

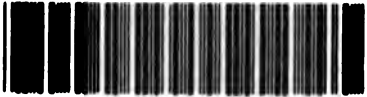
SCOTCH FOLK

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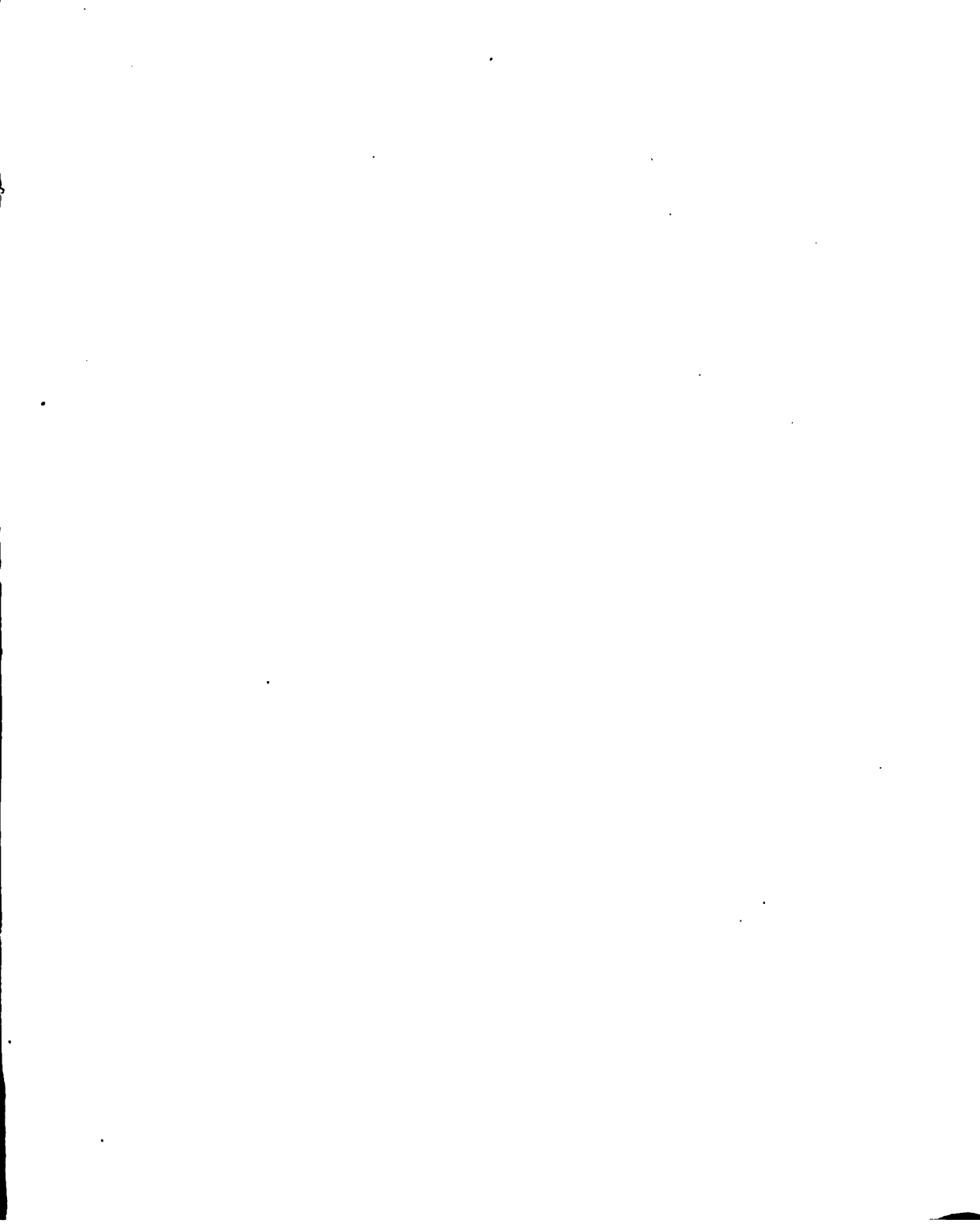
EDINBURGH:
DAVID DOUGLAS.

1880.

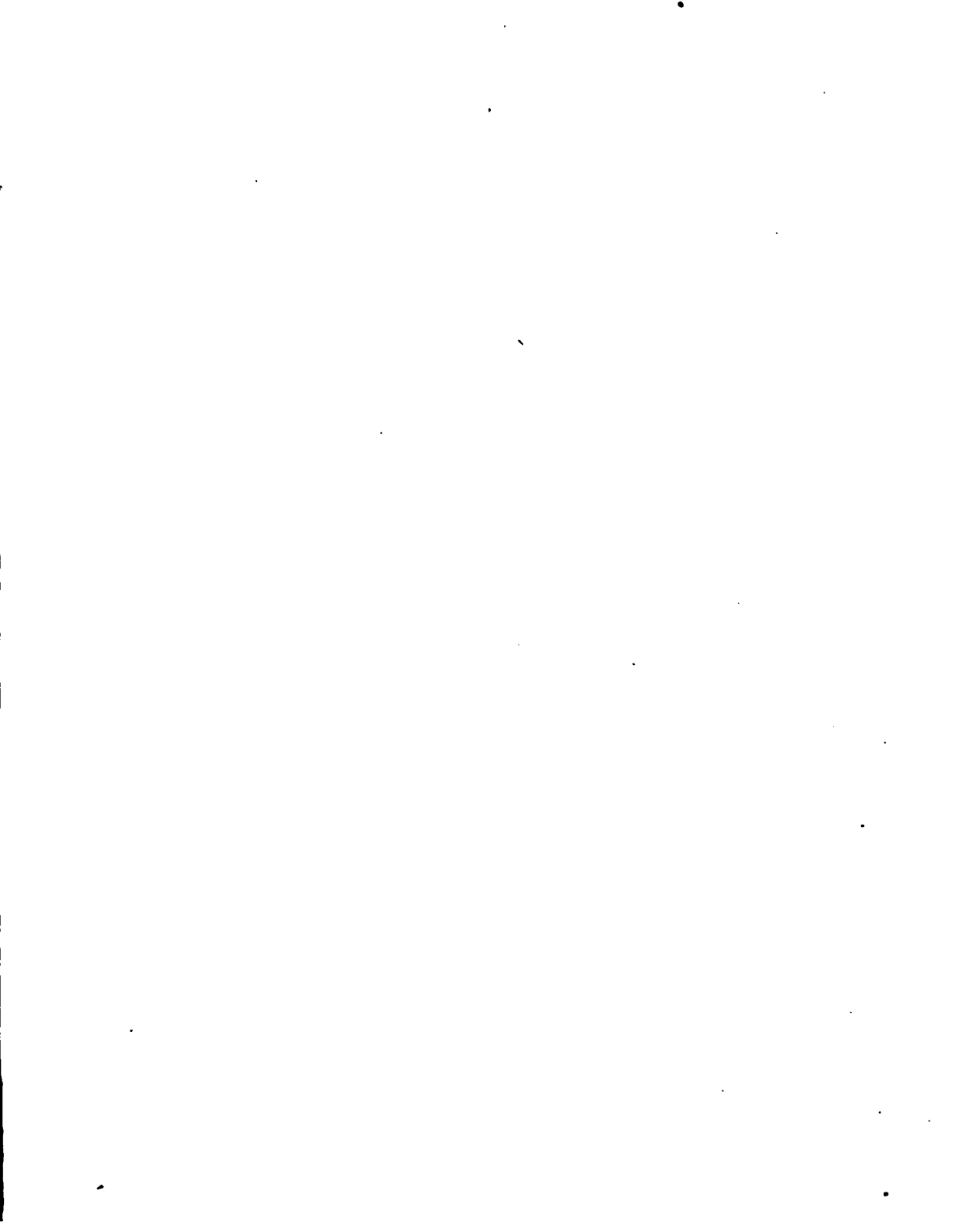


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The Ministers's Story.

Frontispiece.

SCOTCH FOLK.

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EDINBURGH:
DAVID DOUGLAS.

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268. a. 109

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Dumbarton Ferryman and the Commercial Traveller,	5
The Widow's Grievance,	7
The Broken Down Cowfeeder's Gratitude,	8
The Bonnet-Laird's Caution,	9
The Cattle Dealer's Comment on the Preaching of Mr —, of Dumbarton, in Bonhill Church,	10
The Beadle's Test of a Minister,	11
The Minister's Pride Humbled,	11
A Reflection by a Grave,	12
The Mauchline Beadle's Pulpit Intimation,	13
The Kilmarnock Farmer "Elevated,"	14
The Widow's Sense of Duty,	16
Doubtful Praise,	17
Unusual Marriage Ceremony,	18
A Ministerial Visit Appreciated,	19
The Pulpit Criticised,	19
The Intellectual Grocer and the Minister,	20
Visit of Minister to Widow Recently Bereaved,	21
The Paisley Scavenger,	21

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Gaelic Congregation,	22
The Gravedigger's Last Wish,	23
Too Late,	24
Kirsty Ronaldson,	25
The Gravedigger's Threat,	26
Rightly Served,	27
Too Suggestive,	27
A Glimpse of Arran from the Sheriff Court,	28
Highlanders and Whisky	29
Two Points of View,	30
Extreme Considerateness,	30
Two Views of Marriage,	31



SCOTCH FOLK.



THE DUMBARTON FERRYMAN AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BEFORE the erection of the new pier at the Castle Rock, passengers from Dumbarton had to be conveyed down the Leven to the Clyde steamers by a ferry-boat, rowed by two sturdy and generally elderly ferrymen. On one occasion an English commercial traveller had seated himself on the gunwale, at the stern. One of the old ferrymen, aware of the danger to any one so placed, when the rope of the steamer should be attached to the bow of the boat, took occasion to warn the man of his danger. "Noo, ma man, come doun aff that, or ye'll coup ower." The bagman only replied by telling him to "mind his own business, and trust him to take care of himself."

"Weel," said the ferryman, "mind I've telt ye; as sure as ye're sittin' there, ye'll coup ower."

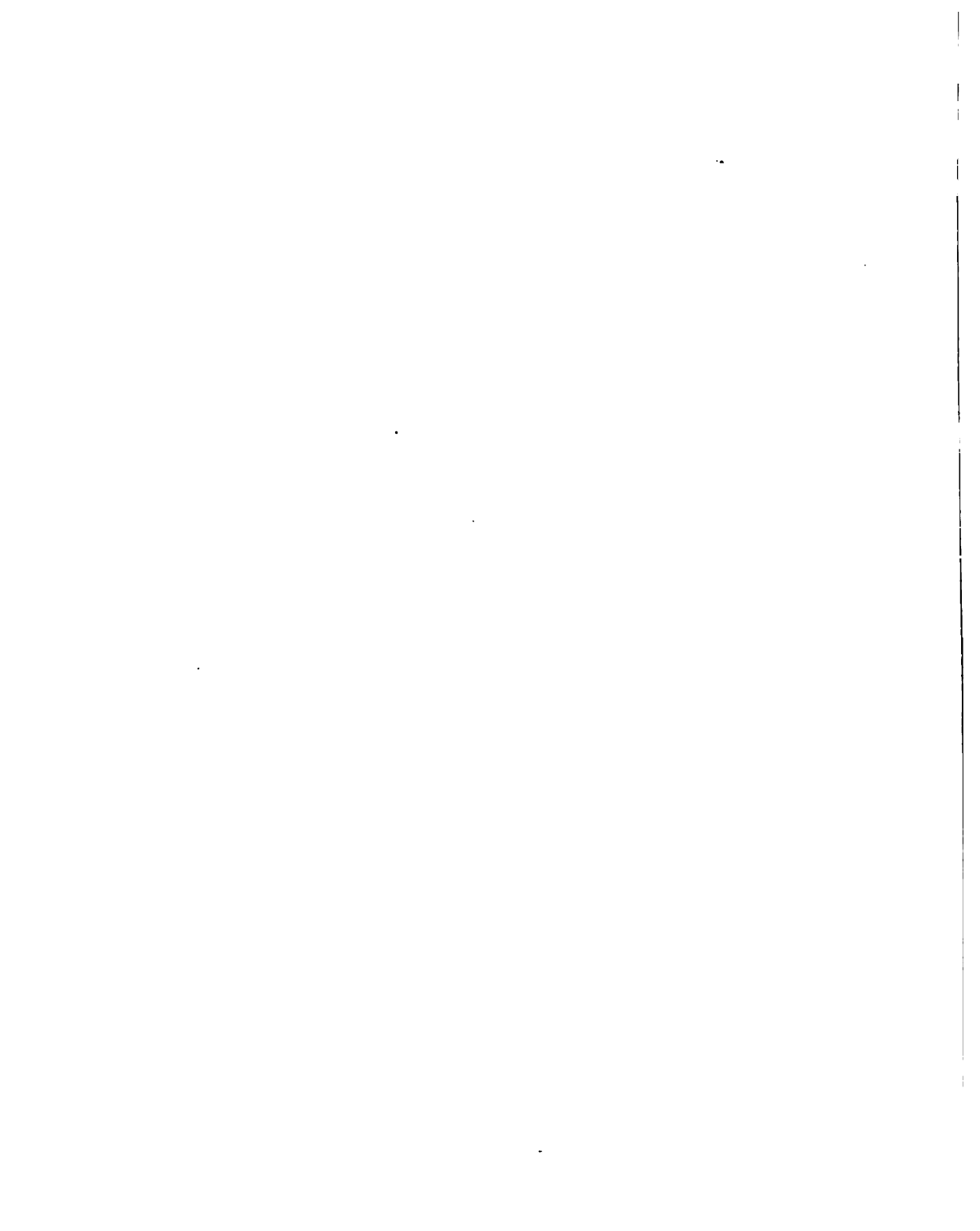
No sooner had the rope been attached, and the boat got the inevitable tug from the steamer, than the fellow went heels up over the stern.

“Gowk ; I telt him that.” However, being in the water, it behoved that every effort should be made to rescue him. So the ferryman made a grab at what seemed the hair of his head, when a wig came away. Throwing this impatiently into the boat, he made a second grip at the collar of his shirt, when a front came away. Casting this from him with still greater scorn, he shouted to his companion : “Tummas, come here, and help to save as muckle o’ this man as ye can, for he’s comin’ a’ awa’ in bits.”





He's comin' a' awa' in bits!



THE WIDOW'S GRIEVANCE.

"GOOD morning, Mrs ——," said the minister to a widowed parishioner, who was shewn into his study one morning.

"Please sit down. This is fine weather."

"Yes, Sir, it's very fine wather;" and she sat down and began twirling her thumbs.

"Did you wish to speak with me about anything particular, this morning?"

"Aye, Sir, I did want to speak wi' ye about a maitter, but I maist think shame to speak o't."

"I am sorry if there is anything giving you trouble; but I wish you to understand that you may confide fully in me, and if I can help you in any way, I shall be most happy."

"It's verra kind o' ye, Sir; it's no exactly what ye wad ca' a trouble; but somehow I'm jist blate tae speak o't."

"Well, but my good woman, you see I can be of no service to you, till you tell me what it is; and my time this morning is much occupied."

"Weel, Sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Weel, Sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "This is the fourth; I'm sure there's nae wumman been sae tormented wi' a set o' deein' men."

THE BROKEN DOWN COWFEEDER'S GRATITUDE.

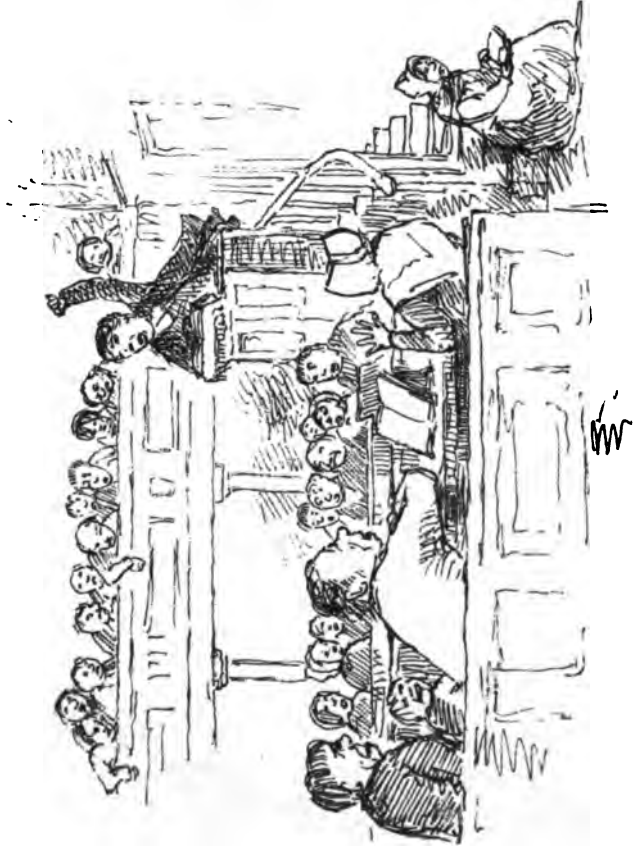
I WAS accosted on the High Street of Paisley, by a man, who said, "Excuse me, Sir; I was ance a cowfeeder in a gude way; I had a byrefu' o' gude beasts, but I was verra unfortunate; the bad trouble [pleuropneumonia] cam' amang them, an' I lost a', and sin syne I hae been gey ill aff. Some o' ma freens were thinkin' that if I could jist get a beginning again, I micht dae weel yet, an' they hae been subscribin' tae buy me a coo; so I thocht I micht tak the leeberty o' stoppin' you and askin' whether ye michtna be willin' tae help a little in that way." After some talk with him, I was satisfied that he had been a cowfeeder, but not quite so certain that any money that might be given to him would be devoted to the purchase of a cow; however, I gave him two shillings. It evidently was more than he had expected, for he looked at me with an expression of great satisfaction, and said—"I'm verra much obleeged to ye; I'm extraordinar obleeged; ye're the minister o' the Middle Kirk, arena ye? Dod, I maun come up some time an' gie ye a day's hearin."

THE BONNET-LAIRD'S CAUTION.

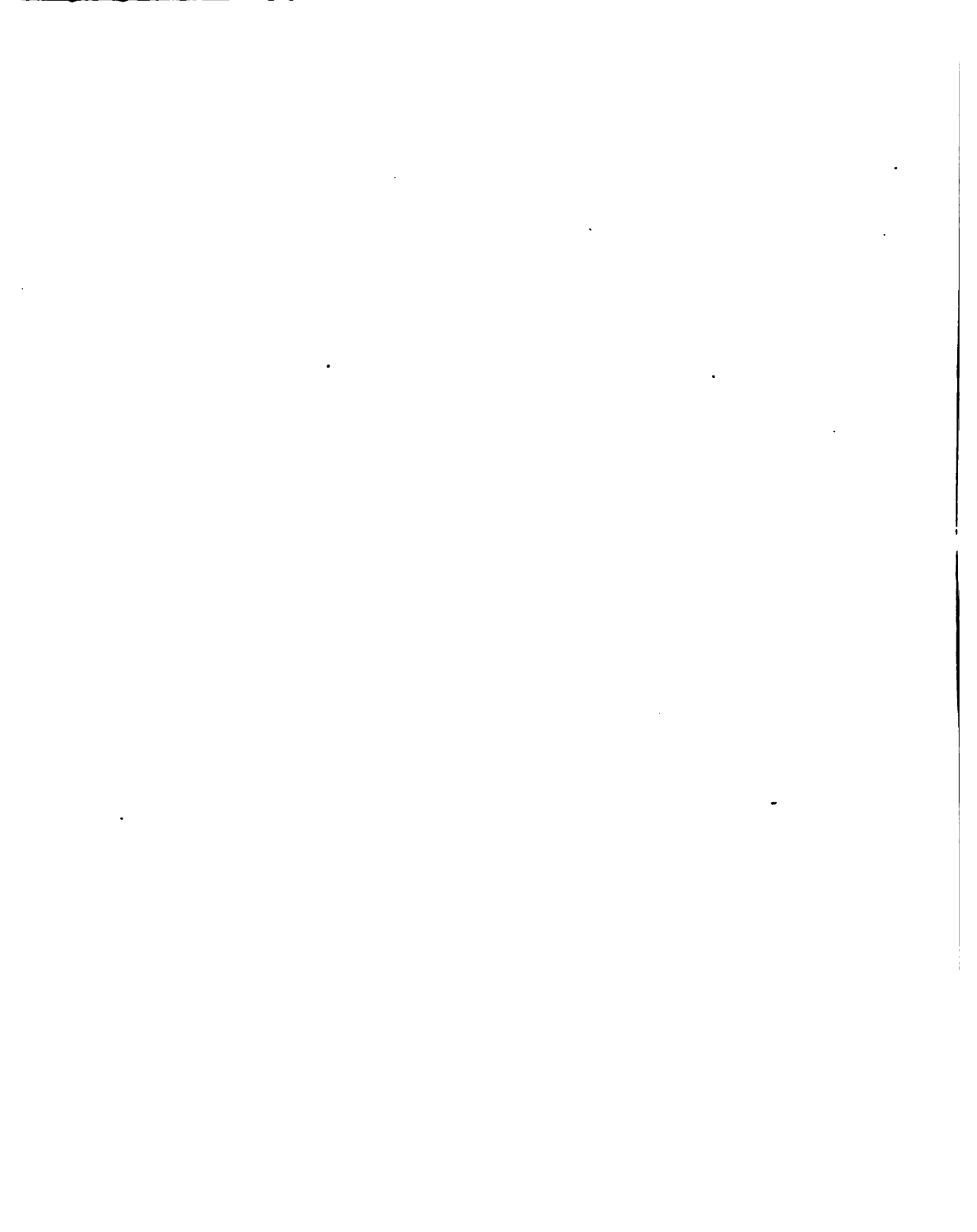
IN a country parish church, a young and very energetic preacher was officiating for the parish minister. As he warmed with his subject in the sermon, he used liberties with the old pulpit, not quite consistent with its rather crazy condition, sometimes throwing the weight of his body on it, as he threw out his arms toward the congregation ; at other times, bringing his hand down with a heavy thump. An old laird, sitting in a square table-seat below, had been anxiously watching all this with visions of an assessment for maintenance of the fabric. At last, things seemed to be approaching a crisis, as the preacher, piling his periods, had wrought himself into a state of intense fervour, which would inevitably have vented itself on the rickety pulpit. Just as he was gathering himself for the final burst, he was snuffed out by the warning voice of the laird—"Noo, ma' man! mind, gin ye break that, ye'll pay't."

THE CATTLE DEALER'S COMMENT ON THE
PREACHING OF MR —, OF DUMBARTON,
IN BONHILL CHURCH.

MR —, who had recently been inducted to the parish of Dumbarton, had arranged to preach in the Parish Church of Bonhill, on the Saturday before the Communion. Amongst others, who were curious to hear the new minister of the neighbouring parish, was a dealer in cattle, named Bauldy M'K—. On his way to church, or in the course of business in the forenoon, Bauldy had been "tasting," and in consequence felt somewhat drowsy. After the opening devotional service, and the reading of the text, Bauldy assumed the attitude most conducive to comfort in his then drowsy state, by putting down his head on his hands on the book-board. The preacher's voice was powerful, and the style of composition such as to admit of considerable grandiloquence. After some minutes, minister and people were attracted by Bauldy raising his head just a little, and saying, quite audibly, "Ye're jist fully lood for me. Aye ; fully lood." He laid down his head again, and the preacher proceeding, waxed more eloquent and more vociferous, as he warmed with his theme. At length, after a grand burst, which closed some great passage, Bauldy sat right up, and looking up to the minister, said, with a tone of decided disapproval, "Oh, aye ; ye're far ower lood ; there's no man could sleep wi' a noise like that."



Yere jist fully lood for me.



THE BEADLE'S TEST OF A MINISTER.

"YOUR husband 'll be a minister," said the old beadle of Linlithgow, to a lady, to whom he had just been shewing the old church, and with whom he was standing in the porch, while the husband went back to the old palace to find an umbrella which he had left.

"Yes; how did you know that?"—for the clergyman, being in a coloured tie and holiday dress generally, she was surprised that his profession should have been detected.

"Oh, he gied me saxpence; they ne'er gie mair."

THE MINISTER'S PRIDE HUMBLED.

THE Rev. Mr M'Dougal, Paisley, used to tell of having been accosted by a man, on leaving some meeting, with "you're Mr M'Dougal, I think?"

"Yes, I am. How do you happen to know me?"

"Oh! I'm whiles in your kirk."

"Do you live in Paisley?"

"No, I leeve in Glasca'."

"Then, I suppose, you sometimes stay with friends in Paisley?"

"No; I just walk oot on the Sundays."

"That's a long walk, surely."

The minister was beginning to feel quite proud of his power of drawing a congregation.

"Do you stay over the night then, after going to church?"

"No, I just walk back again?"

"That is a very long walk."

"Oh, aye, it's a bit gude walk; but ye see I think a deal o' your precentor."

A REFLECTION BY A GRAVE.

THE same Mr M'Dougal was once at a funeral, when a man stepped up close to him, just as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, and said, very solemnly, "Dae ye ken, Mr M'Dougal, what I aye think, on an occasion like this, just when they're letting doon the coffin?"

"No; what do you think: solemn thoughts of eternity, I suppose?"

"No; I aye think I'm awfu' glad it's no me."

THE MAUCLINE BEADLE'S PULPIT INTIMATION.

SOME years ago, two English gentlemen on a first visit to Scotland, were staying over Sunday with Captain Campbell of —, in the neighbourhood of Mauchline. Their ignorance of Scotland and its people may be gathered from the fact, that on being asked after breakfast, by their host, whether they wished to go to church, they expressed surprise on learning that there was a church in the parish; their impression being that the Scotch assembled in some sort of indefinite and irregular assembly, called a "Conventicle." On being informed that there was a parish Church with a worthy minister, whom they would meet at dinner on Monday, they at once said that they would go most gladly.

They had taken their seats in the front pew of the gallery; the bell had ceased ringing, and an interval of fully ten minutes had elapsed, but no one had appeared to conduct the services. At length, a plain, somewhat elderly man, walked with a long heavy step up the passage, deposited his hat on a table seat at the foot of the pulpit stair, and, with the large bible and psalm book under his left arm, ascended the stair. When he had laid them as usual on the reading desk, he looked round and addressed the congregation in the following terms:—"Ma freens; there was ane *Wudra* tae hae preached here the day,

but he's naether come himsel', nor sent the scrape o' a pen tae say that he's no comin. Ye'll sit there for ither ten meenutes, an' if he has'na come then, ye man jist gang awa' hame. The like o' this has'na happened sin' I hae been connected with this parish o' Mauchline, an' that's five and thirty years."

The strangers were bewildered, and when, after waiting the prescribed ten minutes, without Mr Woodrow appearing, the congregation dispersed, one of them asked his host—"Was that the minister?"

THE KILMARONOCK FARMER "ELEVATED."

ONE fine moonlight night a Kilmaronock farmer setting homeward from Bonhill, when he had sat too long and drunk too deep, had reached the burn near his house. Attempting to cross it by the stepping-stones—to effect which in safety, required day-light or a steadier head than John's was on that night—he missed one stone, and came down splash into the burn. Unable to raise himself beyond his hands and knees, he looked down into the clear water, in which the moon was reflected, while the water streamed from his hair. At last he began to shout to his wife, "Marget! Marget!" The good woman hearing his cry, ran out, exclaiming: "Oh, John,



I see I'm far aboon the mune!



my John! Is that you? Whare are ye, John?" "Whare am I," he rejoined; "I dinna ken, but I see I'm far aboon the mune."

It was the same man of whom it is told, that on a moonlight night, on his way home, overcome by drink, he had fallen or lain down to rest by the roadside, and had fallen asleep with his feet in a running stream. Awakening after a while, with the impression that he had reached home, and was in bed, he shouted—"Marget, bring anither pair o' blankets to pit on ma feet, and blaw oot that cawnle."



THE WIDOW'S SENSE OF DUTY.

MRS B—— was a widow in Paisley, whose husband had died an imbecile. Three months after his death, I was asked to visit her. She was suffering from an illness in a leg, which prevented her from earning a living as formerly by winding yarn, and had asked temporary relief from the parish of Cardross, but had been offered the Poorhouse. She now wished me to represent her case anew to the Board, and I agreed to do so, as I knew her to be a respectable woman. Her grave face had been familiar to me in front of the pulpit; and I had seen her attention during the long illness of her imbecile husband. I believed also that her "verra sair leg," which she shewed swathed in handkerchiefs to elephantine size, would probably soon be well enough to allow her to resume her work.

A month afterwards, I got an unfavourable reply from the Board, which I commissioned my missionary to convey to her.

"Aweel, Mr Macgregor," she said, when he had delivered his message, "I may's weel tell ye, I'm no gaun tae the hoose."

"Is there anything new with you?" he asked.

"Aye, I'm gaun tae chainge ma life."

"Change your life! Have you been doing anything wrong, or what do you mean?"

"Oh, no," she said with a tone of slightly increasing

solemnity ; “naething verra far wrang, but I was thinking o’ gettin mairit.”

“Indeed ! Is that it ; who is he ?”

“Oh, he’s a decent man ; he’s a widow-man ; he cam’ an socht me, an’ I said *No* ; that I had gaen ower thinkin o’ thae things noo ; and then he cam, an’ he socht me again, an’ I thocht o’ the way that he was, an’ the way that I was ; he had a hoose ye ken, an’ I had a hoose, an’ there was his bits o’ weans to be lukit after ; an’ ye know, Sir, it’s oor duty to do what good we can to oor fellow-*man*.”

“What does he do ?”

“He’s an engineer ; he works in Renfra, an’ has five-an’-twenty shillins a-week.”

“Is he a steady man ?”

“Oh, aye—aye—I’ll no say but he may tak a dram noo and then, may be at a pay, like a heap o’ folk, still he’s no what you wad ca’ a drucken man ; but he was real *ill-rockit* by his last wife.”

DOUBTFUL PRAISE.

“WHAT did ye think o’ him the day, Mrs Wilson ?” said one old woman to another, on their way down Churchhill from the High Kirk, after an eloquent sermon by the minister.

“Think o’ him,” was the reply, “I think I never was sae delighted wi’ naething !”

UNUSUAL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

"WHO'S there?" asked the Rev. A. Wilson, minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church, Paisley, in a loud and somewhat indignant voice, from the bedroom window upstairs in the Manse, at 11.30 P.M., in response to a violent pull of the door bell.

"Oh, it's us, Sir; ye ken ye were to hae married us the nicht."

"I know that, but not at this hour. What time of night is this to come, after the servants have gone to bed, and the gas been turned out?"

"It was na' oor faut, Sir, there were so many marriages the nicht, that the best man could na' get a carriage till noo."

"I can't help it, you must just go home, and come back to-morrow."

"Oh, Mr Wulson, ye ken we canna gang hame without bein' married," struck in a female voice.

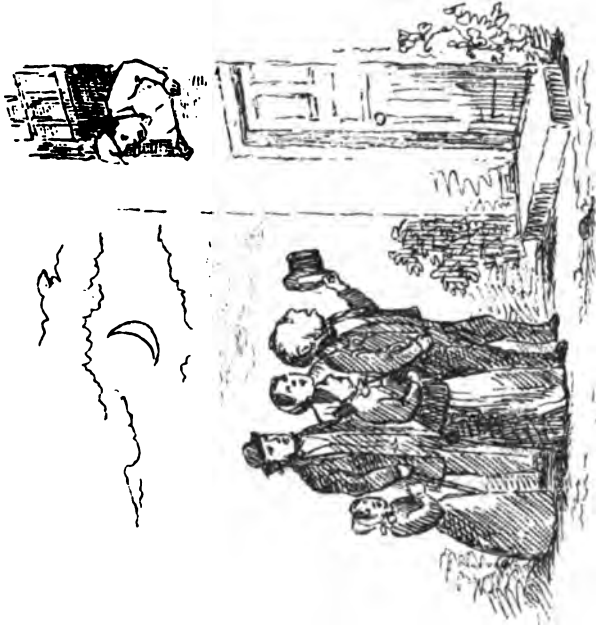
"But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"

"Could ye no dae't owre the window, Sir?"

"Nonsense; it's impossible."

"Oh, ye nicht; ye ken we attend the *Abbey* on your day, an' no on Mr Brewster's."

This was not to be resisted. As the story goes, the window was put down, the gas lighted, and the door opened, to the relief of the perplexed couple.



Could ye no daet ower the window Sir?

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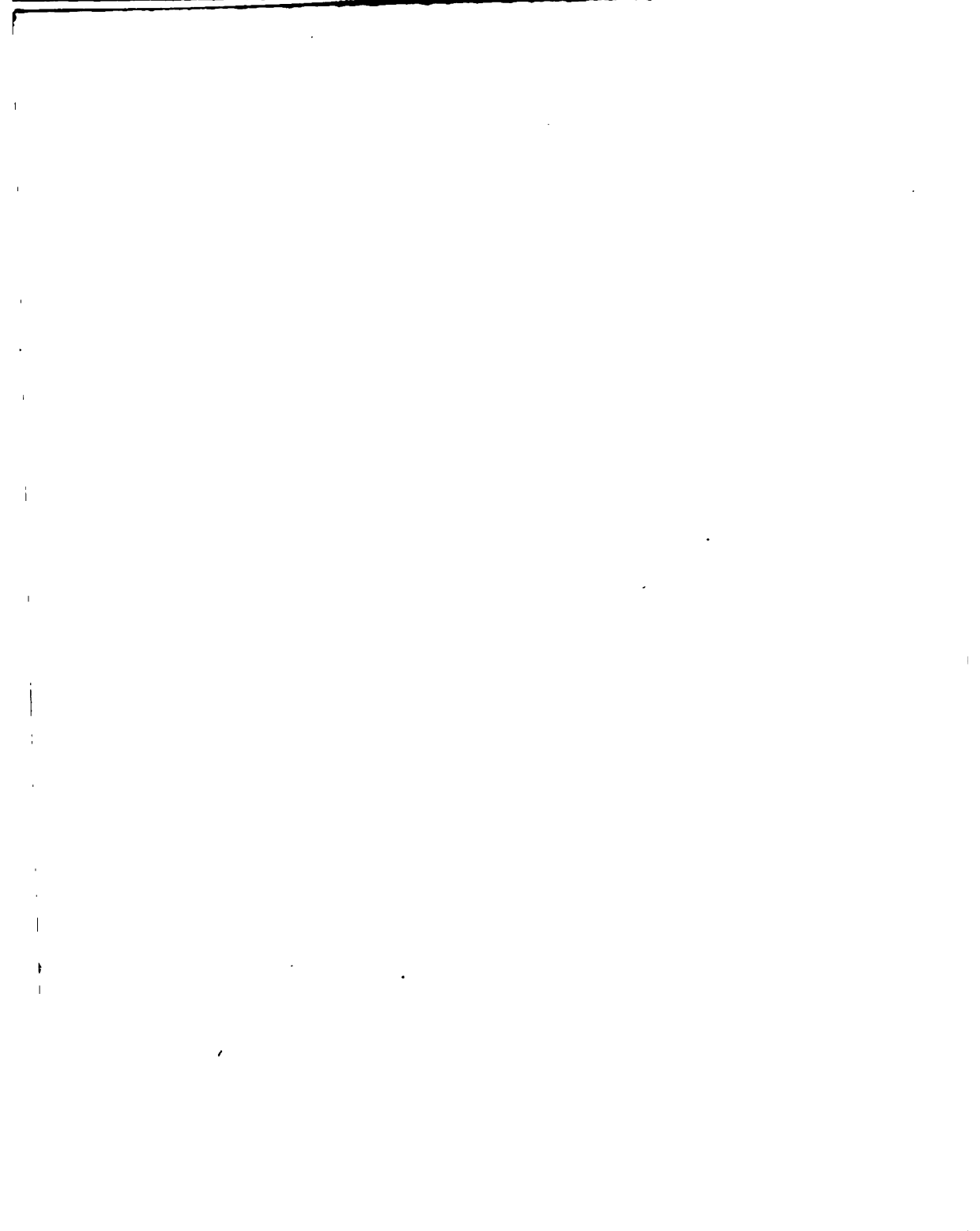
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A MINISTERIAL VISIT APPRECIATED.

SHORTLY before leaving Paisley, I took occasion to visit Mrs —, widow of a Middle Kirk elder. After an interesting conversation, I got up to leave, when she took my hand with a hearty warmth, which expressed itself also in her tone, as she said, "I'm rale prood o' your veesit, Sir." When I replied that I was very glad to come, but sorry that it would be my last call for her, as I would be leaving soon for another parish, she added, "Oh, aye, I ken a' that, but I'm jist a' the prooder o' this veesit. 'Deed I think mair o't than it's a' worth." Praise could go no farther!

THE PULPIT CRITICISED.

THE Rev. Mr M'Dougal, on his way up the High Street, met John Parkhill, formerly beadle of the High Kirk, Paisley, but shortly before reduced to the position of bellringer, because of occasional tasting of more than was good for him. This degradation, from which John felt sore, had occurred during the popular ministry of the Rev. Jas. M——.

"Well, John," said he, "how are things going about the High Kirk?"

"Oh, weel aneuch."

"Weel, aneuch! that's a cold way of putting it surely. I'm told that you're crowded to the door, and that you have got the most popular preacher in this part of the country; that he's like to set the Cart on fire."

"Weel," said John, "he has a most voluminous vocabalairy."

THE INTELLECTUAL GROCER AND THE MINISTER.

MR —— had occasion to call at the shop of one of his parishioners, a respectable grocer. After talking of the weather, and things in general, he was invited, by a side nod, and "Are ye comin ben, the day?" to pass into a sitting room behind the shop,—the manner of the worthy grocer indicating that he had something special to say. When they were seated, he looked gravely at the minister, and said "Ye were gey hard on me, the ither Sunday."

"Me! how! what was I saying?"

"Ye mind, ye were speakin' o' them that gaed to the kirk to get their intellect tickled? That's me."

VISIT OF MINISTER TO WIDOW RECENTLY
BEREAVED.

A MINISTER, visiting a widow recently bereaved, found her at tea, in apparently a less desponding state than he expected.

"I'm glad to see you bearing up so well, Janet," he said.

"Oh, aye," she answered. An' ye'll jist be wunnerin' at me; but I'm a wunner to mysel', and I'm a wunner to a'-body. I've been greetin' a' day, an' when I get this cup o' tea, I'm jist gaun to begin again."

THE PAISLEY SCAVENGER.

"HOW is your successor getting on, Thomas," asked some one, of an invalided Paisley scavenger?

"Oh, for plain wark, he does weel aneuch, but for ony fine job, like soopin' about Bailie Lang's lamp post, he's no worth a haet."

A GAELIC CONGREGATION.

"Is the Gaelic service over yet," asked a visitor to the Ross-shire Spa, of the beadle of a church, to which he had walked for the good of his health, and to hear a sermon in English.

"No ; it will not be over yet."

"Will it be long?"

"No ; not verra long. If you will just take a walk near till it will be over, I will wave my hand when it will be time for you to come."

In a little while, the old man was seen waving his hand, and the stranger returned.

"But is the Gaelic service over?"

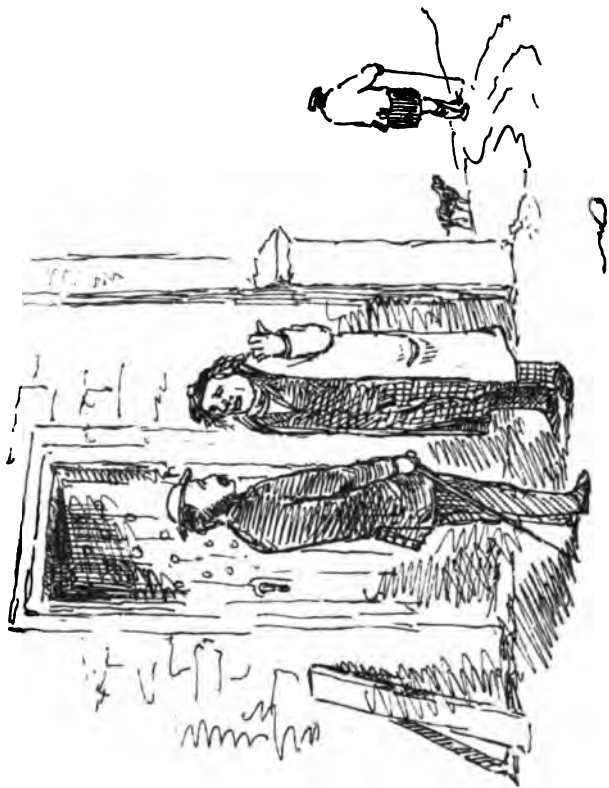
"Oh, aye ; it will be over."

"And is the congregation gone?"

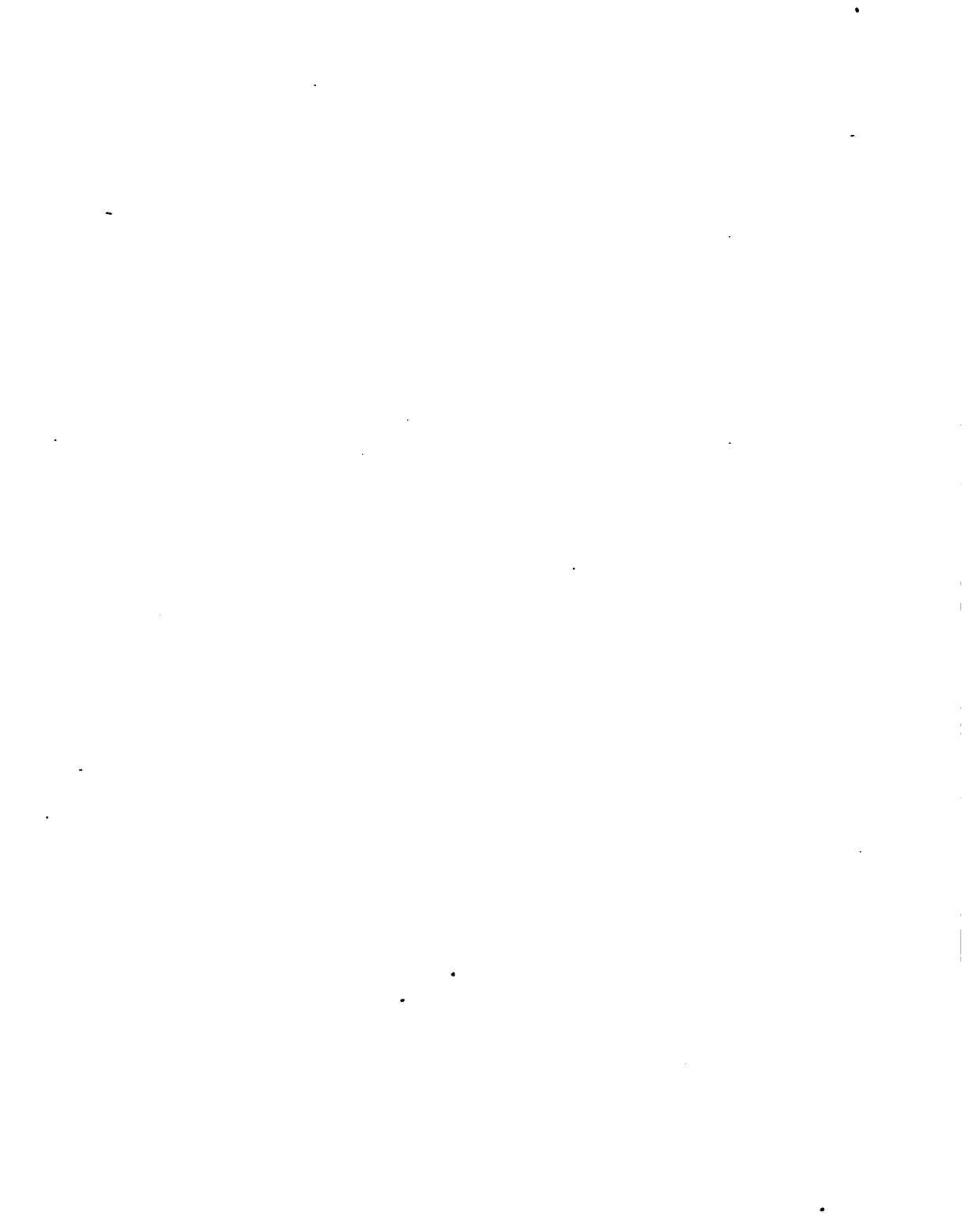
"Oh, aye ; the congregation will be gone, surely."

"But I have not seen them leaving ; which way have they gone?"

"Which way?" Then pointing to a solitary individual slowly walking away at some distance, "Yon's hum."



Yon's hum!



THE GRAVEDIGGER'S LAST WISH.

"Is there anything troubling your mind, Sandy," asked the minister of Ancrum, of the old gravedigger, who lay in bed seriously ill, and tossing about in an unhappy way.

"Oh, no verra muckle, Sir; at least naething that ye can help."

"You might tell me your trouble, and perhaps I might be able to do or say something to relieve you."

"Ah, no, Sir; it's gaun to be a feenish noo wi' me; an' I maun just mak up ma mind till't."

"But I think, Sandy, your mind would be easier of just telling your trouble. What is it, man?"

"Weel, Mr Campbell, sin' ye insist on't; it's this. Ye see," said Sandy, turning himself half round, and raising himself slightly on his elbow, "It's five-an-therty year sin' I became gravedigger in this pairish; an' in that time I've put aneath the grun, three hunner and ninety-sax. Man, if it had just been His wull that I micht hae been spared to mak oot the fowre hunner."

TOO LATE.

"HAVE you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr Wood of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple, who had come to be married.

"No, we ne'er thocht o' that. Is it necessar?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister, "you should have a groomsman and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jen, do ye think?"

The bride so addressed, suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation, a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along, Jen, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jen set out as desired, and after some time, returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride.

When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said—"Wad ye bide a wee, Sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just gaun to say, that if it wad be the same to you, I wad raither hae that ane?" pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it!" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

KIRSTY RONALDSON.

KIRSTY was the elderly wife of a working man in the parish of —, who, with her help, had saved as much money as had enabled them to buy the small cottage in which they lived. Kirsty's too economical ways, however, were rather troublesome to the owners of fields and fences in the neighbourhood, as she often dealt with the stobs and railings as ready for removal before their time. From her wearing of old shoes, with the heels pressed down, she was best known in the parish by the by-name of "Bauchels."

The old man fell ill, while the minister was from home, and one of the elders meeting Kirsty on the road, asked for "her man's" health.

"Deed, Mr Watson, he's no weel at a'. I'm dootin he's no gaun to get better. Dae ye ken whether the minister is hame yet?"

"No; he'll not be home for ten days still—were you wishing to see him?"

"Oh, ye see it was them," meaning her family, "was thinkin' that maybe he wudna be the waur o' a bit prayer."

"Oh, well," said the elder, "I'll tell the missionary, a very excellent man, to look up and see him."

"Ah, weel, maybe ye needna fash; maybe it's no necessar; as I said, it was only them was speakin o't."

The old man was really dying, and the doctor soon after

said so to Kirsty, who forthwith went into the room where her husband was still lying on the bed on which it had been found most convenient to lay him, when he became suddenly ill. The old couple had not always got on well together; their greed, especially Kirsty's, having been the cause of bickerings. Coming up to the bed, she said, "William, dae ye ken what the doctor says; he says that ye're deein'. Noo, we maun shift you intae the kitchen; for 'deed ye'll no dee on ma guid feather bed."

THE GRAVEDIGGER'S THREAT.

"WHAT'S to pay, John," asked a scrubby farmer of the sexton of Kilwinning, who had just finished the sorting of the sod on the grave of the farmer's wife.

"Five shillins."

"For that sma' job? Its oot o' the quastion."

"Weel, ye may think sae, but that's ma chairge."

"Five shillins! ye're well payed wi' half-a-croon."

"I've tell't ye ma chairge."

"There's fowre shillins, rather than hae ony quarrel wi' ye the day, John, but not a fardin more."

"Now, see," said John, holding the money in the open palm of his left hand, while his right held his spade, "Doon wi' the ither shillin', or up she comes." The alarmed farmer lost no time in paying the balance.



Doun wi' the ither shillin' or up she comes!

RIGHTLY SERVED.

"MY girl," said an English tourist, in a tone of patronising banter, to a Scotch lassie, whom he met on a country road, walking barefoot, and carrying her shoes and stockings, "Is it the custom for girls in Scotland to carry their shoes, and walk barefooted?"

"Aye, whiles," she answered, "but whiles we mind oor ain business."

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

THE minister of —— leaving for London on one occasion, was accompanied to the railway station by the beadle with his portmanteau. After providing himself with a railway ticket, he, at some one's advice, took an accident insurance ticket. He was in the act of putting it into his pocket, when the beadle coming up to him remarked, "Maybe, sir, it wad be as weel that I sud tak and keep that."

"Why?" asked the minister.

"Oh, jist for safety."

"But how should it be safer with you than with me?"

"Weel, ye see," he replied, after a little hesitation, "they tell me that they're verra ready takin' thae things aff a corp."

A GLIMPSE OF ARRAN FROM THE SHERIFF-COURT.

SOME years ago, the late Sheriff Hunter of Dumbarton and Bute, when conversing with me on the work of his sheriffdom, remarked, regarding Arran, that from lengthened experience of cases from that island, he had arrived at two general practical rules in judging, viz., that when an Arran man *asserted* anything, he doubted him ; but that if he offered to *swear* to it, he disbelieved him. This, the Sheriff attributed very much to the Antinomianism in the religious belief prevalent in the island. I was reminded of this on being told recently of an Arran man who had been summoned for debt to the Sheriff-Court at Rothesay, and who, on a reference to his oath, had sworn what his neighbours knew to be false. On being asked, "Why he had done so—whether he had not known that he was swearing what was untrue," he replied, "Ou, aye ; maybe ; but I wad raither fall into the hauns of a covenant keepin' God, than into the hauns o' Sheriff Hunter."

HIGHLANDERS AND WHISKY.

SOME years ago, I was crossing the Minch in the packet, an old yacht, from Lochmaddy to Dunvegan. My two fellow-travellers, knowing the use and wont of the passage, as of the Highlands in general, had provided sufficient whisky to give the skipper a dram. After we had been out some time in a somewhat "lumpy" sea, the bottle was produced in the cabin, and a dram offered first to me. I declined with thanks, whereupon the skipper, a plain honest Highlandman, looked at me up and down with a very puzzled and doubtful expression. I then went on deck for some fresh air, when, as my friends afterwards told me, the skipper turned to them, and said, "What sort o' man's that?" They gave a laudatory account of my character, while telling my profession, and where I came from, but the skipper was not satisfied. "Aye, well you may say so," he replied, "he is your friend ; but I'm never sure of a man who will not take a glass o' whisky."

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

A MINISTER, with a rather florid complexion, had gone into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was in consequence unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to, he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity—"You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink."

"Aye," replied Thomas, "it maks the skin verra tenner."

EXTREME CONSIDERATENESS.

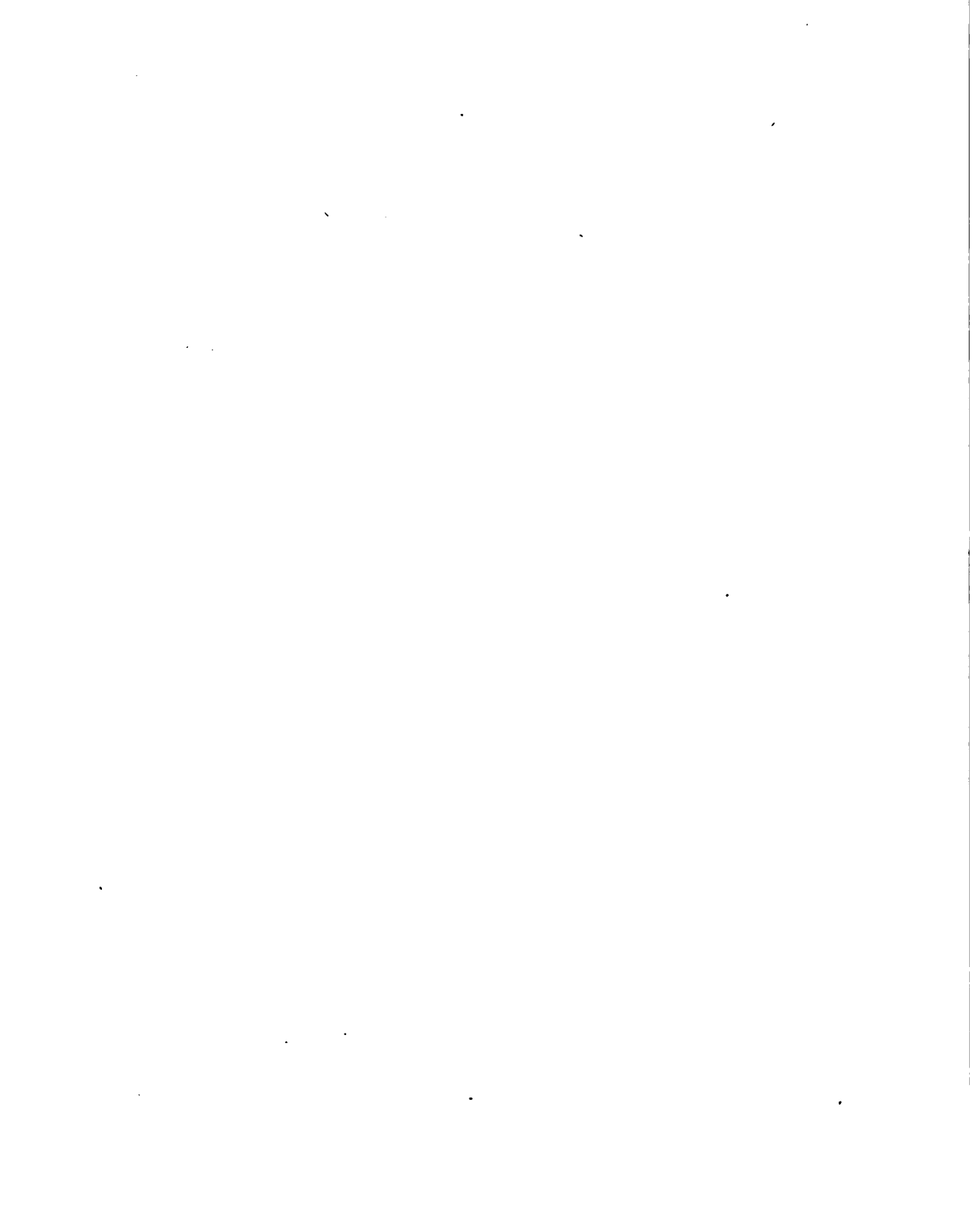
A CLERICAL friend, formerly settled in the far north of Scotland, had occasion to speak to the ferryman over a somewhat dangerous bit of sea, of his habits in respect of a too free use of whisky. In the course of their talk, he said—"But, Donald, do you not think now that you would be better without it altogether, especially as you have to be out so often when the sea is rough?"

"Well, I do not know; but Mr M——, will you not be sometimes taking a dram yourself?"

"Oh, yes," said the minister, "I do occasionally; but



It mak's the skin verra tenner.



Donald, I have been thinking seriously about this dram-drinking, and I'll tell you what I will do. If you will promise to give it up altogether, I will."

"Aye, well," replied Donald, "it is very kind of you, I'm sure, but if I would give you a promise, I am feared that I wadna be able to keep it; and you see it micht be a long while afore I wad be seein' you, and I wad be so sorry to think that you wadna be gettin' your dram, while I was takin' mine."

TWO VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

THE late Rev. Dr J—, of — U.P. Church, Edinburgh, when far advanced in years, thought it advisable to marry for the fourth time. On calling for one of his senior elders, to inform him of his intention, he thought it necessary to accompany the announcement with some reason for a step so unexpected and unusual. "You see," said he, "I am an old man now, and I cannot expect to be very long here; and so I feel that, when the end comes, I would like to have some one to close my eyes."

"Aweel," replied the elder, "I've had twa, and faigs, they hae opened mine."

