

plenty o' time and can turn ower the things by the oor. Ye'll no get a young body inside the door.

"That's Maister Auchtermuchty; he hes mair material than he kens hoo tae handle, and nae-body, hearin' him, can mak head or tail o' his sermon.

"Ye get a rive at the Covenants ae meenut, an' a mouthfu' of justification the next. Yir nae suner wi' the Patriarchs than yir whuppit aff tae the Apostles.

"It's rich feedin', nae doot, but sair mixed an' no verra tasty."

So the old and young compromised, and chose Carmichael.

Elspeth was candid enough on occasion, but she was not indiscreet. She could convey her mind delicately if need be, and was a mistress of subtle suggestion.

When Netherton's nephew preached the missionary sermon—he was a stout young man with a volcanic voice—Mrs. MacFadyen could not shirk her duty, but she gave her judgment with care.

"He's a fine lad, and 'ill be sure to get a kirk; he's been weel brocht up, and comes o' decent fouk.

"His doctrine sounds richt, and he'll no gang aff the track. Ye canna ca' him bashfu', and he's sure to be heard."

Her audience still waited, and not in vain.

"But the Lord has nae pleasure in the legs o' a man," and every one felt that the last word had been said on Netherton's nephew.

II.

THE COLLAPSE OF MRS. MACFADYEN.

Carmichael used to lament bitterly that he had lost his Gaelic, and laboured plans of compensation for our Celts, who were understood to worship in English at an immense reduction of profit. One spring he intercepted a Highland minister, who was returning from his winter's raid on Glasgow with great spoil, and arranged an evening service, which might carry Lachlan Campbell back to the golden days of Auchindarroch. Mr. Dugald Mactavish was himself much impressed with the opportunity of refreshing his exiled brethren, speaking freely on the Saturday of the Lowlands as Babylon, and the duty of gathering the outcasts of Israel into one. He was weaned with difficulty from Gaelic, and only consented to preach in the "other language" on condition that he should not be restricted in time. His soul had been much hampered in West End churches, where he had to appeal for his new stove under the first head, lest he should go empty away; and it was natural for one escaping from such bondage to put a generous interpretation on Carmichael's concession. So Maister Dugald continued unto the setting of

the sun. His discourse was so rich and varied that Peddie of Muirtown on original sin was not to be compared with it in breadth of treatment, and Mrs. MacFadyen confessed frankly that she gave up in despair before the preacher had fairly entered on his second hour. Besides the encounter of the preacher with Mr. Urijah Hopps, which carried the Glen by storm, and kept the name of Mactavish green with us for a generation.

Rumors of this monumental pulpit effort, with its stirring circumstances, passed from end to end of the Glen during the week, and Peter himself recognized that it was an occasion at the Junction on Friday.

"Ye may as weel shut aff the steam, Jeems," Peter explained to our engine-driver, "an' gie them ten meenuts. It's been by ordinar' at Drumtochty Free Kirk laist Sabbath nicht, and Drumsheugh 'ill no move till he hears the end o't."

And as soon as the Muirtown train had removed all strangers, that worthy man opened the campaign.

"What kin' o' collieshangie [disturbance] is this ye've been carryin' on, Hillocks? It's doon-richt aggravatin' that ye're no content pesterin' oor life oot wi' that English body in the kirkyaird, but ye maist needs set him up tae arglebargle wi' a stranger minister at the Free Kirk. They say that the puir man cud hardly get a word in atween you and yir lodger. Burnbrae here is threatenin' ye wi' the Sherra, and a' dinna wonder.

"It's nae lauchin' matter, a' can tell ye, Drumsheugh; a've never been sae black affrontit a' ma life. Burnbrae kens as weel as ye dae that a' wasna tae blame.

"Ye'ill better clear yersel' at ony rate, Hillocks, for some o' the neeburs threep [insist] 'at it wes you, and some that it wes yir freend, an'there's ithers declare ye ran in compt [company] like twa dogs worrying sheep; it wes a bonnie like pliskie [escapade] onywy, and hardly fit for an Auld Kirk elder'—a sally much enjoyed by the audience, who knew that, after Whinnie, Hillocks was the doucest man in Drumtochty.

"Weel, ye see it wes thiswy," began Hillocks, with the air of a man on his trial for fire raising: "Hopps fund oot that a Hielandman wes tae preach in the Free Kirk, and naethin' wud sateesfy him but that we maun gae. A' micht hae jaloused [suspected] it wesna the sermon the wratch wantit, for he hed the impidence tae complain that the Doctor was tedious Sabbath a fortnicht when he gied us 'Ruth,' though I never minded 'Ruth' gae aff sae sweet a' the times a've heard it.

"Gin a' hed imagined what the ettercap [captious creature] wes aifter a' wud hae seen ma feet in the fire afore they carried me tae the Free Kirk that nicht.

"Says he tae me on the road, 'A'm told the minister will be in his national costume."

"'He'ill be in his goon and band,' says I, 'if that's what ye mean,' for the head o' him is

fu' o' maggots and nae man can tell what he will be at next.

"'Mister Soutar said that he would wear his kilt, and that it would be an interesting spectacle.'

"'Jamie's been drawing yir leg [befooling you],' says I. 'Man, there's naebody wears a kilt forbye gemkeepers and tourist bodies. Ye'll better come awa' hame,' and sall, if a' hed kent what wes tae happen, a' wud hae taken him aff below ma oxter.

"'It's no richt tae mak me responsible for a' tried tae wile him awa tae the back o' the kirk whar naebody cud see him, but he's that thrawn and upsettin', if he didna gae tae the verra front seat afore the poopit.

"'I want a good position,' says he; 'I'll see everthing here,' sae a' left him an' gied tae Elspeth MacFadyen's seat.

"'He's anxious tae hear,' she said, 'an' a'm thinkin' he'll get mair than he expecks. A' wish it wes weel ower masel', Hillocks; it 'ill be an awfu' nicht.'

"'Thae Hielandmen dinna pit aff time wi' the preleeminaries, but they were lang eneuch tae let onybody see what kin' o' man Mactavish wes.

"'A gruesome carle, neeburs, wi' his hair hangin' roond his face like a warlock and his een blazin' oot o' his head like fire; the sicht o' him is sure tae sober Hopps, thinks I.

"'But no, there's some fouk 'ill take nae warnin'; there he was, sittin' in front o' Mactavish with his thumbs in his airm-holes, and

a watch gaird spread richt across him, and ae leg cocked over the ither, the verra eemage of a bantam cock fleein' in the face o' judgment."

Drumtochy had never moved during this history, and now they drew closer round Hillocks, on whom the mantle of speech had for once descended.

"Mactavish lookit at the body aince, and he lookit again, juist tae gie him fair notis, and then he broke oot in face o' the hale congregation:

"'There's nothing in all the world so deceptive as sin, for outside it's like a bonnie summer day, and inside it's as black as hell.

"'Now here iss this fat little man sittin' before me with his suit o' blue clothes so bonnie and dainty, and a watch gaird as thick as my finger on his wame, smilin' an' smirkin', and real well contented with himself, but if he wass opened up what a sight it would be for men and angels. Oh, yes, yes! it would be a fearsome sicht, and no man here would be able to look.'

"'A' tell ye, neeburs, ye micht hae heard a pin fa' tae the ground, and ma heart was thumping in ma briest; a' wudna come thro' the likes o' yon again for half the pleenishin' o' Hillocks."

There was not a sound at the junction save the steam escaping from the engine, and Hillocks resumed:

"'But the worst's comin'. Hopps jumps up and faces Mactavish—a'll no deny there is some spunk in the body.

"What right have you to speak like that to me? Do you know who I am?"

"He hed better been quiet, for he wes nae match for yon Hielandman.

"Mactavish glowered at him for maybe a meenut till the puir cratur fell back intae his seat.

"Man," says Mactavish, "I do not know who you are, and I do not know what you are, and I shall not be asking who you are, and I am not caring though you be MacCallummore himself. You are just a parable; oh, yes! just a parable.

"But if ye be convicted of secret sin ye may go out, and if there be anybody else whose sins have been laid bare he may go out too, and if nobody wants to go out, then I will be going on with the sermon, oh, yes! for it will not do to be spending all our time on parables."

"As sure as a'm stannin' here ye cudna see Hopps inside his claithes when Mactavish wes dune wi' him."

When the train started Hillocks received the compliments of the third with much modesty, and added piquant details regarding the utter confusion of our sermon taster.

"Did ye follow?" a' speirit o' Elspeth afore a' went tae pit Hopps thegither.

"Cud a' follow a bumbee?" was the only word a' got frae her; a' saw she was beaten for aince and wes rael mad.

"It's true Elspeth scuffled wi' her feet at the laist head and gar'd him close?"

"A'ill neither deny nor affirm, Drumsheugh;

but there's nae doot when the mune began tae shine aboot nine, and Mactavish started aff on the Devil, somebody scrapit aside me. It wesna Jeems; he daurna for his life; and it wesna me. A'll no say but it micht be Elspeth, but she was sair provokit. Aifter haddin' her ain twenty years, tae be maistered by a Hielandman!"

It was simply a duty of friendship to look in and express one's sympathy with Mrs. MacFadyen in this professional disaster. I found her quite willing to go over the circumstances, which were unexampled in her experience, and may indeed be considered a contribution to history.

"A' wudna hae minded," explained Elspeth, settling down to narrative, "hoo many heads he gied oot, no tho' he hed titched the hundred. A've cause tae be gratefu' for a guid memory, and a've kept it in fine fettle wi' sermons. My wy is tae place ilka head at the end o' a shelf and a' the pints aifter it in order like the plates there," and Mrs. MacFadyen pointed with honest pride to her wall of crockery, "and when the minister is at an illustration or makin' an appeal a' aye rin ower the rack tae see that a've a' the pints in their places. Maister Mactavish cud ne'er hae got the wheep-hand o' me wi' his diveesions; he's no fit to haud the can'le tae John Peddie. Na, na; a' wesna feared o' that when a' examined yon man gieing oot the Psalm, but a' didna like his een.

"He's ravelled, a' said tae masel', 'without

beginning or end; we'll hae a nicht o't, and sae we hed."

I preserved a sympathetic silence till Mrs. Macfadyen felt herself able to proceed.

"It's easy eneuch, ye see, for an auld hand tae manage ae set o' heads gin they come tae ten or a hundred, but it's anither business when a mat hes different sets in ae sermon. Noo, hoo mony sets div ye think that man hed afore he wes dune?"

It was vain for a mere layman to cope with the possibilities of Mr. Mactavish.

"Fower, as a'm a leevin' woman, and that's no a'; he didna feenish wi' ae set an' begin wi' the next, but if he didna mix them a' thegither! Fower set o' heads, a' in a tangle; noo ye hae some kin' o' idee o' what a' hed tae face." And Mrs. Macfadyen paused that I might take in the situation.

When I expressed my conviction that even the most experienced hearer was helpless in such circumstances, Elspeth rallied, and gave me to understand that she had saved some fragments from the wreckage.

"A'll juist tell ye the hypothie, for sic a discourse ye may never hear a' the days o' yir life.

"Ye ken thae Hielandmen tak their texts for the maist pairt frae the Auld Testament, and this was it mair or less, 'The trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come from Assyria and the land o' Egypt,' and he began by explainin' that there were twa classes in Drumtochty—those who were born and bred in the parish,

which were oursels', and them 'at hed tae stay here owin' tae the mysterious dispensation of Providence, which wes Lachlan Campbell.

"Noo this roosed ma suspicions, for it's against reason for a man tae be dividing intae classes till the end o' his sermon. Tak my word, it's no chancy when a minister begins at the tail o' his subject: he'll wind a queer pirn afore he's dune."

"Weel, he gaed up and he gaed doon, and he aye said, 'Oh, yes, yes!' juist like the thrashing mill at Drumsheugh scraiking and girling till it's fairly aff, an' by and by oot he comes wi' his heads.

"There are fower trumpets,' says he. 'First, a leeteral trumpet; second, a heestorical trumpet; third, a metaphorical trumpet; fourth, a speeritual trumpet.'

"'I've got ye,' a' said tae masel', and settled doon to hear him on the first head, for fear he nicht hae pints; but wull ye believe me, he barely mentioned leeteral till he was aff tae speeritual, and then back tae heestorical, an' in five minutes he had the hale fower trumpets blawing thegither.

"It was maist exasperatin', and a' saw Jeems watchin' me—but that's naethin'.

"There be many trumpets,' says he, 'oh, yes, an' it wes a good trumpet Zaccheus heard, and afore a' knew where a' wes he had startit again wi' fower new heads, as if he had never said trumpet.

"'A big tree,' he cries, 'an' a little man, oh, yes! an' this is what we will be doin'.

"First. We shall go up the tree wi' Zaccheus.

"Second. We shall sit in the branches wi' Zaccheus.

"Third. We shall come down from the tree wi' Zaccheus; and if time permits,

"Fourth. We shall be going home wi' the publican."

It seems only just to pay a tribute at this point to the wonderful presence of mind Mrs. Macfadyen had shown amid unparalleled difficulties.

"Hoot awa," she responded; "the meenut ony heads cam' a' knew ma grund; but the times atween I wes fairly lost.

"A'll no deny," and our critic turned aside to general reflections, "that Mactavish said mony bonnie and affeckin' things frae time tae time, like the glimpses o' the hills ye get when the mist rolls awa, and he cam nearer the hert than the feck o' oor preachers, but certes yon confusion is mair than us low-country fook cud stand.

"Juist when he wes speakin' about Zaccheus as nice as ye please—though whether he was up the tree or doon the tree a' cudna for the life o' me tell—he stops sudden and looks at us ower the top o' his spectacles, which is terrible impressive, and near dis instead o' speakin'.

"We will now come to the third head of this discourse.

"The trumpet shall be blown, for,' says he, in a kin' o' whisper, 'there's a hint o' oppesi-

tion here,' an' a' tell ye honestly a' lost hert a'thegither, for here he wes back again among the trumpets, and a'll gie ma aith he never sae much as mentioned that head afore.

"It's an awfu' peety that some men dinna ken when tae stop; they micht see frae the poopit; if a' saw the tears comin' tae the women's een, or the men glowering like wild cats for fear they sud brak doon, a'd say Amen as quick as Pittendreigh aifter his goat.

"What possessed Maister Dugald, as Lachlan ca'd him, a' dinna ken, but aboot half nine—an' he begood at six—he set oot upon the trumpets again, an' when he cudna get a haud o' them, he says:

"It will be getting dark' (the mune was fairly oot) 'an' it is time we were considering our last head.

"We will now study Satan in all his offices and characteristics.'

"A' see they've been telling ye what happened," and confusion covered Mrs. Macfadyen's ingenious countenance.

"Weel, as sure's deith a' cudna help it; tae be sittin' on peens for mair than twa oors tryin' tae get a grup o' a man's heads, an' him tae play hide-and-seek wi' ye, an' then tae begin on Satan at nine o'clock is mair nor flesh and blood could endure.

"A' acknowledge a' scrapit, but a' houp tae gudeness a'll never be tempted like yon again.

"It's a judgment on me for ma pride, an Jeems said that tae me, for a' boastit a' cudna

be beat, but anither oor o' Mactavish wud ha' driven me dottie [silly]."

Then I understood that Mrs. Macfadyen had been humbled in the dust.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I.

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

Drumtochy was accustomed to break every law of health, except wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an average life-rate. Our men made no difference in their clothes for summer or winter, Drumsheugh and one or two of the larger farmers condescending to a topcoat on Sabbath, as a penalty of their position, and without regard to temperature. They wore their blacks at a funeral, refusing to cover them with anything, out of respect to the deceased, and standing longest in the kirkyard when the north wind was blowing across a hundred miles of snow. If the rain was pouring at the Junction, then Drumtochy stood two minutes longer through sheer native dourness till each man had a cascade from the tail of his coat, and hazarded the suggestion, halfway to Kildrummie, that it had been "a bit scrowie," a "scrowie" being as far short of a "shoor" as a shoor fell below "weet."

This sustained defiance of the elements pro-