LICHT FRAE THE SMIDDY O' SAUNDERS DINWUDDIE

To

My Dear "Friend

Mrs. John Mackie

With

The Kindest Wishes

Of The Author

Charles Marshall

Edin.r 24th June 1881.

LICHT FRAE THE SMIDDY

O'

SAUNDERS DINWUDDIE

DAILY REVIEW AND SCOTTISH REFORMER OFFICES,
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DUNFERMLINE.

MY AULD MITHER TONGUE.

By the Author of "Homely Words and Songs."

"The Scottish language has a fine Doric sound. When spoken by a woman, it is incomparably the most romantic and melodious language to which I ever listened."—*Robert Hall.*

My hamely, gude, auld mither tongue,
Sair slichtit though it be
By gentil, sempil, auld, and young,
Is nature's voice to me.

I'll lo'e thee till the day I dee,
Voice o' our fathers' hearth!
Thy auld warl speech I wadna gie
For a' the tongues on yirth.

Thou speak'st to me o' fields and floods,
Bricht scenes o' early days;
O' rocks, burns, glens, and wavin' woods,
Green banks, and sunny braes;

O' times when young and guileless, I
On Nature's bosom lean'd—
Thocht women angels passing by,
An' ilka man a friend.

Thou bring'st to mind the happy things,
My playfeirs long ago,
When life was licht as fancy's wing,
The world a fairy show.

Auld-farrant speech!—in thee I hear
My father speakin' yet,
Wise words, this throbbin' heart can ne'er,
Till memory's tint, forget.

Thy plaintive wail reminds me o'
My mither's sangs, when she
Sang waefu' ballads, sad and low,
An' huzzh'd me on her knee.

When toil on care has turn'd his back,
An' friendly neebours meet,
What tongue like thine for social crack—
Sae couthie, kind, and sweet?

When leal Scotch chiels are crousely set
For mirth and jollity,
Thine is the tongue for pawkie wit,
Queer fun, or hearty glee.

Though thou art spicy, saut, and snell—
Whiles quaintly droll and slee—
Nae earthly tongue I ken can tell
Tales o' the heart like thee.

What foreign lilts, though buskit fine
Wi' flow'rs and fancies sweet,
Can move auld Scotland's heart like thine,
To smile, to lauch, or greet?

Thy voice my pensive fancy hears
At times, when mem'ry's stirred,
Come souchin' frae our auld forbears,
Whase banes lie in the yird.

In peace, how gentle was thy word!
How bauld and fierce in war!
How prim'd wi' mither wit, when heard
Frae poopit, bench, or bar!

Thus spak our martyr'd sons o' God—
Men richteous, gude, and just—
Whom tyrants trampled down and trode
Their life's blude in the dust.

On him wha scorns his mither tongue,
His native land cries "Shame!"
A fause loon he, frae Southrons sprung—
A Scotchman but in name.

Rare tongue!—if thou forgotten be,
Then Scotland hing thy head;
For Time writes "Ichabod" on thee,
An' thy auld speerit's dead.

Henceforit our gude, green kailyard,
That base men sauld for gain,
A pendicle shall be—a shard
O' England's proud domain.

—*News, 31st Oct. 1857.*

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SAUNDERS DINWUDDIE.

No. I.

SUDDEN EXPULSION OF A WILD INTRUSIONIST.

"Joy to thine honest heart, peace to thy manly soul, and prosperity to thy roof-tree, thou broad-chested, brawny descendant of old Tubal-Cain! How fares it with thee and thine?"

"Weel, sir, weel—a' meat an' wark—hail an' hearty, I thank ye."

"You have been labouring, Saunders, for many years through fire and smoke, heat and cold. Some folk says that a rough profession makes rough men and rude manners. Eh?"

"It may be sae, sir; and I daresay I hae been a gey toozy chiel mysel' in my day."

"I imagine, Saunders, that you have always been an industrious, steady, sober man. You were never given to drinking or brawling?"

"Me, sir! I hae had a chappin wi' drouthy neebours now and then; but that's a' by, lang syne; an' tak my word for't, sir, it's weel by. Drink! strong drink! It mak's a man at nicht a king, but in the mornin' it finds him a beggar, an' a doittert into the bargain. Na, na; nae mair

shakin' o' hands wi' auld John Barleycorn. Let him drink his ain browst; but I'se nane o't."

"Well done, Saunders. Are you a total abstainer?—taken the pledge, and kept it like an honest man?"

"Not I, sir. I gie nae pledges to mortal man. Pledges are serious things, and I see them torn to coupins, and fleein' aboot the street like chaff in a windy day. I am an independent man, sir; I can be sober without being tethered like a brute beast. 'I'll be slave to naebody,' as Robin Burns says."

"You will surely admit, friend, that the temperance movement has, to many, been a great blessing?"

"I'm no gaun to dispute that, sir. But you see, sir, I hae a mind o' my ain, and a way o' my ain too. I bethocht mysel' when I took a wife—and a dainty body she is, God bless her!—I bethocht mysel', as I said, in the prospect o' ha'en a pickle bairns, o' wha was able to gie me grace to keep my vows, and I hae kept it for mony a year. It's a' His doin', no mine—blessed be His name."

"Ah, Saunders, you have got at the root of the matter, I see. You have gone to the fountain-head with your pitcher, and drawn living water, which refuses to mingle with the water of death. Keep your vow, my friend—keep it firm and fast. Quit thee manfully—a healthier and a stronger man, I daresay, for being dead sober."

"Aye, that I am, sir, wi' a witness. Your drucken loons are frusch and fusionless—nae pith in them ava. I could twist ony ane o' them like a strae rape."

"Have you ever thought of putting forth your strength in the way of fighting? You would be a rough customer to have a tussle with. I should not like to come through your mill."

"Fecht, sir? Troth I ha'e foughten whiles, no very often, for I was a douce, quiet sort o' a man, if folks would let me alane. But ye canna thole forever, so I ha'e dusted twa or three jackets in my day gae tightly. I left little stour in them, I'm thinkin'; and as Dandy Dinmont says, honest man, 'I sent some o' them hame wi' a sarkfu' o' sair banes.'"

"Did the law not lay hold of you, Saunders, for assault, and fine you, or put you in confinement?"

"No, sir; the law had mair common sense in my day than it has now. It let folks redd their ain matters in their ain way, and find their ain level; and that keepit a' thing straught."

"A man is apt, Saunders, to be proud of his particular gifts, and to exercise them when he has an opportunity. Now, you are a powerful man; but I hope you expend your strength, not in mauling your fellow-creatures, but in hammering on your anvil."

"Deed, sir, if it dinna offend ye, I'll tell ye aboot a sma' matter that fell oot twa or three weeks syne. Aiblins, ye ha'e heard it. It made a sough for a day or twa in this end o' the toun, tho' its fa'in lown now."

"Say on, friend."

"Weel, ye see, sir, as a'e day I was busy in my smiddy here, bleezin' het at my wark, and reekin' like a killogie, a man, an Eerishman,

cam' rinnin' roarin' doon the street wi' a great trail o' bairns at his tail. He cam' reelin' and ragin' into the smiddy, rampaugin' like a mad bull—dancin' round aboot me, ca'in' me a big Scotch thief, and sayin', 'Arrah! by St Patrick, I'll lather you for tupence.' I laid doon my hammer on the studdy, looked at him as he capered roun' aboot me like a bedlamite broke lowse, and wavin' my hand towards the door, said twice or thrice, 'Gae wa' my man, gae wa' freen', or I'll be obleeg'd to pit ye oot.' He cam' up close to me, doubled his neive, shook it in my face, sayin', wi' a great aith, 'And is it yourself that will do it?'—and so sayin', he lounged a heavy blow at me. 'Hoots, man,' says I, 'I'll no pit up wi' this ony langer.' My birse was up; sae I whirled him roun', seized him by the cuff o' the neck, an' the waist-band o' his breeks, carried him strugglin' an' roarin' to the smiddy door, an' wi' a swing or twa wappit him richt oot on the croon o' the causey, where he lichtit wi' a gey sair thud amang the crood, wha welcom'd him wi' three cheers, cryin', 'Hurrah! hurrah! Ye ha'e met wi' your match.' 'My certy,' says an honest woman, 'he has fa'n into the gled's claws.' Anither shouts, 'Weel done! Saunders, ye ha'e gi'en him a birse he'll no get the better o' for a while.' 'Mercy,' cries a third, 'on the poor woman that's aught him if he be a married man.' Meanwhile, sir, the Eerishman lay in the middle o' the street as he were in a dwaum o' stupidness. At length he sat up, rubbing his hainch banes, his shouthers, and his elbucks to make his pains evenly, glowrin'

roond aboot him like a wauken'd wild cat. He had gotten a gey sair lab among the glaur. Aweel, ye see, sir, the wirrycou o' a body at last got up on his feet, and again began to swear at me like a perfect heathen, and made a stammer towards the smiddy door. 'Come, come,' said I, meetin' him half-way, and clenchin' my neive at the same time. 'Come, come, mak' yoursel' scarce, frien'.' When he saw that I had a love token for him, in the shape o' a neive like a mason's mell, he ran aff, howlin' and cursin', and at a distance o' some yards he turned round and shouted, 'Arrah, you big blackguard, I'll give you a ticket some day; I'll lather your jacket, I will.' So sayin', he vanished in a shower o' lauchter that fell frae the bystanders, and I neither heard nor saw mair o' the dementit cratur. Was I richt, sir, think ye? was I richt? for I had a wee bit jag in a corner o' my conscience for handling the body sae roughly."

"Perfectly right, Saunders, perfectly right. No doubt it was taking the law into your own hands, which, in the general, is not lawful; but yours was simply a case of self-defence. Take your pinchers, friend, and pluck that thorn you spoke of out of the corner of your conscience, and let it take a nap. Good night."

No. II.

A SWEARER IN JEOPARDY.

"Good evening, Saunders; has the day's work come to an end with you?"

"Ay, ay, sir; come awa'. I'm richt glad to see you. It does a body's heart guid to see the face o' an honest frien' now-a-days, for honest men are rather thin sawn, some folks say. I think it was that clever, ricketty eratur, Sandy Pope, that said, 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.' So he is. Come awa', sir."

"Any news agoing, Saunders? The world seems heaving up and down at the present time like a waterlogged ship tumbling about in a rolling sea, and drifting on to eternity. A judgment-looking time, Saunders."

"That it is, sir; a judgment-looking time, indeed; and nae wonder, for really men look as if they were bent, aye dead set, on taking the government o' the universe out o' the hands o' God into their ain hands, and a bonny mess they are making o't, and likely to mak', if the Lord let them."

"It is a time of progress, Saunders—what the

philosophers call a 'transition period.' The world is growing wiser and better, they say."

"It may be sae, sir, but the descendants o' auld Adam the first seem to me to be fleein' up and down wi' turned heads on their shouthers. By-the-bye, we're no muckle obleeg'd to him for the legacy he left us o' sin and misery, though some puir misleared sinners fancy that he left them naething but an inheritance o' perfect innocence—a fool's fancy, I trow. To see a man just come doon the lum, standin' before ye, as black as a sweep, maintainin' that he is white and pure as the driven snaw, would be a sicht to laugh at! Sin has made niggers o' every soul o' us; and there's no a bleacher, nor a washer-wife, nor a theological chemist on the face o' the earth that can whiten us. That's soond doctrine."

"True, Saunders; original sin is an awful fact, stamped on the face of every page of the world's history, and actual transgression is its bitter fruit. Speaking of sin—are you not sometimes annoyed with your customers swearing?"

"Oh aye, sir; some o' them wouldna care, now and then, to try their hand at a bit spell o' swearin' if they got leave; but the feck o' my customers ha'e a notion that I allow nae swearin' in my shop. Swearin' seems to me nothing better than the vomitin' o' an evil speerit, and no the speech o' a rational human being; and I'll suffer nae man, grit or sma', to toom out the filthiness o' his soul in my smiddy. Dae ye ken, sir, I ha'e sometimes thocht it a great mercy that the beasts o' the field are no gifted wi' the power o' human speech! If they had that power there would be

no livin' among them. Waes me! Is it no maist lamentable to think that even the warst and the wuddest creatures that rin thereout on the face o' the earth, though they had the tongue o' man to speak wi', couldna say waur and wickeder things than we aften hear frae the mouths o' God's rational creation? It's awsom sir. It gars a body's flesh a' creep to hear, nicht and day, the language o' hell in our vera streets, and that uttered by baith auld and young. Ye poor, wicked monuments o' sin, and o' God's sparin' mercy, 'O! would ye tak' a thocht and men'.'"

"Some men seem to think, Saunders, that swearing and profane language are a kind of pepper and salt to season their discourse withal. A poor seasoning, in my opinion."

"Vera puir seasonin', sir, vera puir; but I daursay a hantle o' discoorse wad be gey wairsh without it. Nae man—I mean nae man o' common sense—swears now-a-days. That's an auld scruff o' scrofula that has fa'n frae aff the wicked habits o' our gentry, and lichtet on the tongues o' nane but beggars and blackguards. I hate swearin'. What richt, I wad ask, has ony puir ignorant and wicked mortal, wha tak's the name o' the Lord his God in vain, to vex your sense o' hearin' or mine wi' his cursin' and swearin'? A muckle divot o' a chiel frae the kintra, cam' into my smiddy the ither day wi' pleuch gear to men'. He commenced a cursin' and swearin' at his implements o' husbandry, and toomed out a huge bucketfu' o' oaths, as filthy and unsavoury as ony bucketfu' o' fulzie that was ever flung out into the common gutter. I was standin' wi' a muckle

pair o' shears in my hand for clippin' wire ; wi' a girn o' a lauch, but an earnest look, I gloured at him, and said—Rab, will you swear in my smiddy, air ? Steek the door o' your face, my man. Do you see thae ! said I, haudin' up the shears before him. Do ye see thae ? What would you think, ye cursin' loon, if, wi' thae same shears, I should clip ane o' the lugs out o' your head, and nail it up on my smiddy-door, among cloots and horns, and horses' shoon, as a warnin' to you, and to every man who would enter my warkshop wi' the language o' a filthy speerit, speakin' frae the bottom o' an open sepulchre ? He hung doon his head, gae a grumph, syne keepit a calm sough. It was just as weel for him, the sumph."

"Friend Saunders, you are waxing very hot in your denunciation of cursers and swearers. You speak strong things. There is a metallic ring in your old-fashioned speech."

"Het, sir ! wha that fears God wouldna' grow het, an' burn wi' righteous indignation against sic a monstrous sin !—a sin against the Almighty, His Word, His Son, and His Speerit ; against reason, common sense, and good manners ; and against even the law and custom o' ordinar' decency ? I say to a' profane swearers, dinna ye insult decent Christian folk wi' your vile speeches. If ye will swear—as if it were a needcessity—swear inwardly ; swallow your ain aiths, though they should choke you, but dinna' toom out your soul's fulzie on me, or on ither folk."

"If my wife, or my neebur's wife, be gaun by, she may be forced to hear the voice o' some unclean mortal reelin' drunk in the street, and garin

the houses ring wi' curses as loud and harsh as if they fell frae the mouth o' ane o' the brutish forbears o' Gorilla Huxley the professor. And thae bairns, too—thae bonnie, bonnie bairns—the faithers' pets, the mithers' darlins—and the delight o' the haill world to look upon—are they, poor simple things, to ha'e their wee heads and hearts and memories filled wi' seeds o' wickedness, whisket up wi' an ill wind frae out the reek o' the bottomless pit? Is the burden of an adult body o' sin and death to be laid on the wee, roun', plump shouthers o' the innocents? Are they to suck in blasphemy wi' their mithers' milk? Lord forbid. When I was a wee, curly-headed wicht, fleein' about in petticoats, my speerit as licht as the breezy curls that bobbit and danced on my thouchtless pow, I heard some drucken carters swearin', and I repeated to my mither what I had heard. She glowred at me wi' perfect horror, and ga'e me sic an unmercifu' yerk i' the lug, that it rings in my memory till this vera hour. It was weel ettled, I trow, weel laid on, and unco seasonable. Catch me swearin' again."

"My time's up, Saunders. Good night."

"A soun' sleep, and a blithe waukenin' to ye, sir. Guid nicht."

No. III.

A WORD IN SEASON TO SABBATH BREAKERS.

"Well, Saunders, have you come victoriously through another week's hot conflict with fire, and smoke, and thunder?"

"Troth hae I, Sir, and richt glad am I to see the week's end; for the Lord's Day is at hand."

"Rather lightly esteemed and slightly observed by the present generation, I fear, Saunders."

"True, Sir; it's no held in that reverence, nor observed wi' that douce decorum it ought to be—mair's the pity—for it is a precious gift o' God, baith to man and beast—especially to the workin' man; and wae betide him and his posterity if he suffer a wicked warld to rob himsel' and his bairns o' their glorious privilege."

"I suspect, Saunders, that working men are greater enemies to themselves than even a wicked world. They rob God, themselves, and families by their reckless violation of the fourth commandment."

"Doubtless, Sir; ye speak like a man wi' a straught soul—an even-gaun sort o' a soul, that

walks in the line o' duty, because ye ha'e licht frae God. But the men wha are wilfu' Sabbath breakers, their souls are no straught but crookit. They canna gang richt forit in an evenly way. They are wanderin' stars o' darkness. Nae licht ha'e they to guide them, except the 'licht that leads astray,' and that's no licht that comes frae heaven—come frae whaur it may. I'm wae to say it, Sir—vera wae to say it, but say it I must, though the Sabbath breakers rampage and ban at hearin' it, the workin' men maun tak' baith scaith and scorn to themsel's, for the awfu' increase o' sin and mischief and misery risin' frae Sabbath-breakin', for o'er mony o' themsel's abuse that blessed day o' rest."

"You have heard some of them say, Saunders, that air and exercise are necessary to good health, and to fit the working man for his weekly labour."

"I ha'e heard them say a feck o' foolish things, Sir, and that amang the lave. But to my mind, mony o' their sayin's o' that sort are nae better than the blethers o' sinfu' ignorance or wilfu' wickedness. At sic folk I wad speir a question or twa. What use mak' ye o' your holidays? And what about your half-holidays ye hae been battlin' sae lang for? Is't no a fact that nae sma' number o' you spend them in barbarous druckenness and debauchery? Daur ye deny that! Air and exercise! My word, if ye're no a shameless pack. Air and exercise!—whaur? In a dingy howff, a stye fouler than the foulest bottom o' a coal-heuch! In dens o' sin and shame and abomination! Air and exercise!—in the very entrails o' physical and moral corruption? And health tae!

As to that, let me ask again—Are na douce, decent, kirk-gaun folk healthier, wealthier, happier, and better aff than you, ye puir ne'er-do-weels?"

"Some of the more intelligent of the Sabbath-breakers tell us, Saunders, that it is a good thing to take an excursion, a journey, a stroll on the Sabbath day to contemplate and admire the works of the Creator, and 'rise from nature up to nature's God.'"

"That's what Thomas Carlyle would ca' a sham—a piece o' sceptical hypocrisy. The Sabbath vagrants, when stravaigin', think nae mair about the Creator than the poor dumb cattle in the field. Grace may teach sinners to rise to God. Nature never will. Na, na, men will never mount to heaven by ony ladder o' that kind. Every step o' that auld ladder is as rush as the shank o' a puddock stool. It wadna bear the weight o' a flee. They micht as weel try to flee to the moon on the wings o' a houlet, or a bauckie bird. Or I mysel' micht try to get to kingdom come on the columns o' curlin' smoke, or on the forkit flames o' my ain smiddy. Ane, and only ane, could say in truth—'I am the way.' Thae men would mak' stappin' stanes o' the rocks, the hills, and the mountains o' God to climb to heaven. Let them warsle up to the tap o' Benlomond, they were just as far frae heaven after a' as the lamp lighter, wha mounts to the tap o' his ladder, lichts his lamp, slithers doun again, and scours alang the street to the next lamp-post, to set fire to anither jet o' gas—the bairns followin', and cryin' 'cocky-lcery-law.' And every rational man may

utter the same cry, when he hears a vain mortal speakin' o' risin' up to the Creator, by worshippin' the *cratur*. Perfect heathenish nonsense!"

"It is an incontrovertible fact, Saunders, that thousands and tens of thousands have ruined themselves, their wives, and families by abusing the holy season of rest."

"That, Sir, is as clear to me as the licht o' the sun. Hard-working men need a day o' rest to repair their bodily machinery, but among them there's a neer-do-weel core. To them I would say a word or twa. Ye wha flee, as the Devil is said to flee, frae the word o' the Almichty; ye wha never wi' your presence darken the door o' the house o' God; ye wha lauch like 'goblins dammed' at everything serious; ye wha gang reelin' hame drunk every Saturday nicht, when ye hae drooned yer reason or set yer souls on fire wi' strong drink; ye wha fill your houses wi' blasphemous uproar, and are no slack, at times, in liftin' up and bringin' doon the fist o' violence on your ain flesh and blood; ye wha lie doon and fa' asleep in the weekly embrace o' perfect brutishness; ye wha rise on the Sabbath morning with toom pouches, sick stomachs, lowin' brains, and consciences burnt to danders; ye wha rise on the day o' rest to breakfast, glunchin', gloomin', and mutterin' curses on your ain souls; ye wha guttle, and guzzle like swine the haill o' the Lord's day, till sleep has put on his window shutters on your souls, and steekit your glazed een in the blackness o' darkness; ye wha gang about stravaigin, or aiblins poachin', on the Sabbath day; ye wha are lickit up wi' an out-

side show o' cleanliness, but an inside as filthy as the Pharisee's platter, wha litter the roadsides, when decent folks are gaun by to the house o' God, glowrin' frae you at vacancy; ye wha meet in batches to relate your blackguardly adventures in howffs o' iniquity and abomination; ye wha, pretendin' to be a wee thing mair cultivated than ithers, gather thegither to hear ane wha is a qualified reader read the newspaper, or some ugsome story o' dirt and wickedness—to a' and ilka ane o' you I would say, live nae langer the lowse, curst kind o' life ye've been livin'. Hear God's voice. 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' Live aboon the the beasts and no aneath them. Read the Bible, attend the church, be sober, temperate in everything; walk in the fear o' God, in the love o' the Saviour, in the holiness o' the Speerit—then, and no till then, the Lord will bless you, your wives, your bairns, the wark o' your hands—mak' ye better men, and send you better times when ye deserve them. Now, dinna look on Saunders Dinwuddie as your enemy. He's no that; but as sure's ye're livin' he wishes you a' weel."

"That's an awful sermon, Saunders. Blessings on the preacher and his congregation. Good night, friend."

"The Lord bless you, Sir. Guid nicht."

No. IV.

THE DIVINE UPBRINGING OF CHILDREN.

"The discipline is much milder in our families and schools now than it was long ago, Saunders?"

"Aye, Sir, a won'erfu' spate o' luve has come ower our hearts sin' auld langsyne. It's a' luve thegither. No the luve o' God, or God's word, but the luve o' natur."

"It is evident to me, Saunders, that Providence governs not by love alone, but by fear as well."

"At this present time, Sir, there's no muckle o' what oor douce, dour forbears wad ca' discipline ava. Fear is banished oot o' baith the family and the school. In the gude auld times discipline began at the beginnin' o' life. It began in the nursery when the nature o' auld Adam kythed in the wee images that bore his likeness. When the bairn's plump, dimpled fingers glaumed to get a claucht o' the mither's curls, or to rug an' rive the selvage o' her heid-gear, a bit gentle, lauchin', luvin' pat frae the mither's hand taught the first lesson o' fear and obedience. The bonnie pet glow'red, and won'ered, hung its fipple,

made a crookit face, and maybe drappit a tear or twa. When grown up to be a sturdy stumpy wean, toddlin' its lane to the joy o' a mither's heart, if it was fractious or camstrary, or began to girn and greet for naethin' but ill natur', then the mither, having tholed as long as even a mither's patience cu'd thole, wad whummle the girnin' brat on her knee, and as the head wad tak' nae tellin', she continued, by twa or three hearty skelps on anither region o' the body, to teach the lesson o' obedience that the head refused to tak' in; and sae, wi' a soss, she dunscht doun the greetin' elf on a creepie, sayin':—'There noo, tak' ye that—that's somethin' to greet for—greet your fill.'"

"I presume, Saunders, that mothers in those days enforced obedience from their children, because they thought it a matter of conscience and duty to obey the divine will."

"That they did, Sir; they believed that bairns were bound to honour their faither and mither, and that parents had a commission frae God to force obedience on the rebellious, by the power o' the rod. Discipline havin' begun in the nursery, was carried on steadily as the bairns grew up. The velvet loof o' the mither in the nursery was laid aside for a pair o' taws; the fireside discipline prepared the urchins for their funny outdoor battle o' life. In that queerly mixed faught o' love and hatred, joy and sorrow, fun and earnest, mirth and madness, greetin' and lauchin', and a' the elements o' the grown-up warld's strife, there was a preparation for the harder discipline o' the school. In the school there was furniture for the

head, treasure for the memory, stores o' wisdom for the heart, and divine rules for conscience to square the life by. The dominie was a king, and the bairns were his subjects. The auld leather-backed chair, wi' its border o' brass-headed nails, was his throne, the taws were his sceptre, and his word was a law. There sat he and reigned, honoured and reverenced by auld and young. Within his kingdom he taught the rudiments o' order, subjection, and obedience, and they made the youths ready for the warkshop."

"A little too much of the despot, at times, in the old dominies, I fear, Saunders? Sour looks, crabbed humours, and quite enough of flagellation."

"Aiblins mair than aneuch whiles, Sir, but as Goldsmith said, 'The love he bore to learning was his fault.' At the school skailin' we had mony a colleyshangie. We faught, and that wi' a hearty gude will. We paikit ane anither, and when ilka ane was paikit into his richt place we had peace, and britherly love and lots of diversion. Some men wi' saft heads and silly hearts hae tauld us that corporal punishment mak's bairns mean, cowardly, and slavish. Speakin' frae my ain experience I say it does nae sic thing. Do I like my faither and my mither less because I gat my paiks frae them now and then? At the time, to be sure, the punishment was sair and ill to dree, and the transgressor may yaumer and yool for a weo. What then? Lawfu' authority was keepit up. There was order, peace, and obedience in the house, and love came in like sunshine on a gloomy day—a' the sweeter,

a' the lovelier, and a' the welcomer that it wasna lookit for. Mony a lounderin' I gat and gae at the school in my day. I wad just say to ony man try ye to pu' my nose, pick my pouch, or tramp on my taes, and ye'll soon find out, maybe, whether bodily punishment has made a mean, a cowardly, or slavish man o' Saunders Dinwuddie."

"I am not in love, Saunders, with merciless castigation."

"As little am I, Sir; but for the uphaudin' o' authority in the house there's love in the rod and mercy in the taws. What do rational folk lick bairns for ava? No for good, but for evil. Will you drive out evil speerits by fleechin' and flatterin' them? Na, but by authority and power. Why chastise the young? Just to keep a wicked warld frae chastisin' them when they grow aulder. What are ye doin' wi' your reformitories, your ragged schools, your jails, your hulks, your gallows tree, but just tryin' what ye can to mak' up for the want o' fireside discipline. And wha are they that neither honour faither nor mither, that neither fear God nor regard man? Wha are they that mak' up the great sum o' our common black-guardism? Some o' them are samples o' nature's kythin' thorns and brambles and briars to scart and wound and tear the face of society. Ithers are spoilt bairns, wha never kent the virtue o' mercifu' discipline. 'He that spareth the rod hateth the child.' That's God's truth, deny it wha wull."

"When men take their rule of life and action from the Divine Record, then all discipline has the highest warrant and sanction, and becomes not

a theory, nor a speculation, but a fixed and infallible principle."

"That's a God's truth, Sir. We had halesome discipline langsyne—a richt trainin' for the battle o' life. We were weel thrashed if we deserved it baith at hame and at the school. That gart us look sharp, and set us up like men to ken what was richt and wrang, to do the tane and no the tither. The hame taws, and the school taws, drave the evil speerit out o' us. They made us ready for the 'prenticeship. When 'prentices, we came under the discipline o' the warkshop—rough eneuch sometimes. That made journeymen o' us; and sae endurin' for a season the toil o' journeymen, we were ready, if we had ingyne and gumption, to be maisters, and to get ither fingers than our ain to labour for us. That's the way we crap up, when the warld wasna whirlin' sae fast as it's doin' now-a-days."

"The world, Saunders, with the Bible in its hand, has authority, power, and principle for every duty of life. But we'll leave this till another time, and so I bid you good night, my burly, honest friend."

"May the shadow o' the Almichty be a canopy to hide you and yours. Gude nicht, Sir."

No. V.

THE FLIGHT TO THE COLONIES.

"Being awake this morning at five o'clock, Saunders, I lay musing in bed, and listening to the musical clangour of your hammer and anvil, I said to myself, Ah! ha! my worthy friend is up and at work already, blazing away in his forge, while here am I snug and warm under a fleecy coverlet of lamb's wool. Blessings on him."

"It was kind o' you, Sir, to be mindfu' o' Saunders, as ye lay aneath a drousy coverlet o' lambs' woo. Some folk carena' a flee wha has risen, if they ha'e licence to lie still; carena' wha's wauken if they get leave to fauld themsel's in the bosom o' sleep; carena' wha's burdened wi' sair wark, if they can get through the warld wi' a straught back and saft hands, and weel oiled banes. A selfish warld, Sir. Still I wa'd rather lauch than girn at it. I ha'e nae broo o' your greetin' philosophy that hings its dolefu' head like a seggan or like a weepin' willow by the side o' a monument in an auld kirkyard on a rainy day, aye dreep, dreepin'. Ha! ha!"

"A hearty guffaw, Saunders, is a goodly

medicine. It shakes the sour humours out of us, and sweetens the inner man."

"It does that same, Sir. It mak's crookit things evenly, and shakes a' the runkles oot o' a body's soul, just as the honest woman on a sunshiny day wallops the lirks oot o' her claes afore she spreads them oot on the bleachin' green."

"A droll simile, Saunders. Ha! ha! Among all your cogitations, friend, did you ever think of emigrating? A man of your craft and talent might be a person of consequence in some one of our colonies."

"Think o' emigration! Not I, Sir. Nae flichen o' a thought o' the kind ever crossed the croun o' my speerit. I ha'e mair gumption than to flee awa' to the ends o' the earth for a livin', when I can get ane at hame. 'A man o' consequence in the colonies?'—say ye? I cock up my beaver, Sir, and settin' my twa waulie hands on my hainshes, I wad look ony man braid i' the face, and say—And am I no a man o' consequence whaur I am? Tak' a look o' that shop wi' a' its furniture; at they 'prentice lads; they journeymen; my auldest son, Robin, and Saunders himsel'; and syne tell me if I am no a man o' consequence in this same auld clauchan o' Clinkumtow."

"No offence intended, Saunders, so none offered. You are held in high estimation by every inhabitant in this village, and by no man more than by myself."

"Brawly do I ken that, Sir; but I got up on my high horse to tak a bit canter that I micht see hoo ye lookit. Sae I hirsel doon again, wi' a nicher at the coffin-maker's face ye put on when

ye saw me mountit. But nae mair harpin' on that sma' string. The best has naething to be proud o', sae let us flee laigh, as the auld Shirra o' Kirkcaldy said."

"Great fortunes have been made abroad, Saunders. Men who went away with nothing have returned with their tens of thousands. They buy estates, set up splendid carriages, fare sumptuously, and have a host of liveried servants to minister to them."

"Weel, Sir, I dinna envy them. A man that's been lang awa' frae his ain kintra seldom comes back the same man he was when he gaed awa'. He aye brings something o' the foreigner hame wi' him. Returned fortune-hunters and returned convicts are gey sib. I like 'Scotland, my auld respeckit mither,' ower weel, to think o' flittin' and takin' up my abode amang out-landish folk. I daur say some emigrants would hae been better had they keepit at hame, and ithers are weel awa', if they bide. There's ae kind o' gentry I would advise to emigrate. I mean your idle, lazy loons, wha winna work—your gangrel limmers, wha will never settle doon to ony honest kind o' life—your tarry-fingered vagabonds, wha are aye ruggin' and rivin' at ither folk's gear—your rabiators, wha spin oot a coorse thread o' life by livin' on spuilzie—your murderin' crew, wha nurse their red souls wi' the blood o' innocent men an' women—to the hail gang o' villany, and aiblins to some others, I would say, Off ye go—clear the land o' ye. The shadow o' your back is far welcomer than the sicht o' your ugly visages. Sae gang your wa's, freens; and if ony o' ye should be drowned,

or burnt, or hanged in your travels, ye need na expect the warld to put on mournin' for you. Gang your wa's."

"Aye, Saunders, we would be well quit of such customers, but they are the last to go. But emigrate who may, the emigrants are all one way or other in quest of happiness, in some shape that imagination has pictured."

"Whate'er be the cause or the drift o' men leavin' their '*ain countrie*,' it maun be an awfu' rivin' up o' the roots o' a guid man's heart, to drive him awa' frae the kintra whaur he was born and brocht up a' his days. I doubt, Sir, if time or place, or fortune can ever tie up and heal the quiverin' fibres o' that broken heart. The heart-strings may shrink, wither, curl up, and stiffen into a crust knot o' hardened selfishness, but if the heart be still saft, tender, and fu' o' love to auld Scotland, the burden o' its mournfu' sang maun aye be, nicht and day—

'O why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?'

"Awa', awa', and aiblins awa', for ever and aye, frae our mither-land! I downa' bide the very thocht o't. It is like a dirk driven into a body's heart, to see our poor but honest freens fleein' awa' frae poverty and ruin, to the ends o' the earth for a bit o' bread, because their ain mither will feed them nae langer. Shame! shame! Has oor auld mither nae land noo to hand to her bairns at hame? Aye, a' the land she ever had; but no an inch for the puir. Wae's me! Has she nae mair siller that sae mony o' her sons and dochters

are as puir as Lazarus? Aye, mair siller has she than ever she had a' her days. Wae's me! Is her aumry toom, that her waens can na get a mouthfu' o' meat frae her? No, her aumry is burstin' wi' plenty. Wae's me! Is her claes press scant o' cleedin, that her ain children are naked; —or fleein' aboot in duds? No! she can cleed the haill warld; but she lets her ain flesh and bluid rin in tatterwallops. Wae's me!—and you, too, ye brave, stalwart sons o' the mountain and the mist, ye wha were cradled in the valleys o' oor rugged land, and rockit by the storms whaes uproar was your sublime lullaby—ye too, herried oot o' hoose and haudin—driven awa' like cattle, to be slauchtered in the great cities—hurried over the braid seas like felons—landed and left amang strangers, to seek frae them what your auld, wicked, Hieland stepmither wad na gi'e ye! Wae's me!"

"You are growing pathetic, Saunders. Your kind, large heart is getting the better of your sober judgment. People will flee from famine and from pestilence. So will they flee from poverty; and if the means of living cannot be had at home, they will seek them elsewhere. They cannot quietly lie down and die of starvation."

"True, Sir; but emigration is an awfu' necessity, and a sma' mercy to poor souls. Something wrang at hame, Sir,—far wrang—when the bread-winner canna get bread aneuch for himsel'; somethin' wrang, Sir, when the fat kine keep chewin' awa' at the lean kine, till naething's left but a rickle o' dry banes; something wrang, Sir, when wealth is growin' richer and poverty poorer day by day;

something wrang, Sir, when the scales o' the commercial balance are sae hung that ane o' the scales plumps doon to the earth loaded wi' a' kinds o' means and mercies, while the ither hings danglin' in the air, wi' little in't but threads and thrums o' want and misery. Wae's me!"

"A melancholy state o' things, Saunders; but how are you to mend it?"

"God knows, Sir. I fear it will be sooner endit than mendit. In the meantime, I would advise the workin' folk no to let 'the tow gang wi' the bucket.' Guid nicht, Sir."

"Good night, friend."

No. VI.

A STEAM MACHINE FOR THRASHING INCORRIGIBLES.

"Good evening, Saunders."

"Guid e'enin' to ye, Sir; I'm unco glad ye ha'e come yont to get a crack the nicht. Queer times, Sir; sin seems to be getting the whup-hand o' us a' thegither."

"Yes, Saunders, our sins have brought the lash of the law upon us; and you may hear howling, by-and-bye, as if the world had become a dog kennel, and the whippers-in of the bloodhounds had become furious."

"I fear we'll get a scourgin', Sir. Our guid auld nation has fa'n sair awa' frae her first love, Sir. Crimes o' a' kinds are rife, and punishments rin up and doon, on a kind o' slidin' scale, as if it were in the hands o' jngglers. *Fines* for assaults, violence, and outrage—*fines, fines*, or comfortable lodgin's and abundant provisions, tracts, sermons, exhortations, and ghaistly fleechin's o' irreclaimable brutes!"

"It is right, Saunders, that all Christian

means should be used to reclaim criminals. Some may be converted by the grace of God."

"No ane in ten thousand, Sir. It is but gi'en that which is holy to the dougs; na better than castin' pearls before swine. Your *fining* system is a remnant o' barbarism; it is a burlesque on punishment, and is scouted and held in derision by the haill herd o' outrageous ruffians. What care they for fines or jails? No ae flee. Fines are a farce. They only mak puirtith puirer, and misery mair miserable, and desperate sinners incorrigible."

"But, my good friend, something must be done to stop the progress of crime."

"But what is done, Sir? What is done? Naething to ony guid end or purpose, that I can see. It's wearin' near the howe o' the nicht. There's a decent, honest man, wha has been about some needfu' and lawfu' errand, gaun cannily and doucely hame to his ain family and fireside. Never thinkin' or even dreamin' o' skaith, he jogs on. There meets him a lang hulk o' a tanker-backit, doon-lookin' scoondrel, wha kicks up a row wi' the honest man, squares at him, threatens wi' an oath to send his teeth doon his throat, to put blinders on him in the shape o' twa black e'en, flatten or split his nose on his face, stave in a few o' his ribs, or let his soul oot o' his body wi' a stab frae a lang kail-gully. The poor man entreats, beseeches, tries to make his escape, in vain. He is followed up; o'erta'en. A sledge hammer blow frae the horny fist o' the ruffian lays him helpless and senseless in the dirt, and the murderous monster, after giein' the in-

sensible sufferer twa or three hearty kicks wi' his tackety brogues, skulks aff, chucklin' fiendishly at the bloody deed he has done. Some o' the neighbours come out and find the poor man doubled up in the street, as if he were dead. They streek him out on a window shutter, or trintle him hame on a wheel-barrow; a horrible present o' bluid and glaur to his horrified wife and bairns."

"A gruesome picture, Saunders, but law and justice will overtake and punish the offender."

"Aye, o'o aye, the scoondrel will likely be grippit and punished too, in a fashion as clear contrair to reason and common sense as onything can weel be. The law at last gets a haud o' him, tak's him by the cuff o' the neck, provides him wi' board and lodgin', syne brings him before his betters. He is found guilty, fined ten shillings, mair or less, or is sent to jail for some weeks. Is it a fine? He laughs at it, for his fiendish associates club their groats or tippences to help the wretch out of the clutches o' the law, that looks at the culprit wi' a covetous, greedy e'e, and plays the part o' a pickpocket. Shame on sic law and sic punishment on sic ne'er-do-weels. Yet, masters ha'e been kent to advance siller to relieve the miscreant, because, when they doze him wi' strong drink, they find him to be a reckless, profitable monster in doing desperate wark. Then, what does the law do when it picks the sinner's pouch, but punish his wife and family; aiblins that canna weel be helpit. I would just say, what does the law for the half-murdered man? It did'na protect *him*. He may live or dee, so far as the

law gangs. It gies *him* nae relief. It pouches the fine. The bad and the bloody man will be at his bad and bloody wark again, I warrant you. I say why did not the law protect that ill-used man from the onslaught o' that ruffian? It couldna. Weel, why did the law let that murderous beast rin lowse, when it kent weel aneuch he was a wild beast? And I say to the maister, why do you, Sir, keep sic a bloody monster as that in your aucht? or if you do, why don't you chain him up like a dog in a kennel, to keep the cur frae worrying folk."

"Weel, Saunders, seeing you are so severe on the law that imposes fines and imprisonments on criminals, and so hard on masters who harbour and employ such reckless men, what would you propose in the way of punishment?"

"Ye ken as weel as I do, sir, that the wise man binds the horse, the ass, and the *fool* a' in the same tow, and he says, 'A rod for the fool's back.' The fool may be a cratur o' little or nae wit, and unca 'sma' capacity; but wit here or capacity there, even a gangrel idiot understands the meanin' o' the rod, and shoots up his back like a hurcheon at the sound o' the very crack o' the whup."

"Dear me, Saunders, you would never think of thrashing all offenders. You would need a rope-work to supply you with instruments, and regiments of strong muscular men to lay on the backs of the deserters from the ranks of honesty and virtue."

"Na, na, Sir; Saunders is no a disciple o' auld Draco, wha was

said to write his laws in blood. To the freaks o' fun or frolics o' nonsense—to the silly, the simple, and the tavert, wha hardly ken whether their brains be in their heads or elsewhere, I would be mercifu'—vera mercifu' to them, poor souls. But to the man wi' the laigh brow, the far-ben whittret's een, the corduroy visage, the snout-like nose, the clenched upper lip—the man wi' the cobbler-like elbows, ever ready for a faught or for a murderous onslaught on a neibour—the man o' brutish fierceness that delights in outrage—the man wha would lay violent hands on ony helpless woman that came in his way—the man wha's soul was made np o' every kind o' unsocial and devilish elements—the man wha would spill the life's-blood o' his brother as he would pour cauld water out o' a pitcher—that man I would tak' and teach the meaning o' the words 'A rod for the fool's back.'"

"The law, Saunders, would have an immensity of hard work on hand, if it were to thwack the whole tribe of sinners, who seem, from some diabolic instinct, unable to keep themselves from acts of violence."

"I say again, Sir, 'A rod for the fool's back,' and if the law be in a quandary as to where the rods and the agents are to be found to carry on the laborious wark o' thrashin' bloody-souled ne'er-do-weels—ha'e ye no plenty o' steam-power, and abundance o' men able to draw out a plan o' a thrashin' mill that could be so made, so tempered, and so regulated, that it would thrash frae the sma'est to the greatest o' malefactors wi' a maist astonishin' scientific nicety?"

"Very good, Saunders, ingenious! We should have one of your thrashing mills at every fireside; larger ones in every school; enormous ones in all our reformatories and jails. Capital idea, Saunders! Take out a patent instanter. I am alarmed at the prospect of your application of science to the punishment of malefactors. Good night, Saunders."

"Mercy on you, Sir. Keep oot o' the reach o' my thrashin'-mill. Guid nicht."

No. VII.

THE SANCTIFIED AND THE UNSANCTIFIED HOMES OF LABOUR.

"Tired with your day's labour, Saunders?"

"Aweel, Sir, I'm richt glad to lay by the weapons o' my craft for a day, but I'm no unco sair forfoughten wi' my day's labour. I'm a yauld man at my time o' life. A warm, kindly, couthie hame is a fine vision risin' afore the e'e o' the workin' man at the close o' his daily darg. Oh, it is a grand thing, Sir, to ha'e a lovin' winsome wife at your ain fireside to welcome you hame as the nicht fa's—a grand thing to ha'e a family o' sonsie, bonnie bairns a' fleein' and flichterin' to meet their faither, and dancin' round him like merry elves, to the sweet melody o' their ain young hearts. Nae earthly concert like that. It whisks through a' the corners o' your speerit like fire flauchts o' love. Oh, it's a sweet and a pleasant thing a happy, happy hame."

"Yes, Saunders, a sanctified home is a part of heaven upon earth. It is linked to heaven by the golden chain of the everlasting covenant. From the sanctified homes of labour spring the

virtue, the love, the peace, the prosperity, and the happiness of nations."

"Naething but religion — true religion, Sir, livin' and reigning in the heart, and shinin' in the bosom o' the family—can mak' the poor man's house a Bethel, a nest o' love, a bower o' paradise. Without religion, his biggin' is just a cage o' unclean birds, no haudin' thegither by ony tie o' lastin' love, but by the wires o' an earthly prison-house. They wha cast aff the authority o' God maun submit to the unmercifu' tyranny o' men, bow down, and be trodden in the mire, as the affscourins o' the earth."

"At the present day, Saunders, there seems to be a strong craving in the minds of many for out-door amusements. Such a craving on the part of either old or young breaks up the family relationship, destroys domestic unity and harmony, and too often ends in frivolity, dissipation, and immorality."

"What else, Sir, can the inordinat' love o' out-door pleasure end in? Whaur will ye find the man but whaur the man's heart is? If his heart's in the Hielands, he will rin to the Hielands, and there ye'll find him wanderin' like a lost sheep amang the mountains o' vanity."

"But it is said, Saunders, that people must have recreation and amusement. Life cannot always run round in the circle of a gin horse. There must be a variety of enjoyments to give zest and relish to existence."

"Nae objections ha'e I, Sir, to ony rational and innocent amusement, when keepit in moderation. Do your pleasures break in upon the order and

comfort o' the household? Do they waste means hardly earned, and easily flung awa'? Do they rin i' the way o' perverse selfishness to the hardenin' o' the heart? Do they turn their back on hamely joys and delights? Do they disturb the peace and harmony o' the family? Then I say sic pleasures are neither rational nor innocent. What think ye, Sir, o' faithers o' families, maisters, clerks, foremen, and sic like, snoovin' awa' ilka, or ilka ither nicht to clubs, taverns, shebeens, and a' kinds o' sinfu' howffs? Is that richt? Whaur is their love to their wives, their bairns, and their ain ingle neuk? Why bring hame their transmogrified carcases every nicht muddled and reekin' wi' a' the unsavoury stench o' the change-house? The mither—poor, forsaken an' forlorn woman—may do something for the good upbringin' o' the weans, and in some way mak' up for the lowse behaviour o' the heartless faithers, but what do the foolish and selfish sinners for the good o' their families? They do everything to ruin the souls and bodies o' baith wife and bairns, and that for this warld as weel as for the next."

"The men, Saunders, who neglect their families in the manner you speak of, are far from being in the way of duty. They are on the road to ruin. There is no religious principle in such men, nothing but the carnal principle of gross sensual selfishness."

"Ye speak my mind o' them, Sir. Whaur's their natural reason, their natural kind hearts, their natural conscience, and a' the rest o' the natural nonsense they are aye speakin' o'? Tak' a look o' them. There's ane a fool wha likes a nichtly splore.

There's a sharp fellow, michty clever in his ain conceit. There's a droll customer, he loves his joke and his laugh. There a sot, he sucks up his liquor silently like a sponge. There's a boss-headed fellow wi' a fine pipe, he sings doggrel sangs o' his ain makin'. There's a gomeral, a butt, wha laughs as the jovial sharp-shooters fire the needles and preens o' their sma' wit at him. There's a flashy mortal wha vapours and spouts like a play-actor. There's a lordly bullyin' fellow, he mak's speeches, tells stories, talks on and on, and sits on his roost for the nicht as 'cock o' the company'—cock-a doodle-doo! They men, and mony ither like them, are the sons o' Belial. They leave their domestic garden to be o'errun wi' weeds o' a' kinds—burdocks, nettles, thorns, brambles, briers, to the sickenin' o' the 'fruitfu' vine,' and the chokin' o' the 'olive plants,' shootin' up aneath her shadow."

"Such men, Saunders, are no ornament to society; they are a nuisance; and from their evil habits proceed much of the immorality, the wretchedness, and misery of social life. But bad wives and mothers have, perhaps, as great a hand in causing family unhappiness as bad husbands and fathers."

"That's very likely, Sir. In working men's houses we find trig, clever, cleanly, weel redd-up housewives. In ithers we see puir, witless, handless, towsy drabs. I would say to the first, 'Weel done, honest woman; ye are ane o' the wise women; ye ken what mak's the puir man's house a happy hame! Your house is a perfect picture o' cleanliness and guid order. Everything round

about you is shining. And thae bairns, a' clean, hale, hearty ; happy as lambs sportin' in a meadow on a bonnie May mornin'. Blessin's on ye, and the wee, sweet lambs that dance round ye in the licht, the beauty, the glory o' life's spring-time. Your gudeman should think muckle o' ye ; mak' muckle o' ye ; pet, dawt ye, cherish ye as a treasure, a precious gift frae the hand o' a gracious God. If he's no kind to you, tell him that Saunders Dinwuddie is nae friend o' his. And what can I say to you, ye pair silly body? My heart's wae to see ye, woman, and greets inwardly. What for are ye sittin' there like a tattie bogle, glowrin' into the deein' ingle? Dear me, the mutch on your head is as din as an ill-washen dishclout. Your stoury hair hingin' in lingles about your face is as towsy as a tautit tap o' tow. Your wrapper is a' dabbled and draigelt, and fa's doon in tatterwallops amang your bare feet. Wae's me ! woman, the sicht o' ye would scunner a scavenger, and sicken a gravedigger. The weans! —O dear me ! puir things !—a' bruikit and barkent, and fleein' oot and in like ragged whinbusses, covered wi' patches o' duds, a' flafferin' like leaves on a tree. Hoot, toot, woman. Ha'e ye nae head, nor heart, nor hands, nor feet, nor conscience, nor water, nor sape, nor sand, nor brush, nor bane-kame, nor sheers, nor needles, nor thread? O woman ! get up. Dinna sit ony langer there as a monument o' dirt and sin and misery. Up wi' ye !—clean yoursel' and your bairns. Redd up your hoose. Eh ! but your marrow's ill trysted. Puir man ! he has a sorrowfu' hame to come to. Nae won'er though

he looks thin, and blue, and sickly, and hings his head wi' 'wofu' bevil.' O that ye had a cast o' God's grace, baith o' ye !"

"You are a doleful draughtsman, Saunders. What a picture of fallen human nature."

"Dolefu', Sir, because it's true, ower true. It's no the sketch o' a fireside fancy. Sae I'll end as I began, an' say again — naething, naething on God's earth but religion, the gospel o' the grace o' God can raise the poor frae the dunghill o' misery an' set them up amang princes. If our mechanics an' labourers cherish the Word o' God in their hearts an' i' their hames, the cauld an' dreary desert o' poverty will soon rejoice an' blossom as the rose, and the dwellin' o' toil will ring wi' the melody o' joy an' health, Lord pity an' bless the workin' man, an' keep us frae a' evil. Guid nicht, Sir."

"Amen, my friend Saunders. Good night."

No. VIII.

THE MODEL OF A CHRISTIAN WORKSHOP.

"I like the appearance of your workmen, Saunders; they seem to be all respectable men—a cheerful, happy company of craftsmen."

"Fine lads, Sir; decent, weel-doin' chiels they are. I wouldna like to see ony ither sort in my wark. The waff and the wicked get nae jobs fra me. They maun seek wark some ither gait than in my smiddy. My men, Sir, serve me on conditions—I say, Sir, on conditions profitable to baith maister and man, if men were only rational and practical Christians."

"What may these profitable conditions be Saunders, on which they serve you?"

"Few and simple, Sir. They maun be men wha fear God and keep His commandments; and I, their maister, maun do the same."

"You cannot force a man's belief, Saunders. We have all the right of exercising our private judgment. To hinder that would be persecution.'

"Agreed, Sir. I can force nae man's belief.

Force mak's slaves or hypocrites; that's a'. I ne'er try to force ony man's conscience; I can do this, and I do it. I can keep oot o' my shop the haill tribe o' ill-doers, wha hae nae conscience either to haud or bind them. I can keep *them* oot. The 'riddlin's o' creation' shall ne'er enter my smiddy as workmen. They may be carted awa', and toomed oot at the back-door o' the warld for me. They ha'e nae honest business here, sae far as I can see and judge."

"But the 'waff and the wicked,' as you call them, Saunders, must have work, and food, and raiment as well as others."

"Weel-a-weel, Sir; that's their look-oot, no mine. Let them gang their wa's to waff and wicked maisters, then; it will be like maister, like man."

"Masters in general, Saunders, care little or nothing about the moral character of their workers provided they get plenty of good work out of them."

"The mair shame on sic maisters, Sir, for guid maisters micht mak' better men, and guid men micht mak' better maisters too. But when we see maisters weavin' their ain braw braid claith, as it were, oot o' the rags o' poverty—when we see their board groanin' wi' dainties, and their servants, like dogs, eatin' the crums that fa' frae their tables—when we see them biggin' palaces, and the builders lodgin' in sows' cruives—when we see them growin' rich by screwin' bodles and fardin's aff starvation wages—when we see them scrapin' the puir banes o' helpless misery, we may weel say—waesucks! for the speech o' the first

murderer is still heard in the midst o' the land—'Am I my brother's keeper.'"

"Don't you pay wages to your men according to the average value of labour, Saunders?"

"I ha'e nae average o' my ain, Sir. My men maun be what I tauld you, guid men and true. I regulate their wages, no by the rule o' a covetous speerit, but by the law o' a guid conscience. I buy the best stuff, and they put on the best workmanship. I ha'e a guid thrivin' business, and I pay them a' aboon what ye ca' the *average*. As maister, I tak' a profit to mysel', but no the profit o' a greedy usurer, and sae, makin' a conscientious reckonin,' I gi'e my men their portion. I downa grow rich by haudin' the noses o' the puir to the grunstane. I downa bide to see hard-workin' men dealt wi' as a mass o' livin' machinery, to be first grund doon to poortith, auld age, and uselessness, and syne flung oot at the back door o' humanity into the poorshouse as into a reservoir o' livin' refuse or deein' rubbish."

"You have been reading More's 'Utopia,' Saunders, and have become visionary."

"Utopia here or Utopia there, Sir, it's but a Christian thing to 'live and let live.' My men were ance my 'prentices, a' brocht up aneath my ain eye. They would do onything for me—rise at screigh o' day; rin frae Dan to Beersheba at my bidding; work nicht an' day when a spate o' wark comes; and will as little suffer loss or waste in onything o' mine as I would mysel'. I trust them, for they are trustworthy, for they a' ken when they do weel for Saunders

they do weel for themsel's. They are carefu', eident, and laborious. A' the 'prentices when journeymen bide wi' me, if I ha'e room for them, say they're a' just like my ain bairns as it were."

"Do you carry out the plan of subdivision of labour, Saunders?"

"My 'prentice lads, Sir, learn a' the kinds o' wark done in my shop. They can turn their hand to onything that fa's in their way. They are no stinted to ae thing and nae mair, sae they are qualified, in due time, to be foremen, or maisters themsel's. Some o' them are managers o' great warks, wi' great salaries, far greater men now than their auld maister, Saunders Dinwuddie."

"If all masters, Saunders, acted as you do there would not be so many noble establishments for the carrying on of trade and traffic and merchandise. Capital would not accumulate so rapidly, neither would employment be provided for such multitudes."

"Something in what ye say, Sir; but I'm no sure if it wouldna' be better for baith maister and man if a drag were put on the wheels o' capital, as ye ca' it, lest in the hands o' jugglin' stockjobbers, and folk o' that kind, the chariot rush down hill ower fast, and sae cowp and whummle wi' a smash at the bottom some day. I speak as an auld-fashioned man, Sir; but I think the '*ca' cannie, live and let live*' fashion o' ancient times was fully as guid as the '*deil-may-care Jehu-like-drivin*" o' the present day. A' kindness, affection, love, and guid-will amang men, ay, and even common humanity, are slauchtered an' offered up as

sacrifices on the altar o' Mammon. O, but this world's scant o' grace!"

"When did it enter into your head and heart, Saunders, to devise and execute such a queer and eccentric scheme of benevolence?"

"Frae the time I becam' an earnest Christian man, Sir—no afore."

"Then, Saunders, do you judge them to be no Christians who don't do as you do?"

"I judge nae man, Sir, but let the Richteous Judge deal wi' him. I follow, or at least try to follow, the clear licht; no the blinkin' licht o' a natural, but the clear shinin' licht o' a scriptural conscience; and sae, in my sma way, I try to mak' my wark-folk content and happy. As my wark grew on my hands—as I had sure profits and weel-paid siller—I faund mysel' growin' rich. I made a sililoquy, as ye ca't—a speech to mysel'. I said—'Noo, Saunders, beware o' covetousness. Ye're beginnin' to hoard up earthly treasure. Remember Agur's prayer, and dinna forget what ye are—nae mair than ane o' God's stewards. Let your men be sharers in your prosperity. What for no? Ha'e they nae bodies to be fed, clad, and nourished as weel as yoursel'? Ye're the head, to be sure, and are they no the members? Their feet rin' your errands; their hands work your wark; their craft and cunning as warkmen turn to your profit. Lang would it be, Saunders, or your ain ten fingers would mak' a fortune. They're your ain flesh and bluid, man, as Adam's bairns; ye be brethren. Just sae. Weel, if the head thrive, will ye pinch the members? Na, na.' In this way I made up my

mind to do as I ha'e done, and I ne'er ha'e had reason to rue."

"A very 'devout imagination,' Saunders, but wholly impracticable on a large scale. It may work with you as any other scheme of benevolence may be wrought out by a zealous and enthusiastic man, whose scheme lives just as long as he lives, and dies with him when he dies."

"I see brawly, Sir, twa things standin' up like brazen wa's in the way o' my plan. The *selfishness* o' maisters, and the *folly* o' their men. The maisters will gie as little to the warkman and tak' as muckle frae him as they can. Self! Self! Again the workmen, at least the feck o' them, will put their wages to an ill use, and live frae hand to mouth a' the days o' their life. And why? Just because they ha'e nae richt rule nor principle, either o' thocht or action. They dauner without a guide, without licht frae heaven, without the fear, or favour, or blessin' o' the Almichty; and sae, by their ain doin's they are hewers o' wood and drawers o' water, and will be the same, unless they mend their ways, as lang as wood grows or water rins. Be things as they may, my men are weel content to be as they are, and I am won'erfu' weel plcased to see them a' weel doin', thrivin', and happy on my hand; and if ony good soul o' a Christian maister dae as I dae, Saunders, will haud out to him the richt hand o' fellowship. May guid angels minister to us a', Sir. Guid nicht."

"So be it, my worthy friend, and may we never forget Him who sends them on their errand of love. Good night."

No. IX.

THE SLANDERERS OF HEAVEN'S AMBASSADORS.

"Here we are, Saunders, met once more, as our wont is, for our evening conversation. What's to be the subject of discourse to-night?"

"I watna, Sir. Just whate'er comes uppermost, I suppose."

"I don't think, Saunders, that the world is at all sensible of the great benefits it has received from the preaching of the Word of God."

"Sensible, Sir! It seems to me that the warld has na as muckle grace as to thank God for onything. It is ready eneuch to gape wi' a mouth like an awmous dish for everything—but gies thanks for naething. As to religion, Sir, its head sheds about as muckle licht as a dark lantern. As to goodness, its heart has as little substance as a fozy costuck. As to morality, its conscience has nae mair sense o' sin or holiness than a singit sheep's head. Spiritually, Sir, it is a doitit, donnard, dead warld. Its vanity, its self-conceit, its pride, its presumption has carried it far aboon

and far ayont baith the law and the gospel noo. It is tryin' to feed puir, hungry souls wi' draff and dreg in place o' bread frae heaven ; to refresh thirsty souls wi' water drawn frae the Dead Sea instead o' the livin' water that springs frae the Smitten Rock ; and to cover the nakedness o' sin wi' filthy rags o' self-righteousness instead o' the linen clean and white."

"Well, Saunders, the world, as a world, is bad enough ; but the object of the ministers of the gospel is to make it better."

"And so they do, Sir ; but for a' they do and suffer to reclaim the wicked, they get frae the world nae thanks ; and even frae the Kirk they hae but an unco sma' and scrimpit provision."

"Some folks, Saunders, speak very lightly of the gospel ministry."

"Ay, Sir, it needs but a thummlefu' o' wit to mak' a mock o' solemn things and serious men. The brayin' o' an ass at the passin' by o' a burial will kindle the lauchter o' fools, and their lauchter, ye ken, is likened to the cracklin' o' thorns under a pat. Their kecklin' does na last lang—a great fuff o' reek, a great bleeze o' thorns, muckle fuzz, but nae fusion, wi' a great splutter o' sparks ; and after a', no heat eneuch to warm the pat-bottom, far less boil what's in't. Nae great respect ha'e I for them wha revile God's servant."

"Why, Saunders, I never heard a faithful minister preach anything that was not profitable to both the souls and bodies of his hearers."

"Naether hae I, Sir, but a minister's wark is no like other men's wark ; it's no seen, it's a secret wark, wrought i' the souls o' men, i' their

heads, i' their hearts, and i' their consciences. There lies the seed, there it springs and grows and flourishes, and frae the centre o' life it is made manifest to the world in a rich harvest o' guid thochts, words, and guid deeds. When I hear ignorant and bad men speaking lowsely and lichtly o' ministers I say to mysel'—What for do thae men utter sic spitefu' things against God's servants? Ministers speak against sin in a' the shapes and fashions it puts on. Is that no a richt thing, an' a thing to be commended by God an' a' guid men? Sae, I draw an inference, an' my inference is this—ministers speak and work on the side o' a' that's guid, and set themselves against a' that's evil. But certain men revile the ministers, therefore certain men maun be reckoned amang the wicked. Isna that a sound inference, Sir?"

"Perfectly sound, Saunders. You are a true disciple of the old Stagyrite, a profound logician, who can frame a just syllogism. Perhaps the walk and conversation of a few ministers cause the way of truth to be evil spoken of."

"Just sae, Sir. If a minister gang a thocht agee, and do something that the haill warld does a' the warld ower, and every day o' the year, there's nae end to the reek and the stour raised by the foul breath o' sinners to the disparagement o' a' truth and godliness. Nae doubt, Sir, some o' the Lord's servants may gae a kennin' wrang, being men o' like passions wi' oursel's. And ithers are men o' sma' gifts and few graces, weak but weel-meaning men, wha hae but little tow on their rock, and sae when they hae spun oot their

wee tate o' tow they maun just mak' it up by layin' hands on twa or three hanks o' their neighbour's yarn, and mixin' a' thegither, they contrive to weave twa bits o' hagabag kind o' sermons in the week. A gey dreich job, ane wad think. But ye canna draw water oot o' a dry well. Let us be thankfu' for sma' mercies, for it's a great mercy that sic sinners as we are hae even the sma'est mercy. It's mair than the best o' us deserves, I'm sure."

"The ministers of the gospel, Saunders, are a most respectable body of men, for talent, for learning, for high principle, for upright conduct, and for all the virtues and graces that characterise domestic and social life, and no good man will revile them or their calling. Let them respect themselves, and the virtuous will do them reverence."

"I hae a great veneration, Sir, for the office and wark o' the holy ministry, as weel as a strong affection for the person o' the guid and godly minister himsel'. The seals o' his office, the credentials o' his mission, and the subject o' his message he has received frae the hands o' Almighty God. Soul and conscience he is thirled to his office and his duties, and a woe abides him if he is unfaithfu', and doesna preach the hail counsel o' God. If the poor man, the labourin' man, the oppressed man, the afflicted man has a frien' on earth, that frien' is the godly minister o' the Word o' Life. He is a true an' trusty frien', honest, sincere, lovin', and beloved o' a' guid men. The convert says that's the man wha waukened me when I was sleepin' i' the lap o' sin,

wha raised me up when I was lyin' as a dead soul in a loathsome sepulchre. The man o' God spak', an' He wha raised the dead untied the bands o' death, an' wi' a powerfu' voice o' love an' mercy said to me, 'Come forth,' an' I cam' forth i' the strength o' the Lord, an altered, a new, an' anither man. Mony an honest couple say, 'There's the man wha cam' to our house on our bridal day, an' wi' a blithe solemnity joined us thegither as man an' wife, and blessed us in the name o' the Lord, an' the blessin' hasna been in vain.' A happy pair say, 'There's the godly man wha bapteezed oor wee pet lamb, and by the holy ordinance o' baptism brocht him into the fauld o' the Gude Shepherd, and within the pale o' the everlastin' covenant—prayed for a blessin' on his infant soul and body, and commended us, the father and mither, to the care and kindness o' Him wha leadeth Joseph like a flock.' 'That's the man,' say a thankfu' family, 'the blessed peacemaker, wha cam' to oor biggin' when strife had entered, and got the upper hand o' us a'. He cam', and in the spirit o' his Master, cast the oil o' joy on the troubled waters, sae that a holy calm cam' ower oor hearts, and oor meltin' spirits mingled sweetly again in peace, and love, and unity.' 'That's the man, the kind man,' says the weepin' widow, 'wha cam' on the sad day o' my gudeman's burial to pity me and my faitherless bairns, to read blessed words to us oot o' the holy oracles o' God, and to cry to the Lord wi' strong cryin' and tears to be mercifu' to me and mine, to be a husband to mysel', and a faither to my wee helpless lambs. God bless him and his.'"

"Yes, Saunders, that's a favourable sample of the men who deal with the subtle and invisible elements of thought, of sentiment, of moral feeling, and of the fundamental principles of all virtuous action, in individuals, in families, and in commonwealths. If there be any truth, if there be any love, if there be any honour, if there be any honesty, if there be any purity, if there be any holiness of life, these men, contemned alike by some of the illiterate and some of the learned, are the very men to whom the world is mainly indebted for the moral and spiritual life that illuminates it, and the conservative salt that preserves it from being utterly corrupted, from becoming like Sodom and like unto Gomorrah."

"I put my name to what ye say, Sir, and I speir this—When will natural religion, as they ca't, do for us what Revelation has done? When will carnal reason enlichten us as the Spirit o' Truth has enlichtened us? When will unbelief comfort the afflicted and the distressed as Christianity has comforted millions? When will the sceptic teach as our worthy ministers hae taught us? Never, never, never! Let us show nae sma' kindness to thae servants o' the most high God. Mony a lang year hae they gane oot and in among us. Precious and no few are the guid words they hae spoken to us frae Sabbath to Sabbath. They hae been wi' us in guid times and in evil times, in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in joy and sorrow, at bridals, births, and burials, through a' the cross lichts and shadows o' life hae they been wi' us as faithfu' shepherds an' true frien's. Ilka time we see oor pastor's pleasant face we rejoice;

and as he leaves oor humble roof-tree our glowin hearts gang wi' him, and his partin' word o' blessin' lichts on oor speerits like a holy anointing oil. That sic men should be evil spoken o', aye, reviled an' denounced by the men o' the warld as dissemblers and hypocrites, is no a thing to be won'ered at, for the wicked warld lang, lang ago crucified Truth, and Love, and Holiness between twa thieves. But oor crack maun come to an end, Sir. Guid nicht."

"Good night, my sturdy, Christian friend. Good night."

No. X.

THE FROZEN STREAM OF CHRISTIAN KINDNESS TO MINISTERS.

"How goes the world with you, Saunders?—thrivingly, I hope?"

"Gaily, I thank you, Sir. The warld is just spinnin' round muckle in the auld fashion. No mony ups and doons in my life, Sir. I live cannily, and cannie livin' mak's an evenly life. A man wha gangs soberly on his ain twa feet is likely to gang langer than a flichty fool wha's aye tryin' to flee. A dizzy pow gars a man stacher, and vapours i' the brain lift men aff their feet a'thegither, and mak' the coorse o' some men's lives as crookit and fu' o' zigzags as the wind charts o' Captain Maury's geography o' the sea."

"You use similitudes, Saunders, and seem inclined to be sententious and proverbial in your sayings."

"My words, Sir, are like mysel'—a wee rough and round whiles. There's honesty in speakin' as weel as in dealin', and I like the man wha's words march in gude order, and dinna gang

huddlin' and shoutherin' ane anither like a disorderly rabble. The straught line's aye the shortest, Sir."

"The last time we met, Saunders, you spoke of the provision for the ministry being 'sma' and scrimpit.'"

"I did that, Sir; the provision for them is sma' and scrimpit indeed. I mean the ministers wha depend on the freewill offerin's o' their people. In the big towns they ha'e something like a comfortable provision, but in the clachans and kintra places they are sair hauden down; and my won'er is how the decent men can continue to keep their heads aboon the water ava, especially if they ha'e wives, wi' rowth o' bairns a' needin' brats and sowps and lear forbye. A' the gangrels wha vaig frae toon to toon and frae house to house —your stickit ministers and stickit dominies, and the hail riff-raff o' beggars, gentil and sempil—are aye sure to land in the manse as a place o' refuge and refreshment. Besides a', the minister maun gie a subscription to a' kinds o' associations for charitable and benevolent ends. His hand is seldom out o' his pouch, till it's as toom's a whistle, puir man. He would need to ha'e the widow's barrel o' meal, and her cruise o' oil. He canna gang up and doon like a dyvour. He maun ha'e a decent coat on his back, and his wife and weans need cleedin' a wee thing aboon the common, to mak' them wise-like. He has to entertain frien's and brethren, no grudgingly, but hospitably. He needs intellectual furniture for his library, as well as household furniture for his manse. He canna dae without a maid-servant;

and he canna weel want a pony, if he be a weakly man, and his flock be scattered far and wide. And how can the worthy man do a' that, and muckle mair than a' that, on a hunder, or a hunder an' twenty a year? Perfect nonsense! I say again, ministers are scantily and scrimply provided for. Some o' them may ha'e siller o' their ain, or ha'e a wife wi' a tocher. What o' that? Is a minister to be obliged to pay for his ministry to a congregation wi' his ain siller? Is that fair, or richt, or reasonable? Fie! fie!"

"But, Saunders, a congregation may be small in number, and so poor as to be unable to make an adequate provision for their pastor."

"That may be, Sir, but as they say, necessity has nae law. If sic a congregation canna support a minister, let them be content wi' a cathechist, or a missionar, wha can mak'a fend to live on the wages o' a common journeyman. Starvation in a richteous cause is a grand thing if starvation advance the cause o' richteousness. No itherwise. For if starvation dae nae mair than keep folk frae doin' what they themsel's oucht to do, and frae gi'ein' what they themsel's are bound to gie, it is an evil thing. There's a savour and a sough o' common sense in that, I trow. What think ye, Sir?"

"I cannot approve, Saunders, of the churlish spirit shown by many professing Christians in dealing with their ministers. If each member of the Church were casting into her treasury according to his ability the ministry would be well provided for. But, I am sorry to say that the contributions of too many are not in answer to the

question, '*How much can I give?*' but in answer to the question, '*How little can I get decently off with?*' Shame shame!"

"Ye may weel say sae, Sir. Yet I'm no for makin' gentry o' oor ministers. I'm no for layin' them doun in the drouzy lap o' ease and luxury, lest they wax fat, like Jeshuron, and begin to kick. Shepherds should be supple and active in lookin' after the sheep—no muckle purfled, short-winded shepherds, wha stech and graen at ilka bit knowe they come to. Na, na. I'm no for that. But as the faithfu' minister is a fellow-worker wi' God, he is weel wordy o' his hire. Why should we stint and scrimp him o' the necessaries and comforts o' life? Why fill his head fu' o' care, and his heart fu' o' sorrow, as to how he and his family are to square matters, and keep out o' the dyvours' list? I've often thocht that the manse folk maun be grand economists to gar sae little as they ha'e gang sae far."

"True, Saunders, there must be careful calculation in laying out the slender income. Industry, temperance, and frugality alone can keep them from running into debt. There must be much honest scheming, too, and perhaps no small pinching of back and belly, to keep up their credit. I need say nothing of the intellectual luxuries, which, to men of cultivated understandings, of refined and elegant tastes, become almost necessaries of life. To compel such men to live on the shortest commons possible reflects no great honour on our Christian commonwealth."

"It is a disgrace, Sir; every member o' the kirk should do as *muckle*, and no as *little* as he

can, to uphaud divine ordinances, and keep the minister aboon the fear o' want and poverty. There's a married couple—the husband tak's and pays for aye sittin' in the kirk, that's a'. He seems to think that his wife and himsel' are nae longer twa, but ane, sae ae sittin' may serve them baith. Wad he be allowed to do the like on ony ither gait? No likely. Sic a way o' doin' is mean and shabby. It's just cheatin' the congregation; that's what it is. Ye pay for ae sittin' to haud twa folk. Weel, the breadth o' ae sittin' is auchteen inches, therefore each o' ye maun sit on nine inches! If ye sit on nae mair than what ye pay for, ye'll be gay sair chirted and birsed for room, a body would think. If ye tak' up mair room than ye pay for, ye sit on ither folk's coat tails. To do that is no very discreet in ony place, far less in the house of God. Ay, ye may find half a dozen wi' only twa seats to haud them a'. That is, they sit ilka ane on six inches, if they mean to be honest, and no tak' up mair room than belangs to them. Waur than a' —some, no the poor, but folk weel able to pay, sit a' the year round, and pay naething. Though every member o' the kirk pays for his seat therein, he does nae mair, after a', for religion, than when he pays for his ain house rent."

"But you have the collection box, or plate at the church door, Saunders. The freewill offerings of the congregation are poured into that, and these are the expression of Christian liberality."

"*Poured into that!*" Sir. You should say dreepit, or dribblet, rather; for what's a' that's gi'en but a dreepin' or a dribble? Mony flee by

the plate on the Sabbath and never cast in a doit. Queer Christians! A shabby Christian is a very unseemly character."

"Want of means or want of thought must be the apology for such defaulters, Saunders."

"For the puir I ha'e great sympathy, Sir. They maun and will be seen to, but for the thochtless I ha'e nane. When does the thochtless man forget himsel'? Forget wha and what he will, he's aye at hame, and his thochtlessness may be but greed and gracelessness after a'. Mony that mak' a puir mouth, and ha'e naething to spare to the house o' God, ha'e aye eneuch to gi'e to the synagogue o' Sawtan. Let pleasure—sinfu' pleasure—come to their door in the shape o' a fiddler, a dancin' master, a juggler, a spaewife, a showman, or a playactor, their hearts are open at ance, and saxpences and shillin's are flung into the wallets o' the idle and unprofitable vagabonds in great abundance. But when religion comes attended by her handmaids faith and love, and peace and hope and joy, and wi' them a lang train o' sufferers, the puir and needy, widow and orphans, the sick, the blind, the halt, the maimed, and a great multitude wha hae nae helpers, she meets wi' a cauld welcome. The men o' the world, ay, and a gey curn even o' kirk-gaun folk, haud up their hands, look sour, shake their heads, and glowerin' wi' a gruesome astonishment, they say to religion, 'Gae wa', puir body; ye're aye seekin'. Gae wa', we're a' as puir here's yoursel'. Ye canna be ser'd, sae gang your wa's, and feed yoursel' and your bairns on deaf nits, or on the east wind, but there's nae amous for ye here.' Religion

draps a tear o' love on the threshold o' humanity, and, turnin' silently frae the door, sighs, 'O this weary, weary warl'.'"

"You are a grand beggar, Saunders. The kirk should send you forth as a missionary o' mercy and benevolence."

"Aweel, Sir, a thousand times rather would Saunders be ane o' God's puir beggars than ane o' Sawtan's rich nobility, ony day. Grace be wi' ye, Sir. Gude nicht."

"May peace and love dwell with you, friend. Good night."

No. XI.

NO FELLOWSHIP WITH THE CONGREGATION OF EVIL-DOERS.

"It appears to me, Saunders, that there is a great amount of philanthropy manifested at the present day, especially in behalf of the working classes and the poor in general. All kinds of amusements are provided for them, by gentle and even by noble patrons. Readings, lectures, plays, concerts, and shows of every sort draw forth the laborious from their abodes to refresh their spirits of an evening with a great variety of instructive and amusing recreations. Isn't that a good sign of kindly feeling towards the less highly favoured members of our great commonwealth, Saunders?"

"By that lang-nebbit word *philanthropy*, Sir, I suppose ye mean the love o' man?"

"Quite so, my friend."

"But how, Sir, does this won'erfu' new-fangled love to puir hard-workin' bodies, show itself? Do your gentle and noble patrons o' the puir provide a' thae grand things at their own cost? Do they pay a' the spouters and the speechifyers,

the stage-players, the singers and fiddlers, and harlequins, wha draw out the puir folks frae their ain firesides, and keep them gapin' and glowerin, and hotchin', and lauchin', up e'en to the howe o' the nicht sometimes."

"Saunders, how can you, a man of sense, be such a simpleton as to imagine that the great and the rich must pay for the amusements of the working-classes? Their philanthropy does not go that length. It only goes the length of temptation, no further. The purpose of the whole thing is to divert poor mortals, and keep them out of harm's way, and from looking too narrowly, perhaps, into affairs that will not bear very close scrutiny."

"I see, Sir, or I think I ha'e a sma' inklin' o' the drift o' the great folk. They think the puir are comin' ower close ahint them in the march o' intellect; sae closely as to tread down the heels o' the gowden slippers o' the great; and, therefore, that chiel Lowe would ha'e the workin folk keepit down and trampit down in the mud and mire o' common ignorance. The time for that auld nonsense is gane by, and Lowe will find himsel' to be a descendant o' the cratur that frichtit John Gilpin's horse. Lords, and earls, and dukes lecturin' to puir sinners, wha earn their bread by the sweat o' their face! hech, Sirs, changed times! They may talk, and spout, and lecture as lang as they like, but I can tell them that there is nae sma' number o' the workin' men wha ken a hantle mair than they wha ca' themsel's their betters ken onything about."

"You are diverging from the subject in hand,

Saunders. What we were speaking of was, the provision made by the big folks for diverting the working people. That was the subject."

"Just that, Sir. I beg your pardon. A man like me does na aye reason in a logical tread-mill, or in a logical strait-jacket, like some o' your '*reasonin' fools*,' as Tom Moore ca's them. I maun hae elbowroom, an' I'll speak oot my mind wi' a' the freedom o' fire an' wind an' water, when they get leave to rampauge accordin' to the natural liberty o' their lowse fury."

"Granted, Saunders. I do not expect you to speak with the pertinence and precision of a practised logician. Speak on as you list."

"Thank you, Sir; sae I'll do as lang as I ha'e a mind, a will, an' a tongue o' my ain. Aweel, the great an' the rich, the philosophers an' the showmen, the men o' science an' the men o' sin in general, would provide grand entertainments for labour's sons an' dochters—would they? To them I would say, 'Lead us not into temptation;' mind your ain affairs an' we'll mind ours. Wha pays the piper for a' this reelin' an' settin', this crossin' an' cleekin' o' bewitched souls? Not you, ye philanthropists—ye lovers o' men. Ye pay the common fare, that's a', an' leave the workin' men to pay for your love to them wi' their ain coin! Nae sham, nae humbug, nae hypocrisy here! Answer these questions yoursel's. Nae pride, nae vain-glory, nae lordly condescension here! Answer thae queries, too, at your leisure. Gie's what's richt; but dinna put us like in leading-strings, as if we were bairns."

"We must exercise the law of charity, Saunders,

towards all men, if they profess well and do well."

"Charity, Sir! charity to men wha pretend to love their brethren, and hae na ae grain o' love to the God who made them!—charity to men wha would break up and scatter the families o' the laborious!—charity to men wha would keep the heads o' households out o' their ain house till untimeous hours!—charity to men wha would harl awa frae their warm fireside poor thoughtless, witless lads and lasses, that they may hae an excuse for comin' hame when they should be sleepin' soundly in their beds!—charity to men wha congregate folly and sin and wickedness o' a' ages, shapes, and sizes, that they may perfect iniquity under the guise and the garb o' the lovin' kindness o' sentimental warldliness! Sin is great gain, but sinners are great losers in the end. O ye doitrified mortals, wha drudge and drive through thick and thin, through heat and cauld, to haud up on your braid shouthers the hail fabric o' this great tower o' Babel that folly is tryin' to big on the earth—how can ye fling your earnin's, your hard-won wages, the price o' your strength, the price o' your health—aye, and it may be the price o' your vera life, the means of your comfort, your independence, your happiness, on Sawtan's showmen? Whether they play their pavies on the stage o' a theatre, tinkle on their pianoes, driddle on their fiddles, or toom oot their guttural melodies in the concert-ha', or whether frae the congregation o' the dead they dive into the assemblies o' the profligate and the reprobate, hae ye naething ado wi'

them—the less the better. O ye bewitched miserables! do ye no see the snare's laid for you on every side? and do you no see that after a' the palaver, the praisin' and flatterin', you miserables maun pay the piper?"

"Hush, Saunders! you would make the world move on as a huge funeral procession."

"Not I, Sir. I say the men o' this generation, the men wha live in sport, in pastime, in pleasure, in dissipation, debauchery, and riotous excess, are nae friends o' the puir. They lay snares for the poor—turn their hames inside out—tempt and scatter the domestic flock—whistle the coppers out o' their loose pouches. To the burden o' common labour they add the burden o' being servant and slaves o' sin, and gar the puir sinners pay nae sma' measure o' their scanty wages for gettin' leave to sin. Patrons! Ye'll no patronise me or mine, I can tell you. Some o' your philanthropists are, without doubt, guid, weel-meanin' men, but look ye down here into the cellar whaur the philanthropic Jews are at wark, what find ye there? Ye will find queer customers at the bottom o' every social enterprise—men makin' merchandise o' youth, o' folly, an' poverty, a' makin' a rich, fat livin' oot o' the wages o' sin in every shape. Ay, an' ye will find within the wa's o' the kirk, a great lot o' money changers, wha should be scourged out o' the temple. Worms ate up Herod when he was alive, but that was nae worderfu' thing, for the hail world o' the livin' is eaten up o' worms as weel as Herod was, e'en at the present time. Ye are eaten up, an' ye hae yersel's to thank for bein' devoured. Be not

eaten up o' worms or ony ither vermin whatever.'

"Do you patronise Saturday evening amusements, Saunders?"

"I patronise sin, Sir, in nae shape willingly. A bonnie preparation for the Sabbath! Na, na! Gang to the house o' God wi' the echoes o' some '*fuil sangs*' ringin' and bizzin' in my head? Neither I, Sir, nor ony o' my household patronise ony sic thing; and I say to the workin' man and his bairns, dinna ye fling awa' your siller; keep it, nurse it, cherish it, no as an idol, but as a necessity. Tak' tent o' your siller, my man. Keep your pence and they will grow shillings; keep your shillings and they will grow pounds; but dinna let sin under ony shape turn your pouches inside out, and lauch at you into the bargain. Keep your siller, and the Lord gie you grace to use and no abuse ony o' his gude gifts. Mak' your hame your readin'-room, your lecture-room, your concert-room; find your amusements there, sing there, dance there, lauch there, and let your honest hearts rejoice in the lovin' unity o' the speerit, and dinna let the warld bewitch ye, nor sin beguile ye, and lead ye awa wi' the great herd o' evil-doers, to the darkenin' o' your souls, the hardenin' o' your hearts, the deadenin' o' your consciences, and keep your gude siller for gude ends, my frien's, and fling na a bawbee o't into sin's treasury."

"Very wholesome counsel, Saunders. Good night."

"Gude nicht, Sir; and may we a' learn wisdom in time. Gude nicht."

No. XII.

THE UPBRINGING OF COMMON SENSE.

"Saunders, your four daughters are very comely young women, indeed. The spirit of morning life seems to be strong in them. They are all active, healthy, happy, fresh, fair, and beautiful."

"They're a' strappin' lasses, Sir, and a great joy ha'e they been, and nae sma' help to my guid-wife and mysel'. As yet they ha'e gi'en us little care and muckle comfort. God bless them, puir things. Wha kens what's before them?"

"You have given all of them a good education, Saunders, according to their several capacities, your own circumstances, the custom of the time, and their natural expectations, as your children, have you not?"

"A grand education, Sir. Just sic a gude and a godly upbringin' as their faither and mither, honest folk, had before them. They can read English—and read it weel—and they're a' fond o' readin', sensible, intelligent, weel-informed

women. They can do, forbye, what unco few o' our young folk can do now-a-days—they can read their ain *auld mither tongue.* They can write, too, and that glibly, and pen a letter like a *lernit clerk.* They dinna write that fashionable, crank scribble that young ladies write now; but a fine, round, honest, womanly hand o' write, that onybody can read as easily as they can read a print beuk. At castin' accounts, too, they are very gleg and clever. I'm gey proud o' my dochters, Sir.

"Why, Saunders, have you not given them all the advantages of those elegant accomplishments so common at the present day—such as French, Italian, German, music, drawing, painting, and all the other branches of an ornamental and highly finished course of education?"

"What mean ye, Sir? Do ye imagine that Saunders Dinwuddie an' his wife Girzie would bring up a parcel o' hizzies to be prejink, handless, guid-for-naething young ladies, wha can naether help themsel's nor help onybody else? Ye surely think we're a donnart auld couple. What, Sir! busk our bairns, an' busk them bonnily, an' ca' them to the matrimonial market for sale, that they may catch gulls, or be gulled themsel's?—No, Sir, never; they dinna sail under fause colours. Their banner is that o' honest, virtuous womanhood. Ye see auld 'Gether-away' i' the street there, he is trundlin' his barrow afore him, wi' his goods an' gear; he wants customers, wha bring his wares to his shop, that is a' the bairns i' the street. What has he done to gether them? On the front o' his barrow he has set up

lang slim sticks, and on ilka ane he has tied a leash o' narrow strips o' party coloured papers, that waver wi' the wind, and flash like streamers in the een o' his wee customers. What mair? On the front o' his travellin' shop he has set up a wilderness o' merry whirligigs or windmills, a' birlin' an' turnin' round and round in the heart o' a queer lot o' sundries—auld rags and banes, candy-rock, whitenin', and yellow sand. Sae a heap o' your accomplished are garnished and set out like 'Auld Gether-away's' wheelbarrow; but tak' awa' the trappins, the finery, and flummery, and there's little left ahint but auld rags and banes, whitenin' and yellow sand—but the candy is gane. Your fine accomplishments, Sir, are like the knavish Jew's razors—made for sale, no for shavin'. Our lasses are no like the stooky images that some lank-haired, yellow-faced Italian sticks on a window shutter, and hawks through the street on his head, as if he were a baxter carryin' bread to his customers. Our dochters are stately, brave women, no unlike the guid godly women o' the auld Covenanters—blessed be their memory, let 'Cheepin' Charlie' say what he will. They are images o' real flesh and blood, grown to the proper stature o' their nature, baith in soul and body."

"Were they ever at the dancing-school, Saunders?"

"Ay, Sir, when they were bairns. O, it's a fine thing, a maist delightfu' thing, to see midges dancin' up and down, here and there, and reelin' merrily in the ecstasy o' sudden life, on a bonnie simmer day!—but to my mind, it's no unco

seemly to see muckle stirks o' chiels, and wappin' lasses dancin' wi' glaiket glee to Auld Nick's 'wee sinfu' fiddle.' Our lasses may shake their feet at a time amang themsel's, or wi' weel-kent, honest neebours—for they're fu' o' life and speerit—but they're never seen in the great congregation o' the carnally-minded and the dead. They fear God, Sir.

"From your ancient and uncouth notions of manners and customs, Saunders, I would conclude that none of your daughters ever attended a Boarding School.

"No, Sir, they ne'er did, and yet they are weel-bred, mannerly women. In ony company I could lippen them that they would behave themsel's wi' as muckle simplicity and grace as the best in the land. We ga'e them a' the gude lear they needed out o' doors, and syne our ain house was their buirdin'-school; and there Girzie taught them a' kinds o' honest and gude housewifery. They needed nae feet to rin for them, for on their ain feet they can rin their ain errands. They needed nae hands to work for them; they can work for themsel's and be behauden to naebody. It's a treat to see them reelin' merrily through their house wark in a forenoon. The exercise is life and health to them; and when a' thing's redd up an' set in order, it's a delightfu' thing to see Girzie and her braw dochters sitting like ladies in their parlour, a' busy readin', maybe, or knittin', sewin', or doin' some orra needfu' turn."

"A strange, old-fashioned upbringing, Saunders. It puts one in mind of the ancient patriarchial

times of homely and primitive simplicity. It is quite in keeping, however, with your nobly generous dealing with your workmen. I admire your simple and sensible upbringing of your daughters. If others would follow your example many of their daughters would be healthier, heartier, happier than they are."

"It would ha'e been a sad, a sorrowfu,' and a sickening day, Sir—a day o' dool, if Saunders Dindwuddie and his spouse Girzie had sent awa' ane o' their braw gallant lasses to a buirdin'-school. We would likely ha'e said to oursel's—What ha'e ye brocht the bairns into the warld for? Is it no to feed and cleed them—to teach them the way o' truth, and the richt way o' living—to train them to habits o' order and weeldoin'—to mak' them usefu' in their day and generation—guid, douce, worthy women, that will be a credit, a comfort, and an honour to their parents? Are we unfit for the wark that Providence has set afore us? Are we sic silly folk as to gi'e into the vanity and fickleness o' fashion, and send awa' our dochters, to come to us sae dressed oot in a' kinds o' outlandish whig-maleeries? What if we were to see our stately, rosy lasses come hame to us hingin' their sickly heads, like witherin' yellow lillies, bothered wi' nerves and fidgets, and sick headaches, earaches, heartaches, an' hunders o' dwaumish disorders not to be found in Buchan's Domestic Medicine nor ony ither gait. How could we thole to see our bairns come hame to us, quite transmogrified, talkin' like foreigners, smilin', simperin', sichin', razin' theirsel's, and saying 'Oh la'—speaking English as if they were clippin'

it wi' a pair o' sheers, an no wi' onything like a rational tongue? How could we bide their snippin', an' smoolin' o' their 'dear papa an' their dear mamma,' as poor, rude, ignorant bodies wha were far ahint their dochters an' a' the rest o' the warld, an' kent naething ava about novels an' romances an' louse books read an' relished an' spoken o' in a' genteel society? Nae bairns o' ours shall papa an' mamma us, an' set themsel's aboon the Fifth Commandment sae lang as we're in the body. Saunders an' Girzie settled that lang syne."

"But how will they get settled in the world, Saunders, like other men's daughters, seeing they are so far behind this age in fashionable accomplishments?"

"A kittle question, Sir. But as ye can be lippened wi' a secret—our Lizzie, my auldest dochter, is to be married in twa or three months to the young Laird o' Lownholme. He is the son o' an auld Scotch bannet laird, wha left a gey clag o' siller, and the mailin' forbye to the young man, wha is the man, every inch o' him, weel worthy o' Lizzie; and she's as weel worthy o' him. They will be a goodly couple. She'll mak' a grand wife to him, and keep his house and himsel' a' richt, and weel redd up, I warrant her. Ye'll hear mair about it or lang. Gude nicht, Sir."

"Good night, my honest friend, and blessings on the betrothed.

No. XIII.

CREEDS, CATECHISMS, AND CONFESSION OF FAITH.

"We have had many pleasant and, I hope, not unprofitable conversations, Saunders."

"Ay, Sir, we twasome ha'e had mony a kindly, couthie crack thegither, and mony mair may we ha'e."

"So be it, Saunders; and may the light from your smithy shine into the dark corners and crannies of some of those benighted spirits who seem contented to live and die under the shadow of ignorance thicker and grosser than the darkness of Egypt."

"Poor souls! it is in my heart and in my honest purpose to do them good; and seein' they winna come to me I maun e'en gang to them, and tell them in their ain hamely tongue, and in my ain hamely way, what I ken to be profitable to baith their souls an' bodies."

"Men's views of things, Saunders, are wonderfully expanded in our days. They are trying to fathom the *infinite* and gauge the *absolute*."

"Muckle in the same way, Sir, I suppose, as

an oyster should say to the great, an' wide, an' deep sea, 'Enter thou into my shell, an' mak' it thy habitation.' The fable o' the frog an' the ox is naething to that. Their speculation is aiblins no an *infinite*, but certainly it is an *absolute* blether."

"A summary way of dealing, Saunders, with the profound speculations of great thinkers."

"I'm a plain, practical man, as ye ken, Sir, an' ha'e nae faith in nonsense, whether it puts on the priest's cowl an' cassock, the philosopher's mantle, the lawyer's gown, or the fool's cap, wi' its jingling bells an' their meaningless tinklin'. Learned nonsense is a perfect abomination."

"Some of our divines, Saunders, seem to have spun out the fine films of their attenuated thinking even to invisibility. They would like apparently to set aside all creeds, confessions of faith, and catechisms, as a sort of strait jacket upon their souls; they love to fly, to soar away into the infinite, and hover for ever in the regions of visionary and vacant nothingness."

"Let them flee, Sir; there's an archer at hand. He has a strong arm, a trusty bow, an' a sharp arrow. He'll no miss his mark, and the sparks o' their vanity will be quenched alang wi' themsel's an' their memories in the damp, cauld, dark grave o' common oblivion. Let them flee—they'll no flee lang; nonsense has but a short flicht. Let them flee, I say, amang what they ca' abstractions and boss generalities; but let us tak' up wi' truth, reason, common sense, and deal wi' things solider than the reek o' my smiddy or the sparks frae my studdy."

"Why, Sauuders, many speak o' the human race as a unit, progressively advancing towards perfection by the energies of its own innate power."

"That's what I ca' ane o' their boss generalities—baith a numerical and philosophical blether. Human nature is no a *unit*, it is a series o' units, an' ilka unit will be reckoned wi' by the Almichty as a single, separate thing, an' its advancement or progress will depend on its ain power o' advaucement as a creature, but on the grace o' God infusin' into the creature the element, the principle o' a new, a divine, an' eternal life."

"Sound doctrine, Saunders, but what of the creeds, confessions of faith, and catechisms, so scouted now-a-days by our great, broad, deep, original thinkers—what of them?"

"I ha'e a great regard, for them, Sir. They are the hedges, the fences that enclose the truth. They are the treasure-house o' great truths, eternal truths—o' sound principles that are unchangeable, an' o' a' the elements o' human life as to its condition here or hereafter. God Almichty has spread out before us twa great volumes for us to read, to study, and digest, the volume o' creation and the volume o' inspiration—the Bible. Thae twa grand books bein' written and published by the same divine Author, maun agree. They cauna clash thegither. The ane may fling licht on the ither, for they are baith frae the fountain o' a' truth."

"True, Saunders, but these volumes have different interpreters. The natural man may interpret the book of creation, and yet the Bible

may be to him a sealed book. For the right nnderstanding of the Word of God another interpreter is required, even the Spirit of Truth, without whose teaching the Bible is full of dark sayings and mysteries."

"So it will be, Sir; and it seems to me a strange thing that German quack doctors o' divinity, bein' nae better than heathenish dominies, and their disciples amang oursels, should pretend to criticise, an' expound, an' interprct the Bible without ae spark o' the grace o' God to guide them. But what for would men fling awa' our Confession o' Faith an' our Catechisms? Just because they stand in the way o' errors, fause doctrines, an' a' manner o' heresies; and because they put it in the power o' common fowk like mysel' to detect the leavcn o' the Pharisees and Sadducees, an' to cast awa' their sour bread that we may eat the halesome an' nourishin' bread sent down frae Heaven, and live thereby. Do our divines no do the very same thing wi' the volume o' inspiration that natural men do wi' the volume o' creation? Why object to our Standards? If ye're no pleased wi' them, mak' better anes at your leisure, and let us see them, try them, test them by the Word o' God; but dinna come an' pu' down our fences, an' expose us to the inroads, the ravages, the violence o' every articulate beast that'll no submit to be tethered by the truth, but rins on as if he were driven by that great butcher, sin, till he is hunted and hurried into Sawtan's shambles—the slauchter-house o' lost souls."

"My good friend, Saunders, you speak strong and hard things."

"Sae I do, Sir, for I ha'e a holy wrath against thae shachlin' theologians wha gang struttin' on stilts, as if they were gigantic oracles, syne come down to crutches, and vaig about the kintra like graceless beggars, an' last o' a' lay themsel's down on some miserable truckle-bed o' unbelief, among scoffers, an' scorners, an' mockers, an' a' kinds o' unclean creatures, wha love to live an' fatten on corruption. Tak' awa' our Standards, an' leave every poor mortal to range o'er the haill field o' revelation, without ae bliuk o' licht frae Heaven to guide him in his bewilderin' search after truth! What! pu' down an' raze to the grund the glorious fabric set up lang, lang syne by godly, gracious, prayerfu' ministers o' the Word? Na, na; we'll keep our Confession o' Faith, our Catechisms, till master-builders wi' mair wit an' wisdom, an learnin' an unction, show us something mair consistent wi' Scripture. We'll no part wi' our auld claes until we ken whaur to get new."

"There must be systems of theology drawn from the Bible, Saunders, as well as systems of natural history drawn from the volume of creation. The one is as necessary as the other, hence our excellent Standards."

"Aweel, Sir, supposin' a man should say to them, wha ha'e searched an' fund out the secrets an' the mysteries o' the kingdom o' nature, should say to the astronomer, the geologist, the botanist, the chemist, the navigator, an' ithers, awa' wi' your observations, your groupings, your classifications, your systems, an' a' the different scientific orderin' o' your cabinets an' museums; cast awa'

the haill store o' your systematic awmry o' your knowledge, an' leave the wide volume o' God's creation to be searched an' examined an' arranged accordin' to ilka man's liking or conceit—what would they reply ? No ae word would they answer him, but they would smother the fool wi' lauchter, scorn, derision, an' contempt. By a parity o' reasonin', Sir, I would say to our slim divines, wha decry systems o' sound doctrine, ye'll no diddle us wi' your metaphysical or logical jugglery, ye'll no mislead us wi' your intellectual squibs an' crackers, nor dazzle our souls wi' the fire flauchts o' your lunatic imaginations, an' your profane jumblin' o' things as impious thimble-riggers, playin' fast an' lowse wi the elements o' heaven an' earth. We'll keep our Confession o' Faith an' our Catechisms as standards o' perfect verity. We'll teach them to our bairns, an' by doin' sae we leave them a precious legacy o' sound words, by which they will be able to search out an' try the spirits o' the Arian, the Arminian, the Socinian, and the haill tribe o' mongrel divines wha feed their flocks wi' doctrines as thin and unsubstantial as cauld sowens an' skimmed milk. We'll no let the kine rin awa' wi' the ark, an' cowp the cart, an' shatter the testimony. We haud by our Bibles and our Standards because they are sound. Taught in the schools an' in our families, they will keep truth alive amang us, as they did in Scotland many years ago, when the pulpits sent forth naething but rank an' pestilent heresies ; but the Catechism in the hands o' the schoolmaster keepit the folk sound in the faith."

"Enough of our Standards, Saunders. Good night."

"Hurra! Sir, for the guide auld blue banner o' the Covenant, an' for our noble Standards. Gude nicht."

No. XIV.

A STURDY PILLAR ADDED TO THE KIRK.

"Let me make my obeisance to you, my laborious, worthy old friend, Saunders Dinwuddie; shake hands with you, and congratulate you on your appointment as an elder of the Auld Kirk of Scotland. It is an honourable office, Saunders, and an office of solemn responsibility; and without being in any way complimentary, I think you are well qualified to do the work of a ruling elder."

"Some folk may think, Sir, that the Kirk was nae o'er rife o' timmer when she set up Saunders Dinwuddie for a stoop, to haud up the auld tabernacle of our Covenanted and martyred forefathers, but I thank you, Sir, I thank you for your goodwill and your good wishes, and I'll do the best I dow to uphaud the purity of doctrine, of worship, and the discipline of the house of God."

"It will be a sight worth the seeing, Saunders, to behold your colossal figure standing in the porch of the sanctuary on the Sabbath days, with a face of serious official gravity."

"As to a man's bodily appearance, Sir, that's a

thing of sma' account, and as to a man's face, it should aye be an honest index o' the inner man, and no the fause face o' a dissembler. I ha'e but ae face from the beginning of the year to the end o't, tho' at anterin times the expression may be different. I ha'e nae lowse leather hinging about my chafts, as if I were a muntebank, or a play actor, to shake the curtains o' my countenance before a multitude, and gar them laugh or greet, that their laughter or their tears may turn to my account, to my joy, the rejoicing o' my spirit, and the filling of my purse. I ha'e nae great respect, Sir, for the man wha has a fause heart, for that man will ha'e a fausc face too, and a double tongue."

"All true, Saunders, but what of the eldership."

"Weel, Sir, I bethocht mysel' and read, and better read the Standards o' the Kirk, and having compared them wi' the Word o' God, I, wi' a gude conscience and a muckle round hand o' write, subscribed my name, Saunders Dinwuddie. I mean to stick to my testimony as closely as my skin sticks to my flesh. I hae nae brew o' that man, Sir, wha first has subcribed and sworn to maintain these Standards, and then turns round and rails against them like a heathen. The back o' my hand to sick a man. Believing, as I do believe, that Presbyterianism is nearest to the form o' the Kirk as it was in the days o' the apostles, in worship, order, doctrine, and discipline, I mean to stand out against a' innovations o' fickle and worldly-minded men, wha would fling around the shouthers o' the Kirk robes of men's embroidery, and trick her out in the tawdry

finery of men's foolish inventions."

"Well, Saunders, you speak as a staunch, true-blue Presbyterian."

"That I am, Sir, and I would as soon think o' chipping men's bodies into a universal uniformity o' shape as I would think o' cutting and carving men's souls into the likeness o' that mongrel kind o' Christianity that has nae mair form nor fashion than the earth when it was without form and void. Let every man keep his ain body and his ain soul in their natural integrity, and no fill the house of God wi' inventions, opinions, idle fancies, and fantastic imaginations of human conceit."

"Quite right, Saunders; I would not part with one iota of conscientious principle. I would add nothing to the Word of God, neither would I take anything away from it. We are not at liberty to do so. It is not your opinion, Saunders, or mine that is to be considered, but the question is plainly this, What saith the Lord?"

"Part wi' principles, Sir! never. A hair's-breadth aff the line o' God's railway, and ye go smash to destruction. Let us keep the line and get safe to the terminus, as they ca't. That settled, let us go on, Sir. I'll tell you what I mean to do, as to my minister. He is a man o' gifts and graces, a good, godly man; I love him and honour him, and, as ane o' Christ's ambassadors, I will stand by him, I will strengthen his hand, and encourage his heart in every good word and work. If I hae the means he'll no want. How could I live in a ceiled house or sit down to a comfortable meal, if I didna see

the man of God as well provided for as I am mysel'. If I see God's servant in want, I'll no button up my purse. I warrant you, Saunders Dinwuddie wudna be himsel' if he didna put his hand in his pouch and help him, as God has prospered Saunders, and thereby honour the Lord wi' his substance. Rich men wi' a beggarly spirit are nae ornament and sma' profit to a congregation."

"A man may be worthy and wealthy, if his wealth is honestly come by, and dispensed with a liberal spirit."

"True, Sir, if he honour the Lord wi' his substance. Bnt if he dishonour God by keeping back what is no his ain, he may be rich, but he is not a true disciple of Christ. Tho' rich he may have the soul of a miser. Tho' he wear the livery of fashion, though he dwell in a splendid mansion, and though he drive round the kintra in a gilded chariot, he may be as churlish as Nabal."

"You are diverging, Saunders, from the matter in hand, your account of the eldership."

"Beg pardon, Sir, but I canna help swinging on in my ain way. If I were put in harness, I would fling up my heels, coup the cart, scamper, and scour awa' through the wide field o' thought and utterance as freely as if I were a wild roe, fleein' like a filze of a hurricane amang the glens, the rocks, the precipices and streams, the deep gorges, and loudy passes of a Hieland wilderness o' wild, craggy mountains."

"Swing on, Saunders, swing on."

"Aweel, Sir, to return after that wild canter, I mean to set to my work as an elder o' the Kirk,

in a serious, earnest, humble, and prayerfu' sort o' way. I dinna count the office of an elder as an office that is a' honour and nae duty. I intend to be a working elder, working wi' head, and heart, and tongue, purse, and conscience a' through my eldership. Your 'bawbee elder,' as folks ca' him, wha does nae mair than stand at the plate on a Sabbath day, and cast up at the session now and then, maks but a puir figure as an elder. He may ha'e the name, but he hasna the substance of an elder—he has only the shadow. The session have marked out a district for me to labour in, and I have nae thocht o' gaun out and in among the folk, as if I were just taking a dauner for my ain diversion. My visits shall be regular visits, and they shall be short, especially to the sick and the afflicted. Nae sitting down to crack and haver, and turn o'er a' the clishma-claver o' the clachan. I'll no speak an ill word o' ony body, neither will I hearken to evil speakers. But if I have ony gude thing of ony ane, that I'll speak aff loof, and that frankly. Wi' the consent o' the minister and my brethren o' the session, I'll try and gather in a' the folk round to the prayer-meetings, to be held in my district at stated times, when I'll do my best, in my ain plain, auld-fashioned way, to edify baith auld and young. I'll strive to bring them to the know-ledge of the truth, and exhort them to come to the house o' God on the Sabbath day, and read their Bibles and their Shorter Catechisms, and to set up a family altar in every house."

"God speed you, my worthy friend, and may the blessing of the Most High crown your labours

of love with a goodly and abundant spiritual harvest, the ingathering of precious souls to the Lord of the Harvest."

"My service to you, Sir, for your kind wishes. In a' that concerns the congregation, as to its temporal and spiritual prosperity, in a' that is likely to advance the cause o' the Lord Jesus either at home or abroad, in a' that regards the sheep and lambs o' Christ's flock, I would like Saunders Dinwuddie to tak' a share, and nae sma' share, if the Lord spare me and bless me wi' health and strength, and a sound mind."

"Good, Saunders, excellent are your resolutions, taken as they are in the fear of God, and as the goodly fruit of earnest, honest, and fervent prayer. Go on and prosper. You may perhaps appear some day as a member of the General Assembly, a representative elder from the Presbytery."

"Hoot, toot, Sir, dinna make a fool o' your old friends. Send me to the General Assembly! O, fie, Sir. Gie a commission to Saunders Dinwuddie to sit in the great council o' the Kirk. Hech, Sirs! Set the blacksmith o' Clinkumptow up among the great, the learned, and the godly men o' the land! Nonsense."

"Why not, Saunders? Some broad flashes of light from your smithy might illuminate, and enliven, and cheer the hearts of the ancient, grave, and reverent seigniors, oppressed as they are sometimes with the heavy burden of their judicial labours in the supreme judicatory of the Church."

"Are you in earnest, Sir?"

"In dead earnest, Saunders. I'm not inclined to be jocose on a solemn and interesting occasion of your appointment to the eldership."

"We may hae' a crack about thae' things again at anither time."

"With all my heart, Saunders. In the meantime, good night, my trusty friend."

"Guid nicht, Sir, and grace be wi' you a'."

No. XV.

A JOYFUL WEDDING DAY.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you, Saunders, since the auspicious day of Miss Lizzie's marriage with the Laird of Lounholm, Frank Cargill. It was one of the happiest, heartiest, merriest occasions that I ever witnessed. I never enjoyed any company better. As for myself, I must say it was to me a day with a white stone in it."

"Ay, Sir, it was a grand day—a day of happy hearts, blithe faces, and joyous spirits. All frank and free and outspoken, honest folks, and a goodly gatherin' it was. A glorious wedding day it was outwardly when Lizzie left her faither's house, where she was born, bred, and brocht up; and noo Frank and she are off and awa scouring the kintra in a chaise and pair. Where they are likely tae licht naebody kens, for the flight of a matrimonial couple is aye keepit as dark, Sir, as the mystic oath of a secret society."

"You will miss her for a time, Saunders. A stately and a gallant woman she was, worthy of

the best squire in the land—a noble prize, a domestic jewel, more precious than the gold and silver jewellery that ever adorned the household of nobility and even of Royalty itself, the company (as she glided into the room leaning on her father's arm, with the downcast look of maiden modesty, and yet with the stately grandeur, the firm step of a noble woman) were all delighted with her appearance. You have reason to be proud of your daughter, Saunders."

"So I was, Sir, and proud of her partner, likewise. Girzie, honest woman, and I were baith proud of them, and afore the matrimonial knot was tied, Girzie gied me a bit nudge wi' her elbow in the side. She was fidgin' fain to see the stately couple, but at the same time there was a tear in her e'e, joy and grief were baith nestling thegither in her heart, and whether to lauch or greet she kentna."

"Were you not somewhat overcome yourself, Saunders, during the ceremony?"

"I confess I was. Troth, Sir, to speak the truth, there was a kind of twa-fold working gaun on within me. There was a kind of lifting up of the heart wi' joy, and a doon-dinging o' the heart wi' sorrow, so that the twa-some drummed awa' upon my poor heart. Joy rattled upon it wi' merry glee and whistled a lively air, while sorrow seemed to be beating on a gong and humming a psalm tune."

"A queer description, Saunders, of what was going on within, but very descriptive of the emotions and strugglings of the inner man."

"O, ay, Sir, if the man within be richt, the

man without is richt, too, for the sanctified soul sanctifies our earthly tabernacle."

"I'll never forget, Saunders, the running and leaping, laughing and shouting, of the company assembled at the door, and the storm of benedictions that followed them, and the harder rattling shower of old boots, shoes, and slippers, that pelted and pattered on them, when the coachman applied his lash to his horses, glad to make his escape from such a roaring, laughing, hurricane of friendship."

"True, Sir, their waygaun was geyan roughsome, but I hope their journey will be smooth, and that their return will gladden the hearts of Girzie and mysel', and a' the kind warm-hearted friends that were present wi' us."

"The dinner party that sat down in your long dining-room were the happiest, cheeriest people that ever I met with. When Mrs Dinwuddie sat down at the head of the table and you at the foot of it, both of you seemed to have the happy knack and the magical power of setting the whole company at their ease, so that they talked together, ate together, drank together, and enjoyed each other's society as if they had all been born and bred under the same roof. So the afternoon passed on delightfully with speeches and toasts, and good old Scotch songs of the simplest and sweetest melody. They warbled through the room, and thrilled through the hearts of all your goodly company."

"Weel, Sir, I was uncommonly weel pleased wi' the kind freens and neebours, wi' the kith

and kin gathered on Lizzie's wedding day. There was nae blateness, nae sheepishness, nae cauldness, nae starch, nae stiffness, nae buckram as if they had sat down to dinner in strait jackets, but a fine, free warm-hearted gatherin' of honest men and women, innocently enjoying themselves around my hamely table."

"Oh, Saunders! the music, the melody, and he harmony of that delightful meeting still rings in my ear and revolves in my memory, as a day of honest mirth and glee worthy of perpetual remembrance."

"You were complimentary, Sir, when you say that Girzie and I, wi' a kind o' glaumry of our ain, bound the company as wi' a spell, and made them 'a' John Thampson's bairns.' Weel, Sir, when the company left, and I saw the last of them to the door, I gaed hammering into the dining-room a' alane, for Girzie and the three lasses were gane to their ain rooms. I walked back and forrit, and every step I took on the howe floor sounded in my ears and knocked at my heart wi' a kind o' eerie and awfu' emphasis. The bride and bridegroom are gane, said I to mysel'; will they come back? 'Whisht, whisht! Saunders, are they no in the hand of a gracious God, as weel as yoursel'?' I heard a voice, not a voice from without, but a voice from within, wi' a solemn power, and it came to me like a deep and solemn echo, as it were, from eternity, 'Saunders, has the Lord forgotten to be gracious, and the response I uttered quivered, not audibly, like a breathing from my heart, and said, 'God forbid;' and the inaudible voice of the Most

High spake not in the hearing of the bodily ear, but in the hearing of the spiritual ear, 'Saunders, still trust in God,' and my spirit said, amen."

"Well, Saunders, your communings with your own spirit and with the Father of Spirits make the hair of my flesh stand up, for as you utter them they ring through my spirit like the funeral knell of a departed soul."

"As I gaed thudding and thumping up and down the howe room I mused and tramped backwards and forwards, eerie wi' something like a superstitious fear as the sound of every footstep resounded again and again, and as young folks and auld folks speak to themselves, or make their thoughts audible by speech sometimes, I began to speak to mysel', from time to time saying, 'What a strange dance of death is this life, what a riotous whirling of disorderly spirits, what a reeling, setting, crossing, and cleeking with an invisible but subtle energy, it makes a kind of earthquake in the soul which cowers, and shrinks, and trembles like a disembodied spirit standing at the bar of justice on the day of judgment.'"

"Come! come! Saunders, don't let the wedding day end with funeral groans and lamentations."

"But ye ken brawly, Sir, as weel as me that the chariot of the sun will not stand still at the voice of the violin, or the piano, or the most melodious voice that ever warbled in the concert room. When the sun has gaen ower the keystane of the gowden arch of his daily circuit round the earth, we draw near to the gloamin', and the shadows o' a' visible things grow fear-

fully lang, the silent curtains of the grey gloamin' spread slowly round us, and we hear a voice, a howe voice, coming forth as the voice of the night clanging to all the intelligent creatures that live on God's footstool—'The night cometh when no man can work.'"

"Well, my friend, Saunders, I leave you to walk and meditate in the churchyard 'among skulls, coffins, epitaphs, and worms.' Good night."

"Gude nicht, Sir, and joy be wi' you."

No. XVI.

THE BUFFETING OF CERTAIN OLD BACHELORS.

"Well, Saunders, has the day's labour come to a close?"

"Ay, Sir, its weel by, and comfortably, too. The end o' a gude day's wark is a joyfu' end. When labour ends a man gets his back strauchtit, his muscles weel raxed, and a' the lirks shaken out his mortal body—care flees awa', and his speerit loups up in love and gratitude. Sae, rubbing his hands wi' joy, he says, 'Hegh! thanks, thanks, anither day's wark is weel by, and I'm a free man and a happy man—ay, aiblins, a happier man than my master, bless him.' But I'm gaun o'er the tow wi' my clishmaclavers. My heart aye loups up to my tongue end when I see you, Sir. How are ye, and what's your news?"

"All well, my honest friend. I have been musing on the forlorn condition of a certain portion of the community, who have in all ages been objects of banter, derision, and ridicule to their neighbours."

"Ay, wha may thae poor mortals be, Sir?"

"The bachelors, the old bachelors, Saunders, who are reckoned fair game to be pelted and shot at with pellets of wit and humour. They are a laughing stock, to be teased and worried by every-body."

"Poor fellows; I'm wae for them. I hae been tauld, Sir, that the bauld, brazen-faced women in Sparta, when they were playin' at some o' their heathenish games, if they got a claught o' an auld bachelor, they hunted him, thumpit him, and dumpit him, and maist disgracefully abused the poor auld creatur'. Is that true, Sir?"

"So history says, Saunders; and you may have heard, too, that the Romans fined and compelled bachelors to marry."

"Forced to marry whether you would or no; my conscience! Afore I would submit to marry ane o' thae rouchsome Spartan women, I would rather be tethered to a cart's tail and be whippit through the town and out o' the warld by the hands o' the common hangman. For a' that, it maun ha'e been a grand sight to see thae spankin' hizzies on the hunt after an auld bachelor, as they punched and loundered, and chased him round the altars. But before the end o' the fray, I would hae steekit my e'en and scampered awa' frae behauldin' the ugsome liberties o' the unlusome women; Macbeth's witches were comely compared wi' thae she-wolves. As ye say, Sir, bachelors are fair game. A' weel aneuch in the way o' jokin' and banterin', badgerin' and towzlin' their harrigles; but to hunt them, and thresh them, and abuse them is cruelty to useless

animals, nae doubt. But the auldest bachelors may 'aiblins tak' a thocht an' men'.'"

"Some folk, Saunders, would not care to allege that a few of the genuiue daughters of those ancient heroines of Sparta are to be found in the College of Edinburgh at this present time."

"Nae broo ha'e I, Sir, o' sic women, and just as little favour ha'e I to the gentry who give them ony countenance. By-and-bye, we may see them as champions in the ring offering to fecht ony man o' their size and weight."

"Their tongues, Saunders, are their chief weapons of war, and they are very terrible, but I do hope that they will not intrude within the rough arena of fistycuffs."

"I canna help sayin', Sir, that I ha'e a kind o' fellow-feeling for some bachelors. No for a' bachelors. For wilfu' and wanton bachelors I ha'e nae sympathy, no the least. They are little better than a herd o' cows wha lowp dykes, rin out and in through a' kinds o' slaps, jump ower hedges, and ditches, and fences, and scour, and scamper across the open fields, shaking their shaggy heads, funk, and fling up their heels, bellow and roar, as if some evil speerit had ta'en possession o' them, and made them stark mad. They are no to be ta'en either by the lug or the horn. They are for ever trespassin', gallopin' into ither fouks fields and kail-yards, but winna enter a byre door like ither honest cattle; and as for tetherin them, that's perfectly out o' the question, though they see nae sin ava in eatin' the provender and lickin' up the pasture o' the tame, sonsy, and

mair civilised creatures that croon, and munch, and chew the cud, as a' gude lawfu' cattle should do. For a' profligate bachelors, I hae nae respect, not a grain. They are a lawless crew, and ye may do what ye like with them for ought that I care. You may fine them and *confine* them if ye can lay hauns on them. Ye may hunt them wi' hound and horn; ye may ressle them, cudgel them, or deliver them up to the tender mercies of the dochters of them, wha in the ancient times, in Sparta, hunted the auld bachelors wi' as wicked speed as the witches of Allowa' Kirk, wha chased Tam o' Shanter and pu'd aff his mare's tail afore she could cross the keystane o' the auld Brig o' Doon. Do what ye like wi' them. Duck them in ony pond or puddle, gar them ride the stang, pump the well on them; only this, dinna knock the souls out o' them."

"Well, Saunders, if the bachelors are running hither and thither with lawless speed, you are certainly pursuing with a vengeance. I would advise the poor sinners to keep out of your clutches. But what say you, friend Saunders, to the great body of ecclesiastics, the Romish priests? They are sworn bachelors, every one of them."

"They, Sir, are bachelors of the order incorrigible. They are a squinting, down-looking crew, and would make but sorry husbands, I fear."

"But leaving them alone in their unnatural and monstrous celibacy, are there not many joyous and jovial old bachelors?"

"Ay, Sir, a rantin', roarin' kind o' life looks unco weel as lang as health and strength, purse and person, are no the waur o' the wear

in the service o' sin and shame. Men of a social disposition are a' jolly companions, full o' mirth and glee, till the landlord brings in the lawin'. Then comes a pause, and the revellers look as grave and as glum as if the shadow o' death had fa'n upon them, and the death-knell o' their happiness were tinklin' in their lugs and dirlin' through their hearts. Young bachelors, strong bachelors, rich bachelors may be fu' o' mirth and glee for a season, but the day o' reckoning will come. The young will grow auld, the strong may become weak, the rich may be reduced to poverty, and a very awfu' thing it maun be for a poor auld bachelor to be streekit on a deathbed, wi' nane to help him, nane to comfort him, nane to steek his e'en when the licht o' life is fled, and the spirit is aff and awa', flown like a bird frae its cage, out through the casement o' Time, into the dark, and dreary, and dismal infinite. Poor sowl! wae's me. What a waesome change! What a queer rinklit, auld visage! It looks as if it were girnin' at life, Sir, an ugsome vision."

"Ho, ho, Saunders, I am growing sick with the horribly graphic picture you have drawn. Have you strength and a good will to take a stroll in this glorious summer evening?"

"Tut, bide a gliff, Sir, till I fling on my sma' claes, and let us have a scamper along the road. Aff we go. A glorious day, as ye said; a pity it would be to stay in our biggin on sic a day. What a sky! What a won'erfu' form and variety o' colours in the clouds, hingin' far up aboon our heads, as if the sinkin' sun were beginnin' to draw his cur-

tains round about him, afore he gaed to his bed in the far west. Heaven's tapestry is glorious, indeed. A grand field that, Sir, for a poet's imagination to wander in, fashionin' and shaping the clouds into the scenery o' fairyland, and paint wi a' the colours o' the rainbow."

"Come down, come down, Saunders, and don't keepswimming upamong the cloudsas if you were some queer supernatural fish, and keep no longer talking to yourself as if you were of the dual number."

"Beg pardon, Sir, I was in a kind o' a glorious dream. I was enchanted. I think I was something like ane out o' the body. I'm hilarious, Sir, as if some good cratur', when I was up in the lift, had gien me a waucht o' heavenly champagne. O, what a fine, fresh, balmy sough o' simmer winds fling its faulds around us, like the embrace o' young love."

"Yes, Saunders, heaven and earth are in a blaze of glory. A beautiful world it is, and the man who adores not the Creator must be ranked among the inferior animals."

"A' true, Sir. A grand world it is; naething wrang wi' the warld, Sir, but something far, far wrang wi' the poor inhabitants below, the crookit and perverse posterity of Adam."

"A lovely range of hills that is, on our left hand, and how beautifully mottled the hills are with the flickering lights and shadows of the passing clouds."

"Mony a time, Sir, have I scampered ower thae bonny braes, in my young days, as licht-hearted and as happy as a mortal creature could be. Thae

braes wi' their waving woods, their flowery glens and their wimpling burns, that rin, and sing, and brattle, and loup o'er mony a rocky lin, are a' witnesses o' Girzie's love and mine, when we were in our teens; for I was a bashfu' kind o' coof then, and Girzie seemed to me a vision, an image o' perfect beauty. I thocht she was like ane o' the angels o' licht, and, I daur say, I was a kind of idolater. She was my idol then, and a jewel of a wife has she been to me sin' the day we were buckled thegither. No won'er though thae braes are to me, as it were, hills o' paradise."

"What a long, dreary, expanse of moorish land that is on our right hand. That must have been a grand forest at one time, Saunders."

"So it was, Sir, as I have heard my grandfather say. It was a grand forest in his father's time. I mind mysel' sin an antrin tree was to be seen here and there, but noo they are a' felled but ae solitary skeleton standin' in the middle o' the moors, an image o' perfect desolation."

"Why was that one spared, Saunders, when all the rest were cut down?"

"An auld warld superstition, Sir, spared it. It was reported and believed that the fairies—a queer kind o' supernatural creaturs, no creaturs o' flesh and blood, but gendered, as it were, o' moonshine and phosphorous—danced round that tree in the moonlicht nichts. Let us gang in ower, Sir. Tak' tint o' your footin', and no plump ower the lugs in ane o' thae green pools."

"Lead on, Saunders, lead on; I'll follow as warily as I can."

"An unco pawtin' and loupin' and zigzagin,

Sir, but here we are at last, and on the tap o' that bit knowe stands the wreck o' the grand forest. Time has peeled aff a' the bark, and the trunk has nae sap, and a' the branches are dry and bleached, blasted and dead. A' you see on't are some rough lichens like plasters, and at its roots some puddockstools, as big as an auld Stewarton bannet, and standin' on shanks as thick as spurtles. It has nane to shelter it frae the rough blast o' winter, or the burnin' heat o' simmer, and it gies shelter or food to nae livin' thing unless a lot o' spiders, wha spin and weave their wabs in the oxters o' its bare branches, to catch midges and flees, or ony kind o' fleein' vermin that comes their way."

"Why, Saunders, that is an image of the most perfect desolation I ever saw. It makes one's heart sad to look upon it."

"Ay, Sir, it is an emblem of decay, of rottenness, and of death. Married folk, auld spinsters, and young lasses have ca'd that skeleton o' vegetation by the very significant name of 'THE AULD BACHELOR.'"

"Now, Saunders, as we have got to the edge of this shaking bog, let us make haste to get home before the sun has pulled his nightcap over his face, and gone to his rest."

"Wi' a' my heart, Sir. Here we are, and wi' a hearty shake o' the hand, I wish you gude nicht."

"Good night, Saunders, good night."

No. XVII.

THE SELFISH SCRAMBLE AND THE GENEROUS SCRAMBLE.

"I greet you, Saunders, with a hearty evening salutation."

"Come awa, Sir, an' welcome. But what's the matter? Your face seems to ha'e ta'en a growin' fit. It's a hantle langer than the last time I saw't."

"It has taken a sudden growth, longitudinally, Saunders."

"I hope, Sir, it'll no turn into a mathematical line a' thegither—that is, grow to sic a length as to ha'e nae breadth ava. But what's wrang, Sir?"

"More wrong, Saunders, than you or I can rectify. Old John Tosh is dead, and was buried today. I was at the funeral, and a great multitude assembled to see him laid down in the narrow house, and there he lies."

"Wae's me! Sir, an' auld John Tosh is dead, honest man, an' a good, godly, weel-livin' man was John. Blessed be his memory! And mony a sair heart he has left ahint him nae doubt, for

he was muckle thocht o' in the days o' his flesh. But why mourn for John? He is now a just man made perfect: he has gotten on his grand livery; the King has crowned him, an' he is singin' a new sang o' everlastin' joy in his Father's house."

"I do not so much lament John's departure, Saunders, for he was an old man, and well stricken in years. I mourn not for the dead altogether, but a great deal more do I feel a weight of godly sorrow in my heart for the living, even for John's own flesh and blood. It is for them my heart is grieved."

"Ay, ay; are they a' sae casten down, sae sair vexed, sae overpowered wi' sorrow, at losin' the gude auld man? Kind souls! I hope they winna be swallowed up, an' carried awa' (wha kens whaur?) in the great flood o' their grief. I'm no surprised though there be nae sma' lamentation amang them. They ha'e lost a frien' wha's place nae earthly creature can fill up."

"My worthy friend, Saunders, your sympathy for the bereaved is no doubt genuine, but it is altogether misplaced. I was invited back to the house after the interment. During the funeral there were sighs and groans in abundance. There were sobbings, also much sniffing, and a great show of white cambric handkerchiefs, ever and anon applied to noses that sounded like trumpets, and to eyes that poured out tears as if the weepers' heads were cisterns of love."

"That was a' very natural, Sir.

"Had it been natural, Saunders, it had been well, but it was all artificial, feigned, hypocritical. After the solemnities were over, there ensued a

scene the most painful I ever witnessed. Nine of old John's family were assembled. There, at the fireside, in a very antique piece of furniture in the shape of an easy chair, sat old dame Tosh, John's widow, in her widow's garb. She knew nothing of her widowhood. Deaf and stone blind, there she sat in her niche like a living image of death, with her withered hands crossed in her lap, moaning and muttering now and then, but unconscious of everything around her. God in mercy had sealed up her senses, and made the world to her a blank. Poor old woman, the very sight of her melted my heart. Well, as I said, her children had gathered around her; but she was beyond either their love or hatred. There was gloom on every countenance, not the gloom of godly sorrow, but of sordid sullenness. They scowled on one another. From fierce looks and signs of anger and jealousy, they proceeded to upbraid two or three who waited on old John when lying on his deathbed. Various articles were amissing. Where were they? Nobody knew. Who took them? Who could tell? Accusations, threatenings, were followed by fierce denials, loud recriminations, and counter charges of plundering. The house of mourning was turned into a den of thieves. Presses, chests, drawers were rummaged amidst brawling, swearing, mutual outrages, and cries of murder, each endeavouring to make his way out with what he had laid hold of. One virago seized the old woman's withered hand, stripped the gold ring from her finger and made off, leaving the palsied arm dangling over the side of the easy chair. The mother's

stony eyes glared sightlessly but fearfully in the face of her thievish child, and seemed to smile upon her as she did her deed of shame. I could stand it no longer, but retired, saying to myself—Lord have mercy on the soul of that poor old widow."

"Wae's me, Sir, the like o' that I never heard. Of a' the demons that e'er entered into the miserable souls and bodies o' poor sinners, the demon o' covetousness is the fellest, the fiercest, and the maist to be feared. That's an awsome verity, Sir. The love of money is the root o' a' evil. No ae single crime under the sun that it hasna been guilty o'. It's a root o' bitterness, springin' up in the heart o' man—it's a poisonous root, it spreads in the soul as a slip o' the upas tree, and deadens every natural, every virtuous, every noble. every generous feeling. A' the tender and beautifu' flowers o' life wither and dee beneath its deadly shadow. And growin' up, it thrives alone in its blasted, blastin, and accursed selfishness, and the fruit thereof drops into the streams and fountains o' social and domestic life, and turns them into the waters o' Marah."

"What would you have done, Saunders, had you witnessed the household thieves at their work of plundering their father's house, and robbing their old, helpless, widowed mother?"

"I ken na, Sir, what I could hae done had I seen the wicked crew at their ungodly wark. The vera hearin' o' sic things gars a body's blood boil wi' indignation. It's no easy to keep frae swearin' whiles, Sir, when the wickedness o' the wicked,

like live coals, sets ane's soul on fire. I find something like cursin' to the vera tip o' my tongue, but I'll chew the cud o' my anger an' haud my whist, as becomes a man wha daurna mint an aith, because he fears God."

"I think you would have pitched some of them down stairs or tossed them over the window, Saunders."

"Wecl, Sir, I'm thankfu' I wasna trysted wi' a rough job o' the kind, for I micht aiblins hae broken some o' the sinners' banes, and brought the club o' the law, wi' a fell lounder, on my ain foolish pow for my pains. It's just as weel, aye far better, that I wasna a witness o' sic a deevilishly wicked ongaun. That covetousness turns men, and women too, into perfect fiends, an' mak's a revelation o' the human heart that gars ane's soul a' grue at its very ugsomness. Fie! fie! shame on the shameless an' selfish hard-hearted bairn, wha would harry an auld widowed mither, like a curst ne'er-do-wecl, and haurl everything to himsel' wi' the sharp claws o' a ravenous wild beast. I would tie a pan to the tail o' sic a heartless tyke, an' wi' a rung rissel him out o' the clachan as a disgracefu' vagabond that nae honest or upricht man should hae onything ado wi'. He's a disgrace to our common nature."

"I have heard, Saunders, that you acted very differently, and with a noble disinterestedness, when your father departed this life."

"I just did, Sir, as natural affection tauld me I should do, that's a'; my conscience was pleased, an' a guid conscience is worth mair than gowpins o' gowd ony day. I had been a

hard working lad, an' carefu', an' hae'in laid by a nest egg, I looked for naething at my father's wa'gaun. He was a gude man. Weel liket in his lifetime, and muckle lamented at his death, by a' that kent him. We a' met thegither after the burial, and we were an honestly sorrowfu' family. For a time we sat and opened na' our mouth. Deep sighs and silent tears. It was a housefu' o' sair hearts."

"'What's to be done?' said ane o' my brithers at length."

"'Aneuch has been done, Tam, to mak' us a' serious. But I understand what ye mean. We'll do what is richt in the sicht o' God, my man, an' in the licht o' a clear conscience.' Sae sayin' I stood up an' spak'. 'I'm the auldest son, ye ken. Weel, the bit craft o' land an' the biggin' on't are mine. My heart was at my mouth, an' my mither and the rest 'lookit in my face till my heart was like to break.' A bit gliff o' time passed afore I could say anither word. Though I tried it mair than ance or twice, my tongue faltered and failed me. At last, layin' my hand cannily on my mither's shouther, I said, 'Mither, the Lord has ta'en awa' your earthly head, and ye're a widow, and we're a' fatherless bairns this day; God help us. Ye'll no want, if I ha'e, a' the days o' your life, and lang and mony a year may the Lord spare you. I'll tak' naething. Ye'll divide a'. The craft, the biggin', and the pickle lyin' siller shall be a' yours as lang as ye live.' Greetin' and sabbin' she rose frae her seat, fell on my neck and kissed me ower and ower again, an' gaspin' and pressin' me closer to her thuddin'

heart, she cried, 'O my Sandy, Lord bless you, my gude bairn; ye were aye kind, aye dutifu' to your father wha is dead an' gane, and to me now the mither o' a family o' fatherless weans. The angel o' the Covenant, bless thee, my lad. O that every poor widow woman had a son like thee.' She sat down, buried her face in her gowpin, and the burnin' tears o' grief mingled wi' joy drappit like pearls through her fingers. My heart was thumpin' an' my head was reelin' at sic a rate that I had to sit doun, an' ne'er spak a word for a time. Bein' come to mysel' I sat still, and said to my brither and sister, 'Did ye ever find me a selfish loon?' 'Never, never,' was the answer. 'Weel, at the end we'll a' share an' share alike, and if ye're in need tak' my share too, and part it amang you.' A shower o' blessin's frae them lichtit on me. They rose, they clasped me in their arms, they shook hands wi' me, an' we a' stood on the floor-head greetin' an' blissin' ane anither. 'Hoot, toot,' said I, we're makin' fools o' oursels, let us settle oursels.' The day wore on, an' nicht cam'. It was little we ate, for when the heart's grit, the stomach's strait. After family worship we slid aff to our nests. That's a', Sir. Naething to mak a talk or a wark aboot. My heart grows grit. Gude nicht, Sir."

"Good night, my good, godly friend, good night."

No. XVIII.

SAD ENDING OF AN ILL LIFE.

"Have you laid aside your implements of labour for another day, Saunders?"

"Deed hae I, Sir; and when I steek my smiddy door day by day, I canna at times help forecastin' the day and the hour when my warkshop will be steekit nae mair by me."

"A solemn thought, Saunders; but it is not unprofitable to a man now and then to look forward to the close of his earthly history. The grave is the gateway through which all living must pass on to the land of their eternal destiny. Let us wait in faith and hope."

"Life, Sir, is a miracle and a mystery. It enters into this curious framework o' clay, and the clay lives and moves, but the soul slips through the fingers o' death, and flees awa frae his prison house, leavin' the king o' terrors wi' naething but a handfu' o' dust. He kills the body, but the soul escapes, as frae the snare o' the fowler."

"Some people, Saunders, affect to disbelieve the immortality of the soul."

"Ye do weel to say *affect*, Sir; for a' sound, rational belief rests on something—on truth, on facts, on principles o' thocht and action. Man maun believe that which is, no that which is not. Now, when an infidel tells me that he disna believe in the immortality of the soul I tell him to his face that I dinna believe what he says. Why? Just because if ony man affirms that he believes naething, then I say to him—weel, friend, if ye believe naething your belief is naething also—ay, less than naething and vanity, and sae his belief is nae better than a haveril's denial o' the truth. As to the soul's mortality or immortality, the natural man has nae grund either for belief or unbelief. The Christian man, and he only, can say, and rest upon the saying—"Christ has brought life and immortality to licht through the gospel.'"

"All true, Saunders; the creed of the infidel is a negative creed; but all negative creeds are only destructive, not constructive. They pull down, but not build up. Negative creeds, therefore, are not harmless. They have a positive, practical, and personal issue, and that issue appears in the lives of all such as hold such a profession of unbelief. There course is downward, not upward, and that on a continually descending scale of sin and shame, misery and ultimate ruin."

"I hardly ever kent, Sir, a workin' man wha began to tak' up the trade o' a freethinker that didna' rin on frae bad tae waur. He thinks himsel' free to think onything, everything, or naething. The confusion and disorder o' his head and heart, o' his conscience and his hale soul, may

be likened to a tailor's cabbage bag, shreds and patches o' thochts o' a' shapes and colours, black rags, and white and blue rags, and grey rags, and remnants o' a' kinds, begged, borrowed, or stown, mak' up the ricketty furniture o' his thinking shop. Bein' free to think what he likes, he is free to speak what he pleases. Sic reek as is in the house comes out at the lum head. So his free thochts being as freely spoken, are just a revelation o' the inner man, a publication o' his folly, sin, and shamelessness. Hence a' vileness o' speech, the lowse slang, the filthy joking, the scoffing and scorning, the oaths, the cursing and swearing o' reprobate freethinkers. As the heart is, so is the speech; and as the speech, so is the life—a life as disorderly as chaos, in which a' the elements o' human action, richt and wrang, gude and ill, are shred to pieces, and flung into the witches' cauldron to seethe, and boil, and bubble ower in deeds without a name. A great muckle mou'd coof said to a worthy minister wha' visited him—'I'm a freethinker, Sir.' 'Glad to hear't,' replied the minister, 'for a chiel' like you to profess himsel' a freethinker is eneuch to put freethinking out o' fashion.'"

"Individual life, Saunders, or life in the aggregate, in the family, in the community, in the nation, yea, even the whole world, must have certain fixed principles of thought, otherwise society is no better than a loose mass of incoherent units; and the men who would destroy the foundations of all moral and religious truth must be registered among the worst enemies of the human race. And, if men want materials for

thinking, speaking, and acting aright, they must repair to the fountain-head of all that is pure in thought, chaste and virtuous in speech, blameless and holy in life, that is, to the oracles of the living God."

"Wi' a' my heart, Sir, I say amen to that. I ha'e watched and I ha'e seen the downgaun, the wreck and the ruin o' mony a puir man, wha but for his uptakin' and carryin' out o' his freethinkin' vagaries instead o' bein' a blot and a curse to his day and generation, micht ha'e been a blessin' and an ornament. Infidelity never made a man better, but a hunder times waur; and Christianity never made ony man waur, but ten thousand times better."

"The pride of intellect, Saunders, makes many sceptics in our day."

"Ay, ay, Sir, the goddess o' reason has a great multitude o' worshippers amang oursel's as she had in France, when they took a common limmer, made a goddess o' her, set her upon a throne, and bowing the knee, saluted the abandoned strumpet as the object of their bedlamitical adoration. Herod was eaten up o' worms. Weel, Sir, do ye think that ony ane o' thae vermin, supposin' it be an intellectual worm, a philosophical creepin' thing, could, by drilling and boring through Herod's hide and flesh and muscles, till he played dirl on Herod's ribs or shank banes, be able, by its philosphy, poor thing, to tell you how auld Herod was when the multitude o' maggots had devoured his carcase, and drave out his filthy spirit?"

"A queer question, Saunders. I leave the philo-

sophical vermin to answer it. No doubt, they are both able and willing to do so."

"I wish, Sir, they could put on aneath their scientific cloak a dickie o' modesty, and a cutty-sark o' humility. Muckle need, Sir, for mony o' them are blawn up wi' pride as blethers are blawn up wi' wind. I wish they would keep their ain place, and mind their ain wark, and no gang like poachers wi' infidels' guns ower their shouthers, shootin' on forbidden grund. They act as if there were neither king nor law nor government in the universe, aboon the law o' dirt and the government o' the creature. If I'm no wearisome, Sir, I'll gie ye a sad swatch o' freethinkers."

"Say on, friend; I like to hear your opinions of men and things; say on."

"Aweel, Sir, I remember a man wha was born in the kingdom o' Fife mair than fourscore years syne. By his parents he was decently and doucely brocht up. They were pious fowk. The lad was sent to school in due time, where he gat a mouthfu' o' common lear. When young he was set to the weaving trade. Fonder o' readin' than o' the loom, he made but a lazy wabster. His 'prentice-ship done, he gaed up and down the kintra as a beuk hawker. Lowse thochts on religion gart his morality gang heels ower head. His faith was wrecked, and he fell o'erboard, and was drowned n infidelity. Being a buirdly and fearless man, fu' o' ungodly zeal, weel read in history and antiquities, he was a stern customer at an argument, and many a poor soul he enlisted in the devil's service. In dispute he was fierce and bauld, and could not thole to be contraired. The wee infidels

gathered round him, glowered at him, heard and worshipped him, as a perfect oracle. His ordinar conversation was sensible, agreeable, and instructive; but in his cups it was made up o' a nasty mixture o' oaths, profane scoffing, infidel banter, filthiness, and blasphemy. He did a warld o' mischief amang the young."

"In a town in the west of Scotland he set up a book-stand, an' made a pickle siller. He took up wi' a woman, an' had a family by her. He ran after strange flesh. She paid him back in his ain coin. They parted an' came na thegither again. He removed to Edinburgh wi' his family. They grew up in idleness an' vice. They were their faither's bairns; as such they kythed. He prospered for a time as a bookseller, an' a curious an' rare collection o' books he had. He grew auld, his customers left him, an' his bairns robbed him. The books vanished, leaving spaces, and at last empty shelves. His house was gutted, an' the poor man's eyesicht an' memory failin', the wark o' desolation continued.

"The last time I met him was in East College Street. I spoke to him. He didna ken me. He was nearly blind. Getting an inklin' o' wha I was, he told me he had been in the Infirmary. Mercy on us! how he cursed the doctors. They had tortured and put out his sight a'thegither, poor man. He was gey torn down and dyvour like. Ae day he lifted up his foot, set it on the bottom o' an auld chair, and looted down to tie his shoe. Totally blind in ae e'e, and nearly blind in the ither, he did not see that the upper cross-rail o' the auld chair was broken aff, leaving a lang airn spike

stickin' up on the tap o' ane o' the upright supports. He bowed down his head, the airn spike ran into his e'e, it drappit at his foot, he roared and howled in agony, and no lang after he died in great poverty and misery."

"Sad, indeed, Saunders. What a pity that such a strong, brawny, muscular soul as that did not devote his energies to better work."

"True, Sir, an ill life mak's an ill end, and the deevil's wark fowk get but poor wages when their day's daurg's done. The Lord preserve us, Sir. Guid nicht."

"So be it, Saunders. Good night."

No. XIX.

A FEW WORDS ON USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

"Within your lifetime and mine, Saunders, the march of intellect, of science, and philosophy has been marvellous."

"Very won'erfu' to see, Sir, an' maist won'erfu' to think upon. It's aneuch to turn an ordinar' body's head, and to gar him cry out 'What next?' It looks as if the auld magicians and enchanters had risen up frae the dead, and were betwitchin' the warld wi' their glaumrie and their cantrips. The navvies o' science hae for a time been houkin' and borin' and blastin' through the rocky ribs o' the earth, and they hae let doon their buckets into the bowels o' our auld mither, and trailed up great bucketfu's o' her entrails frae the vera bottom o' the creation. As ye say, Sir, 'it's *marvellous*.' But mercy on us! Sir, some folks say that we puir mortals o' flesh an' blood are creepin' about like vermin on the cauld crust o' a round cinder that's red het at the heart's core yet. Can that be true? If the

fire and the water meet, we'll be a' blawn to flinders some day in the twinklin' o' an e'e."

"From a variety of observations taken by scientific men, Saunders, it appears that the heat gradually increases as we approach the centre of the globe."

"Weel, Sir, let the warld blaw up when God pleases. It's a great comfort for Christian folk, like you and me, to ken when they're a' fleein' awa' frae earth and time, what is the end o' their flicht and the eternal resting places o' their glorified souls and bodies. That's nae sma' consolation, I think."

"Noble men, Sir, are thae men o' science. Worthy are they o' a' honour for their wonderfu' discoveries and their inventions. Respect them for their warks' sake; but look up and beyond them, and glorify God wha has endowed men wi' sic power o' ingine to dive into the mysteries o' nature to bring her hidden things up to the licht o' day and the knowledge o' man. '*Usefu' knowledge*' is the name that a certain society has gi'en to earthly things—things manifest to our bodily senses—things that we can see, and hear, and touch, and taste, and handle. Are a' ither kinds o' knowledge, then, useless? Do that society no like to retain God in their knowledge? Do they score out God's blessed Word as an auld threadbare tradition? Hae they voted their souls out o' their bodies, and joined themsel's as members o' the brotherhood o' brutes? and do they look upon the image o' God as a kind o' rational, upricht beast, standin' and walkin' on its hind legs? And do they see naething before, abune, around,

or below them but a confused mass o' dead or livin' and dein' machinery, governed by laws that hae nae lawgiver? Does blin' chance, or grim fate, or some ither absurd dogma o' dirt and heathendom govern a' wha are worshippers o' nature?—neither mair nor less than idolators o' dust. I honour science when science honours God; but the knowledge that owns na the bein', the power, the presence, the providence o' Almighty God, maybe is '*usefu' knowledge*,' sae far as it gangs, but it's a knowledge that puffeth men up wi' vanity, pride, and vainglory."

"Many of our scientific men, Saunders, have certainly gone far out of their sphere of investigation, and intruded into matters beyond the legitimate range of their line of things. What the world wants from them is a detail of facts, of well-authenticated discoveries, of inventions and improvements, of everything that falls lawfully within the limits of their material pursuits; but when, by rash speculation and haphazard conclusions, they endeavour to sap the foundations of religion and morality, they needlessly entangle themselves and others in idle, unprofitable, and endless controversies."

"Ay, Sir, if they would hammer their ain red-hot gaud o' air in their ain smiddy, on their ain study, naebody would find faut wi' them, whether they hammered and forged tackets, or horse shoon, or onything else; but when, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, they tak' a hot poker out o' the fire, thrust it in the face o' your conscience, and threaten to scar religion out o' your soul and your soul out o' your body, its

time to cry—hooly and fairly, frien's ye're gaun ower the tow athegither now; ye're blawin' ither folk's bellows, and chappin' ither folk's airn, and ye're unco like to mak' fools o' yoursel's as bunglin' warkmen, and get your fingers burnt into the bargain. Keep your ain place, work your ain wark, and we'll honour ye, praise ye, bless ye, wi' a' our hearts. After a' your iuventions, will ye mak' me a better man? Richer ye may mak' and ha'e made thousands, but I hae wants *within* as well as wants *without*—can ye supply them? I may possess houses and lands and goods and gear in abundance, but I would like to ken what I am to do with them when I ha'e them. That ye canna and that ye dinna pretend to teach me. Aiblins, then, ye'll just let me and ither folk hearken to them wha can and do teach us a' that is true, and just, and gude: a' that tells us what we are, shows me what we should be, by the grace o' God what we may be, what we shall be when we pass the Jordan, and set our feet on the shinin' borders o' the better land. Let science be faith's handmaid, and no the crony o' the fool wha says in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

"You speak like a man o' piety and common sense, Saunders. All the beauty wherewithal this beautiful world is adorned, all the goodness that crowns it with loving kindness and tender mercies, minister only to our bodily necessities. They are all no more than a temporal provision for wayfaring men, strangers and sojourners who are not at home, but are seeking a better country."

"Thank ye, Sir. I dinna pretend to onything aboon my sma' measure, but I ettle to order my hamely speech in the way o' truth, and to wag my tongue as the honest interpreter o' a guide conscience. Now, Sir, my soul has an appetite as weel as my body. It needs cleedin', and meat and drink, and comforts that the warld hasna to gi'e me. My soul is no content to put on and wear earthly livery; it canna eat draff and husks wi' the swine, neither is its thirst slockened wi' the stagnant waters o' corruption and death. My soul needs heavenly raiment, spiritual food, and livin' water. O ye men o' *usefu' knowledge*—ye men wha have sought out mony inventions—ye men o' intellectual light and micht and power to search into the grand mystery o' the visible warld, what can ye do for the spirit of auld Burnewin, your servant Saunders Dinwuddie? Can ye wi' a' your *usefu' knowledge* minister to a mind diseased? Hae ye only balsam to heal a wounded spirit? Can ye bind up a broken heart? Can ye hush the fears and the forebodin's o' forlorn wanderers on the face o' the earth? Can ye?"

"Stop, my friend, Saunders. Neither science, nor philosophy, nor any mere secular knowledge whatever, can do any of these things you speak of, and as little do they pretend to do so, as you yourself have acknowledged. Religion alone, my dear friend, can furnish proper answers to such serious and solemn questions as you propound."

"Brawly do I ken that, Sir; and I thank my God, wi' a glowin' heart, that I hae been taught to know Him, whom to know is life eternal. That's

knowledge, Sir ; real, usefu', true divine knowledge, that mak's men wise unto salvation. I can tell the Pharisees that they'll no corrupt my faith in the Word o' God wi' their vain traditions. I can tell the Sadducees that they'll no blind my sicht wi' the thick clay o' their gross earthliness. And I can tell a' men that Saunders Dinwuddie will no say farewell to his God and Saviour, farewell to the gospel o' His grace, farewell to the licht o' the Spirit, farewell to the hope o' a glorious immortality, till he has said farewell to truth, to virtue, to goodness, to love, to mercy, to conscience, to a sound mind, to reason, to common sense, to history and experience, and ilka other thing that gies a poor mortal pre-eminence aboon a beast. I'll stick to the word o' God till the day I dee."

"All right, Saunders ; let every honest working man hold fast that which is good. Let him part with his Bible, and he is done for ; done for both as to soul and body. The Bible is the charter of the poor man's liberty—his *magna charta*—the only title deeds he has for his earth freedom, and for his better inheritance."

"I'm no the least fleyed, Sir, at a' the onslaughts o' the ungodly against the truth—the truth o' the gospel. It argues an unco weak faith in a Christian man wha fears that truth will be banished frae the earth, and chased back up to heaven by the pride, the presumption, and the unhallowed race o' heathen philosophy. The word o' God was na bound when Paul was a prisoner in Rome. Nae shackles, nor fetters, nor bands, nor bolts, nor bars can bind or imprison it.

It defies a' the powers and the elements o' earth and time. It endures to a' eternity, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; like Him wha brought it into the world as a gift, and a love-token to sinners. But after a', Sir, what do your infidel men o' science ken about religion. Spiritually they are blind and deaf and dumb, doitit and donnart, and dead. Alive they are to the mysteries o' nature; but dead to the verities o' religion. 'Let God be true; but every man a liar.' If folk wad tak' less tent o' foolish notions and nostrums mony a barrowfu' a' loose rubbish would be toomed oot and tumbled ower the back brae o' creation and ne'er heard o' again. A' the seed that Sawtan saws, and the plants that he dibbles in, will be rooted up and burnt some day. May *we* flourish as trees o' righteousness. Gude nicht, Sir."

"And bear much fruit, Saunders. Good night!"

No. XX.

MORAL VENTILATION FOR THE WORKSHOP.

"In your experience, Saunders, have you ever had the ill fortune to be tried and troubled with unfaithful and dishonest servants? If reports be true, they are said to be rather rife in these times."

"Ay, rife eneuch, Sir, far ower rife, I daur say but I seldom had the ill-luck to be trysted and tried wi' ony gentry o' that kind. They come na my way, and richt welcome—aye, mair than welcome, are sic loons to bide awa'. Like draws to like, and ill masters are sure to get ill servants."

"You are fortunate, Saunders, in having trusty and trustworthy folks about you. They are a treasure to be highly valued and much encouraged in every good word and work."

"True, Sir, honest servants should be muckle thocht o', an' muckle made o'; and a' the mair thocht o', and the mair made o', that they are not to be met wi' at a' times, nor found in ilka house. In our day and generation ill fowk are no sae

sourly lookit doon on, nor gude fowk sae sweetly lookit up to, as they were wont to be. An evil sign o' the times, Sir, it is when the warld taks the side o' the guilty an' has nae fellow feelings wi' the innocent, when fools and hypocrites rise an ungodly stour an' clamour against a' law an' justice when applied to bloody and murderous villains. They are shocked at the sicht o' a gallows tree and a '*St Johnstone's tippet.*' They would ding doon the ane an' burn the ither, as if they put them in mind o' their ain hinder end. An ill sign o' the times it is when the law is made to turn on a gambler's wheel o' fortune, instead o' turnin' on the pivots o' justice, when the judge's sentence is trampit in the glaur by a herd o' sentimental jurymen, who would open the jail door, and tell *Cheat the Widdie* to scamper awa, and fling up his heels at baith law and justice. What an ungodly crew in the midst o' us! Yet they are a' to be pitied, pled for, prayed for, as puir helpless mortals, wha belong no to the generation o' the upricht, but to the crookit family o' man. They are led by an evil star—they are governed by a cruel destiny—they are doomed by relentless fate, and driven by a base and vicious nature to work a' kinds o' unsocial deevilry. How can ye blame them for bein' what they are, and doin' what they do? It's *their nature—their nature*, poor souls! they canna help it! So men are no to be blamed for ill doin', nor praised for weel doin'. It's *their nature —their nature*, and a' the sons o' Belial are only miserable victims under the spell o' some terrible fiendish power that hunts them

as a wild beast hunts his prey, prods them behint continually as wi' the sharp point o' a butcher's whittle, or grippin' them stievely by the lug and the horn haurls them forit, and reeshles them on to destruction."

"Queer logic is that same, Saunders, very like a doctrine of devils. I think it is an accursed unction wherewithal to annoint corruption, and embalm putrescence. An abominable doctrine—worthy of all reprobation."

"As ye say, Sir, 'an abominable doctrine' indeed. It mak's an apology for crimes o' a' kinds, and sinners o' every degree, As Rowland Hill said to an impudent Antinomian, wha had nae regard to the Moral Law, 'If you were born to do such things as you say, you were born to be d——d —that's all.'"

"A rough speech, Saunders, to come from a minister of the gospel."

"Nane o' the finest, Sir, but unco pat for a' that. He answered the fool accordin' to his folly, and the same answer micht be gi'en to every fool wha says that a' sins and a' sinners are to be tenderly dealt wi' because sin is a natural disorder, a disease beyond the sinner's power to govern or to cure, therefore the sinner must sin on and on, according to the curst bent o' his nature. And is the moral framework o' the universe to be torn down, broken up, and shivered to pieces? Are a' devil-worshippers, by the law of a hypocritical toleration, to be free to burn their hellish incense, and offer up the rotten sacrifices o' wickedness on Sawtan's altar, that mak's every offerin' laid thereon accurst? I hate materialism, Sir. It gender

to utter beastliness. It brocbt down the flood upon the auld warld o' the ungodly, and the fire o' the Almigbty's wrath on Sodom and Gomorrah langsyne."

"But we were speaking of dishonest servants, Saunders."

"So we were, Sir. But, aiblins, if we heard the ither side o' the question we micht hear something o' dishonest masters an' mistresses as weel as dishonest servants. 'Thou shalt not steal.' Now, to steal frae the ricb is a sin, a great sin. Hear that, ye sma' thieves! But to rob the puir is a sin also. Hear that, ye big thieves! In my sma' opinion masters are whiles to blame for their wark fowks' want o' bonesty. If they dealt wi' them in a mair kindly and liberal way they would hae a chance o' gettin' better servants. If they oppress and grind them doon to sic miserable rubbish what can be expected o' them? Puir mortals at the point o' starvation are whiles at a loss, I daur say, to ken whether it wouldna be better for them if the wee glimmerin' spunk o' life that's in them were puffed out at ance, than aye blink, blinkin' in the socket o' misery. What can we look for frae sic rags o' human life? For truth, for honour, or honesty? No, no; ye micht as weel look for an ostrich egg in a pyet's nest."

"Well, Saunders, I am not disposed to think that many employers are inclined to go the length you suppose in oppressing the poor. On the contrary, we hear of many enlightened and honourable men, who deal with their workmen as rational and intelligent beings. For instance, you yourself deal kindly and liberally with your

workers, and they serve you faithfully, and honestly, and love you as a good master."

"Aweel, Sir, I hope the masters wha eat people as they eat bread are unco few in number, an' the fewer the better. It mak's my heart glad to hear frae time to time o' the generous doin's o' liberal masters; may the Lord prosper them in their gude wark. So He will, if they wurk their wark in a richt spirit—a spirit o' love to God an' man. That's the richt spirit, Sir, an' that spirit will carry us a thocht farer than the half-way hoose o' kindly usage and gude wages. Its a' richt an' weel done on the part o' masters to gie honest fowks the means o' livin' comfortably wi' their wives an' weans, sae far as their outward estate is concerned. Hae masters nae mair to do than that? A hantle mair, if I'm no mista'en."

"Why, what more, Saunders, would you have them to do? The workmen get their work, and their wages at the week's end. What more has the master to do with them? They are their own masters till the beginning of the coming week."

"Weel, Sir, sae far as my ingine gangs, I think it is part o' a master's duty to see to the moral weel-bein' and weel-doin' o' those wha wurk his wark aneath his roof. When fowks o' a' ages, sorts, and sizes are gathered in ae place, instead o' mixin' them a' thegither to seethe, and boil, and bubble a' through ither like the ingredients o' the witches' cauldron, would it no be a more reasonable thing to put them into different classes as they are morally gude, bad, or indifferent? It's no aneuch for a master to say—'Young men,

ye'll come to my mill or factory wi' hale claes on your backs, and no like dyvours or raggamuffins.' Or to say—'Young women, come ye wi' shoon and stockin's on your feet, clean faces, and tidy apparel, and no like dirty, tawtit draigletails.' That's outside decency, nae doubt, but it's naething mair. If poor fowks' bairns can nae langer bide aneath their father and mither's roof tree, and earn their daily bread there, but maun be drifted and driven awa' elsewhere to get their livin', poor things! are they good to be yoked wi' the bad a' the hours o' the day, an' a' the year round? How would you like to see your callant, Sir, whom you had brocht up doucely and decently, amang a company o' wicked and ungodly men? And how would you like to see your dochter—your young, modest, guileless lassie—mixed up wi' a motley crew o' rough randie women, wha gloried in their shame? I say, Sir, the wheat should be separate frae the cawf, the clean frae the unclean, least the hale band o' the young men and women be smitten wi' a moral plague, a pestilence ten thousand times waur than ony jail fever that ever raged."

"Very good, Saunders, a very devout thought, but wholly impracticable. The young people in our huge manufactories must just take their chance, as others have done before them. No help for it."

"Impracticable, Sir? Then I say that the *impracticability*—a michty lang nebbit word that—lies no in the nature o' the thing to be done, but in the want o' will on the part o' masters to enforce moral order and decency in their establishments."

"Indeed, Saunders, the most of employers leave the morality of their workpeople in the hands of others, as a thing they have nothing to do with. Besides, as is well known, some masters, overseers, clerks, and foremen, to their shame be it spoken, are more inclined to lead astray, corrupt, debauch, and degrade the young, the innocent, and unsuspecting, than to teach them lessons of moral and religious duty, either by precept or example. That's a fact, as many a wealthy and brutish man can testify."

"Aweel, Sir, if a' the huge warkshops in the kingdom are, like Noah's ark, to be filled wi' a' kinds o' creatures, clean and unclean—if the atheist, and him wha fears God, are to work side by side—if the scoffer is to splutter the gross slaver o' his leprous soul in the face o' a' the godly round about him—if the drunken debauchee is to troll his filthy sangs in the hearing o' the chaste and sober, and vex their spirits wi' the fulzie of his ugsome stories—if the profane swearer is to fire aff his volleys o' blasphemy continually as if he were celebrating the devil's birthday—if a' the true and the fause, the gude and the bad, the richt and the wrang, the honest and the dishonest, the clean and the unclean, are to be carded through ither, spun into hanks, and woven into claith as course as hagabag, then let maisters nae langer won'er though their servants hae neither truthfu'ness, nor honour, nor honesty, nor ony earthly virtue; and let the curst fabric, spun and woven out o' sic raw material, hing upon their souls, their houses, and their fortunes, like the shadow o' death, till they repent, redd up their house, set

it in order, that it may be nae langer a cesspool o' sin, a sink o' filthiness, runnin' ower into the bottomless pit."

"That's awful, Saunders. If I hear more of that I shall lose a night's rest—so good night.'

"Gude nicht, Sir; and may the lamb's woo' be a coverlet o' love; and sound sleep to you, and a' gude men."

No. XXI.

A MEDLEY OF SOLEMN MUSINGS.

"We are the children of habit, Saunders. As naturally as the day closes I turn my face towards your smithy door. What's the matter the night? Your manly face seems veiled with thoughtfulness. Anything crossing and ruffling the even current of your worldly comfort, friend?"

"Somehow or ither, Sir, I'm a thocht down i' the mouth the nicht. The sea ebbs an' flows, rises an' fa's, an' so does the spirit o' man. We can count on the risin' an' fa'in' o' the great waters, but wha can foretell the ups an' downs o' his ain spirit? Only ANE. I've been musin' a gliff on my ain state, an' on the awfu' wickedness o' this sinfu' warld. O but we're a pack o' thankless creatures. What thousands an' tens o' thousands o' human feet a' rin, rinnin' in the way o' transgression! What countless multitudes o' human hands a' work, workin' the will o' the flesh, an' no a few workin' uncleanness wi' greediness! An' what a fearfu' leash o' tongues, Sir, a' wag, waggin' continually at the expense o' some poor saunt or sinner, as the case may be."

"What of the tongue, Saunders? Has any one been slandering you, and taking unlawful and malicious liberties with your good name?"

"No, no, Sir; an' that were a' I could hide that, as I hae done mony a time, without bein muckle up or down. I'm far frae hein' thin-skinned. The sharpest tongue that ever spat fire or venom out o' a wicked head, though that tongue he as sharp as a sutor's elson or a tailor's needle, would nae mair pierce my hide than a common thorn would rin in through the hide o' that coorse beast—what do ye ca' him? He's a great, ill-faured, unloesome brute, wi' a horn on his nose."

"A rhinoceros, Saunders."

"Ay, ay, a rhinoceros; that's it, Sir, thank ye. Weel, Sir, I care nae mair mysel' for the stang o' a slanderous tongue than a rhinoceros does for a flea hite; and I think he's a brute o' that kind that wouldna care ae whisk o' his tail though a' the vermin in creation lichtit on him. They micht as weel licht on a dry stane dyke as licht on him, or on the face o' a whinstane craig. I hae a grand remedy, Sir, to suck out the poison o' a venomous tongue."

"Ah! what's that, Saunders?"

"It's a good conscience, Sir. If the evil spoken against me be a lee I can lauch at haith the leear and his lee; but if the slander has a sprinklin' o' truth in't it gars me hethink mysel', pu's down my pride, humbles me, and sends me to a throne o' grace. What a blessin' it is, after a' the idle and evil-speakin', the slanderous clishmaclaver, and the waggin' and wallopin' o' millions o' ill

scrapit tongues, that there's still some halesome sawt in this rotten warld o' sin—some licht, licht frae heaven, shinin' still on this dark globe o' misery, in spite o' the awfu' flood o' black wickedness that has gane ower the face o' the hail earth—ay, has gane down to the vera roots, and mountit up the vera taps o' the everlastin' hills; Sautan's deluge, the deluge o' sin and misery, is far waur than Noah's deluge—it scoured the warld o' an accurst generation, that's a'; but Sautan's deluge drowns every generation o' man as it rows on and on and on to the great wide, deep, deep sea o' an awfully unfathomable eternity."

"Quite far enough, now, Saunders. You are many miles away from your remarks upon tongues, friend. What say you of them?"

"My thochts, Sir, were na drilled in a college like yours, to march rank an' file at the word o' command. They maun tak' their ain swing an' swagger in their ain way, an' just dawner up an' down as the speerit leads them. I'll no submit to be yokit in a college pleugh, wi' logic as a pleughman between the stilts to gar me hap an' wind at his biddin'. Nae man shall put me in a strait jacket made up o' what ye ca' syllogisms, as if a body's soul were a composition o' naething but clippin's an' shapin's o' mathematical figures. My soul, Sir, is no a square or a three-cornered soul, but a muckle, round soul, an' the maist o' its furniture is no logic, but common sense. Logic can mak' black white an' white black ony day, as some lawyers an' a' leears can testify."

"I have no wish, Saunders, to

perfect liberty of thought, word, and action, therefore don't take it into your honest head that I would put your large, round soul into a logical strait jacket. No, no."

"We were speakin', Sir, o' the wickedness o' man in general. Just twa kinds o' men in the warld. The ae kind under the law, the ither under grace. Now, in every livin' man there's a livin' heart, and the heart is the fountain o' life. In every dead man, though naturally alive, speeritually there's a dead heart. As the heart is a livin' or a dead heart, so the issues will be issues frae a fountain either o' life or death. Weel, Sir, out o' the heart o' man come a' the thochts, words, an' actions o' man. For what are words but thochts made audible by speech, or visible by writin'? A clean heart will mak' a clean life, an' a filthy heart will mak' a filthy life. As men, therefore, set their hearts on the things o' this warld, or on the things o' the warld to come, so will their desires rise either on the glorious scale o' divine perfection, or fa' on the miserable scale o' utter earthliness, an' that just as naturally as the sun draws up vapours frae the shinin' face o' the great sea. If I'm no mista'en, that's gey sensible."

"Sensible! Saunders, why it is both sound philosophy and sound religion too. The literary society of this fine old grey city might do worse than call on you to give them a lecture during the coming winter."

"Aiblins they micht do waur, Sir—ha, ha, ha. Aweel, a man is a livin' tower o' banes and flesh

and blood, set up on twa pillars o' the same. As the fountain o' life, that is the heart o' man, rises to its ain natural level, the heart o' the wicked man finds nae level aboon the earth, but the heart o' a gude man has its level in heaven, its treasure, its heart there. The tap o' this livin' tower is the head. In the front o' the head there is a door, that is the mouth. Within the door or mouth there hings a bell, and that bell is the tongue that rings perpetually, and tells what's gaun on in the deep, dark, silent heart below. Sin is the common bellman o' bad souls, wha keeps the tongue o' the haill warld ringin' eternally, and a' that he rings for is —Dirt, dirt, mair dirt, a' the year round, and a' his lifetime. At lang and at last Death tak's up the bellman's office, and rings the dolefu' knell o' the warldling—'The wages of sin is death'—wraps him in a shroud, screws him down in a coffin, and lays him in the mools, sayin'—'At last ye hae gotten what ye were everlastingly ringing for, and forbye that ye'll get a het aneuch welcome elsewhere, if a' be true.' Gang your wa's, ye poor, warldly-minded mortal, gang your wa's, but God forbid that ony o' mine should gang wi' ye!"

"You are growing poetical, Saunders, and your imagery has the quaintness and solemnly reverential air of an old cathedral. Strange musings these of yours, friend—very. Rather fantastical some folk would say."

"I canna weel account for them mysel', Sir. They are a kind o' flichts o' the spirit among 'graves and skulls.

and epitaphs and worms.' It's nae delight to my weak fancy to trail up images o' sin and sorrow frae the dark places o' human misery; but it would be a great satisfaction to my heart if I, in my hamely kind o' way, could airt poor, forlorn, lost creatures wha are wanderin' like ghaists in the wilderness o' time, to a better way, and to a happier end, than the way they are walkin' in, and the end they are comin' to, unless they repent in time."

"Why not take upon you, Saunders, the office of an Evangelist yourself, as many do?"

"For that, Sir, I hae neither callin' nor warrant, gifts nor graces. I'm content to hear the gospel preached by a faithfu' ministry, but no by every ranter and raver that tramps up and down the kintra, roarin' and rampaugin, and never pleased but when he hears the sweet melody o' his ain enchantin' voice. Though I winna, daurna, try the preachin' line, I'll tell you what I think o' things in an aff-hand, friendly way; but preachin'! na, na, that's far aboon my fit. I'm bauld aneuch for ordinar as a neighbour, citizen, or a frien'; but in the school o' Christ I'll sit as a humble scholar, on ane o' the laighest furms, too, and there I'll sit as lang's I dow, till he sends his messenger, sayin'—'The Lord has sent me for thee, Saunders, come up hither.'"

"Go on, Saunders, go on."

"The soul o' the warldlin' wi' a' its wishes, its desires, its hopes, creeps like a vermin upon the footstool o' God, and never rises aboon the condition o' a creepin' thing, creepin' on the face o' the

earth—dust, dust is his food, his raiment, his life, his portion, his all ; but the soul of the godly man walks wi' a' the grace and dignity o' a king. He's an heir o' God. Yea, instead o' creepin' like a worm, he mounts up wi' wings as an eagle, and sailin' ower far aboon this region of noise and strife, sin and sorrow, life and death, his eagle e'e catchin' glorious glimpses o' the Throne, and the ancient o' days sittin' thereon in serene and awfu' majesty—o' the Lamb standin' on the Mount Zion—o' the spirit, whose symbol is the dove—o' the golden city, the palace o' the Great King, and the innumerable company o' angels, the spirits o' just men made perfect, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, and the souls o' martyrs aneath the altar, and his cry is not longer life, mair warld's wealth, mair earthly honour ; but his cry is less o' this world an' mair o' the world to come, mair faith, mair grace, mair knowledge, mair wisdom, mair understandin', mair o' the mind and will and spirit o' the Lord, mair love and hope, mair joy and peace, mair meekness and ripeness for an entrance into thy kingdom of glory. We ken whaur we're gaun, Sir—gude nicht."

"And where we shall meet, Saunders. Good night."

No. XXII.

A DOUR BATTLE WI' CONSCIENCE.

"What's the matter with my worthy old friend, Saunders Dinwuddie, to-night? Your face seems longer than usual, aud the curtains of your blithe countenance are hanging down so loosely that they appear to have been shaken by the disorderly hands of some unruly emotion. Care and grief make sad carved work on our mortal visages. What's the matter?"

"I maun confess that I'm a wee thing glum and out o' my ordinar the nicht. I saw a sicht yesterday that gart my een whirl in my head, and cut me to the quick. It made my heart grit, and brought the tear to my e'e; and the vision o' misery that I saw has been rinnin' back and forrit through my mind ever sin' syne, and I canna win aboon't. I'm a kind o' haunted, man."

"I thought, Saunders, that you were too bold to be frightened with shadows or scared with visions. And the vision which you saw drew forth the tender-heartedness of my brave friend and made him weep? Is your sturdy intellect growing weak as a foolish woman's, Saunders?"

"No, Sir, your auld frien', Saunders, is a man yet, and as bauld a man as ever; and ye ken yersel', Sir, that your ain heart is no just sae hard as the nether millstane, neither is your e'e dry when a tale o' sorrow dirls at the drum o' your lug, and waukens the woman in the man. Sae dinna ye gibe me as if I had grown a donnart auld carle, and as if my poor saul had slidden down into whimperin' bairnliness. Why, Sir, bearded and bauld men may greet as well as beardless and tender-hearted women. What for no?"

"Beg pardon, Saunders. I love the man who has a heart as well as a head—who can weep with those who weep, and laugh with those who rejoice."

"Nae offence, Sir. Brawly do I ken that you werena in earnest when ye spoke sae croosly. Aweel, Sir, I'll try to gar my tongue unbridle the wallet o' my memory, and tell ye my ruefu' story —that is, if my tale doesna untwine and snap the thread o' your patience."

"Say on, friend, my patience is somewhat thicker than a thread. It is what you yourself would call 'a gey teugh tether.' So say on."

"Ye ha'e na forgotten, Sir, I daur say, that yesterday was a dreary, dismal kind o' day, a day o' thick mist and rain, that drouket and drowned the face o' the warld—that lookit as if houses and trees, men and beasts, were a' soomin' in a great wide sea. Every now and then, too, came gutterin' gusts o' wind that shook the rain draps aff the trees, and flew by wi' a yell, a howl, and a roar, as if some wild craturs were ragin' and rampaugin' in the lift. An awfu' day, Sir—a cauld,

ourie, miserable day it was. Weel, on sic a day, Sir, I had to stir my shanks and paidle through the dub and the lairie, to a neighbourin' farm, on a bit errand o' my ain. I set aff by screich o' day, and came hame to breakfast. On my way hame I saw twa figures sittin' side by side on the edge o' the footpath ; the tane was a sturdy, little man wi' a fine, fresh, caller face, and the siller locks that swirled about his haffets showed that he had warsled up the brae, had crossed the croon o' the hill o' life, and was now hirslin' dounward to whaur we maun a' gang. As I drew near he was haudin' up his loof to screen his face frae the wind and rain. I heard the patterin' o' little feet ahint me. It was his little dochter. She was a thin, pale-faced, gentle-like bairn, and unco thinly clad for sic gruesome weather. Her father, wi' a smile o' love, said, 'Come awa', my bonnie bairn.' She sat doun sae as to screen her father frae the drizzlin' rain—flung her arm round his neck, kissed his cheek, sayin', 'O, my father, how are ye?' 'Very weel, my poor womanie. Ye're sair droukit yoursel', my womanie.' Frae aneath her shawl she took a bicker o' porridge, placed the bicker on her father's knee, wha pu'd aff his bannet and steekit his een, and sought a blessing frae God on his humble meltith."

"Upon my word, Saunders, I feel my heart grows soft and tender while I listen to your description of the stone-breaker and his daughter. A very touching story it is."

"A weel, Sir, as I gaed hooly and fairly alang the road, I fand a kind o' swelling' o' the heart, and a chockin' in my craig, a wheezin' in my breath as

if I were growin' asthmatical, and a sort o' quiverin' in my lips as if I had lost the power o' speech, and I was na relieved till I began to blubber like a broken-hearted bairn, and a flood o' tears ran patterin' down my face. The tear shower moistened the wings o' the storm within, and I held wi' mysel' what you learned men ca' a soliloquy—that is, I began to speak to mysel', and maunder like a silly daft body. See you that, Saunders? said I. There's poverty and misery sitting cauld, and wat, and hungry, at the road side. Ay, and saw ye the embrace and the love-kiss o' that bonnie, delicate bairn, the dochter o' want and woe? Ay, saw ye the clean luggie, wi' its girds that shine like polished silver? And saw ye that poverty would na taste the morsel provided for him until he pu'd aside his bannet, and sent up his spirit to heaven to seek only from the Father of all a blessing. Saw ye the poor man sit on a wisp o' wat strae at the side o' a public road, wi' his tackety shoon in the gutter, a stormy sky aboon his grey pow, and the bleak, cauld wind whisking and whistling through his grey locks wi' as little mercy as it would rug and rive a scrubby whinbush. Yet he seemed contented and happy. Something nudged my conscience and waukened it, and so conscience began to speak, no wi' a saft, sweet, and silvery voice, but wi' a voice as loud as the ringin', clamour of my ain study. She was na slack wi' her tongue. She spake out bauldly, and would na haud her whish."

"And what said Conscience in her angry mood, Saunders?"

"Weel, Sir, she did na flatter me. She said—

What for did ye pass by that decent auld man and the poor bairn that sat aside him? Your horn is hard, but your heart is unco soft and tender. Ou ay, Saunders Dinwuddie can greet, and pretend that he is fu' o' the milk o' human kindness, as the udder o' the cow when she comes rowting hame in the gloamin', and she croons, 'Wha milks me?' Fie, fie, Saunders, how could ye ha'e the heart to gang slinkin' by the auld man? No a kind word nor a boddle did ye gi'e him, poor man. Plenty o' rain frae your howe e'en though. Hegh man! it will be a lang while afore the tears o' a sentimental sowl will gar the kail pat o' misery boil. Swith! shame! 'What for, I say,' and Conscience roared this time wi' a stoure and terrible voice; 'what for did ye no drap a croon into the lap o' the droukit, pale-faced, ill-fed, and ill-clad bairn?' Conscience ran on at sic an awfu' rate, and roared in my lug like a perfect randy, that I turned back; and she was pacified, and patted me on the shouther head, and wi' a voice like a siller bell she said, 'There now, Saunders is like himsel' again. Ye're a dainty man, Saunders, that are ye, but ye're no a hair the waur o' hearing a word or twa frae me at a time when ye would pass by misery wi' a hard heart and a buttoned pouch.'"

"Upon my word, Saunders, that is one of the most gravely comical and most pathetically droll soliloquies I ever listened to. It makes me feel as if I were standing between laughter and grief, and were at a loss whether I should laugh or weep, or blend laughing and weeping together. Your description of Conscience, also, is irresistibly ludicrous. It is one of the finest personifications

of Conscience I ever heard or read. Such a portrait of the divine monitor in the soul of man should be hung up in the picture gallery as a rare specimen of artistic genius. Well done, Saunders."

"Are ye in earnest, Sir, or are ye takin' a sly lauch in your ain sleeve at my poor wits? How is your patience, Sir? Is she no tired wi' my lang yarn?"

"Tired, Saunders! Why, I could listen for a twelvemonth to your curiously-picturesque sketches of men and things."

"Thank ye, Sir, wi' a' my heart. Muckle am I in your debt for mony a gude word and mony a gude deed. Weel, Sir, to take up the loupen steek o' my story, Conscience and I turned back, and stood forenent the honest man, wha had just clautit out the last spoonfu' o' parritch out o' his cog. I stood glowrin' at him, saying to mysel'—Surely I ken that man, or I ha'e seen him at some time or ither. I stappit forit to speak to him. He held down his head as if he were ashamed. I spoke to him. He rose, and was takin' aff his bannet. I said—Frien', dinna stand afore me wi' your bare pow. Keep on your head gear. I want nae reverence frae ony man. Keep on your bannet."

"May I use the liberty, quo I, o' speerin' wha ye are, frien'?"

"Weel, Sir, I'm naething but just a poor auld man nappin' stanes at the road side for a bit o' bread, was the reply."

"Winkin', to clear my een, and glowrin' at him as if I saw a warlock, I said—Are ye no Mr Glendinning wha was wont to live in the bonnie howe

ca'd the Lownlands? He blinkit up in my face wi' the tail o' his e'e, smiled, and shook his head, and said, 'Ay, Sir, my name is Allan Glendinning o' the Lownlands, but I ha'e nae Lownlands now to hide my auld head in.' My heart tumblet the wulcat for perfect joy. I couldna keep from cryin' out—Allan, Allan, Allan Glendinning o' the Lownlands, my worthy auld frien'. O man, but I'm glad to see you; and I sang inwardly—

'Come gie's a hand, my trusty frien',
And there's a hand o' mine.'

Sae, I took haud o' Allan by the twa hands, lifted him up in my arms, spun round and round wi' him like a whirligig, and syne let him down saftly on his ain feet. And on we gaed, crackin' and lauchin', and shakin' hands again and again, while wee Mysie stood glowrin' and wonderin', nae doubt, wha that daft man was that her father had fa'in' in wi'. 'Hech! man, this is a day that will make a deep notch in the aumrie o' my affections. O but I'm baith glad and wae to see yon. Did ye no ken me, Allan, as I ga'ed by?' 'I, Sir, brawly I kent. I didna like to speak.' 'Wae's me! my gude frien', Allan Glendinning o' the Lownlands, nappin' stanes, bless me, by the roadside, to mak smooth roads for trade and traffic, and for fine ladies and gentlemen wha scour the kintra in their grand carriages. A waesome dooncome. Your road through life has been a rough ane.' Putting something into his waukit loof, and shakin' hands right heartily wi' the honest man, I said—'Now, Allan, come ye yont to my house the morn's nicht and take a

morsel o' supper wi' me. Sae spend this day in a dry skin; and poor Mysie, wha stands there cauld and dreepin', see that she be tirred o' her wat claes.' I put something into her bit loof, which I took in mine. I parted with baith. My last words were—'Now, Allan, mind, Allan, to come yont the morn's nicht.' Allan bowed and nodded, and smiled, but his heart was grit, and he couldna speak, and the tear was in his e'e, and my ain een werena dry."

"Well, Saunders, the luxury of doing good to a good man is the greatest of all luxuries. O, my dear friend, I have listened to your narrative with the liveliest emotion. It is intensely interesting. Your description of the conflict between you and your conscience has a graphic power and pathos in it, that made me wipe my eyes once and again, and at times I could not help suppressing my breath that my hearing might be sharpened—that, in fact, I might be all ear in order to give the more earnest heed to the audible utterances of a speaking soul."

"My service and my thanks to you, Sir. Ye are aiblins a wee partial in your judgment o' your auld frien'; but this I ken, Sir, ye downa say onything but ony man micht aboon 't or below 't write 'As sure as death.'"

"Come awa', my man; come awa', my dainty marrow. We were a' waitin' and watchin' and wearyin', and won'erin' what had come o'er ye."

"Breakfast, Girzie, quo I; breakfast, my woman. I'm as hungry as a Polar bear. Breakfast, breakfast, hinney."

"No ae moothfu' will cross your hungry craig till

ye ha'e strippit your dreeping claes and put on dry anes. That's reason and common sense. There, now, that's the thing. Ye'll take nae skaith now. Here we sat down to breakfast het and pipin'."

"Gude nicht, Sir."

"Good night, friend."

No. XXIII.

JUVENILE FROLIC, FIGHTING, AND WAGGERY.

"I have not seen you for a season, Saunders; how fares it with you all? Your very pathetic story of poor Allan Glendinning has been ringing in my ears ever since I heard it. The image of the old man, sitting by the way side contentedly and thankfully eating his humble meal, rises up before me as a picture drawn from life; and the interest, the sympathy it awakened, is much heightened by the presence of his affectionate little daughter. What of Allan?"

"Ay, a very waesome story it is, Sir; a very pitifu' story o' the misfortunes, the sorrows, and the sufferings of a gude, godly man; for Allan is nae less, as his hail life testifies; and he is now snug, comfortably seen to, and unco thankfu', honest man.

"He came yont, and took his supper wi' us, as he promised. When the reading was past, Girzie supplied us wi' a sappy and a savoury supper, 'warm, reekin', rich;' Girzie and the bairns

didna ken how to be kind aneuch to the auld man. Sae we suppit and crackit a' through ither, and ye may be sure we didna spare the mercies. Every mouthfu' we blessed, and ilka ane o' us felt that the invisible hand o' our Heavenly Father was feedin' him wi' lovin' kindness and wi' tender mercies. We're no sae thankfu', Sir, as we ought to be. Afore supper, I had gien Girzie the hint that Allan and me should be left to ha'e a crack atween our twa sel's. She, and ilka ane o' the bairns, shook hauns heartily wi' Allan, and bade him gude nicht; but in twa or three minutes in comes Girzie lauchin, wi' a muckle pewter trencher, a horn o' yill o' her ain brewin', twa tobacco pipes, and an auld sealskin spleuchan. Blithely settin' them down afore us, she bade us gude nicht, sayin' to me, wi' a sly blink o' her e'e—'I'm thinkin' I needna look for you till the morn.' No likely, my dainty wifie, no likely; sae she steekit the door, and gaed awa.

"Up I gat to my feet—ga'ed the honest man a hearty slap on the shouther head, saying to him—Take your seat here in that easy chair, at the ingle side, and I'll take the ither. I'll kittle the heart o' the fire and gar't bleeze, blink, and lauch bonnily. There's a well-filled pipe, and there's a reamin' horn o' yill, my gude auld frien', and here's anither horn to mysel'. Here's to ye, man. O, but I'm unco glad to see ye, at my ain chimla lug.

"O, Sir, said he, my heart's lowin' and lowpin' wi' gratitude, but my thochts are fleein' up and down, like streamers in a dark winter nicht, and I ha'e nae utterance, but just to say—I wish ye

well, Sir, and may the Lord bless and reward ye for your kindness to me and mine. We spent as pleasant a nicht thegither as ever twa happy mortals spent. He tauld the history o' his misfortune wi' a hamely simplicity that was whiles gey and touchin' and whiles gey and laughable. But I needna gang through a' the ups and downs o' his unfortunate history. I'll gie ye nae mair nor an abridgment. For mony a year he was a thrivin' farmer in the farm of Lownlands. He had a family o' seven bairns, but the five atween the auldest and the youngest deid. The name o' his first-born was Rab. He was spared, and grew up to be a sturdy callan. He had a lang Roman visage, a kenspeckle kind o' a loon he was Rab. His head was theekit wi' a hushock o' curlin' black hair, and aneath his heavy brow twa dark een flashed and bleezed at times like the een o' a Bedlamite. There was wild fire in his brain. He was a buirdly chiel—braid-shouthered, deep-chested, and strappit wi' brawny muscles that might ha'e done some guid wark in my smiddy. That is a rough outline o' this young Hercules.

"Sent to school he grew a great favourite wi' his master, Mr Rennie, whaur a' the scholars lookit up to him, but feart him too. A yunker twa or three years aulder than Rab was a terror to a' the scholars and to the villagers round about, for the mischievous pranks he played. He was the bully o' the school, for he had licket the auldest and the strongest o' them into subjection. His name was Tam Barbour. Tam was nae scholar, but he was strong and doure, and wicked, and michty fond o' fechtin'. At the

skailin' o' the school ae day Tam began to lounder ane o' the younger scholars. The wee fellow was fechtin'—greetin' loud and sair—but had at last to gi'e in, and cry '*own beat*.' Rab came forit as the bloody fray was gaun on, and said to Tam, 'I say, Tam, what's a' that for?'

"'Would ye like to ken?' says Tam. 'He ca'd me names. Would ye like a wallopin' yoursel', Rab? Ye think, because ye're a farmer's son, and I'm but the son o' a poor nailer, that ye'll dust my jacket, do ye?'

"Rab replied, 'Ye're but a cowardly kind o' a chap to fecht wi' ane that's no a match for you.'

"'Ho! ho! cries Tam, 'ye want to be cock o' the school, like as if it were. Is that what ye're after?'

"'No,' says Rab, 'that's no what I'm after. I'm after giein' your kame a dab or twa, and pookin' a feather or twa out o' your wing, that ye mayna craw sae crously nor glee sae high, Tam. That's what I'm after, man.'

"Tam bawls out, 'A ring, a ring. Whau'll haud the bannet?'

"The twa champions, face to face, spat in their loofs, of course, syne doubled their nieves, and the fray began. Tam struck out right and left, furiously but fecklessly, for Rab parried his blows, and waiting, watchin' wi' an eagle's e'e, he bent back, and then flung himsel' forit wi' the haill weight o' his body, and wi' the haill force o' his brawny arm he gae Tam a tremendous clink atween the e'en that blinded him, and sent him reelin' backward, when he fell on his back wi' an awfu' clash, poor fellow. Some o' the bairns be-

gan to whimper, and cry, 'Tam Barbour's de'ed. Rab Glendinning's kill't him.'

"Tam waukened up, and glourin' round him, like ane waukenin' in the frenzy o' a burnin' fever, he waved his hand, and bawled, 'Tam Barbour's no deed yet. Tam Barbour's leevin', and will fecht yet, as lang's a spunk o' life's in him. Whaur's Rab ?'

"'Rab's here,' was the reply.

"'Come on, come on,' said Tam, risin', and tryin' to stand on his feet. He stachered, and would ha'e tumblet o'er again, but Rab sprang forit and kept him frae tumbling.

"'Come on, come on,' said Tam. 'C-c-come on; I'll f-f-fight ye, yet.'

"Rab, wi' a tear in his e'e, offers him his arm, saying, 'Ye re a brave fellow, Tam, but we'll no fecht ony mair. We'll be frien's, man. Nae mair fechtin', Tam.'

"They set aff thegither. Tam had to ca' a halt ance or twice on his way hame. He said, 'It's very kind o' you, Rab, but ye ha'e lickit me gey and sair the day, but I would like just to ge'i ye a clour or twa for the fun o' the thing.'

"A crowd o' bairns followed the twa chieftains to the door o' Tam's mither's house.

"Tam entered, and some o' the loons would ha'e gi'en three cheers, but Rab daured them and keepit down their din, and sent them hame quietly.

"Tam's mither opened the door to let him in. Her salutation was, 'What's wrang wi' ye now, ye gloomin', dour-lookin' sumph? Can ye no trail your feet after ye? Ye're wamlin' as if ye

had the palsy. What's wrang wi' ye man? Ha'e ye been fechtin' again, ye dour, ill-gi'en tyke? Ye're glourin' like a wullcat, and your mouth's stickin' out farer than your nose. I declare, ye look just like a sow, tryin to play on a trump. What ga'e ye that colour on your brow? My word, ye ha'e gotten a gey sair cut the day, my man. Your e'en will be as black's the lum afore the morn, I warrant ye. Sit down there, and I'll rub your brow wi' a dribble o' speerits. Oh, but ye're a misleared ne'erdoweel.' To a' the queries o' his mither, Tam had nae answer but ane—'Humph, grumph,' and 'There's naething wrang wi' me. What are ye makin' sic a wark about? My head's just spinnin' like a peerie, that's a'.'

"Henceforit the twa young rogues were sworn friens. To tell o' a' their fun and frolics, their games and sports, their exploits at fairs and trysts, their wild and mischievous pranks, would be endless. There's ae bit o' wicked waggery, however, that I may tell you. It was among the last o' their adventures thegither, for Tam, soon after, was set to work as a nailer.

"He and Rab were baith at Lownlands ae day when a towsy-lookin' beggar man was carried on a hand barrow by some neibours, and laid down at the farm door. The poor lame beggar got his aumous, and it fell to the lot o' the twa rascals to carry the beggar, and they determined to ha'e some fun wi' him on the road as they trudged alang wi' him to the neist farm town. 'Now, lads,' says Mr Glendinning afore they set aff, 'take tent o' the poor auld man. Carry him cannily, and see ye dinna coup him on the road.'

"'Ay, ay, father,' says Rab, and aff they tracked wi' their barrowfu' o' beggary. Nae licht burden, I trow. When they came to a part o' the footpath whaur they couldna be seen, Tam cries, 'Swing, Rab, swing.' Sae they began to swing their helpless burden frae side to side as far as their arms would let them. The beggar grat, saying, 'How can ye do the like o' that to a poor helpless man?' 'Swing, Rab, swing,' cries Tam again, and on they kept swinging wi' a' their micht. The beggar man began to pray—'O dawties, ca' canny, and dinna fling me about that way. Hoolie, my dawties, and ye'll get the poor man's blessing.' 'Swing, Rab, swing,' and on they swung wi' a hearty goodwill to their wicked fun. The beggar roared, and swore that he would rise if they didna divaul, and break their banes wi' his stilt. They laid down the barrow, roarin' and lauchin' at the beggar's misery. O! the vagabonds, they'll no thrive. Having rested a gliff, they took up the barrow again, wi' the helpless lamiter. At times they snooved alang richt cannily wi' him, then they began to kutch and cadgel him at sic a rate that, in his rage, the beggar flung his stilt, wi' an awfu' volley o' aiths, at Tam, no to hurt him, but just to gi'e him a fleg. Tam picks up the beggar's stilt, and scampers aff, cryin', 'Cut, Rab; the foul fiend's in the beggar. Cut, Rab, cut; he's no cannie.' Tam ran awa, carryin' the beggar's stilt, and Rab followed. 'Bring back my stilt, ye blackguards,' cried the beggar; 'bring back my stilt, I say, or, I'll, I'll, I'll,' &c.

"Up sprang the beggar frae his litter o' rags, and strac—up sprang the beggar, like a supple

tailor frae his shop brod, and after the twasome like a lamplichter. He ran, and they ran ahead o' him; and a bull in a corner o' the field, lifting up his braid nose frae amang the fodder, saw them runnin' awa, an wi' a whish o' his tail, he galloped after them.

"Tam, bein' foremost, made a loup like a saumont, and gaed wallopin' o'er the dyke clean into the lane, and Rab followed.

"The bull, making up to the beggar, charged him frae behind, thrust a horn on ilka side o' him, and wae a kave o' his head he pitched him into the air.

"'Hollo,' cries Tam, 'hollo, Rab, the beggar's fleein' and tumblin' the wullcat in the air.'

"'Let's drive awa that wild brute,' cried Rab; 'he'll kill the beggar. Come, Tam, gi'e me that stilt.' Wi' that he sprang o'er the dyke, fell upon the bull, and gae him sic a lounder upon his hinderlets that the brute whirled round to face his enemy. Rab ga'ed him a crunt on the horn that gart him wink and shake his lugs, and a clink atween the e'en that jingled his judgment, gart him turn tail, and run awa routin' and roarin' like a wild brute as he was.

"'Is the beggar de'ed, Rab,' quo Tam.

"'No,' was the answer, 'the beggar's no de'ed, but his wits are daunerin' a wee, and he's glowrin' like the moon.'

"They ran and brought the barrow, laid the half-de'ed beggar man upon't, carried him back to Lownlands, as doudy as if they were carryin' him to the kirkyard."

"A wild, mad prank was that, Saunders. A

capital job for two madcaps, but no joke to the impostor, the sturdy beggar, who thereby lost his calling; but they who revealed and exposed his imposture were also the means of saving his life in all likelihood. Good night, friend."

"My heart gangs wi' ye, Sir. Gude nicht."

No. XXIV.

SETTING SAIL WITHOUT CHART, RUDDER, OR COMPASS.

"Good evening, friend Saunders. The career of Rab Glendinning is to be, I fear, a very erratic one—a life in which the lights may be sharp and brilliant, but the shadows deep and dark, even as the shadows of Rembrandt's pictures."

"Ay, Sir, a warm and genial heart is as a gowden lamp hung up in the centre of our tabernacle. It makes simmer in the soul a' the year round. But the poor soul that burns like fire, bleezes like a torch, is like to explode now and then, and make a man's life a splutter o' perfect nonsense. Sic a speerit is sure to mak a spoon or spile a horn, as the saying is."

"True Saunders, but such a fiery spirit should be carefully guided and properly directed."

"Guided, Sir, said ye? Wha can guide the ragin' and roarin' sea? Wha can clip the terrible wings o' the hurricane careerin' o'er sea and land? Wha can guide the will-o'-wisp, as he blinks and bleezes, capers and dances, amang the moss bogs

in a dark nicht? Wha can guide the heavin' and hotchin' volcano, when it discharges its infernal artillery? Wha can guide the sharp lichtnin' when it shatters the wa's of its airy prison and comes shiverin' to the earth, in its crookit and forkit glory? Nane but ANE, Sir."

"Saunders, I doubt you have some of the explosive elements in yourself. You are growing poetical; but what of the young man, Rab Glendinning? What of him, my friend?"

"Thank ye, Sir. My thochts flee lowse whiles, and dauner out o' the road. Aweel a poor cratur just out o' the harness, is gey ready to funk and fling up his heels, and nicherin', scamper awa, whiskin' his tail, and rejoicin' in the unbridled liberty o' a cratur, licht-headed and half daft, wi' perfect joy. When a man's imagination takes the bizz, Sir, it's no an easy matter for common sense to get a claught o' him again. Weel, Sir, Rab gave up a' his wild and mischievous pranks, and turned owre a new leaf. After a time he betook himsel' to his beuks and his lear, and grew a prime scholar. His father asked Mr Kennawha what should be done wi' Rab.

"'Well,' said the preceptor, 'I really cannot say. He is a young man of great capacity. With him learning seems to be a pastime, an amusement, but he is self-willed, and not very tractable. His imagination is taller than his judgment, and his bravery sometimes runs ahead and leaves prudence and discretion pretty far behind. He is truthful, warm-hearted and generous. The scholars stand more in awe of him than of myself, I sometimes think. Being unwell, I sent for him

one day. He came with alacrity. I said to him —Robert, I am not able to attend school to-day. Will you take charge of the scholars? His prompt reply was—

"'Undoubtedly Sir, I'll do anything to serve you.'

"'But do you think you are able to keep the children in order?' said I.

"'He smiled, pulled himself up to his full height, assumed a kind of military attitude, and said—"Well, I should think so. I could command a regiment, Sir."

"'I laughed, and said—"Off you go, my gallant colonel, and drill the awkward squad downstairs." And, Robert, as little flogging as possible, mind you.'

"'None at all, Sir,' was his reply. 'You do all the flogging yourself.' And so he went away laughing.

"'He taught in the school for nearly a week, and he did keep the children tightly to work. That he did. His voice was to them as the voice of fate. Yet when the work of the day was past, they clustered round him like bees, and he told them two or three nice little stories, and sent them home laughing and in the best of humour. A wonderful lad—a very wonderful youth, Mr Glendinning; but what you are to make of him is above my comprehension.'

"Mony a talk, Sir, had Mr Glendinning wi' Rab's teacher anent the young man, but a' their talk ended in this—'A wonderful young man, Sir, very; but He who made us a' alone can tell what he is to become.' Among ither things his

master spiered at him if he would like to be a teacher. 'O yes, Sir,' said Rab 'a teacher of men—a professor.' "

"Rab must have been a young man of rare gifts, Saunders. Did you know him when he was at school?"

"I couldna but ken the laddie, Sir, for mony a pleasant hour I passed aneath the roof-tree o' Lownlands. His father and me were great frien's, and muckle gude wark I did for the worthy man, when I first opened my smiddy. He was ane wha, wi' mony mair, set me on my feet and made me what I am, sae far as the warld wags. They aye gat the gude wark, and I gat the gude price. Honest giff gaff, Sir, shortens and sweetens business, and sowther social life won'erfully."

"But to come back to my subject. Rab remained at school till he shot ayont his master, and made up his mind to drive on wi' his studies. For days and weeks and months he laboured at his lear. He read Latin beuks like an auld Roman, Greek beuks as if he had been born and brocht up among the Athenians, and Hebrew benks as if he had been a scholar o' Gamaliel's. A wonderfu' lad, Sir. He laid in a great store o' knowledge, and his memory was a fine roomy aumrie he had to haud his knowledge in. It was fu' o' shelves and shuttles, and queer corners for lear o' every kind. And weel he kent ilka neuk o't, and could lay his hand on a' his treasures as readily as a body could put his hand into his purse and fork out his pounds, shillings, or penee."

"Why, Saunders, such long continued devotion

to his studies was enough to turn the poor fellow's head."

"So it was, Sir, but Rab was obliged from time to time to fling by his beuks and take tent o' his health, for the labour o' the harns wears down the tabernacle far faster than the labour o' the hands and the sweat o' the brow. Diggin' and delvin', and a' kinds o' hard hodily wark, may weary the body, but the thinkin' part has rest, and the labourer sleeps soundly and sweetly. Rab whiles broke the tether o' his studies, and ran lowse for a time wi' the congregation o' fools and ne'erdoweels. He was sent, when aughteen year auld, to the College o' Embro', wi' great stores o' learnin' in his head, and far owre muckle siller in his pouch. I said to his father at the time—'Allan, my frien', keep that cowt short by the head, or he may funk and fling, and rin awa and scamper aff, naebody kens whaur. Keep him short by the head, Allan. He has rowth o' fire and mettle in him, sae put him on short allowance, frien'. His father smiled, and thanked me for my gude counsel, but he didna seek it, and therefore didna take it."

"Well, Saunders, your advice was good, but the best advice will weigh light in the scale when natural affection, and not judgment, holds the balance. An ounce of fatherly or motherly love will weigh heavier than many pounds of reason or common sense. So Rab was sent to College, I presume, with plenty of gold and silver lining in his pockets."

"Just that, Sir. And it wasna lang till the vanity and pride o' the young man kythed, as

micht weel ha'e been expected. He saw some o' the *Bürschen*, as he ca'd his fellow-students, wi' finer and better made claes on their back than his ain hamely cleadin'. Therefore, he maun be rigged out by some fashionable tailor, wha takes the measure o' vain fools mair ways than ane. His kintra boots are coarse, clumsy, and clubbish, a shame to be seen, and of course he gets equipped in a pair of the fiuest boots, made by some sly artistic craftsman, who tells the gowk that his foot is a perfect model of a foot. He flings aside his gude auld black stock, and sports a splendid necktic, wi' a gowden preen and a glorious diamond skinklin' in't. He buys and wears a ring on ane o' his fingers, a gowden ring, garnished wi' a precious stane. As for his grandfather's auld-fashioned globular watch, he could not look upon it but wi' contempt. Ned Turpin said to him one day—'Robert, how can you sport that ugly old chatel?'"

"'Well, Ned,' said Robert, 'I never pull it out in the class. I sometimes think that if old Father Time had it in his fob, he would pull it out some day, when he was in a merry mood, and have a game at shinty with it. Ha, ha.'"

"Awa gaed the pair o' young prodigals to a jeweller's shop, and Rab coft a grand chronometer, as he ca'd it, a couple o' seals, and a glorious chain, a' of pure gowd."

"Poor fellow, I am afraid, Saunders, that he is gaily rigged out, but not for a prosperous voyage in life. He has too great a press of canvas, too little ballast in his hold, too much wind in his top-sails. He is rigged for ruin unless he takes in a

reef or two. Did you give his father a hint of what the young man was doing?"

"A hint! Sir? Did I no tell him to keep the cowt short by the head? Tell parents about the ill-behaviour o' their bairns! Na, na, Sir. I ken the warld and the ways of the warld ower weel, to take up an ill report against ony man's ain flesh and blood. Gude news are unco welcome at a' times, but ill news will get the door of love slammed in their face. Bairns are idols, Sir, and the parents are worshippers, and the man wha is fool aneuch to come in atween them would need to take tent o' the reddin' stroke."

"I dare say, Saunders, that you are in the right. It is rather a perilous thing to tell any man of his faults, but more perilous still to speak of the misconduct of his children. That they will not brook nor pardon. But did the vain youth, in the midst of his extravagance, neglect his studies?"

"Far frae that, Sir. He made a grand figure in his classes. The professors praised him, and his fellow-students cheered him, and were proud to shake hands wi' him at the outgaun o' the classes. When he came hame frae the college he brought a lot o' prizes wi' him, and his faither and mither and a' his frien's and neighbours were unco proud and glad to see him. For a time he was feasted and flattered, till he grew weary o' the see-saw gossip o' the hamely fowks, wha invited and made sae muckle o' him that his head began to reel."

"Months o' sunshine, without the shadow of a cloud, are seldom seen in this cauld and dreepin' climate of ours. The end of a' fun is greetin', as we find. So after Rab's great success at the college,

the cost o' the winter session was thought by bis parents to be a lang way owre tbe score. There were grudgins and curmurrins and upbraidins, that flung for a time a mirky shadow across the happy house o' Lownlands.

"As his father ae day was mulligrunting at Rab's expenses, Rab heard him patiently, and streekin out his hand and openin bis mouth like a playactor, he said to his father, 'Come, come now, my worthy friend, don't fret because of a little money laid out, as if it were thrown to the dogs. You will get good interest for your money some day, I warrant you, so don't whine about expenses. This is an age of progress, a heroic age, the nineteenth century, you know, and young fellows must go ahead. I tell you what, I shall make the name o' Glendinning ring round tbe globe. I shall dignify, I shall immortalise, and it may be ennoble, the name of Glendinning, and all men will do you reverence.'

"'Hoot, toot,' said the father. 'I wadna gi'e the toot o' a ram's horn for fame, if it turned my pouch inside out and made me a beggar. Be frugal, Rab—be frugal, my lad.'

"Gude nicht, Sir."

"Good nigbt, Saunders. Good nigbt."

No. XXV.

A SOUL FLYING BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"Do you know, Saunders, I feel as warm and as lively an interest in Rab Glendinning as if he were my own son. I have a great desire to hear more of him and of his doings. He must have been a youth of rare endowments."

"Ou ay, Sir. Rab was a' that ye say, but gifts and graces are no aye sib to ane auither. They're no born twins, and they are but unco seldom found dwellin' thegither in the same tenements. Gifts, Sir, are o' sma' account if there be na grace to guide them. Without grace gifts may carry a man onward to earthly fame and fortune, or gar him dance like a glorious fool across the stage of life, till death lets his black curtain fa', at the close of the maist of a' dolefu' tragedies, the shipwreck of an immortal speerit.

"Rab's fame as a scholar was carried across the haill kintra by his fellow-students. A rich squire, no far frae Lownlands, wrote a very kind and polite letter to Rab, requesting him to be tutor to

his son and heir, offerin' him at the same a very liberal salary. His parents and a' his frien's advised Rab to accept the squire's offer, but to a' they could say he was as deaf as a dead man. 'What!' said he, 'I a tutor! I sit at a rich man's table by sufferance, as a mute flunkey, or to speak only when any great man honours me by condescending to speak to me! I to be dry nurse to an aristocratic calf, who out of his broad acres will clothe my back and fill my belly, that I may put knowledge into his calf's head! Not I—never. No, no. I am a tutor already. I have a pupil to instruct, and his name is Robert Glendinning.'

"Hech, sirs, it's pride pu's a' the kintra doun, and I fear it will pu' doun poor Rab too unless he flee laigher than he's doin'. Here's the letter o' refusal he sent to Squire Adams :—

"'Sir,—Your favour of the 6th inst. lies before me. Your request that I should be tutor to your son, and your estimate of my qualifications for such an office, are to me highly gratifying. Your proffered recompense, also, is liberal beyond the ordinary measure of liberality, and to a poor student would be a strong temptation. I cannot well express the gratitude I feel, and I thank you with all my heart. But, Sir, I pray you to excuse myself misgivings. I am too young, too inexperienced, too little advanced in my studies, and must therefore most humbly and thankfully decline to accede to your kind and generous request. Yet believe me, Sir, to be

"'Your most obliged and humble servant,

"'ROBERT GLENDINNING.'"

"I greatly fear, Saunders, that the youth is one who dreams while broad awake. Why, the fellow's eyes are in the ends of the earth, and he is blind to the realities before his face. What infatuation! What does he mean?"

"Mean! Sir. That's mair than ony reasonable mortal can *guess*, far less *tell*. He was bent to get on wi' his lear, come what would. I ca'd on him ae day, and was tauld I would find him in his study. Upstairs I gaed, and knockin' at the door, a voice frae within bawls out, 'Who's there? Come in.' On openin' the door, he rose up, stood still, and glowred as if he saw a vision. A grand figure he was to look upon. His bare feet were thrust into a pair o' red Morocco slippers. Frae his shouthers doun to his heels hung a lang, lowse, drab-coloured bavarie. A pair o' duck trousers, without slings, covered his legs but scantily. The neck o' his night-shirt he had flung back, leavin' his breast and his neck bare. The black, bushy, curly hair o' his head he had tangled and twisted into the maist picturesque confusion. It agreed uncommonly weel wi' the muscles o' his face, that wrocht a' through ither, as if ilka fibre had life in itsel', and wi' his twa bleezin' een, that rowed in his head like wavin' torches. At last, knittin' his ee-brows and lookin' awfully fierce, he roared out, 'Who are you, Sir? Be'st thou a spirit of health?' I burst out a lauchin' and said, 'Bide a gliff, my man, and I'll tell ye wha I am Rab.' Waukenin' suddenly, as out of a trance, he started back, flung up his hands, cryin', 'How! what?—eh? Ho!—hollo! my old friend, Mr Dinwuddie?' He sprang forit, flung his arms round my neck, hugged me like a bear, and capered as if he were dancin' the Highland fling. 'Pardon me, Sir,' said he, owre and owre again. 'Pardon me.' After this friendly huggin' and worryin', we sat doun and had a lang

crack. Amang ither things, I spiered at him what for he refused the Squire's offer.

"'Destiny, Sir,' was his answer; 'Destiny. I mean to push on with my studies, and then——'

"'What then?' said I.

"'Why, Sir,' said he, 'what the fates decree. Let them decree, and I'll follow.'

"I fand that he had only ae fixed thocht in his head, that is, that he would neither gi'e up nor hinder his studies, no, not for a kingdom. His room was a study for a painter. Books of every kind, and in a' sorts o' tongues, dead and leevin'. The wa's were covered wi' maps, plates o' beasts and birds and fishes, and foreby these, he had a lot o' wee glass cases fu' o' beetles, moths, and butterflees. It would make a lang catalogue were I to put doun a' the knick-knacks. The floor o' his apartment, too, was as thickly strewed wi' writin's', as the yird is strewed wi' leaves at the hint o' hairst. When he saw me pickin' my steps very gingerly, to take a glisk o' some o' his sketches stuck up on the wa', he cried—

"'O, Mr Dinwuddie, don't mind treading on that rubbish. Kick it aside. That's nothing but the refuse of intellectual housekeeping, Sir. Kick it aside. When the edge of the joiner's plane is keen and well set, it glides smoothly along the wood, and it flings the beautifully crisped and curled shavings across his hand in cumbrous profusion, he tosses them aside and flings them at his feet. So I scatter the shavings of my thoughts.' Ha, ha, ha, and we laughed right heartily thegither.

"After our guffaw came to an end, I said to

my young frien'—'Weel, Rab, after ye ha'e puttin' an uncommon store o' knowledge into your intellectual granary, what are ye gaun to do wi't? Ye dinna intend, I hope, to hoard it up, as a miser hoards his siller, do ye?'"

"'No, Sir. The coinage of my brain shall bear my own image and superscription. I shall issue gold, pure gold, from my invisible mint, and it shall pass as current coin, I hope, in the glorious republic of letters. Aha, Saunders, you are twitching your features, as if you were trying to smother a laugh at my expense.'"

"'Troth, Rab,' quo I, 'ye're no far aff the scent. I was just lauchin' in my sleeve, and sayin' to mysel', after a', Rab is a clever chiel, an extraordinar lad, a won'erfu' young man at his time o' day, and if his gowd were as abundant as his brass, he would be the richest man in a Christian-dee. Ha, ha. Tak' tent, tak tent, my sweet youth o' the nineteenth century. Tak' care that ye be na lifted up on the wings o' vanity, lest you and pride licht on the cock o' some dizzy steeple, to striddle and whirl about in a' weather, and till the wind, puffin' out his cheeks like a blawer, open his mouth and blaw a blast sae furious that it will whirl you aff and cast you down frae your airy pinnacle o' glory, wi' an awfu' thud that it will discharge your poor sowl, like a thunder-bolt, into eternity, and leave naething ahint but a melancholy barrowfu' o' flesh and blood and banes, as a memorial o' your maist glorious folly. Put on humility, my man, as your nether garment, and aboon that ye will get some day a robe mair glorious than the robe of Solomon in a' his splen-

dour. Mind this, Rab, pride gangs afore a fa'.'"

"How did Rab look, Saunders, when you rubbed him so roughly against the grain?"

"Weel, Sir, whiles he looked like a lion, and whiles he looked something like a calf. It was only by pressin' doun and birzin' my speerit that I could keep frae lauchin' outricht at him. The flutterin' lichts and shadows o' his physiognomy appeared to me sae droll, that I took it into my head that the lad would make a famous play-actor, for a' the different passions gaed and came so thick and fast across his soul-speakin' face, that my fancy now and then saw, as if it were the muse o' tragedy, the muse o' comedy, and the towsy, tawdry muse o' farce dancin' a threesome reel on the dial-plate o' the poor lad's attic story, reelin' and settin', crossin' and cleekin' as merrily as the 'rigwoodie hags' in Allowa Kirk."

"Why, Saunders, that is certainly one of the most comical addresses that I ever listened to. Did the young man not rebel?"

"No, Sir; but when I was done, he sprang up streekin' out his hand as if he were on the stage, he cried out in stoure bass voice, '*Excelsior!*' and again pitchin' his voice higher, he roared, '*Excelsior!!*' and ance mair he screamed at the highest pitch o' his voice, '*Excelsior!!!*' and then wi' his richt hand he made a wavin' motion in the shape o' an eight figure, and stood still, after he had drawn his breath, and glowred at me wi' his twa dancin' black een, that lookit a' the blacker because they lookit through twa white rings o' perfect astonishment. At lang, and at last, he

said—'Saunders, you are a terrible man. Yea, you are a privileged man. You dare to speak the truth, and, like the great apostle of Scotland, you fear not the face of man. But you have been very hard upon me. You know that I love you dearly, and I know that you love me also. But why thrust me into your glowin' furnace, as you would thrust a bar of iron, and pull me out red hot, and hammer me upon the anvil of your wit at such a rate? Why, you have had no more mercy on me than you would have on the ring of a wheel, or on a horse shoe. Now, Saunders, I say, would you take a lion out o' the forest, extract his teeth, pull out his claws, and set him to herd swine? Would you take the bird of Jove, the eagle—would you clip his wings, muzzle his beak, muffle his talons, and set him on the house top to chirrup with sparrows? Would you have the cedar of Lebanon to hide under the shadow of a scrubby bramble? Would you repress the ardour of a noble spirit? Would you eclipse the golden sunshine of my morning life with a dense cloud of smoke from your smithy? Would you dip me into your trough, and extinguish my fire, that glows from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven? Never, never, Saunders.'"

"'My heart's echo, Rab, is in your ain words—'Never, never.' My dear Rab, never, never.'"

"Smilin', he came forit to me, held out his hand, sayin'—'O, Saunders, my dearly beloved friend, Saunders Dinwuddie, pardon me, do pardon me. Pardon me for speaking so rudely, so impertinently, to thee, mine ancient, grave, and reverend seignour. I pray thee to excuse me.

Thou hast rebuked me sharply, and hast made every fibre in my body to quiver. I deserved it all, and much more. But to own the truth, my dear friend, my own heart has chidden me more than the tongue of man can chide me, and my own conscience has upbraided me often times with a voice of thuuder. I know my endowments, and Him who bestowed them upon me. I should be meek, but I am vain. I should be humble, but I am proud—a vainglorious fool. Do you feel that you can forgive the insolence of your insolent young friend?' "

"'Wi' a' my heart, my dear Rab, wi' a' my heart.' Sae we shook hands sae freely, sae cordially, that the fine manly young fellow was so melted that he laid his head upon my shouther, and began to greet and sab. 'Rab, Rab,' said I; but I was smitten too, so we stood and grat thegither as lustily as twa wee hungry orphan bairns would greet, when they lifted up their white faces and their wee hands to their heavenly Father, for a morsel o' bread. May He wha gi'es his beloved sleep watch owre us, Sir. Gude nicht."

"And good night, my worthy friend."

No. XXVI.

A SAD DOWN COME, AND A MYSTERIOUS FLIGHT.

"What's the news to-night, Saunders?"

"Nae uncos, Sir, ha'e I heard that's worth the comin' oure. A' kinds o' news noo-a-days flee faster than lichtnin'. That wonderfu' invention that they ca' the telegraph has brought the ends o' the earth thegither, and made *them*, wha were far awa', to be, as it were, next door neighbours to ane anither. The warld's surely on its last legs, and rinnin' sae fast that auld Time, I fear, will soon be out o' breath, and be obliged to sit doun, and puff and blaw for wind like the bellows o' my smiddy, or gie up the ghost and be buried in eternity. Awfu' changes are castin' their shadows before, and their shadows are growin' shorter and shorter frae day to day. An awfu' weird-like time this, Sir. Is the end of the warld at hand, think ye?"

"He who knows the end from the beginning, and He alone, can answer your question, Saunders. To all such queries, my friend, there is silence in

heaven. But, certainly, at the present time, there is something like a volcanic heaving of the earth, and nations are running to and fro, like locusts tossed by a whirlwind. The signs of the times are portentous, and lunacy is walking in the shadows of vain men. But, Saunders, my worthy friend, we are getting afloat on a sea of perfect mystery. Let us keep on the dry land, where we can see and hear what is going on in the world around us. What of Rab Glendinning? Why are you shaking your head and looking so grave and solemn?"

"Why, Sir, a heavy heart gars the head shake, and a sorrowfu' spirit veils the face with sackcloth, and turns a jolly companion into the likeness o' a man movin' forward in a funeral procession to bury a muckle-thocht-o' friend or brither."

"Is the young man dead, Saunders?"

"I watna, Sir, whether he's deed or livin'. Nae tidings hae I heard o' him for mony a lang year. He may still be on the face o' the earth, or aneath the mools, for aught that I ken. For some years he buire the gree aboon a' his fellow students at the college. *But*—that little word, *but* has a wonderfu' power in clippin' and pookin' the wings o' flighty and vapourin' fools. But, the poor fellow! Rab's carecr was '*Excelsior*' as he ca'd it; but though he rose like a rocket, he had an unco doun-come. For a while he wavered and wamblt like a laddie's dragon that has lost the tail or broken the string, and syne doun he came, divin' into a puddle o' filthy fulzy, that marred his beauty, eclipsed his glory, and hung up like a

bogle or a scarecraw to warn young men o' their folly, their vanity, and their pride."

"O, Saunders, great heights are hazardous for weak heads, and pride goeth before a fall."

"Vanity, Sir, filled the poor lad's head wi' vapours, and the gas o' flattery hoved him up, and sent him boundin' far aboon the heads o' sma'er men. He went up wi' shouts o' triumph, and tumbled, frae amang the stars, and fell into the 'Slough o' Despond.' To shorten a lang tale, when he was three years at college he had ruined his father and mother by his folly and his extravagance, In the fourth year he put the head sheaf on the stooks o' his dolefu' harvest o' ill-doin'. He lost a' self-respect. His boon companions turned aside frae him, as frae a poor plague-stricken man. He borrowed frae everybody, till naebody would lend him a bodle. He attended the billiard-tables, and had a bit run or twa o' good luck. Then he ca'd thegither a' the lowse waifs he fell in wi', and wi' them he held a maist uproarious splore, that ended in awfu' fits o' desperation. He shifted about frae ae lodgin' to anither, aye leavin' ahint him a clag o' debt. He grew sae scuffy and seedy that nane o' his companions would speak to him. A dry nod wi' the side was a' the notice they took o' him. Still the poor thoughtless mortal was followed, admired, ay loved by bands o' fast young men, wha were rinnin' as recklessly as himsel' on the road to ruin."

"My heart bleeds, Saunders, while I listen to the melancholy narrative of the unhappy youth's self-abasement, and the sad use, or rather abuse, he made of the rich, rare gifts with which his

Maker had abundantly endowed him. It is the wreck of a noble intellect. He is like one of the fallen angels. There is an awfully solemn and imposing grandeur in his descent into the horrible abyss of immorality. Self-confidence and self-reliance, carried too far, may raise a man to a high place in society, but it may also cast him down, and bury him among the rubbish and the refuse of disintegrated humanity. Extremes meet. He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool. O that he were lifted up out o' the horrible pit and out of the miry clay."

"To that short prayer, Sir, I say, wi' a' my soul, Amen, if the lad be yet in the land o' the livin'. The wreck o' a gallant ship breakin' up amang the ragged rocks upon a lee shore, wi' the ragin' waves foamin', ragin' owre her and tearin' her in pieces, and the crew o' brave souls strugglin' between life and death to escape, is a sad sight, a sorry sight, an awfu' sight, but the wreck, the utter wreck, the eternal wreck o' an immortal spirit fills the soul o' a thoughtfu' man wi' a kind o' grusome horror that gars a body's flesh a' creep, and his banes shake, as if he were fa'in' in sundry a'thegither, and he was at the gasp o' death. A wrecked soul! Lord ha'e mercy on us a'. O, Sir, it's waesome, and mair than waesome, for it's like haurlin' a harrow owre ane's soul, the vera thought o't. I downa think o't, Sir. It gars me a' grue. A lost soul! But aiblins, the lad may cast up yet."

"Were there no reports, Saunders, of what befell the brilliant but erratic young man?"

"Ay, Sir, mony a sad report. He had been

seen frae time to time in different places, but the last account o' him is frae an auld widow woman wha dwelt in the garret o' a tall house in the Lawnmarket. She was a decent-lookin', tidy, cleanly person. A frien' o' Rab's ca'd on the auld woman, and spiered if Mr Glendinning lodged wi' her. 'He did lodge wi' me, Sir, for twa or three weeks, but whaur he is now I canna tell.' "

" 'Was he well, and well dressed?' asked the visitor.

" 'No, Sir,' replied the auld woman; 'he was neither the tane nor the tither. He was unco dis-jasket and torn doun, and I whiles thought he was out o' his judgment. But for a' that, he was a stately lad, a gallant lad, a perfect gentleman, and wow! but he was a clever chiel, and a grand scholar. He might stand before the noblest in the land, ay, he would be an ornament in a king's palace.' "

" 'May I ask,' said the visitor, 'if you thought the young man was of a sound mind?'

" 'Troth, Sir, I wouldna avouch to say he was a' thegither in his sober senses, but far be't frae me to say he was out o' his mind, poor fellow.' "

" 'Had he any books?' was the next query. "

" 'Yes, Sir, the best o' a' beuks. That was his Bible. Night and day he was aye read readin' at it. As he read the Word, he sighed and graened, and grat and sabbit, and cried, loud out —My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? And he thuddit and thumpit on his breast, cryin' —'God be merciful to me a sinner.' "

" The postman came a'e mornin' wi' a letter to him. He was a' tremblin' when I put it into his

hand. He ga'e a yell that gart my blood rin cauld, and my heart was like to loup to my mouth, and I heard him say—O Lord God Almighty, has it come to this? What a prodigal am I! What a base reprobate! Broken my father and mother's heart; herried them out of house and home; rendered them poor and penniless, and driven them out of Lownlands, into a bleak and wild wilderness, to wander—starve—and, perchance, die; and die—die—die! And I the robber who spoiled them; I the villain who drove them away from their pleasant dwelling-place. My head reels; my brain is on fire: I am mad—mad—mad! a doomed wretch. Mercy! Yes; but no mercy for me. Something fell heavily on the floor, and I opened the door, and fand him lying insensible. His breath was thick and fast, and his breast was heavin' up and down, and there was a rattle in his throat, as if he were in the dead thraws. I bathed his forehead wi' vinegar and water, and ga'e him a glass o' cordial. Before lang he began to get the better o' the bit dwaum that had come across him. He looked up in my face, as I stood watchin' owre him, and said something about a ministering angel. In the course o' the day he gaed out, and never entered my door synsyne. I was laith to part wi' him, for he was a grand gentleman, and I had a kind o' mitherly liking for him, as if he had been my ain bairn—blessings on him.'"

"A very sad story is that, my dear friend, Saunders. As you said to his father, 'Haud that cowt short by the head.'"

"Ay, Sir, it's no a cannie thing to senda young

man to college wi' a pouchfu' o' sovereigns. Mair especially if he is an inflamery lad, that a spunk will set on fire, and it's the mair dangerous if he is sent awa wi' a light head upon his shouthers, a self-conceited esteem o' himsel', and a drowsy conscience that winna wauken to ony thing that's good, but waukrife as a weasel to a' kind o' wickedness."

"What became of Allan, after he was rouped out of all that he had in the world?"

"He and his wife, Mysie, and wee Mysie, the dochter, set out on a waefu' pilgrimage, to wark in the wilderness. They daunert here and there for years—sometimes weel provided for, and whiles in starvation. Naebody kent whaur they gaed, whaur they lived, or how; and I had lost a' sight o' Allan and his family, till he cuist up as a stane breaker sittin' by the roadside wi' wee Mysie at his side, and a cogfu' o' parritch on his knee——"

"A sound sleep to you, Saunders."

"The same, and a blythe wauk'nin' to you, Sir. Gude nicht. '

No. XXVII.

A SHELTER AND A HAPPY HOME FOR A POOR WANDERER.

"Any farther tidings, Saunders, of that strange, brilliant madcap, Robert Glendinning?"

"No, Sir. A thousand rumours, but naething mair certain in them than there is in the droll vagaries o' Spunkey. He's here, he's there, he's up, he's doun, he skips, he dances, he flaffers, he bleezes, he vanishes, and leaves the midnight traveller in blind bewilderment and mirk confusion. Nae tidings, Sir, o' poor Rab."

"I can gather from what you said, Saunders, at our last meeting, that the unhappy young man ruined his father."

"That he did, Sir; herried him clean out o' house and haidin, and gart the kind auld man to be turned adrift, and left him to dauner in the gloamin o' his life as an outcast and vagrant. O, it was hard, waesome, vera waesome."

"Robert's foolish conduct must have grieved, and crushed, and almost broken the hearts of his father and mother."

"Ay, Sir, they were sair vexed wi' the unhallowed ongaun o' the lad. They were fond o' their son, they were proud o' him, and they made an idol o' him, for he was doubtless a lad o' pregnant parts, but they were na weel balanced. He cowpit the creels a'thegither, and ran on sae fast and furious, that he lookit like ane wha was tryin' wi' a' his might how soon he could manage to rin aff the face o' the earth."

"True, Saunders, many young men now-a-days are running in the same direction, and with the same reckless and wicked speed. God help them."

"Yes, Sir, they are a' gentlemen, now; they were na born to work for siller, but to spend. Lovers o' pleasure, they like the short wark and the lang pay, or lang pay for nae wark ava. I whiles think that some o' them ha'e utterly forgotten the Fifth Commandment. A toom head and a free heart canna and shouldna be lippened wi' a fu' purse."

"Certainly not, my good friend. But let us hear something of the good old man, Allan Glendinning."

"Truly, Sir, he was as good a man as ever breathed the breath o' life. A simple, guileless man was Allan. Sae I'll tell ye sae far what passed atween him and me."

"'Allan,' quo' I, it maun ha'e been an awfu' trial, and a cruel vexation to your honest heart, when ye foresaw that ruin was on the road, and drawin' near that bonnie house o' Lownlands.'

"Allan shook his grey pow, and for twa or three minutes sat still and spake not a word. But at last he said wi' a falterin' voice—'Yes, my good friend, it was an awfu' trial, and my poor

auld heart grows grit, saft, and tender as the heart o' a silly bairn, when I think on't.'

"'Were you present on the melancholy occasion, Allan,' said I, 'when a' your goods and gear were roupit?'

"'O, Saunders, how could I stand amang the crowd o' auld neighbours, and see my cozie nest in the Lownlands torn to coupens, and the feathers scattered, I ken na whaur. Sic a sight would ha'e broken my poor auld heart outright, and brought down my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave,' was Allan's reply.

"'Indeed, Allan, I'm no surprised that ye were na there. To bide sic a gruesome sight would need a man wi' a heart as cauld and as hard as my study when it's no in use. But how did Mysie bear sic a heavy burden of affliction? It was a burden heavy aneuch to break the back and crush the banes of an elephant.'

"'As sure's onything, Saunders, I thought it would be the death of her, poor thing. The love I had for her gart me keep back frae her mony a thing that would ha'e grieved her. But when I saw that ruin was comin' fast upon us, I tauld her a' that was likely to befa' us. As she hearkened to my dolefu' story, she wrung her hands and grat sair. A sick dwaum came owre her, and the cauld sweat stood on her brow, and she ga'e a wild scream, and would ha'e wumlt aff the seat she was sitting on had I no keppit her in my arms and laid her doun on a sofa, and ga'e her a wee drap o' cordial to keep her vexed spirit frae loupin' out o' her frail body. It was a tryin' time to her and me. My head spun, my een reeled, and my

inwards were sae troubled that I was like a dementit creature. Sorrow wrung my heart sair, sair, but my head was het and dry. No a tear in't. I could na greet. I was gey far through, my friend, as ye may guess.'

"'Nae wonder, Allan, nae wonder though ye were gey far through. Did Mysie recover soon?'

"'Weel, Saunders, when she got the better o' her sick dwaum, she glowred like a body bewitched, crying, "Whaur am I? In the body or out o' the body? Is this Lownlands? Wha are ye? Ye're no Allan Glendinning, my gude auld man, are ye?"'

"'Deed am I, my Mysie, deed am I—your ain auld gudeman, and I thank the Giver o' a' good that ye're a wee thing like yoursel' again, though ye ha'e gotten a gey sair shake.'

"'Hech! Sir,' said Mysie, as she ga'e a lang sigh and a deep grane; 'hech! sirs, I ha'e seen a gruesome vision, and something comes across my heart yet as if I would coup and flee awa', ne'er to come back again.'

"'What awfu' sight saw ye, my dear?' said I.

"'Robin—Robin,' said Mysie. 'Allan, I saw Robin, our ain, our only son Robin, poor fellow. He ruse up ahint ye as ye were telling me about what he had brought upon you and me. He was like ane risen up out o' his coffin, wi' his dead sark on him. His face was as the face of a dead man, but he had twa een in his head like twa lowin' candles, and wi' a stoure voice he cried, *Mother!—Mother!—Mother!*—three times, and syne the blackness o' darkness came owre my spirit, and I

gaed clean awa', and saw nae mair till I waukened up, and a fearfu' waukenin' it was, Allan.'

"'A waesome story, Allan, is that ye tell me,' quo' I. 'But what for did you no tell your friends o' your misfortunes?'

"'How could I, Saunders; how could I tell them? The Lord in His anger was shakin' the foundation of a' our earthly hopes, as wi' ane great earthquake, and saying to me, "Arise, depart. This is not your rest."' Sae I rose and ga'ed my wa's as a houseless, hameless, pennyless wanderer on the face o' the earth. And I daundered up and doun for years, till ye fand me breakin' stanes ae mornin' at the roadside.'

"'Wae's me, Allan,' said I. 'Your misfortunes maun ha'e fa'n upon ye like a sudden fireflaught frae the hand o' God. O, man! O, man!'

"'Sae they did, Saunders,' said Allan, rubbin' his e'e wi' the knuckle o' his thoom.

"'But how came ye, Allan, to slip awa' like a knotless threed? What for did ye fling doun the barrow and rin into utter darkness, sae that neither friend nor fae could get a glisk o' your whereabouts, or o' yoursel'? Some folk thought that ye had found some back door, and through that back door ye had slippet out o' the warld a'thegither.'

"'Weel, Saunders, ye ken that I ne'er was a bauld and foritsome man like yoursel'. I was aye a blate and sheepish kind o' a loon. I was sae ashamed o' my sudden douncome, I was sic a disgraced dyvour, that I could na thole to look onybody in the face. In ae word, I was sae laigh and sae loathsome in my ain sight, that I, like a silly sheep, ran awa' as if a wolf were at my tail.'

"'O, man, Allan,' said I, 'ye had mony a good friend though your back was at the wa'.

"'I wat na, Saunders. Aiblins I had some good friends, but I was laith to be burdensome to ony o' them, and, as the sang sings,

"The less we need the helpin' hand
O' friends, they like us a' the better."

"'I daur say, Allan, that the sang's gey near the truth. What come o' ye for years that ye was never seen nor heard tell o'? Did ye worm and wurble your passage aneath the face o' the earth, like a moudiwort that howks and hotches up the mools? Ye maun ha'e had a sad time o't.'

"'No sae sad, maybe, as the world may think, Saunders. Nae doubt we had our changes, our ups and downs, but we had night and day a maist pleasant companion—the best, the kindest of a' companions. When we were gaun to gang out o' the right road, He said to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it." When we were weary, He gave us rest. When we were mourning, He gave us the "oil of joy." When we were heavy hearted. He gave us "the garment of praise." When we were in despair, He gave us good hope. When we walked in darkness, He opened our een, and in His light we saw light clearly. When we were naked, He clothed us. When we were hungry, He fed us. When we were thirsty, He ga'e us "the water of life freely." O, Saunders, the Lord has been my Shepherd. I have na wanted any good thing, because I have aye said, *Thy will be done.*'

"Now, Sir, you have a short swatch of Allan's pitifu' story. He now lives as my tenant on a

sma' bit property that belangs to me ; and in his snug cottage he and his wife—a frugal, warm-hearted woman—enjoys as muckle o' the happiness o' this world as fa's to the lot o' common mortals."

"He must be a pious and godly man, Saunders, a man who lives and walks in love to all men. His life is hid with Christ in God."

"Yes, Sir, he is a right-hearted man, an honest man."

"Ah, Saunders, such characters as Allan Glendinning are fast wearing away. There were sturdy oaks in the forest of life in those days, and no man knows what the slim saplings of the present generation may become."

"Blessings on the young saplins as ya ca' them, Sir. I hope that mony o' them will grow up as stately trees, rooted and grounded in a good soil, that their early blossoms o' promise may bring forth abundance o' good fruit. But I fear they are growin' owre fast. They winna take time to grow, and ye ken that what grows fast grows frush. 'Siller saughs wi' downy buds' winna make gude walking sticks, and nae man wi' a' his wits about him will ever look for cherries on the shank o' a daisy."

"You are a man, Saunders, of droll similitudes, grotesque comparisons. You have a vein of serio-comic drollery in you, so that a person who converses with you is sometimes at a loss whether he should laugh or weep."

"If I'm no mista'en, Sir, a certain poet says that 'tears hang upon the heels of laughter.' Our passions are things maist unaccountable.

They are continually playin' at 'hide and seek.' Whiles we find them singing comic sangs wi' a their birr. At ither times they are droning dolefully a' kind o' tunes o' kirkyard melodies. We see them occasionally dancin', reelin', and whirlin', like fairies whiskin' round their fairy ring. At ither times they dance most merrily the reel o' Tullochgorum. Now and then they cast out amang themselves. They rage and rampage as if they would set the house on fire, and murder ane anither. Grace be wi' us. They are a maist unruly crew, no muckle to be lippened to—they are sic a core, and just as hard to be keepit as a band of wild folk in a dafthouse. 'He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Heaven help us a' to guide our passions weel, lest they rin awa' wi' us, and plunge us suddenly owre some dizzy craig o' destruction. May sleep cover ye a' owre the night as wi' a cloak. Gude nicht, Sir."

"Good night, my long-headed friend, Saunders Dinwuddie."

No. XXVIII.

THE MUSIC OF THE GRAMPIANS.

"Perhaps, my Vulcanic friend, you saw some time ago in the public newspapers an account of the meeting on St Andrew's day of Scotchmen in the city of London. It is an anniversary assembly of nobility and gentry, and of as many as are not ashamed of the land of their nativity. Of course there is a grand banquet, and an abundant provision of all things rich, rare, and sumptuous wherewith to tempt, to stimulate, and to gratify every variety of taste and appetite. During the time that the goodly company are engaged in the rational enjoyment of substantiality, of the dainties and delicacies of the season, they are regaled with music also, by way of enlivening them and brightening their joyous sociality. During dinner stalwart and strong-lunged Highlanders march round the company, and exhilarate them with the nasal and sonorous music of the Highland bagpipes."

"That maun be a grand gatherin', Sir, o' Scotch worthies, on St Andro's day. If I were in *Lunnon*

on that day I would like to add *ane* to the company—that is mysel', I mean."

"Well, Saunders, none would be more welcome, I dare say. But what I was about to tell you is this. A clever, sprightly writer in the newspapers made a smart and facetious attack upon the meeting, jibing and jeering with much wit, humour, and elegant pleasantry, to turn the meeting into ridicule, and set all the Cockneys in London a laughing at it as a very foolish affair, worthy only to be laughed at as a display of silly national foolery."

"The gentleman wha penned that attack on our kintramen maun be nae friend o' ours, I jalouse."

"No enemy either, I suppose, Saunders, but just a waggish and funny fellow, who has a sharp wit that must be kept in exercise lest it grow rusty and blunt for want of being continually sharpened."

"Vera likely, Sir; but it's no fair for ony man to use his neighbours as a grundstane or a hone to sharpen his intellectual whittles on."

"True, Saunders, but his wit is chiefly directed against the music of the bagpipe."

"What ails the wuddy at the bagpipe, Sir?"

"I know not, Saunders, but he has an awful horror of the bagpipe. It is harsh, it is horrible, it is savage, it is barbarous, it is abominable, and drives the poor fellow into a passion so outrageous as to be perfectly ridiculous. He puts me in mind of Hogarth's 'Enraged Musician.' He is so savagely droll, so wickedly witty, and so outrageously jocose at the expense of the bagpipes that he is like a man who is out of his senses."

"Weel, Sir, the poor soul may roar and rampadge if he will like a bear or a lion; notwithstanding, I look upon the Scottish bagpipe as a grand national musical instrument. The Tyrolese bagpipe I care naething for. It aye puts me in mind o' a poor yellow-faced, starved-like creature, as if he, wi' his elbuck, were birsin' a pockfu' o' bizzin' bumbees. The Eerish bagpipe squeaks and skirls like a wee, sickly half-dead bairn. It is but a pitifu' bantlin' o' the great muckle dronin' Scottish bagpipe, that bears the gree aboon a' the ither musical windbags in the world."

"You seem to me, my good friend, to be enthusiastically fond of the Highland bagpipe."

"And so I am, Sir. It's no for the private chaumer, I grant ye. It's no for the stately mansions o' the great. It's no for the palace o' kings. It's no for the sick room. It's no for the death-bed o' the deein'. It's no for love-sick ladies and refined gentlemen. It's no for musicians wha 'fancy raptures that they never knew.' It is, for auld Caledonia, a grand and glorious instrument. I admire it. I love it for its drone, its pipes, and its capacious bag, which contains the elements of the bauldest, the stateliest music under the sun."

"My dear friend, Saunders Dinwuddie, you are, as you yourself would say, running away wi' the harrows. Your head seems to be buzzing with the music of the Scottish bagpipe."

"Aweel, Sir, 'when the bag is fu' the drone gets up,' ye ken. Sae I'll 'screw my pipes and gar them skirl.' The Scottish bagpipe, Sir, is not the music o' the Lowlands, but the music o' the

Hielands. It is the gorgeous music o' the great mountains that lift up their round, hraid shouthers to heaven, or shoot up their hristly pinnacles aboon the clouds, sae that frae their lofty peaks you may hehold the forked lightning, and hear the rolling of the thunders far down helow your feet. It is mountainous music, the music o' the everlasting hills. Forth frae the rocks and crags and precipices the music o' the hagpipe waukens ten thousand responsive echoes. They are a hidden band o' choristers, that join thegither and leap frae rock to rock at the sound o' the Hieland hagpipe, and fill the glens and valleys wi' a perfect flood, a glorious spate o' harmony, that dirls through the soul and hody o' the Hielanders wi' a natural but sober intoxication, far mair delicious than the hurning spirit o' the 'mountain dew.' But ye'll he heginning to think, Sir, I fear, that to the wind in my hag there is to he nae end. Am I no wearisome to ye?"

"Not at all, Saunders. Blow away, hlow away, my good old friend; hlow away. I laugh at the idea that the Celtic Society will one day make you a present of a pair of splendid hagpipes as a memorial to you who have become the bag piper's advocate and special pleader. Blow away.'

"Thank ye, Sir. My cheeks are no crackit yet wi' hlawin'. My hodily hellows, that is my lungs, are sound as ever, sae I'll fill my hag as fu' o' wind as it will haud, and drone awa at my leisure. The haill trihe o' musical instruments, whether they be wind or stringed instruments, are the common property o' Adam's posterity.

They belang to nae particular kintra, nation, or people. But the Scotch bagpipe was born, bred, and brocht up in the Hielands. And it agrees wonderfully wi' the land o' its birth and its Celtic upbringing. Its music is not only the music o' the mountains, wi' their lang winding valleys, their deep rocky glens, and their wild and rugged gorges. It is also the music o' the mists and fogs that curl fantastically round the dome-shaped, the conical, or bristling ridges of the Hielands. The music o' the Scottish bagpipe is the music o' the storm, and the hurricane blasts o' the Grampians. It is the music o' the romantic lochs, the brattlin' burns, the rushing torrents, the raging and roaring waterfalls, the music o' a' the gloomy grandeur, the sublime magnificence, or the brilliant and many-coloured glories of our sublime Celtic home. It is the music also o' social and festive life. It is the music o' merry meetings, o' weddings and dances, and, last of a', it ends with a coronach, a funeral wail, for the 'departed never to return.' The music o' the Scottish bagpipe is surrounded wi' thousands o' heart-stirring associations. They rush through the soul—through every cranny o' the soul—o' a true Scotchman, and garnish his memory wi' bright pictures o' love and beauty, father and mother, brithers and sisters, friends and kinsfolks, and a' the gouden living links o' love that festoon our memories, gladden our heart, and make the life o' man rin on in gladness and glory. It is the music o' war, the music o' the barracks, the camp, the review, the march, and the battlefield. Its voice is heard screaming and yelling aboon the shout-

ing, the tumult, and the uproar, and a' the thunder and lightning o' the field o' carnage."

"Bravo! Saunders. I never thought before of the marvellous power of the Scottish bagpipe, of its being so intensely a national instrument, and of its harmonising so exquisitely as it does with all the features, the sublimely bold and strikingly magnificent scenery of the Highlands of Scotland."

"Yes, the bagpipe has had a wonderfu' power owre the hearts o' the Hielanders, and I may say owre the hearts o' the Lowlanders as weel, if they be leal-hearted, patriotic Scotchmen. Weel, do ye ken, Sir, that when I hear the sound o' the bagpipe I streek mysel' up to my full height, and say to mysel', 'Wha daur meddle wi' me!' It makes a body bauld, Sir, and heroical."

"Blessings, I say, Saunders, on the noble sons of St Andrew. Many a merry meeting may they have in the hall of their annual festivity. And blessings also on the head, the heart, the lungs, the purses and persons, on the soul and body of the gallant sons of the Grampians, who regaled the ears of the Caledonian chieftains while they were enjoying the luxuries of the dining table, and perhaps doing ample honour to the 'great chieftain o' the pudding race.'"

"To a' ye say, Sir, I say amen. I wish them weel. Nane could wish them better than I do."

"It seems to me, Saunders, that the Celtic language, that is the Gaelic, has a symphonious affinity with the nasal twang and drone of the bagpipe. I am glad that their very old and expressive language is likely to be preserved by the setting up of a Celtic chair."

"I am glad to hear that, Sir, and would like to hear that Scotchmen and Scotchwomen werena growin' ashamed o' Scotland, 'their auld respected mither,' and o' her auld, hamely Doric dialect."

"Perhaps, Saunders, the highly-gifted Greek Professor, who nobly and successfully got that chair established, may assist you in introducing some portions of our mither tongue into our national school books, and the bagpipe into the class of the Professor of Music."

"Blethers! Sir, begging your pardon. I would as soon think of introducing the auld gaberlunzie Edie Ochiltree, wi' a' his wallets and catterwallops, into a nobleman's drawing-room, amang the grandest lords and ladies in the land, as I would think o' sending Donald Caird wi' his bagpipes into the school of musical metaphysics. Na, na, Sir, everything in its ain place. Ye mauna set beggars among princes, and Hieland pipers amang Italian fiddlers. The Hielands for the bagpipe, and the bagpipe for the Hielands. Union and unison are good, but discord and division are no desirable."

"You indulge, Saunders, in queer and grotesque comparisons. Old Edie Ochiltree among nobility, lords and ladies of high degree, and Donald Caird with his bagpipes playing in the hall of what you call *musical metaphysics*. May I ask, Saunders, what you mean by that expression?"

"Ye ken weel aneuch, Sir, that I dinna set mysel' up as a great deacon in the way o' learnin'

or scholarship. I'm a plain working man, wi' little or nae lear, but unless the foul fiend has beguiled me I think I'm no without a bit scantlin' o' common sense. Aweel, for the ex planation. I imagine metaphysics to mean reasoning without reason or common sense, and musical metaphysics I consider to be sound without signification, and therefore, sae far, insignificant, or, if ye like, nonsensical. I wouldna gie a guid auld Scotch sang, sic as 'Tak' your auld cloak aboot ye,' for a' the meaningless sounds in the warld. It's a' lug-wark thegither, and touches nae sensible body's ear. Let the few teach their mysterious music to the few; but let me ha'e music for the million—music for the million, Sir."

"Well done, my brave old cock of the smithy. You will ride down to posterity on a pair of bagpipes some day."

"And you will straddle on the drone and ride doun wi' me, and we'll ride thegither to 'the land o' the leal.' (A guffaw.) Gude nicht, Sir. Three cheers for the Duke of Argyll, Sir, and three cheers for the Hieland bagpipes!"

"Good night, my worthy friend."

No. XXIX.

MUSICAL PROFANATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"Good evening, Saunders. You have once more got through the smoke, the fiery heat, and the dinsome clamour of another day's sweat and labour."

"That I ha'e, Sir, and I'm no unthankfu' to find my heavy day's darg at an end. I'm blithe to see you, Sir, for a blithesome thing it is to see the face o' an honest man—ane that a body can respect, honour, love, and trust, for honest men are unco thin sawn at the present day."

"What think you of introducing the organ, Saunders, into our Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland? It is a novelty, and an expensive novelty, too, and some people seem to be afraid that it is only the forerunner of a succession of other novelties of a still more questionable kind."

"Ou ay, Sir, that fickle auld limmer the Goddess o' Fashion, and that wickeder auld strumpet the Goddess o' Reason, ha'e been creepin' into the house o' God wi' their vagaries. They're likely to do muckle mischief in the kirk, unless they be

ta'en by the cuff o' the neck and bundled out o' the sanctuary as licht-headed and profane gipsies. The twasome are sworn enemies to God and religion, that's certain. Nae man or woman that kens what Presbyterianism is will gi'e countenance to the inbringing o' an organ to help the worshippers to sing their Maker's praise. Sma' need, nae need ava, have we for machinery to praise God wi'. Let us praise Him wi' oor haill heart and oor ain human voice, and no wi' a 'kistfu' o' whistles.' "

"But, Saunders, the use of the organ in the kirk is not forbidden in the Scriptures."

"Brawlie I ken that, Sir. But ye ken as weel as me, *first*, that the Popish Kirk says, 'Do what I bid you, for I am infallible;' *second*, ye ken that the Prelatic Kirk says, 'Do onything that I dinna forbid;' and *third*, we ken that the true Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland says, 'Do whatever God bids you, and neither mair nor less.' That's our warrant, our divine warrant, and the Scripture says, 'In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' "

"You do not object, my good old trusty, true-blue Presbyterian friend, to the improvement of our psalmody, do you?"

"No, Sir. I dinna object to make every good thing better, if better it may be made. But I do object to worship my Maker wi' the wind o' a pair o' bellows. Then it is no longer *I* that worship, but the *wind* of the bellows."

"But, my dear friend, Saunders, do you think that the organ is a sinful and unlawful instrument wherewithal to improve the psalmody?"

"No, Sir. In its ain place it is just as harmless and as lawfu' as the fiddle or the bagpipe. In the public ha' for social amusement, or in the private chamber to please the musical inmates or their friens, the organ is whaur it ought to be. But to be obliged to harken to its puffin' and blawin', its hummin' and bummin', its gruntin' and groanin', its sneevelin' and wheeplin' in the house o' God is to my thinkin' and to my feelin' a maist perfect abomination. An honest man, Sir, wouldna cheat even the de'il, but like an honest man would gi'e the de'il his due."

"Well, Saunders, you have heard, I dare say, of John Wesley. He was a good and godly man. He did not object to employ musical instruments in the public worship of God. Yea, I have been told that he said 'it was not right to let the devil have all the fine music to himself.' Therefore he desired to improve the psalmody, and applied profane melodies to sacred purposes. Was that not right?"

"Right! Sir; right! Sir. No, it was as far frae bein' right as the east is frae the west. Why, John Wesley, honest man, robbed the deevil o' his deevilish fine music to serve God, did he? That, Sir, was a device o' Sawtan. John thought fit to rob Sawtan, but Sawtan cheated John, and gat John to bring into the house o' God a' kinds o' musical machinery—organs, fiddles, flutes, and bands o' graceless men and women, wha turned the place o' public worship into a concert room, in which the pure simple service of God has become an unhallowed jumblin' o' things sacred and profane, and so the public worship of God and

Mammon goes on together in the same place and at the same time, like an unsanctified joint-stock company of piety and impiety."

"But some people, Saunders, conscientiously think that musical instruments may be used in public worship."

"There's nae mair conscience in what they think and do than there is in ony ane o' their grand organs or harmoniums. A fiddle has nae conscience, Sir, and it may be doubted if the fiddlers in the house o' God ha'e ony mair conscience than the fiddle they fiddle on. Let a' sic shavers driddle awa' at trysts and fairs, but dinna let them desecrate the public worship of God wi' their catgut and horse hair profanities."

"Well, Saunders, you are a queer, comical, soul-speaking sort of a man. Steadily, honestly, straightforwardly you go to work."

"I may be a' ye say, Sir, but that makes naething to what we're speakin' about. Every human bein', Sir, as has been beautifully said, is 'a harp of a thousand strings.' Has na the Almichty gi'en to ilk ane o' us een to see and lugs to hear? Is not ilka ane o' us a grand living organ built by God, and furnished wi' a wonderfu' variety o' organ pipes, some of a deep and solemn tone, that thrills through the soul like the low rumbling o' a passing earthquake, or the guttural growlin' o' a comin' thunderstorm? And on this deep base of the heart's psalmody there are ten thousand living organ pipes, gi'en us by God, that we climb up higher and higher in the scale of the finest and maist melodious warblings o' the human spirit, and the grandest and maist harmonious combina-

tions of sound and sense, which are more suhlimely glorious than a' the artificial mechanism of a' the orchestral harmonies in the warld. There will be nae organ-grinders in heaven, hut there will he unity and uniformity of worship. There, in the upper sanctuary, they who worship God, who is a Spirit, worship Him in spirit and in truth. So should we go and do likewise in this nether sanctuary, wherein we offer up, in the name of Jesus, our prayers and supplications and thanksgivings."

"O my dear friend and companion in the fellowship of the righteous, would you bar the gate of haven against those who think fit to worship their Maker with instrumental music?"

"O no, my dear Sir, I'm no a porter at heaven's gate. I ha'e na a key to open or shut the gate to Paradise. There's *Ane*, and *Ane only*, wha has that power. I judge nae man, hut I think it dangerous to do onything in the puhlic worship o' God, for which God has gi'en me nae warrant in His Word. That's a', Sir."

"But you see, Saunders, that the people are not averse to hring the organ into the church."

"I see that, Sir, and it grieves me a' the mair that they suffer themsells to be led, or misled, or driven by wolves in sheep's clothing into the fauld of error and destruction. If there was in the present generation ae spark o' the spunk of our Scotch worthies in the gude auld times, we would na see unfaithfu' ministers and misleared elders and gowden calves bewitchin' poor souls wi' the glaumrie o' unsound doctrine and corrupt practices. They take the silly sheep by the lug,

haurl them out o' the green pastures, and drive them into the wilderness o' sin and folly, that they may perish amang the reprobate wild hearts, or be bewitched by the sorceries o' the mother of abominations."

"But what can you do, my honest friend, to mend the evils you complain of? They are the natural result of ignorance. The people are not instructed in sound doctrine, or they are corrupted by false doctrine. They have no rule of faith or action, no principle to guide or lead them. They are unstable as water. If they are let alone they will, like water, find their level in the stagnant and bitter waters of the Dead Sea."

"It's no easy, Sir, to say what is to be done wi' the auld Kirk o' Scotland. She was left very desolate at the Disruption. Mony mae gaed out o' her than folk dreamed o'. Manses, glebes, and stipends were gi'en to men wha were na worthy o' saut to their kale or parritch. For the maist feck they were nae better than auld rusty razors, stipend lifters, and but for the Disruption they would never ha'e had a poopit to wag their head in. O Sir, there's mony a dumb dog, mony a pathless shepherd, mony a ravenous tod in the fauld where we gaed out and in and got abundance o' green pasture, but now-a-days the pasture is dried up. It is brown, withered, and sapless, wi' nae mair nourishment in't than in the chaff that the wind whisks and whirls about for a time, till it fa's doun and lies still in some lown corner. Draff and husks and winelstraes are a' that the silly sheep and the poor wee lambs ha'e to keep in their waefu' lives, and they are

a' little better than a rickle o' dry banes, poor things."

"Well, Saunders, these dry bones you speak of may yet live, perhaps."

"Ah, Sir, ye do weel to put a *maybe* and a *perhaps* to what you say; for the dry banes are very dry, and in nae way likely to become alive unless the Spirit of life breathe upon and quicken them."

"It says little, Saunders, for the wellbeing of the old Church of Scotland that her professors, her ministers, her office-bearers are so lax in principle, so slack in discipline, as to wink at and pass over the most grievous offenders. And it forebodes much evil, if not destruction, to her that her members will tolerate any change, any innovation, any heresy which springs, from coming short of truth, or from embracing falsehood, or from audacious impiety and blasphemy, which summons Almighty God to appear at the bar of human reason any answer for Himself, and be acquitted or condemned by men who have made shipwreck both of faith and of a good conscience. I wish she were reformed."

"A kind wish, Sir, in which I join wi' a' my heart. O but I'm wae for the poor auld Kirk o Scotland. She is the mither of us a'. She sits in dust and ashes, and her face is foul wi' greetin'. She strokes her auld grey locks, and she wrings her withered hands, and cries wi' a dolefu' voice, O my misleared and degenerate bairns, will ye break your auld mither's heart? Are ye howkin' a hole for her wha bore ye? Will ye defile your hands wi' the blood o' her wha made ye what ye

are—wha fed you wi' the finest o' the wheat, and lifted ye up on high and exalted ye far aboon a' the powers and principalities. Take tent, take tent in time, for when ye shed the heart's blood o' your auld mither, ye may bring a mither's curse upon your ain heads, and upon the heads o' mony a generation to come."

No. XXX.

THE END O' A WEE PICKLE TOW.

Nae mair cracks wi' the Squire for a long time to come. He's aff and awa, I kenna how long, to daunder in forrin' parts. I miss him sair. I ha'e naebody like him to crack wi', an' lauch and joke sae heartily, as I did wi' him. I hope that he'll cum' back again.

Nevertheless, as a number o' different folks gathered round us in the course o' our conversations, I shall spin a thread or twa out o' the wee pickle tow that's left. As to that douce, honest, auld carle, Allan Glendinning, he is hale and hearty, and happy Mysie, his wife, and Mysie, his dochter, are baith weel, cheery, and happy. A' the cheerier, a' the happier, that, to their great surprise, Rab Glendinning arrived suddenly. Having passed through numberless adventures, baith by sea and land, among wild beasts and wilder savages, he entered into a regiment, and, by his dashing bravery, raised himsel' to the rank o' a colonel. Alang with him he brocht his wife, who had a great fortune,

and they hae settled down in this neighbourhood, on a large estate which they coft, and in a splendid mansion, and a great bing of servants to attend them. He's a noble fellow, and his spouse has a' the grace and elegance of an Eastern Princess—fient a hair o' pride has either the taen or the tither of them. They mak' themselves quite at hame wi' everybody. They are unco hamely and social wi' your auld friend, Saunders Dinwuddie. Many a droll story hae I heard frae the colonel about fires and floods, and many a hair-breadth escape from the havoc o' the battlefield and shipwreck, that I ha'e nae time at present to relate.

As for that puir misleared cratur, Tam Barbour, he grew aye the langer the waur, and after mony a brawl, he at last lost his life in a drucken fray at a kintra fair.

It grieves me to the heart to think that our gude, auld mither-tongue is to be carried awa' wi' a great spate o' the English tongue; it grieves me too, to think that the present and the rising generations couldna understand their grandfaither's and grandmither's gude, auld mither-tongue, and forbye a', it vexes me to hear that fine Doric dialect despised and denounced as a barbarous tongue, which nae Englishman will take the trouble to learn. Let it dee and be buried, if it be God's will, but I'll dee and be buried before I gi'e up speaking as I ha'e done in a' my conversations wi' my friends and neighbours. I ha'e na said onything about my eldership. I may say, however, that I hae reason to rejoice that I took upon me the office o' a ruling elder for our auld,

historical Kirk o' Scotland. The burden o' my office is to me a lichtsome and pleasant burden. I count it an honour to be a fellow-worker with douce and godly men; I ha'e na conceit of mysel as a scholar, but the pawrents o' the bairns are uncommonly weel pleased wi' my takin way among the bairns; they like the sough o' my quaint and auld-farrant way o' teaching the history and doctrine o' the Word, and especially the way I hae o' explaining to the bairns the Shorter Catechism. I dinna burden their memory wi' lang screeds at a time, but, to the best o' my sma ability, I try to explain the simple truths of the gospel. I canna thole the thocht that the auld, heroic, warlike, and independent Scottish nation should be despised, swallowed up, and devoured by the English. The English nation does this, and the English does that, and the English nation puts its seal upon everything that it can lay its hands upon. Great Britain I understand as being the joint-stock of English and Scotch, and I canna bide that the land of Wallace and Bruce, the land of John Knox and the Reformation, and the land of our martyred forefathers, should a' thegither forget her Scotch dialect. Wi' hae a literature o' our ain as weel as the English, and I think if we study and understand their literature, they ocht to read and understand our literature; it will cost them as little trouble. It 'ill cost them as little trouble to understand our tongue as it cost us to read their Gower and Chaucer and the "great men of ancient days." I hope that the time is far awa' when Scotsmen will forget

their mither-tongue; when we forget Gawin Douglas, or Kennedy, or Dunbar, and when we canna read the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, poems of poor Robert Ferguson, or the wonderful effusions of that noble man—that man of wit and humour, that man of sweetness and of tenderness, that man of soul-stirring patriotism, that man whose fame has encircled the world, that man who spake as if he had been endowed no wi' aegigantic spirit, but wi' manifold spirits, which in their turn sympathised with everything in the creation of God, that man whose pensive lyre was begemmed wi' the tears of millions—the greatest, the noblest, of Scotland's poets, the man Robert Burns.

As for the licht frae mi smiddy, if ye are weel pleased wi' it, I am weel content; if ye are no pleased, I am just as weel content. And so I'll just end this wee pickle tow wi' twa verses frae the poem that I wrote mony a year syne:—

"My hamely, gude, auld mither-tongue,
Sair slichtit though it be
By gentil, sempil, auld and young,
Is nature's voice to me.

"I'll loe thee till the day I dee,
Voice o' our father's hearth;
Thy auld-warl' speech I wad na gie
For a' the tongues on yirth."

SAUNDERS DINWUDDIE.