



✎ J. M. BARRIE. NOVELIST. ✎

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*In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,  
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,  
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,  
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear ;  
E'en Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.*

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*In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
May our councils be wise and our commerce increase ;  
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find  
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.*

# A BRAIN FEVER.

(AN EAST COAST EPISODE.)

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“Wauken will ye, guid-man. Dawn’s abune the brae,  
The high dawn that rides upon the wind,  
There’s a curr’n braw laddies on the bank oot the day  
That the morn’s mornin will na mind.  
Harken till the gurgle and the thunder o’ the tide,  
It’s a groun’ swell settlin’ to the Sou’;  
My ain bonnie lad! He kissed me as he died,  
Wi’ the froth a’ frozen on his mou’.

“I dream’d it! I dream’d it an hour gaen by,  
And ye snoring like the stirkie i’ the shed,  
Cud sake! Sandy, dinna let me die  
Ere I ken gin my bairn be dead.  
Ye’d an ower muckle dram on the Auld New Year;  
And I daddled ye, I mind, to get ye hame,  
But it’s little ye would care for an auld wifie’s tear,  
Gin anither man would stan’ ye the same.

“Ye ne’er had a laddie like the lad that’s on the sea;  
And there’s better men than ye hae the like,  
He’s your ain: he is mine! he was aye guid to me,  
And there’s better born than ye i’ the dyke.  
Listen to the mutter ahint the Northern Light!  
Like the ravellin’ o’ the lass that died at dawn,  
Beatin’ on the coverin’ a’ the winter’s night,  
Till the fruit o’ her shame was born.

“Twa bonnie bairnies baith to ye and me,  
Wi’ the meenister’s ban abune our heid,  
The ane’s gaen awa’, ye turned her oot to dee,  
And the ither I hae just seen deid.  
Awa’ wi’ ye! Awa’ wi’ ye! dinna gar me greet!  
There was ance that I lo’ed ye weel,  
But a time comes to a’ ere the day and morrow meet;  
It’s wi’ *me*!—when ye canna feel!”

J. W. DE LYS.



BY THE EDITOR.

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No. V.

J. M. BARRIE,

NOVELIST.

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A Story should, to please, at least seem true,  
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new :  
And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules  
The wise will sleep and leave applause to fools.

—*Stillingfleet.*

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**W**HAT our young Scottish novelist, J. M. Barrie, is richly entitled to his place in our little gallery of Twelve Good Men, few, if any, will dispute. His transcendent powers surely cannot be doubted, for has not his praises been chanted even to a fulsome extent by quite a crowd of *litterateurs* in the pages of high-class reviews, and by a shoal of the small-fry of budding journalists in many a weekly religious paper ?

Old-fashioned people complain that in their view J. M. Barrie's use or abuse of the word *c'e* in place of *eye*, and *awa'* in place of *away*, and many other instances that could be cited, is absurdly vulgar. He makes his Scotch characters, many of them, both men and women, speak in a manner that no human being would or

could speak. This blot has marred much of his good work, and has in many cases caused the estrangement of the educated Scot, for it is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, that where the pure Scottish Doric is least known, there J. M. Barrie is most highly thought of.

Mr. J. H. Millar, the other day, in a trenchant criticism on what he calls "The Literature of the Kailyard," has some very severe strictures on Mr. Barrie's writings. Yet, although severe, no one can say they are untrue or undiscriminating. He says: "His writings are eagerly devoured in England by people who, on the most charitable hypothesis, may possibly understand one word in three of his dialogue; and to the curious superstitions which the Southron breast has long nourished with regard to Scotland must now be added a new group of equally well-grounded beliefs—as, for example, that the Auld Lights formed a large majority of the people of Scotland, and that the absorbing interest, if not the main occupation, of nine true-born Scotsmen out of ten is chatter about church-officers, parleyings about precentors, babble about beadles, and maunderings about manses. . . . Yet, after all," he adds, "'twere the merest churlishness to ignore the admirable qualities which distinguish Mr. Barrie's best work."

Local interest seems to be the correct key-note for latter-day fiction. This is beyond doubt so far as the young Scotch school of novelists are in question. Witness the marked success, so far as sales go, and also of being talked about, if such can be called success, of Barrie, Crockett, and Ian McLaren.

James Matthew Barrie was born in "the Tenements"—a vicinity destined through the imaginative pen of him who there first saw the light to attain almost world-wide fame—on the 9th of May, 1860. Mr. Barrie's father, like himself, is a thorough Kirriemarian, and is a member of the South Free Church there. His mother, *née* Margaret Ogilvy, is of the old Original Seceder stock, and is learned in many of the Auld Licht traditions. Both parents are still alive. The first school young Barrie attended was a private one conducted by two sisters—the Misses Adam—in Bank Street, Kirriemuir. A contemporary remarks "He was the idlest of schoolboys, and seldom opened his books except to draw pictures in them." Even in these early days the bent of his mind was evident, as many of his schoolmates can testify. At the school intervals the laddie was generally to be found with a number of his chums relating to them some thrilling story, or giving them a

recital of some fairy tale he had read in some book perhaps the night before. From the Misses Adams' school he was removed to the Dumfries Academy, where his elder brother was an Inspector of Schools. Here it was young Barrie's privilege to oftentimes see Carlyle, and hear with an eager ear the floating gossip about that venerable Scotsman's sayings and doings. Indeed, in after days, we believe, the influence of Carlyle's writings was very marked in Barrie. It was through the correspondence column of the Dumfries newspapers he first had scope to "air" his literary abilities. Mr. Barrie entered Edinburgh University at the age of 18, took a high place in English literature in the class conducted by Professor Masson, and was also a member of Dr. Whyte's (a fellow-townsmen) famous Bible class—meetings of which are still regularly conducted by the revered minister of Free St. George's. He graduated as M.A. in 1882; in February, 1883, found himself engaged as a leader writer for the *Nottingham Journal*. He then commenced to contribute articles to London periodicals, and one of the most important incidents in his career was his introduction to Mr. Greenwood of the *St. James' Gazette*—which latterly led up to the publication, through the columns of that periodical, of the greater portion of his book of "Auld Licht Idylls."

He journeyed to the great metropolis in 1885, and found employment for a time on Mr. Greenwood's *Gazette*. It was also then that he commenced to write to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. By July, 1887, he had commenced to write his admirable sketches of "Thrums" life and character to the *British Weekly*, above the pen-name of "Gavin Ogilvy." It was an article in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, which Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll of the *British Weekly* had read and admired, that secured communication with the writer—Mr. Barrie—and it was from that time that his well-known contributions to that journal were so much *in evidence*. His first volume was entitled "Better Dead," and appeared in '87. No better criticism than the title of the book could be passed on it—remarked a London Journal. "Auld Licht Idylls" and "When a Man's Single" were both published in 1888, and were followed by his best known and most highly appreciated work, "A Window in Thrums," in 1889. A collection of sketches, under the title "An Edinburgh Eleven," also appeared about this time. In 1890 Mr. Barrie issued "My Lady Nicotine," and during 1892 his first lengthy story, "The Little Minister," was published. In 1892 an

amusing comedy by him, entitled "Walker, London," was most successful at Toole's Theatre—a comedy which has since been followed by another in the same vein, entitled "The Professor's Love Story." He is presently engaged, we believe, on a new novel to appear first in *Scribner*.

A few critical remarks on Mr. Barrie as a Journalist, Novelist, and Dramatist, must be held over until next month.

*(To be concluded.)*





"RASHIEBOG"

DAVID OGILVY.







*There was once a day—but auld Time then was young—  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine !).  
 From Treed to the Orcales was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :  
 Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,  
 And pledg'd her their godhead to warrant it good.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;  
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth  
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore ;  
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run ;  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be—  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :  
 Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,  
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse—  
 Then, ergo, she'll match them and match them always.*

## Scotia's Relics.

Descendants of the noble dead !  
Sons of the brave and true !  
Whose foemen oft have heard with dread  
Your fathers' wild halloo ;  
Shield from the ruthless spoiler's hand  
Those landmarks grim and old ;  
And unmolested let them stand,  
In honour of the bold.

Those ivied walls of old withstood  
The brunt of shot and shell ;  
On them the cream of Scottish blood  
In crimson showers fell.  
In freedom's cause those ramparts stout  
Have oft and well been manned ;  
They've echoed the victorious shout  
Of many a dauntless band.

Staunch scions of a valiant race,  
Protect your crumbling towers !  
Let vandalism ne'er deface  
Your hero-haunted bowers ;  
The prowess of your hardy sires  
Each ruin grand recalls ;  
The cadence of a thousand lyres  
Still vibrates through those halls.

Those stones have heard the warrior-wight  
And aged minstrel tell  
Of clansman stern, and fiery knight  
Who fiercely fighting fell :  
Each lowland strath and highland glen  
They stamp with lasting fame ;  
The doughty deeds of daring men  
They sound with one acclaim.

They grandeur lend to scenes sublime,  
They link you to the past ;  
Down through the corridors of time  
They echo war's wild blast.  
Like decorations proudly borne  
By veteran victors hoar,  
Those heirlooms gracefully adorn  
Our land from shore to shore.

Heirs of the deathless in renown !  
Sons of your fathers true !  
Those ruins dear are handed down  
With reverence to you !  
Then while on Scotia's mountains grand  
Her hardy thistles wave,  
See that unscathed and sacred stand  
Those relics of the brave

D. M'NICOL



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(*Concluded.*)

“**W**HAT we lack now-a-days is a school of sound, fearless, and vigorous criticism. The public, who—in things literary and artistic—largely resemble a flock of sheep, know not where to look for guidance. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed—unless it be with the shrill piping of rival log-rollers. Scribblers and poetasters strut and peacock across the literary stage, and each one tells the other what a fine fellow he is. Brown, who is himself a writer of verse, thinks that Robinson’s poetry unites the majesty of Milton, the myriad-mindedness of Shakespeare, the music and idealism of Shelley—all within the covers of a single diminutive volume. . . . There is nothing new or remarkable in extravagant or wrong-headed laudation.”

The above remarks apply in trumpet tones to the many criticisms I have read of "that most gallant and ambitious failure," as Mr. J. H. Millar not inaptly calls Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister."

A literary friend of mine wrote an exhaustive critique on this novel when it first appeared in the pages of Donald Macleod's Magazine, *Good Words*. I may say that his estimate of the work so exactly coincides with my own in every particular, that I gladly endorse every word:—

"After reading 'The Little Minister' we felt some like the boy when a speaker began to moralize after telling a story, 'never mind the moral,' cried the boy, 'gies anither story.' And yet we have heard of two or three who started 'The Little Minister' and soon laid it down with disgust—to them it seemed such a ravelled affair. Whilst others, not given to novel reading, but allured by the title, tackled the book and persevered until they were shocked by what they deemed its awful profanity and declined to proceed further. We don't belong to either class. We perused every page carefully, skipping nothing, not even the foot notes. We expected a rich literary treat and we got it. Whilst saying so we are not praising the construction of the story, which is far from perfect, nor approving its many glaring improbabilities and inconsistencies, but we yield to none in our admiration for the author's rich vein of humour and pathos. There we stop. From what we know of the Auld Lights of Thrums we fully expected to find a nobler hero than the Reverend Gavin Dishart, surrounded by characters of greater moral grandeur, together with happier and more edifying scenes both in domestic and public life. Clearly the author has allowed his love of the ludicrous and the sensational to overbalance his judgment. For the grand essential virtues and characteristics of the Auld Lights, he has given us chiefly their prejudices and their failings, their oddities and their eccentricities, clothed, however, it must be admitted, in so fascinating a style that we can hardly stop to quarrel with the writer or differ from him in his fanciful representations. But therein lies the danger of all fiction.

"That is why we have a crow to pick with the author of 'The Little Minister.' Such is his fame, he has made Kirriemuir and Thrums virtually synonymous, so that all he writes about the Auld Lights and their ministers is apt to be regarded as veritable history;

thus producing most erroneous impressions, which it is desirable to guard against.

“Gavin Ogilvy, the dominie of Glen Quharity, the pretended historian, has much to answer for. An Auld Licht himself, a bird of the same feather, and reared in the same nest, surely he ought to have remembered a certain homely proverb before putting pen to paper.

“*Look first at history.* There was James Aitken, the father of the Auld Lichts. Why not choose him for the hero? a man of prepossessing appearance, whose gait was dignity; a man who had the rare virtue of being contented with a stipend of forty-five pounds a year: a man who preached three times every Sabbath for nearly thirty years, not for his own gratification, but because he was earnestly solicited by all classes to do so. And the result was a great moral reform among the people. After him came the Rev. James Anderson, author of the “Ladies of the Covenant”; next followed the Rev. Mr. Brown, a popular preacher. Then came the Rev. Mr. Paxton, perhaps the greatest orator the Auld Licht body ever produced. When he left Kirriemuir, a large number of the congregation accompanied him to the outskirts of the town, where they reluctantly parted, amid sobs and tears, with their much esteemed pastor.

“To these poor people, with their scant and humble fare and few pleasures, religion was of paramount importance. Narrow their creed might be, but how intense! and their lives, how good and true. Within their plain, almost rude, Kirk they enjoyed exercises that were heart moving and soul stirring. For these divine services what does the story present us? A mere travesty! very clever, no doubt, but none the less a travesty; and like Lord Macaulay’s “Restoration of the Clergy,” set in diamonds, and Sir Walter Scott’s “Covenanters,” painted in the wizard’s own magic hues, destined, we fear, for many a day to supersede the true facts of history.

“*Look now at the Romance.* The Rev. Mr. Paxton we take to be the original of “The Little Minister’s” predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Carfrae, a man who ‘came to Thrums narrow and left it broad; a paralytic tottering old man, in whose countenance the light of heaven shone.’ With such a saintly pastor (to say nothing of the able and pious training of his predecessors) might we not reasonably expect the sheep of this little flock to be patterned after their

shepherd? at all events the members of the Session ought to be something like him. But what says Gavin Ogilvy of the chief elder, Thomas Whammond, better known as lang Tammas, who boasted that he was an elder of twenty-six years standing. 'He was the dourest and most unlovable man in Thrums, from whom the children ran off.' Lang Tammas was also the precentor. The more was the pity. Before entering his box he regularly clinked his halfpenny into the plate. Tammas was a fierce uncompromising bigot, too. He would not sing, he, the contemptible bawbee contributor!

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing so divine,  
Demands my love, my life, my all.

Catch him! that was a human hymn, and like a paraphrase would mount no higher than the ceiling. So he would say. We doubt much whether the Psalms of David, when sung by him, would mount any higher, notwithstanding his abnormal height. So much for the chief elder. Spiritually the other members of session and the rest of the flock are pretty much on a par with Lang Tammas.

"Gavin Dishart is elected by this small congregation as their minister, and, as such, conducts himself in a manner altogether different from the traditions of the Auld Licht Kirk of Thrums. A young man in his twenty-first year, an only son of an illiterate mother and she a widow (shall we say a grass widow?) little of stature and juvenile in appearance, in spite of his tall silk hat: fresh from college with a smattering of languages and some practice in the writing of moral and theological essays; fed, too, during these hard days of struggle, on salt fish and potatoes—is it not taxing our credulity too much to believe that this raw stripling becomes all at once a man in virtue of his ordination as a minister! Our common sense won't take in all that is recorded of the Little Minister's power over the Auld Lights. The late Dr. Candlish had a salutary fear of men of the Thrums sort. He would preach before the Lords of Council and Session without being put the least about, but he could not face the Newmilns weavers from the pulpit without fear and trembling, such was the extent of their Biblical and Theological knowledge. When the Thrums boys said to each other, as Gavin Dishart walked up the Roods, 'I'm sayin', isna that loon the noo minister?' is it likely their fathers had any

veneration for him? 'No,' they cry, 'Dagont! is he to lord it over us on the street as he does in the Kirk?'

"After the manner of all newly placed ministers of the right sort, how many religious, philanthropic, and educational agencies does Mr. Dishart set agoing? None! What is his record for the first year? Chiefly his escapades with Babbie, the Egyptian! Once, too, he preached impromptu for an hour and twenty-five minutes on the Fall; telling them that "Adam was an erring man, but beside Eve he was respectable;" 'fair riddling the women,' as Waster Lunny said, so that 'he was ashamed he was married.' After this rousing discourse the Little Minister 'staggered, damp with perspiration, to the vestry, where Hendry Munn wrung him like a wet clout.' And then the preacher (for reasons known to readers of the story) tore the eighth chapter of Ezra out of the pulpit Bible and threw it into the fire.

"This mannikin could perform prodigies of valour. He made short work of the drucken weaver and poacher, Rob. Dow, that day when he cried, 'I'll step down frae the pulpit and turn you out of the house of God'—and this to a man as big as three of him! And during the riot the minister threatened to throw the war-like Andrew Struthers over the stairs! It is simply ridiculous the posturing of this boy minister, and the homage and obedience said to be rendered to him: even religious devotees are not such fools.

"The boy is father of the man. That was a sad day to his mother when young Gavin told her that he would rather be good at the high jump than the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' And this tingling desire for leaping had not forsaken him notwithstanding all the grave anxieties and responsibilities incident to a minister during those trying and stirring times, both in the moral and material world. He would jump over the gooseberry bushes in the garden, although he reddened on noticing once while in the air that his boyishness was observed; and he also cleared Nanny Webster's garden gate at a bound. These saltatory exercises are recorded, we suppose, to indicate a dominant feature in the Little Minister's proclivities, and to foreshadow and prepare us for that famous leap of his to save the life of Lord Rintoul. Besides showing the supreme value of athletics, that perilous and successful leap was intended no doubt to mark the Christian magnanimity and heroism of the Auld Licht pastor in risking his life to save his rival. But if this feat was a crowning proof of Christian bravery,

what can be said of drucken Rob. Dow, who dared the same hazardous jump and lost his life in doing it? The whole of this highly melodramatic scene is evidently painted to reveal how a Christian minister can behave in the most imminent peril and in the immediate prospect of death. Was there ever any event, as described, so unreal and theatrical? Instead of shedding tears over it we laugh outright. Surely never was an impending fatal calamity so grimly and profanely burlesqued.

“ In the Kirk, too, a spirit of unseemly levity is manifested where one ought to find impressive and edifying services, according to Auld Licht traditions. Waster Lunny makes a windmill of his Bible when the text happens to be one of the minor prophets, remarking that ‘Genesis was easy to find, but it takes an able-bodied man to turn up Ezra.’ And Meggy Rattray could watch as well as pray, for she saw who put the threepenny into the plate. One candidate, in his confusion, after giving out the 119th Psalm, and reading a verse or two, said ‘We shall sing the whole of this Psalm!’ Another during the praise did not sing continuously but only a ‘mouthful’ at a time. And while the people are waiting in the Kirk on a week night for the minister to come and pray for rain the whole affair is quite a comedy.

“ The Auld Licht manse fares little better. Somehow we always regard a country manse, surrounded by its garden, as an ideal abode of love and peace, and sweetness and light—a centre from which radiates every Christian thought, feeling, and action. In the manse in question, we have as mistress, first, the minister’s mother, a kindly well-meaning woman, but one otherwise poorly qualified for the post; next, we have Babbie, the gipsy he married in a storm over the tongs, of whose house-keeping qualities the less said the better. And the doings of Jean, the servant, allowing the devotees of her master to try on his hat and to examine the handle of his umbrella, as well as other vagaries of hers, are all amusing enough, but at same time they dispel some of our poetic illusions. As for the garden and the summer-seat, to every pure spirit a minister’s Eden, why, the Egyptian is like the trail of the serpent over it all.

“ Who is responsible for ‘The Little Minister,’ the Author, the Public, or the Publishers? Let the following facts speak for themselves. The editor of *The British Weekly*, after it had been started for six months—so he tells us in an extra edition specially devoted to J. M. Barrie—was looking *gloomily* about for some one



who could write in a *lively* way on ecclesiastical affairs. Anon his eye alighted on a *burlesque* report of the Free Church Assembly, then sitting at Inverness, and he lost no time in securing 'Gavin Ogilvy,' the writer of it. Mark well the italics, and remember that *The British Weekly* is a religious paper!

"Evidently, too, in the same spirit, the Editor of *Good Words* also booked this brilliant entertainer, with good commercial results, we will not doubt, but otherwise we question very much. Verily times are sadly changed. About thirty years ago, as all may read in the Life of Dr. Norman Macleod, the Publishers of *Good Words*—all due honour to them and the magnanimous Norman, the first Editor, for doing so—nobly forfeited five hundred pounds to a celebrated novelist for refusing to publish a story which they had arranged with him to write for them rather than compromise their magazine and cause grievous offence to their evangelical readers. Are we not all on the down grade now-a-days, when we culpably allow a comic genius, like a court fool or a spoiled child, to cut any capers he pleases so long as it simply pays or amuses us?

"The Auld Lights of Thrums may feel flattered at being made so famous by their fellow-townsmen, but they certainly can hardly thank him for treating them in the way he has done in the pages of 'The Little Minister.' Errors in the dialect, and in the construction of the story, which others have pointed out, are trifling indeed compared with the heinous sin of making a burlesque of religious character and history."

Thus far my friend's strictures on what may be called Mr. Barrie's only book—for his "Auld Licht Idylls," and his "Window in Thrums," can only be regarded as preliminary canthers to try his wind for the great run, and it is sad to think that this young genius of so much promise—has run and failed.

Some may ask—If the above view be sound? why, in the name of common sense, has there been such a run on the book? Why so many editions sold, both in this country and America. Why have editors and reviewers, and Ministers of the Gospel, waxed eloquent in trumpeting the merits of "The Little Minister?"

You may well ask, and I also ask—Why does an intoxicated public, year after year, indulge in the thousand and one gyrations in the worship of the fetish of the hour? This fetish for the time being may be a vulgar preacher, a ranting demagogue, a Music Hall dancer, a light or heavy comedian, a charlatan mounte-

bank, a famous murderer, or a novel. After a time this enthusiastic admiration dies of its own fervour, the object of so much mad laudation is forgot, and some new fetish set up in its place and the abandoned favourite not having in him or her that sterling stuff that can alone last through the ages, posterity shall only hear of them—if she hear at all—in the form of a very feeble echo.

“The currency and popularity of certain books is explicable only on the principle that explains the spread of contagious diseases. The book has run, not according to any merit or demerit, but on a certain wave that runs through the community, as a chance boat might come in on a tide. A solitary reader, remote from this contagion, would not perceive anything extraordinary in it; but scarcely any person who is in the social influence—the miasma of the hour—escapes reading the book or being affected by it. The wave passes, and in a few months, or it may be a year or two, everybody wonders what it was that excited them, or what it was in the book to account for its currency. We can all recall books in years past that ran over the country like a fire, which now nobody honours or reads, and which no amount of advertising could force into general public admiration.

It is difficult to say what starts the eddy about a certain book. It may be its title; it may be some indiscretion in it; it may be a lucky notoriety given it by the remark of a conspicuous person. The eddy gathers force and becomes a whirlwind, which creates other movements in wider circles, and the disturbance increases until there is the appearance of a cyclone about the book. This mental storm may exist in one country and not in another; it may prevail in the United States, while in England the book is a pleasant calm—liked in a sane way by many people, a matter of indifference to others—judged, at any rate, apparently on its merits. In the excited community where the infection temporarily rages there will turn up now and then a solitary reader, who—perhaps comes late to the perusal of the work—cannot understand why the furor exists, and he seems to himself for the time being to be in the position of a sane person visiting a lunatic asylum—a mild lunatic asylum—where the patients are not violent or dangerous, but only under a gentle sort of delusion, which will die out when it has run its course, like measles, or scarlet fever, or anything of that sort. This can hardly

be called an epidemic of opinion—such as frequently runs through a whole people. It is rather an epidemic of feeling or emotion, such as sometimes attacks a flock of sheep which tries to pass through a narrow gap in the fence all at the same moment. This phenomenon has no relation to that slowly settling consensus of public opinion which many believe makes the lasting reputation of a piece of literature. This reputation rests ultimately upon a majority of individual judgments, whereas this phenomenon is not explained by any undisturbed individual judgments, but by the curious influence of one mind upon another, which we see in any panic or epidemic.”

The history of the rise and progress of that body of rigid Calvinists, called *Seceders*, and which, after they had split into *Burghers* and *Ante-Burghers*, were nicknamed “Auld Lights” and “New Lights,” is a subject worthy of the artist, the novelist, or the poet. I am sure if the shades of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, who originated this peculiar people in 1730, were to be consulted, they would both frankly tell us that no genius as yet has done them justice.

