



those days. But David says to them, says he, 'What are ye a' feard for?' says he; 'I'll gang oot an' meet him.' So they took him ower to Saul's tent an' put some armour on; but David said, 'That'll no dae for me; tak' it off, tak' it off.' So he gaed awa' doon to the burnside—no a big burn, nor a river, nor an ocean, but jist a common wee bit burnie brook; an' he pickit up some stanes, no big stanes, nor a lump o' rock, but jist a pebble, a ch-ch-uckie, an' he gaed awa' oot to meet this giant, this was Goliath of the Phillistsines, a man about the height o'—a common haystack. An' when Goliath saw the laddie, says he—stickin' his thumbs in his waistcoat sleeves, 'What are ye wantin' here?' says he. An' David says, 'I'll sune let ye see.' An' Goliath says, 'Wull ye, my man; I'm thinkin' ye'll sune be goin' back in the ambulance waggon.' But David never let on he heard him, but he jist put a chuckie in the sling an' let him have it; struck him on his big fozie heid—on the brow, the temple, atween his een, abune the nose; an' Goliath cries oot: 'What are ye dain'?' D'ye ken that's sair.' Aye, he hadna tunc to cry a barly, he was fair dumfoundered—sic a thing as a chuckie had never entered his heid before; but David jist felled him to the ground, an' syne up came the ch-ch-ildren of Israel, rinnin', an' says they: 'What are ye dain' lyin' there, ye muckle sump; can ye no' get up an' fecht the laddie?' An', says Goliath: 'Hoo can I get up an' fecht the laddie? D'ye no' see I'm thrang decin'.' But David jist ran awa' roond an' got oot his sword an' cuttit aff his heid—cuttit aff his heid, an' took it hame wi' him—took it hame wi' him, and—eh—there's a fine moral kickin' about here somewhere; I forget what it is, but if ye meet wi' ony big difficulty like Goliath o' the Phillipstines, jist act like little David, the wee boy."

W. GRANT STEVENSON.

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