DAVID AND GOLIATH

THE moral of this story is, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," or "The shoemaker should stick to his stool," or creepie, as it is in the Latin, and in this case it is illustrated by the result of a butcher trying to preach.

Before the Forth Bridge was built—of course the incident happened a considerable time before the famous structure was erected; but previous to its means of transit, a steamer used to cross daily to the Fife shore, and on Thursday nights among the pas-

sengers there was a revival preacher; but one night, on account of a storm, the boat did not venture to cross, and the people of a Fife village were left without one to conduct the service. After waiting some time, Tom Carmichael, the village butcher, was pressed to take the position of pastor. Unfortunately, Tom had never previously spoken in public, and he had the further drawback of having an impediment in his speech, which was accentuated when, as in his present position, he was nervous through excitement.

As the audience was principally composed of children, on account of the mental food supplied, Tom had the brilliant idea of adopting the thrilling story of David and Goliath, to show the boys what they might be able to achieve if they tried very hard. and proceeded after the following fashion: "I-I-I'm called on rather su-suddenly to address the meetin'-address the meetin'; hooever, I'll tell ye aboot David an' Goliath. When David was a little boy, ye know-a little boy, jist like some o' yersel's, he was jist a wee bit chappie, a curly-heided callant; maby dozin' his peerie, his top, or playin' at bools in front o' his faither's door, on the ca-ca-causeway, on the pa-pavement, the plainstanes, when his fa-faither comes oot, cri-cries 'Dauvit,' or maby 'Davie'-'Here, I want ye to rin awa' ower to the battlefield wi' some denner tae the laddies.' An' of course Dauvit was quite pleased to gang, ye ken, bicus he had twa brithers in the militia, an' he wad like to gang up to hear the band playin'. So he gaed awa' -gaed awa' to the battlefield, an' the chi-chi-children of Israel were a' there; the ch-ildren of Israel-an' their parents nae doot-an' they were a' brused frae fechtin'. It was their denner-hour, an' they were a' afraid-no man would go oot an' meet the giant, this was Goliath of the Phillipstines. He was a big man, a muckle man; he stood aboot eight feet six in his stockin' soles-in fact, a' the giants were big men in

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 airmour 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 Phillictsines, a man aboot 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 time 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 sumph; 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 deein'.' But David jist ran awa' roond an' got oot his sword an' cuttit aff his heidcuttit aff his heid, an' took it hame wi' him-took it hame wi' him, and-eh-there's a fine moral kickin' aboot 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."

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