas affirmed, with all the solemnity of an oath, I saw them myself under a glass case ten minutes before they were put in !!

This was hyperbole of the first class. No poet in the loftiest imagery—no Irishman in the highest flight of Hibernian frenzy, could get beyond the tremendous—what shall we call it?

But strange as it may appear, we have met with persons, educated and uneducated, who had the most extraordinary powers of exaggeration. Whatever was the subject spoken about, they invariably had something of the most astounding nature to tell. If one man said, he had sat up all night reading; he had sat up every night for a week. If one man had walked

25 miles at a stretch ; he had lately walked 40. If one man boasted that he had caught a grilse ; he had caught a salmon. If one man declared that he had cleared a five barred gate ; he had done that with his face to the tail of the horse.

There are many in the world who, like my old acquaintance Thomas, see great wonders. Their eggs have all two yolks—their hills are all mountains. Such see many things, but they don't see this, that such a mode of speech is uncommonly like lying.

### The Obstinate Man.

THERE is a wonderful variety in the temper of different individuals. There are men gentle and amiable so long as they are not found fault with. But the moment they are censured, even in trifles, they are up in a fury. Such men always remind me of a Seidlitz powder. So long as the two parts are kept separate there is quietness; but when mixed the effervescence begins. Then, again, there are men of a totally different constitution—dull, dogged, dour—like a cold, sunless, dark day—no storms, but no cheery rays—no thunder and lightning, but a low, deep growl, occasionally resembling somewhat a Comrie earthquake.

This is the kind of men indicated by No 8.

This man always reminded me of the donkey on which I, when a boy, rode to school. Tom was as dour an ass as ever human legs bestrode. When I wished to go east, he always insisted on going west. If I desired to go south, he invariably preferred the north. I began to see through his peculiarity. So, in whatever direction I wished to go, I always made

him set out the opposite way. After proceeding a little way doggedly, he turned and galloped at full speed, evidently thinking he was playing a clever trick on his rider.

Lest you should suppose I am caricaturing my old friend, I must give a specimen of the way in which he acted, and which I acted. I was taken into the counsels of the family of which he was the eldest, respecting the division of certain property which belonged to them. I was fully impressed as to the wishes of the family, as well as what was best for all parties. I knew very well that if I advised him to enter into this plan, he was sure to rebel, and do all he could to thwart its being executed. So, as I was really very anxious to do a good turn to the family, I advised him very earnestly to do the very reverse. The man at once appeared in his true colour. He swore he would never agree to my proposal. It would ruin him ; and he would rather do anything than this. I professed to be very sorry for the view he took of his duty ; but he was immovable. And, accordingly, to the great joy, as well as amusement, of the family and myself, we accomplished in this somewhat peculiar way the end we had in view.

This is a somewhat humiliating view of human

nature. But the mode of treating this peculiarity which I have now stated, I have always found successful; and it seems to be warranted by the Apostolic principle of becoming all things to all men, and also by the well-known proverb, "Answer a fool according to his folly."

## The Man of War.

By this title I do not mean that great, noble vessel which bears the name—that floating street of large dimensions and minute arrangements—that object which, as much as any one, inspires one with a lofty idea of his country's greatness and security.

What is here meant by the man of war, is that little, pugnacious, brisk, combative, quarrelsome creature, now and then to be seen and met with, who always seems as if he had a hedgehog in his stomach, constantly on the outlook for a quarrel, ever imagining some one is insulting him, always dreading an encroachment of his rights and privileges, ready at a moment's warning to quarrel with any one.

I remember of once being at a country fair—that rare scene of fun and folly. In the afternoon, when some parties had got a little excited, I observed an unusual bustle. A large crowd had got together at one point. On looking attentively, I saw a great, powerful fellow, whom I recognised as one of my father's ploughmen, playing a conspicuous part. He had evidently got more than enough of something



stronger than water. At the top of his voice he bawled out, "Haud me, or I'll fight." Nobody seemed the least disposed for battle. But this hero was ready not only for battle, he was so entirely a Sempronius that he felt a resistless impulse to fight—yes, to fight, if another as great a fool as himself could be found to fight with him.

Now, you don't see any man bawling out on the street, "Haud me, or I'll fight." But it is possible you may see a man whose voice is still for war. This man quarrels with everybody—with his wife, if he has one, or with his mother—with his children, or his brother—with his associates—his doctor—his lawyer—his neighbour—his friend—his acquaintance. The slightest provocation leads to a freak.

The highest and noblest effort in this direction I ever heard of him making, was on one occasion, returning home at a late hour heavily laden with a certain combustible material, he fell headlong on the pavement. With some difficulty he rose to his feet; and no sooner had he secured his equilibrium than he quarreled—with whom or what do you think?—with the pavement. He stood at his own gate cursing the pavement, insisting that the stones had risen and struck him, that he would complain to the police, and

lest it might be too long to wait for their interference, he commenced in good earnest to give the pavement a sound thrashing. Having thus expended his strength in his warlike propensity, he fell asleep.

“ Make no friendship with an angry man.”

And lay it down as a fixed rule—never quarrel with anybody.

## The Victim.

THE world is full of victims. When a man buys what he believes to be a gold watch, and finds it to be base metal, he is a victim. When a congregation choose hastily for their minister a man who has only a few flash sermons, they are victims. Indeed, wherever you turn your eyes, you see victims of avarice—of pride—of intemperance. But it is not any of these that I have in my eye. The tale which I am to present, is one of unusual romantic interest. It is that of a very beautiful and very excellent young lady. The circumstance which took place was narrated to me by the young lady herself.

When I was a minister in Edinburgh many years ago, a young lady of more than ordinary attraction once called for me. She was a perfect stranger; but there was every thing in her appearance and manner, to convey at once the idea of superiority. After apologising for the liberty she had taken in calling for me, she informed me that she had worshipped in my church the previous Sabbath; and her object in calling for me, was to ask if, in my sermon that afternoon, I

had referred to her. I said, "Impossible ; how could I refer to anything in the history of one whom I had never before seen ?" With difficulty I could convince her that I made no reference to her, nor to any individual particularly. The young lady then said, as I have so far intruded by referring to my case, if you will give me leave I will tell you what it is. "I lived in a remote part of England with my father—my mother having died many years ago. I am an only child, and have had every advantage which education and position could give. There came to our neighbourhood, apparently to settle, a very handsome and most gentlemanly man about forty. My father and he accidentally became acquainted. Being of similar tastes and habits, an intimacy and friendship were very soon the result. He became a frequent visitor at our house, and he was so refined in his manners—so elegant in his appearance—so pious in his conversation—and altogether so very fascinating, that, though exactly double my age, I began to admire him as much as my father did. In the course of time he made proposals to me for marriage, and a match was agreed on.

"Every thing about settlements was easily adjusted. He was most liberal in his ideas, and there was thus presented to my young mind a very imposing future.

My trousseau was ordered, and no expense was spared by my father in fitting me out for the wife of so good and stylish a husband. The wedding-day was fixed, and nothing but great preparations, and numerous invitations, and magnificent bridal gifts were going.

“About a week before the day fixed for the wedding, the gentleman called and asked me as usual to go out for a walk. I could not help thinking there was something rather peculiar in his manner on that occasion. He was silent, and thoughtful, and absent; there seemed a cloud hanging over him. I felt uneasy—sometimes I felt alarmed. I feared his mind was failing him, and I quickened my steps in anxiety to reach home. Occasionally the cloud seemed to pass away, and we chatted pleasantly as ever.

“But on nearing the house of my father, he suddenly stopt. Looking steadily at me, he asked this strange question, ‘What would you think if I am already a married man?’

“‘Think, Sir! I would think you were a villain.’

“With perfect coolness, he said, ‘Don’t be uncharitable, I have a wife and six children.’”

This gentleman, whose pious conversations had helped to gain the heart of a lovely young lady, had

left a virtuous wife and beautiful family, professing that he was obliged to go to America on business of importance. Instead of this, he spent a year in ruining the peace of two most amiable families. And if his own peace of mind was not destroyed, it must have been because of hardened and practised villany.

The lady, of whose future history I know nothing, let us hope was more careful in forming friendship with a stranger, and that her father took a little more trouble in knowing the circumstances of her admirers.

## Concluding Sketches.

THE three remaining pictures which I am to give are, to my mind, singularly interesting ; while they are illustrative of character, they are deeply instructive. I published them many years ago in the *Constitutional* newspaper.

An excellent Christian lady, a member of my congregation in Edinburgh, brought with her one day to call for me her sister, who, in circumstances of peculiar distress, had lost her husband. This gentleman, who was a large landed proprietor, had gone to bathe, and as he never returned home, and his clothes were found on the beach, no doubt was entertained that he had been drowned. The widow was in great distress. Worldly misfortune attended her bereavement. There were mingled in her cup many bitter ingredients. At her own request, I visited her frequently. She, who used to inhabit one of the finest mansions in the country, now lived in an attic storey. A more desolate widow I never saw.

Strange rumours began to spread about the husband for whom she was mourning. Whether they had

reached her ears I know not. One day when she was returning home, she was arrested by the sweet and powerful voice of a foreigner singing on the street. She stood, and looked, and listened, and admired, and wept. "Never did I hear such a voice," she said to herself, "since I heard my own husband." She took from her purse a small coin and gave it to the poor man who was singing so divinely. It never entered the head of the broken-hearted widow that this was her own husband. Strange to tell, he was so. His history is a romance. We may not enter into particulars; but that history teaches to all who know it a very awful lesson.

What fruit have ye in these things whereof ye are now ashamed? "The end of these things is death."

It was not uncommon among the more wealthy members of my congregation in Edinburgh, when they lost a relative, to give to their minister a sum of money for charitable purposes—a practice which, so far as my experience goes, does not often obtain in Glasgow. A lady who had lost a venerable father, entrusted me with five pounds to distribute among the poorer members of my flock. She specially requested that it might be given to a few who had seen better days. I had no



difficulty in soon remembering cases exactly suited to the benevolent lady's description. One family in particular I thought of, as urgently needing, and eminently deserving a little aid. A farmer, with his wife and family, had newly come from the country to my parish, having lost their farm, and left behind them all they had—and that was not little—the farmer having got a considerable fortune by his wife. But it was all gone—not spent in extravagance or folly, but in struggling to keep even with the world, and preserve a good conscience.

With joy I set out to visit this family, resolving that I should give them two pounds. When I arrived at the humble home of the once flourishing farmer, his wife, whom I had known as a lady, was busy at the washing-tub, and looked haggard and emaciated. I felt embarrassed about offering her money, though I could have no doubt she much required it. I rose to leave, and on shaking hands with her, I left the two pounds. On finding that I had given her money, she stood pale and speechless, evidently labouring under feelings to which she could not give utterance. At length, with great emotion, she said, "If ever the hand of Providence was made bare to me, it is this day." Looking wildly round her miserable dwelling, she said, "To-

morrow every article in this house was to be sold to pay our half-year's rent, and it is just two pounds."

This is one of the many striking proofs which have come under my notice of a particular superintending Providence, and one of the many illustrations of the truth of that promise—"There shall be no want to them that fear God."

Oh! if they who are wallowing in wealth but knew how much misery they could relieve without denying themselves one luxury, instead of ministers having to beg for money for the poor of their flock, they would vie with each other in giving abundantly of what God has given them.

"There is that giveth, and yet increaseth ; there is that withholdeth, and yet tendeth to poverty."

Protestants, and especially Protestant ministers, are not supposed to give any countenance to the Confessional. This is an institution essentially Popish. And, next to the Inquisition, it has been one of the most powerful engines which a priesthood ever wrought.

But few ministers are exempted from the burden of hearing confessions, and being made the depositories

of secrets: Were each individual minister to reveal his experience in this matter, very strange discoveries would be made. I could contribute a pretty long chapter. But I will give one example only. It is a very striking and a very interesting one.

About twenty-five years ago, a young man called for me and revealed this affecting piece of history. Three years previous to the time when he waited on me, he was labouring under a very deep melancholy. A gloom had settled on his spirits in consequence of the infidelity and dishonour of the young woman to whom he was betrothed. Unnerved by this sad disappointment, he formed the desperate resolution of committing suicide. On a lovely Sabbath in July, he left his home, which was twelve miles south from the Metropolis, determined to walk to Leith Pier and cast himself into the sea. He arrived at Edinburgh as the bells were ringing for the afternoon service. Finding it disagreeable to meet the people flocking to the church, thinking they were all staring at him, he thought he would take refuge in the church till the service began. The first psalm which was sung was the 57th, the most plaintive words, and generally, as on that occasion, sung to the plaintive tune of Martyrdom. He remained to hear the prayer, and then thought he

would like to hear the text, intending, as soon as it was announced, to proceed on the way to destruction. It so happened, in the providence of God, that the text was the very striking words of Jonah—"I am cast out of thy sight, yet will I look again to thy holy temple." The first sentence of my sermon was—"I intend this afternoon to preach to a person in despair." The poor fellow was struck as with lightning. He felt as if God had sent him to hear that message. And at its close, instead of going to Leith Pier to destroy himself, he returned to his home. His widowed mother knew nothing of that day's conflict and that day's victory. The idea of committing suicide never again entered his mind. He felt it his duty, he said, to tell me this interesting event in his life. And who could listen to such a narrative without being impressed with this truth—"Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name."

These are some of the more graphic pictures in my Album. I must again apologise for speaking so much about myself, but it is unavoidable in a theme of this nature.

"Know thyself" is the most important, as well as the most difficult, of all the sciences. We are far

more quick-sighted in observing the peculiarities of others than our own.

While we are not forbidden to study and dissect the character of others, let us often look nearer home. Let us ever throw the mantle of charity over our neighbours, and apply stern justice to ourselves. The more honestly we study our thoughts, feelings, motives, habits, the more cause we will see to treat with tenderness the feelings of our fellow-men, and the more cause to humble ourselves in the sight of Almighty God.

## Clerical Anecdotes.

A GREAT deal of light is often thrown on human character by an anecdote. This sometimes gives one a better view of the individual's peculiarity than a long narrative. The wisdom or the folly—the heartlessness or the affection—the pride or humility—the honesty or the cunning—the meanness or generosity—these and other qualities are often strikingly brought to light by an anecdote, or one simple incident.

With this conviction I submit a few good stories, chiefly clerical, which I think in harmony with the design of this Album. Many of them are fresh and instructive.

A former minister of the parish of Blantyre was alleged to be a very *moral* preacher. The elders, lamenting the utter absence of evangelical doctrine in his sermon, had resolved to wait upon him, and make known their complaint. He observed them approaching the manse, and fearing they were coming on some disagreeable errand, he met them at the door, and professed to be very busy. One of them

said, "Sir, we have come to speak to you about your preaching." "What about my preaching? What's wrong?" "We think," said the elder, "you preach up *our ain righteousness* too much." "Your ain righteousness," replied the minister, "I never saw any of it." Another elder gave in his word, and said, "We would like you to preach mair about *faith*." "Faith," said the minister, "the devils believe." "Ah!" but the elder replied, "they 'believe and *tremble*.'" "Well," said the minister, "that shows they have not so much impudence as some folk."

An old minister of the parish of E——, was very jealous of a young preacher, who, he had reason to believe, would be his successor. For a long time he never asked the young man to officiate for him. At last he asked him to preach on the Fast-day. When the service was nearly concluded, the old minister, as was then usual, went up to the pulpit to say a few words to the congregation. "My friends," he said, "you have long been very anxious to hear Mr. H——. Now you have heard him, and I have no doubt you are all well pleased with his preaching. But what are all gifts without grace?"

As might be supposed, this speech created a sensa-

tion. It was reported all over the parish that the old man had said Mr. H—— had gifts, but not grace. When the Saturday came, the old minister ascended the pulpit after the service. He said, “My friends, I hear there is a very false report circulated through the parish about what I said anent Mr. H——. I am represented to have said that he had gifts, but not grace. Now, I never meant to say that Mr. H—— had either gifts or grace.”

Two ministers in the Presbytery of L——, had been for half a century most intimate friends. They were much in each other's company; their tastes and habits were similar, and they were supposed to be much attached to one another. One of them died, and the survivor attended the funeral. Every one present naturally supposed that he would be much affected on the occasion. Perhaps he was. But, on letting the cord fall on the coffin, he turned to his assistant, who was standing by his side, and made the very cool remark, “I had no idea my friend D—— was so heavy.”

A former minister of the parish of C——, was in the habit of wearing spurs on his boots, and he did not



generally take them off when going to pulpit. One day he was to preach for the old and worthy minister of T——, who, observing the spurs, said, “Mr. B——, take off your spurs, in case you *stick* your sermon.”

The Rev. Dr. F——, minister of L——, was very ignorant of rural affairs. On one occasion he ordered his two servants to go to harvest work—the one was to *shear*, and the other to *bind*; and if it came wet, they were *both to bind*.

A most worthy Anti-Burgher minister at L——, one Sabbath, when addressing his very little flock, witnessed a scene which was enough to upset the gravest divine. An old woman, with spectacles on her nose, had dropt asleep. She had been reading, and her mouth was wide open. Daft Jamie, who was a regular attendant at the meeting-house, observed the sleeping woman. He went up to her, took her spectacles from *her* nose, and put them on his own, and looked down her throat. The good minister saw all this strange procedure, and with difficulty restrained himself. On mentioning the circumstance, he said if he had not got an immediate supply of Divine grace, he would have laughed outright.

A celebrated divine of the present day, on hearing this story, remarked, "But Providence must have intended him to laugh."

A former minister of the parish of D——, on one occasion, when a child was presented for baptism in church, asked for the name. The father said, "What you please." The minister thinking he had not heard distinctly, a second time asked, and received the same answer. Still unwilling to believe his own ears, he a third time asked, and the same strange answer was given. Thereupon the minister baptised the child by the name "What you please!"

A young minister, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, met the great Dr. Chalmers one day, who accosted him by saying, "I have seen a remarkable thing in the newspapers. I see, Sir, that you have become a father the very day I became a grandfather." The young minister said, "Doctor, there is rather a good joke about your grandchild's birth. Have you heard it?" The Dr. replied in the negative. The young minister said "An old woman in the parish of Skirling (where his son-in-law was minister, and whose predecessor was an old bachelor), upon the news of your daughter's confine-

ment said, 'It is a long time since there was any *skirling* in the manse.'

Dr. Chalmers was greatly delighted with the story, and in his most energetic manner said, "That was genuine humour, Sir."

The late venerable Dr. M——, one of the most pious and learned men of his day, was also one of the most pleasant and social. He was fond of riding on horseback; and a young minister, his near neighbour, frequently rode with him. On one occasion, when they were riding near the Pentland hills, the young clergyman remarked that he saw a number of ladies on horseback coming up. The Dr. said, "Perhaps you would like to cut a bit dash. Away you go, and I will come up behind. They'll think I am the groom." The young minister set off as directed, and the Dr. acted the man most beautifully.

There was, about forty years ago, a very worthy man seen walking the streets of Edinburgh, known by the name of the *Muslin Minister*. He received this name in consequence of his having at one time been in business. On one occasion he was on his way to assist the Anti-Burgher minister of L——. He was

dressed in a very peculiar way, and he and his Rosinante were much fitted to attract notice. An English traveller happened to pass, and his horse started at the strange appearance. The old man called out in a jeering way, "Your horse seems frightened." "Frightened, Sir," replied the Englishman, "You would frighten the devil!" "O," said the worthy man, "I am just going away to L—— to try that."

The late Dr. Blair was a very popular preacher in his day, and rather vain. One Sunday afternoon, on coming into the vestry, he remarked to the precentor, "The church was very crowded this afternoon." "O yes," said the latter, who was quite equal to the former in vanity, "When you preach and I sing, we draw great crowds."

A former minister of Edinburgh used to boast that there were two things he never tired of. He never tired of riding, and he never tired of preaching. An old gentleman remarked, when he heard him thus boasting, "That may be, but I'se warrant both your horse and your hearers have often been tired enough."

A young country clergyman complained to the late

Sir Henry Moncrieff that he was much annoyed with Dissenters in his parish, and wished his advice what to do to get rid of this grievance. Sir Henry said, "Go home, Sir, and mind your work. Preach better, pray better, and live better than the Dissenters, and you will not be troubled any more."

The great philosopher, Dr. Reid, was present at a dinner party, when a very aged minister asked the blessing. After this was done, Dr. Reid, in a harsh tone, remarked, "I did not hear one word you said, Sir." The old minister calmly answered, "I was not speaking to you."

The late Dr. R——, of S—— S——, a most worthy man, but a little pompous, was a good deal annoyed by one of his elders dwelling on the eloquence of the young man who had preached for him on the previous Sabbath. He assured the elder, "I never send worse than myself when I leave my pulpit." "That's true, Dr., you never do that," replied the plain-spoken elder.

It were easy to add many more anecdotes of the same kind, but these are sufficient; and we trust that

these, as well as the varied sketches of character in this little volume, may lead to the avoidance of all that is mean, and sordid, and worldly, and the cultivation of whatever is pious and noble, generous and good.

## Beadles.

PHOTOGRAPHERS often take groups—a family group or a professional group. It has occurred to me to try and photograph a group of Beadles. Now, be it known to all whom it may concern, that I have great respect for that respectable body of men. A good beadle adds much to a minister's comfort—even his usefulness. If he be a sensible, shrewd, attentive man, as many of our beadles are, he is in a great variety of ways a most important functionary. There is, however, something in the very nature of the office, which tends to the formation of a certain amount of character. And a beadle is in some respects different from any other man.

A great many of the very best anecdotes respect beadles. And the picture which I am about to present will be rendered most vivid by giving a good anecdote illustrative of each. There is a great variety of character among beadles.

In the days of Sir Henry Moncrieff, minister of the West Kirk, Edinburgh, a new beadle was appointed.

After his election, and when he had taken the oath *de fidei*, he delivered himself of this very pious prayer : —“ Moderator, I pray to God that He may give me grace to go out and in in a becoming way, before this great people !”

A minister in the north, one Sabbath, on walking between the church and the manse, observed the beadle and two of the elders apparently in close conversation, and all of them laughing. The minister afterwards asked the beadle, “ What were you and the elders so merry about ?” “ Oh,” said the beadle, “ the elders are always complaining to me about you preaching old sermons, and I was saying, when ye passed, ye canna ca’ that an auld ane, for we got it just a fortnight since !”

A young preacher went to be assistant to a most worthy minister in Berwickshire. In a very short time after his arrival, he was waited upon by the beadle, who, in the country, is generally also grave-digger. The pluralist gave the young preacher a very full account of his many grievances. His wife was ill—his children had measles—his old mother was very frail ; and as the climax of all, he said, “ Sir, if ye like



to believe me, the kirkyard has been doing naething for half-a-year!"

One morning a beadle had been refreshing himself with mountain dew. The minister very gravely charged him with this. Whereupon the beadle, with great readiness, said, "I was just going to remark that surely there was a smell of drink among *us*." This was a case in which the minister rather encouraged the beadle in his habits; for, on Sabbath, he invariably gave him a dram. One morning the minister asked the beadle whether he would have his dram *before* or *after* service. The beadle's answer was, "If it be the same to you, Sir, I would take ane baith *afore* and *after*."

The beadle at Newington was a most perfect specimen of his class. He identified himself in every way with the minister. He invariably spoke in the plural number *we*—meaning himself and the minister. On one occasion the minister, as is not unusual, was invited to attend two funerals on the same day and at the same hour. He asked the beadle to call at the one house and inform the family that he could not attend the funeral, as he had previously engaged him-

self to attend another funeral. The beadle, drawing himself up to his greatest height, said—"Sir, that is of no consequence—I am to be there."

A clergyman's son, who had been for thirty years out of the country, and who had risen to a high place in the army, paid a visit to his late father's parish. He was naturally anxious to see some of the old people whom he used to know. Among the rest, he called for the old beadle. The Colonel thus accosted him—"James, are you always as fond of a glass as you used to be?" James' reply was well merited—"Colonel, I have often been wondering if, in all your travels, you would learn any better manners than you used to have."

The worthy minister of the parish of S——, when in the midst of a very eloquent sermon, observed his beadle walking up the passage of the church with a countenance expressive of something momentous. After getting immediately opposite the pulpit, he held up his hand and said to the minister—"Stop, Sir." Then turning to the congregation, he called out—"If there be a midwife in the kirk, she's wanted immediately."

A young preacher, after leaving the pulpit, was very eager to know how he had been liked by the congregation. He naturally applied to the beadle, who, in answer to his question, said—"He thought surely they were well pleased, for he had observed them often *laughing* during the delivery of the discourse."

"How long is it customary to preach here?" said a very conceited youth, who was to fill an Edinburgh pulpit one Sabbath. The beadle quietly replied—"Just preach as long as your Master gives you anything to say."

Dry rot got into the church of a very popular preacher, which caused much inconvenience to the congregation. Many of them complained of this to the beadle. "Let us be thankful," said Thomas, "the dry rot has never got into the pulpit."

Before the young minister of the parish of H—— was settled, the beadle asked him if he was a married man. The minister said, "No." "I am sorry for that," said Andrew, "for this is a fine place for young stocks of all kinds."

An old and wealthy lady was often in the habit of speaking about her funeral, and arranging who were to be invited, and who of the company were to be asked to the dinner at her house after the interment. There was one gentleman who she said was to be invited to the funeral, but not to the dinner. She mentioned this to the beadle, who was a great favourite of hers. "Weel, Mem," said James, "were I you, I would hae him invited to the dinner, and *not* to the funeral." "Why so," said the old lady. "Because, you see, Mem, you will be at the funeral yoursel', but you will not be at the dinner." This settled the matter.

To these specimens of the beadles' wit and wisdom many more might be added; but these may suffice to give an idea of the peculiar character which distinguishes this officer. Imagine twelve such men assembled of an evening, and who may estimate the many wise and clever things that would fall from their lips.









