

CHAP. XXVIII.

KILLEAN — A SCOTCH KIRK AND SABBATH.

A romantic and unexpected Road. — Fisherman's Wife. — Detached Rocks. — Their Beauty and Geology. — Legends anent them. — Vitrified Fort. — A botanical Witness to Man. — Nature's Testimony to human Vices. — Weeds follow the Steps of Man. — The Shore. — Killean Free Church. — The Village. — Killean Church. — A faithful Minister. — St. Killian. — The Presbyterian Service. — Liberty of Conscience. — Hymnology and Singing — Objections to Organs. — Sir Walter Scott's Opinion. — Presbyterian "Simplicity." — Reality and acting. — Scotch Liturgy. — Standing in Prayer. — Ancient Customs. — The revival Movement in Cantire. — A Gaelic open-air Service. — Its Characteristics. — The Covenants.



FROM Muasdale and the bridges over the outlet of Clachaig Glen, the high road winds among some detached rocks to Killean, about half a mile distant. Macculloch, as I have before said, scarcely makes mention of the country between Machrihanish Bay and Loch Tarbert, although he speaks of the "very amusing road, conducted nearly the whole way on the margin of the water, which affords in itself some pleasing scenes,

besides the fine maritime views which it presents of the channel of Jura, and of that of Gigha, terminated by the long outline of Jura and Islay, in which the Paps form a predominant and beautiful feature. In a summer evening, and with a calm sea, a more engaging ride for ten or fifteen miles cannot well be imagined." He then adds, "About Ballochanty, and near Killean, where the road winds among some detached rocks, this road is particularly romantic as well as unexpected."*

"In the centre of the parish," says the Rev. D. Macdonald, "and in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, an aggregate of pyramidical rocks occurs, from which the ocean has evidently receded. In the fissures of these rocks, several acres beyond the sea-mark, quarriers have frequently dug out fossil bivalved shell-fish, of a species not now to be found along the coast of the parish, but abundant in Loch Tarbert, and the eastern shores of the peninsula." (Query, Oysters?)

This portion of the road well bears out Macculloch's praise: it is "particularly romantic, as well as unexpected;" we come upon it suddenly after passing through Muasdale Village, where the road winds round the spur of the cliff at the entrance of Clachaig Glen. Midway between this spot and Killean is a fisherman's cottage, between the road and the sea-shore. Here is the fisherman's wife, in her white cap and blue dress,

* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. pp. 83, 84.

plodding along barefoot with her baby at her back, and another bairn at her heels. There is a strip of potato-ground between the high-road and the beach, and a level wheat-field between the road and the cliffs. The



BETWEEN MUASDALE AND KILLEAN.

detached rocks are scattered on either side of the road, between this woman's cottage and Killean; and they form a most remarkable as well as beautiful feature. I have denoted them in this, and in other sketches; but

it would be useless to do more, without bringing in the aid of colour,—and even then, very large dimensions would be required to give anything like an adequate idea of their beauty. They are similar in their character and the richness of their floral charms to those Titanic nine-pins that we saw on the shore below Glencreggan, and of which we have since met with isolated specimens. But here, there are forty or fifty (or it may be more — for I did not count them,) congregated on a more open plain, but still in a limited area; and the greater portion of them of much greater size than those on the Glencreggan shore. Some of them must have been fifty or sixty feet high, and of about the same diameter at their base. Mere black and white could not convey to the reader's mind an idea of their glorious medley of colours. They are of most picturesque forms; and like the Glencreggan rocks are covered with lichens, and wild-flowers, and heather. In my ideal Muasdale, they would form a chief attraction to the visitors, and would be within five minutes' walk from their aëry crescents.

I have already quoted from Hugh Miller on the geological character of these detached rocks found in more than one place along the coast of Scotland. Elsewhere*, he speaks of their picturesqueness, thus:—"It is formed

* *Rambles of a Geologist*, pp. 362 363. See Appendix, "Geology of Cantire."

exactly of such cliffs as the landscape gardener would make if he could,—cliffs with their rude prominent pebbles breaking the light over every square foot of surface, and furnishing footing by their innumerable projections to many a green tuft of moss and many a sweet little flower. Some of the masses too, that have rolled down from the precipices and stand up like the ruins of cottages, are of singular beauty—worth all the imitation-ruins ever erected, and obnoxious to none of the disparaging associations which the mere show and make-believe of the artificial are sure to awaken.”

The Cantire Highlanders regard these detached rocks as so many erections by the hands of man; and have various hypothetical legends to account for their frequency. Some think them to have been rude Druidical altars, on which human sacrifices were offered; but the prevailing opinion (as in the case of this large group of rocks between Muasdale and Killean) is, that a great battle was once fought upon the spot, and that the rocks are the rude monuments erected to commemorate the conflict and the heroes who are buried beneath them. This belief may have been strengthened by the frequency of the vitrified forts on the Cantire coast, some of which are in this neighbourhood.

“An ancient chapel,” says Macculloch (speaking of the old Church of Killean) “with coupled circular-

headed windows, will here attract the antiquary's notice. But as I cannot afford to detail all these particulars, I shall only notice that there is a vitrified fort here," — which is one of thirty-three, of which he gives a list. It is marked out, not only by its luxuriance of vegetation — which is accounted for, by the hill-forts also having been hill-folds, — but also by the rankness of the weeds, and thistles, and nettles — a botanical witness that man had once a dwelling on this spot. A most trustworthy and delightful author has made the following interesting observations on this subject, which may be here quoted with advantage. He has been speaking of that lovely dingle, called "Nightingale's Bower," at Old Storridge*, on the Herefordshire confines of Worcestershire, which was the scene of a disastrous flood in the autumn of 1852, that swept away "the Bower" cottage, and its inmates. "On the heap of stones that formerly helped to sustain the cottage-roof, a monstrous rank growth of weeds now malignantly flourish; for singularly enough, as if to symbolise the crimes or woes attached to human nature, none but the vilest plants take up their residence, where man has once dwelt or been located:

* The name is supposed to be ancient British, from the Chaldaic *Tar*, or *Tor*, a fire-tower. The summit of Old Storridge Hill is pointed out as the scene of St. Augustine's conference. For various opinions and testimonies on this point, see Allies's "Antiquities and Folk-lore of Worcestershire," p. 205.

“ ‘The old grey abbey lies in ruins now :
Where once the altar rose, rank nettles grow.’ ”

“So here, amid the ruins of an uptorn hearth, were congregated great nauseous burdocks, dense masses of prickly thistles, thick clusters of stinging nettles, made still more hideous by being hung with heaps of black spinous caterpillars, and enormous plants of poisonous hemlock, that rose above eight feet in height. One of these, large as a hazel-bush, was truly a botanical curiosity; for it had more than eighteen branching stems radiating from the same root. Who could forbear moralising upon such a spectacle? For still, as of old, thorns and thistles soon cover the ruins of man’s habitations; and, however much Nature may adorn solitary spots of her own selection, she refuses to throw any but the rankest and most lurid plants where the ground has been contaminated by human vices. So prophesied Isaiah of the structures of Idumæa—‘Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof;’ and how often are we reminded in the present day, of where some dwelling or garden has formerly been, by the nettles, thistles, or wormwood that almost choke the spot. This appears to be the case generally in the world; for either weeds delight to dog the footsteps of man, go wherever he will; or the turning up of the soil, and the manure left there, unfits it for the old flowers of

the country, but makes a pabulum for rank strangers, which they quickly take advantage of. Thus, North America has become a garden for English weeds; and Professor Buckman told me that he saw them among the back-woods of Ohio, wherever the ground was up-turned. Schleiden says, that Russian steppes are peculiarly fertile in weeds called "Burian" wherever cultivation has loosened the soil. They rise, he says, to an incredible height; and "these thistles, as in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, distinguish themselves by acquiring a size, a development, and ramification, which is truly marvellous."*

Leaving that remarkable and highly picturesque group of rocks, let us go down to the beach, and follow the crescent shore towards that low projecting headland on which stands Killean Church, similarly situated to the Manse, its dark stone walls washed by the spray of the Atlantic. Let us rest awhile here, on this great shiny stone, while I sketch the view. There is a natural cup of water in the sand at my feet, within easy reach of the brush by a Rob Roy arm; and though the water is very brackish, yet, as it leaves some of its shiny salt particles upon the paper, it is of use in imparting to the pictured representation of the beach, that glistening effect produced by the sun-rays on wet

* "Pictures of Nature around Malvern," by Edwin Lees, F.L.S., pp. 210, 211. See also "Rambles of a Geologist," pp. 364, 365.

sand. The beach is rough, with great boulders of trap and red-sandstone; the breakers come in with "thunderous fullness" on our left; to our right are Tennysonian "thymy promontories." There are the purple Paps of Jura rising ruggedly from above the low line of Gigha; and still further in the dim distance, the shadowy shoulders of Ben More. The blue hills stretch grandly to the right, growing stronger in colour, as they sweep round the bay in the middle distance, and are then lost behind the hill near to us, on whose verge, and not two hundred yards distant from the Established Church (which is upon the sea-shore) stands the "Free Church" of Killean. It is a building of some pretensions—red brick with stone dressings, with a turreted tower and a lean-to on either side. Interiorly it is a large parallelogram, lighted from either side, with the pulpit and precentor's desk in the centre of the further wall. The body of the church (which is without galleries) is filled up with four ranges of seats, on a flooring that rises slightly towards the entrance end,—an arrangement which permits the congregation who sit furthest from their minister, not only to have a good view of him, but of their fellow-worshippers also. This Church was built at the time of the secession, by subscriptions and collections in the district and throughout the country. The Minister's Manse—facing to the west, and commanding a most glorious view—stands to



KILLEAN, CANTIRE.

the right of the Church; to the left are spacious schools. Like the Church, the schools are built of red brick; and in this respect differ from the Manse and all the other houses and cottages in the district, which are invariably white—though they do not, like the Welsh, whitewash the outside of the roofs.

We come down from this Church by the side of a tumbling torrent, where we shall probably find some bare-legged lassies washing linen. By the road-side is a row of miserable cottages, which is indeed the Village of Killean—though the united parish of Killean and Kilchenzie is very extensive, containing an area of 81 square miles (or 51,840 acres*, of which not more than a ninth part are arable) and several hamlets, among which are Barr, Glencreggan, and Muasdale. Passing these and going on towards the shore, the dark stone walls of Killean Church rise before us. It was once called Liananmore. The remains of its predecessor still exist, and may be seen a little further on the road, towards Tayinloan.† Its round-headed windows have been already mentioned by Macculloch. They are not so rude as in other ancient examples in Cantire, and a double-light in the eastern wall has mouldings with the tooth ornament. The walls, with the exception of

* So says the "Statistical Survey." Fullerton's "Gazetteer" makes the area to be "26,250 Scots acres."

† See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire."

the west, are still standing; and a small chapel or vestry remains on the north side of the chancel. The Church is said to have been thatched with heather. Divine service was performed in it about a century ago, when a Mr. M'Lean was the minister; of whom it is said that he was a man of excellent character, pious and faithful, and was instrumental in bringing about a great reform in the parish with regard to church discipline. Macdonald, the laird of Largie, being found guilty of some delinquency, was obliged to suffer a public rebuke before the congregation on the Sabbath-day. After the service, the laird said to Mr. M'Lean, "You have been very severe on me to-day." The minister answered, "Not more severe than you deserved."

Many of the Macdonalds of Largie are buried in the churchyard, which is very crowded, for this was the parish church of Killean. The burial ground is surrounded by a small stream, which (according to one etymologist) gave the name to the parish, *Cil*, a church, and *Abhainn*, a river. But Killean more probably derives its name from St. Killian, who, in the latter end of the seventh century, travelled from Scotland, the place of his nativity, and preached the gospel with such success among the Eastern Franks, that he converted vast numbers of them from Paganism to Christianity. The modern church (the one down upon the sea-shore,

shown in my sketch) was built in the year 1788, and is in the style of architecture that might be expected from that unecceciological era. It contains galleries. There is a tablet commemorative of Colonel Macalister, uncle to the present owner of Glenbarr Abbey, who served in India, and was drowned on his way home in the ship *Ocean*. He left 1000*l.* to the poor of the parish of Killean, and is buried in the burial-ground of Paiten, which we passed on our road from Kilchenzie to Glenbarr. The minister of Killean has to do alternate duty at Killean and Kilchenzie.

To one who has been brought up in the Church of England, and accustomed to the privilege of her established liturgy, the Presbyterian form of worship must surely seem altogether deficient in a congregational tone.* Everything in that system of worship is left to the minister, who, apparently, has full licence to offer up any forms of prayer that he may think fit, and the congregation can be no more said to join in his prayers, than they do in his sermon. If they have the ability, the wakefulness, or the desire to follow him with tolerable readiness and attention, they can give their silent assent to the prayers he offers up before them — if he can express himself coherently, and in a manner

* Perhaps this opinion will be assigned to that "Swing of the Pendulum" described in "The Recreations of a Country Parson," second series, pp. 255. 276.

adapted to their comprehension ; but that is all that can be done on either side. The congregation are no fellow-worshippers *with* their minister, but are as completely under his control and guidance as if they were a congregation of Romanists, and he their priest. It is singular how extremes meet, but it is so here. That "liberty of conscience," of which the Presbyterians make such boast, is no more liberty than is the spiritual bondage of the Romanist. In both cases, the minister does everything, and the layman nothing ; for the only part that the Scotch Presbyterian can take in the service of his church, is to join in hymns of terribly human composition, that are not even up to our Tate and Brady standard. They are not fellow-worshippers with their minister, or rather with the rest of the congregation (for the minister will most probably sit down during the hymn, and take no part in it) until the hymn is given out and the precentor leads off with a prolonged nasal howl, or if it be a fashionable city church, until the verses of the hymn are rendered with operatic care by some twelve to twenty men and women ranged on a railed platform in front of the pulpit. Then the tongues of the congregation are loosed, and they endeavour to atone for their enforced silence, by singing which is truly earnest and thoroughly congregational. The singing is unaccompanied even by Nebuchadnezzar instruments, and the notes of the organ

are unknown *, the Scotch Presbyterians having a very remarkable objection to any musical instrument in a place of worship. The English church at Glasgow is derisively called "The Whistling Kirk," from its possession of an organ; and a Presbyterian minister in Arran, was compelled by his parishioners to part with his piano-forte; a "whistling manse" being, it must be presumed, next akin to a "whistling kirk." †

Sir Walter Scott makes Frank Osbaldistone say, with regard to this subject, "I had heard the service of high mass in France, celebrated with all the *éclat* which the choicest music, the richest dresses, the most imposing ceremonies, could confer on it, yet it fell short in effect of the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship. The devotion in which everyone took a share, seemed so superior to that which was recited by musicians, as a lesson which they had learned by rote, that it gave the Scottish worship all the advantage of reality over acting." ‡ This however seems to me to be a most unfair way of putting the case. That "devotion" should be "recited by musicians as a lesson," is, to begin with, rather a puzzling statement. But what essential difference can there possibly be in congregational psalmody

* Pennant says: "There is no music either in this or any other of the Scotch churches, for *Peg* still faints at the sound of an organ." — *Scotland*, p. 49.

† Lord Teignmouth's "Scotland," vol. ii. p. 398.

‡ Rob Roy, vol. ii. p. 31.

being led by paid assistants, whether they be nasal-droning precentors, or smart young women (in the best dresses, smartest bonnets, and newest fashions that their means will command) perched with an equal number of the male sex, in the most conspicuous part of the kirk,—or by choristers in “the richest dresses?” In any case, the real “devotion” has nothing whatever to do with the singers or their dresses, and Presbyterian “simplicity,” if it means anything at all, means a preposterous and persistent objection to the human voice being accompanied by an instrument. Out here in the Highland wilds, the “simplicity” is truly great, from the force of circumstances, but in Glasgow or Edinburgh the “simplicity” vanishes in the engagement of the best singers that the means of the congregation will afford.

Unaccompanied psalmody, when well sung, is always impressive, more especially when heartily joined in by the congregation, as our Cathedral special services can testify. Fourteen years ago this was tried on a larger scale, and with the greatest success, in Durham Cathedral; where on Wednesday afternoon the organ was silent, and the service, and chants, and anthem were unaccompanied. From the skill of the choir the effect was very beautiful,—although they were paid “musicians,” and had “learned by rote” what they sang,—and the congregation, *being well led*, were able to join in the singing with as much ease as they would have

done if the voices of the singers had been accompanied by the organ, and the service and chants rendered "with all the *éclat* which choicest music could confer upon them." But why unaccompanied singing should necessarily be "reality" and not "acting," I cannot see. Outward "simplicity"—where it is not of that stupidly ignorant class which (for example) would object to an organ in a place of worship—is very often but a quaker assumption, and the cloak for a much lower form of pretension than mere acting. As the Scotch Presbyterians have already taken one leaf out of the Romanists' book in the passive manner in which they surrender their service to their minister, they would greatly improve that service by borrowing from the Romanists a slight infusion of that *éclat* of choicest music, "learned by rote," which their great novelist has condemned as "acting." The unaccompanied psalmody of a kirk in the Highland wilds gains simplicity at the expense of melody, and is only flattered by being called singing.

The non-reading of the Scriptures was another point in the kirk service which struck me as being "conspicuous by its absence." The only portion of the Bible read to the congregation was the minister's text. Here, again, the inferiority of the service to that of the English Church is manifestly apparent; and this, together with its lack of a liturgy, are important points, in which the modern Presbyterians have sadly de-

generated : for the custom appears to be but a modern one, as the early Scotch reformers *had* a liturgy, which (like our own) included the public reading of the Word of God.*

One of their customs may seem to us to be curious ; they stand at prayer, and sit during the singing of hymns. In the early Latin Church, the preacher (after the custom of the Jewish synagogue) used to sit, while the congregation stood, but then the sermon was only about ten minutes long. The Presbyterian peculiarity of standing in prayer has, however, the sanction of antiquity, and may even be traced to apostolic times. For in the early Church from the time of the Apostles, while kneeling was considered the proper posture for prayer during the six days of the week, it was considered most fitting for the congregation to *stand* in prayer on the Lord's days, and also on the fifty days between Easter and Whitsunday. This was in memory of our Saviour's resurrection ; "for," says Justin Martyr, "the kneeling in prayer being symbolical of our fall in sin, the standing is a significant symbol of our rising again from

* I here speak from my own experience, which was not confined to Cantire, but extended farther afield. But I am told by one of their ministers, that a chapter in the Bible *ought* to be read in the kirk services, and that he always does so in the Gaelic service, and usually reads a *portion* of a chapter in the English service. At any rate, so far as my personal experience went, and so far as I have been able to ascertain from others, the *rule* is as I have stated it.

that fall." Other early writers make the kneeling as symbolical of repentance and mourning, but all unite in ascribing the standing posture during prayer as a token of joy in the resurrection of Christ. And this practice was sanctioned and decreed by the Council of Nice, and can be traced up to the seventh century; so that the Scotch Presbyterian form, strange as it may seem to a member of the Church of England, has at any rate the sanction of Apostolic custom and the first six centuries of the Church. Perhaps the ultra High-Churchmen who dwell so strongly on the precedent of those early times, will abrogate the Prayer-book rubrics in favour of this custom of the early Fathers and Apostolic days. But no sanction can be derived from those times for the Scotch custom of sitting while the praises of God are sung.

When the service has come to an end, a great proportion of the men will be seen to at once cover their heads as they rise to leave the building; and, if the long-handled box has not already been brought round, there will be found in the porch of the church a dish for the reception of alms. This is done every Sunday, and is another apostolic custom followed by the Presbyterian Church,—a custom which the Church of England has here and there restored with great benefit to herself and members,—the small contributions to the weekly offertory swelling into a goodly aggregate, that

suffices for the educational and other needs of the parish. As soon as the one congregation has poured out of the church, another pours in,—for there are two services, in Gaelic and in English,—and as the minister has not ten minutes rest between them, he must be well nigh exhausted when the second service is over. This, however, does not terminate his labours for the day; and he frequently, in the summer season, walks some miles to give a third service, either out of doors or at a school-house. In this way services hád been given by the Rev. D. Macfarlane in the school-room at Barr.

Here also (in the Barr school-room), many special services were held during the week, commencing just after our departure from the neighbourhood, in connection with the Revival movement, that course of religious reaction which (as has been observed) “follows the direction of the gulf-stream, setting from the New World towards the western and northern coasts of the British Isles.” This connection between the gulf-stream and religious reaction was exemplified in Cantire. The scenes and phenomena that attended the meetings at Barr were as extraordinary as in other places.* The

* Lord Teignmouth, in speaking of the religious habits of the Arran people, tells us that they considered some external bodily sign or convulsive emotion as a necessary token of true repentance. When a woman had fallen into convulsions while listening to one of their

people flocked from a distance to the spot in greater numbers than the room would hold, and the windows were broken by those standing on the outside, in their anxiety to hear the preaching and prayers. Many of the congregation came from so great a distance, that by the time they had got back home, after the conclusion of the night's service, it was the hour for them to commence their day's work. Yet the physical difficulties under which they must thus have struggled did not prevent them from again and again attending the meetings; and this (as I was told) without neglecting their occupations, although "they went about their work as though they were scared." The weekly meetings in the Barr school-room were continued all through the winter, and till late in the spring, and were then abandoned for Sunday-night meetings, which were well attended. During the summer the minister of the parish, who took an important part in the Revival movement, informed me (with regard to Killean parish) that "it has produced saving, and I believe permanent, good to and in many. There is a thirst for religious knowledge, and an attendance on ordinances, greater and better than was formerly the case." But when the harvest was past and the summer ended, the majority

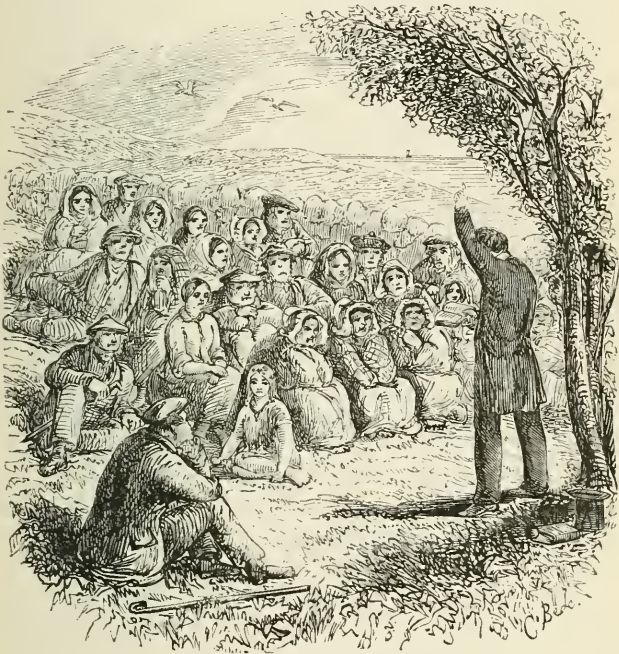
preachers, he "is said to have coolly observed, after they had ceased, 'Poor thing! what a struggle she had with the devil.'" — *Scotland*, p. 398.

had returned to their old ways; and in a letter that I received, it is written: "You will be sorry to hear that the good of last year's revival has nearly disappeared, and that whiskey-drinking is as bad as ever."

The "Revival" was general throughout Cantire. At Campbelton it created an extraordinary sensation during the whole of the winter, accounts of which appeared from time to time in the English newspapers, and need not be further referred to here; nor was I witness to any of the scenes, as I had left Cantire before the movement had well begun.

I was, however, an accidental witness to a novel and very impressive open-air service at Barr, given by the minister of the free-church at Killean, on a Sunday evening, chiefly for the benefit of those who were unable to attend his (or any other) church. His preaching was in Gaelic, and therefore was altogether a dead letter to me. It was given *ore rotundo*, with great energy and action, and engaged the devout attention of his hearers. The spot in which they were assembled, was a field to the rear of the village, where the ground sloped towards the sea and river. They sat before the preacher upon the green grass, rising in so many tiers with the rise of the hill side, and picturesquely grouped. In front was a row of old cronies muffled in plaids, with their white mutches tied down by a black ribbon, and their parchment faces

wrinkled and seamed by age and exposure. Among the women, the long blue cloaks like bathing gowns, with thick woollen petticoats of dark blue, or red and black stripes, predominated. A few of the lassies wore



OPEN-AIR PREACHING IN CANTIRE.

their pretty loose jackets of light pink, but had no other covering for their heads than their own vails of hair. Their elders had nothing more than a cap, or a plaid wrapped nun-like round their heads to protect

them from the sharp evening air. The only bonnet wearers were the men who wore "the blue bonnets" of Scotland. Here and there was a plaid; and, though tartans were sadly deficient, yet, altogether, there was more of the Scotch element in the dresses than I had seen on any other occasion:—

"The preacher rose, and every voice grew still,
Save echoing breezes round the lonely hill;
With solemn awe he opes the blessed Book,
Earnest in voice, and heavenly in his look;
While from his lips the soothing accents flow,
To cheer his flock, and mitigate their woe." *

The minister sheltered by a few trees stood before his congregation with an open Bible in his hand. The sun was setting over the Atlantic, and flooding the scene with a heavenly halo of golden light. The sea was close at hand within sight and hearing, its breakers rolling up on the shore with monotonous regularity; and the only sounds to be heard beside the preacher's voice, were the occasional plaintive cries of the gulls, and the crow of the moor-fowl, mingled with the deep diapason of the waves. The scene insensibly carried back the thoughts to those days of the Covenanters, when

"In solitudes like these,
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws."

* Weir's "Covenanter's Sabbath."

“Then rose the song, the loud
 Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
 Her plaint; the solitary place was glad;
 And on the distant cairn the watcher’s ear
 Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.” *

“Those who have been in the brae country of Scotland (says Mr. Logan in his ‘History of the Highlanders’) cannot forget the picturesque effect of the congregation of a kirk on Sunday, loitering in the churchyard till the commencement of worship, or moving along the mountain paths, the men in their varied tartans, and smartly cocked bonnets, the married women in their gaudy plaids and snow-white mitches or caps, the girls with their auburn hair neatly bound up in the snood.” †

The next morning I made a coloured sketch of the scene from memory. When it was exhibited to some who had been among the congregation, they acknowledged its accuracy by believing it to have been an impossibility that the drawing should have been produced by an effort of memory; and they therefore remained under the impression that I must have had

* Grahame’s “Sabbath.”

† See also Pennant to the same effect. (“Tour in Scotland in 1771,” p. 83.) From what he adds, and from what we learn from other sources, it would seem that the sarcastic reproofs in Burns’ “Holy Fair” were richly deserved.

recourse to my pencil to "take them off," while their minister was preaching to them. So I fear that I left behind me a reputation for not keeping a Scotch Sabbath with Scotch strictness.