

IN A COUNTRY KIRKYAIRD.

AY, ay, man, they're a' quate eneuch when they win in here. To see them scartin' an' scrapin' doon bye ye wad think the warld wad stop if onything gaed wrang wi' them, an' then ae day Wully Simpson's hearse'll come creepin' up the brae, an' that's anither that'll no' scrape nor scart ony mair. It gars a bodie think that the folk that tak' it easy hae the best o't. . . . Ay, it's the heidstane wi' the toorie ye're lukin' et, I see! Weel, that belangt to ane they ca'd Rab Frew, a carnaptious auld deevil he was, grudged the very bite that gaed ower his thrapple, an' when he cam' to dee he hadna a freen i' the countryside. Twa cuisins cam' oot frae the toon to bury 'm, an' they just tummelt him in, nae ceremony I can tell ye. He left a when bawbees, but he jist got his back's breedth here wi' the rest o' them. Six by twa! It's a' ane at the hinnerend, an' if a man canna enjoy his siller when he's leevin' he'll no' hae muckle guid o't when he's deid. Of coorse, they're no' a' like that; mony a leal heart's happit up here, an' mony a wae heart's gane hame doon the brae to a cauld fire-en'—I often see them lookin' back, winnerin-like. . . . Na, I canna say this's a job ye get hardened tae, an' I'm here forty-twa year come Mertinmas! . . . Eh?—oh, ay, that ane wi' the bab o' roses on't? I'll tell ye aboot *that*. The lass 'et's buried there was the gerdener's dochter at the big hoose. Something gaed wrang—there wis stories—there's aye stories whaur there's idle,

claverin' fry. But she gaed awa' ae day, and the neist we saw o' her was ten year efter when they brocht her frae London an' cairret her in on the spokes—a kin' o' waunert wean comin' hame. Ay, ay—as ye say, her grave's uncommon well kep'. I aye gie it a bit extra tosh up mysel' i' the passin'—she played wi' my bairns, ye ken, when she was a bit lassie hereaboot—a braw lassie, Nancy, jist a puir waunert wean—wadna herm a flea—an' they talk, talk, talk—claverin' trash!"