

THE  
PLATFORM SAYINGS,

ANECDOTES, AND STORIES

OF

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## PREFACE.



THE contents of this little book are the result of the industrious work of one who has been long inspired with a high admiration of the reverend and amiable author. Scattered amongst reported speeches, extending back through twenty or thirty years, they were, in many instances, difficult to find, and even when found, justice to the high reputation of the speaker demanded attention to the best and truest report. It may, therefore, truly be said, that while the product as to size bears but a small proportion to the labour expended upon it, its real value may safely be left to

be estimated by its intrinsic merit as a *recueil* of the characteristic sayings of one of the most eloquent orators of our time.

The task of the Editor into whose hands the collection was placed, has been comparatively easy, limited as it was to the supplying of titles to the extracts, and to the application of all due care that nothing should appear which might either amount to the slightest interference with the right of literary property, or militate against the *amour propre* of an author. In regard to these latter objects, the Editor did not require the well-known authority of Lord Macaulay, whose opinion on the subject is contained in the preface to his *Speeches*; because the right of the public to *spoken* words has been long recognised; and while his Lordship complained of being incorrectly reported, no objection on this score is applicable to these *bons mots* which appeared in all the public prints of the day.

The Editor had also to keep in view the rights of the public to whom these spoken words belong. As to the industrious collector, whose work, from its small price, can scarcely be expected to remunerate her, she may be consoled by the remark of Mr Carlyle, that every one who gives a book to the public is a benefactor of mankind; and, finally, as to the ingenious speaker himself, he cannot but feel pleased that the philanthropical schemes which he has so nobly advocated, are thus benefited by a reproduction of what may be styled the spirit of his advocacy in favour of the rights and interests of the poor and unprotected.

EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 1864.

REV. DR GUTHRIE'S  
ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

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*The Charm for Conjugal Disagreements.*

WELL, now, I don't blame either Free Church people or Established Church people. We all know there were some differences at first. We were not angels. If we had been, of course there would have been no disagreement; but we were poor and fallible human beings; and there was a row, you know, and a row always raises a sea. The storm, however, has calmed down. There were faults on both sides; they gave us hard knocks sometimes, and we gave back hard words, when, I believe, we should have held our tongues. We did not go upon that plan the woman adopted, though it was an eminently successful one. There was a woman who went to her minister for advice, and she said, "Dear sir, my life is very miserable."

"Well," said the minister, "what would you have me to do?" "Ah!" says she, "my husband and me don't agree. We quarrel very often. He comes in sometimes tired and ill-tempered, and I fire up. Then we go to it with tooth and nail." "Very well," says the minister, "I can cure that." "Oh, can you, sir? I am so delighted, for I do love my husband when a's come and gone," said she. "It's a certain cure," said the minister, "and will work a charm." "Oh, I am so happy to hear it," says she. "Well," continued the minister, "when your husband comes in from his work fractious and quarrelsome, and says a sharp thing to you, what do you do?" "Oh, I answer back, of course." "Very well," says the minister, "the singular charm is this, whenever your husband comes in and commences to speak sharply, the first thing you do is to run out to the pump, fill your mouth with water, and keep it in for ten minutes." Well, the woman came back to the minister three or four weeks after, and she said, "The Lord bless you, sir, for that's the most wonderful charm I ever heard o'! 'Deed is't."

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*How would You Like it Yourself?*

There was a gentleman, the other day, questioning me about my opinions in regard to slavery. Now, in reply, I asked this man, how he would like that it should be done to himself, his wife, and children, as was done to the slaves. I told him he would look strange, if, on Saturday, he should see in the *North British Advertiser*, that Mrs So-and-So, and so many children, were to be sold—that his wife was to be put up for a thousand dollars, and that his children, weighed in a balance, were to be sold at so much per pound.

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*A Good Remark.*

I heard a good thing said one day. A fellow, pointing to a dram shop, said to his friend, "Eh, Tam," says he, "there's a place whaar ye'll get a raving headache for tip-pence."

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*A Gaelic Scholar.*

I recommend those who have never seen Skye, to go and see it as soon as possible. It

is said that everybody should see Switzerland before he dies, because, in looking on its glorious sun, he will feel emotions to which before he was a stranger, and will see God's glory in a new light. As it has been said, you hear God's voice in the roar of Niagara, and you see His hand in the mountains of Switzerland. Now, much as I admire Switzerland, I cannot help thinking that the scenery in Skye is in some respects not behind Switzerland, and in some respects it is before it. The scenery of Skye produced emotions in my mind which even the scenery in Switzerland did not produce. No doubt, in point of altitude and magnitude, the mountains in Skye are not for a moment to be compared to those of Switzerland. There is the hill of Sguir-nan-Gillean—but I don't pretend to speak Gaelic; and I must guard myself against a similar blunder to that which was on one occasion committed by Dr Begg. He is a bold man, my friend Dr Begg and he was not content to tell his assembly at Inverness, in plain Saxon, what he had to announce, but would quote Gaelic, and so he gave a sentence in Gaelic, in which he intended to intimate that a sermon would be preached in a certain



place; but in his boldness and ignorance of the proper idiom of the Gaelic tongue, to the infinite amazement of the Highlanders of Inverness, gave out that the sermon was to be six hours long!

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*An Argument for Snuff.*

You have no idea how money grows. It grows better than even corn and trees, if you could just save £1 a-year. But I hear one man say, how can I save £1 a-year? I will tell him, he may save it off tobacco. I find that the great mass of working men use tobacco, and I cannot say that I object to its use when it can be afforded. I do not go so far as my teetotal friends, and when they urge objections against it, my answer is, Did you ever hear of a man cutting his wife's throat because he snuffs.

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*An Incident in War.*

I shall relate an incident that happened in the Peninsula. Our troops, borne back by

the superior force of the enemy, hastened to place a river between them. The last of the men had swam the stream. The bugles were sounding, and the army was about to march over the high ground, when, looking across to the opposite bank, already occupied by the French sharpshooters, they saw a woman. She was the wife of a common soldier. She had been left behind, and was holding out her arms in apparent dumb appeal, for her voice was lost in the roar of the flood and the sound of the rattling musketry. What was to be done? Who will venture across for the common soldier's wife? Suddenly the ranks opened, and out came an officer. He rode with his horse into the flood, and many a rifle was levelled at his gallant head; he stemmed the stream, and passed across amidst a very shower of bullets. He reached the shore, swung the woman on his saddle-bow, turned his horse's head to the stream, and dashed into that ride of death. But those who were our enemies then, and are our allies now—a gallant and generous nation—saw why he had come, and not a musket was again levelled at him. They cheered him on in his progress, and the cheers were echoed from the British lines as he passed

over safely with that living trophy of his noble gallantry. That man was sent there to kill, but he had another mission also to save; and so, when we are compelled by dire necessity to destroy God's image on those who compose the hurdles of a despotic tyrant, let us do what in us lies to imprint God's image on the minds and hearts of those wretched children at home, and while stretching one arm across the Atlantic to break the bonds of the slave, and another across Europe to break the yoke of the despot, let us, by reclaiming our outcasts at home, leave the slave proprietor of the west and the tyrant of the east no more occasion to say to us, "Physician, heal thyself."

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*An Interdict Contradict.*

I have had enough of fighting in my day. I thought I was done with it. I look upon it as a serious calamity when the civil and church courts come into collision. We may come to yield to what we think wrong in civil matters, but we cannot yield to what we think wrong in spiritual matters. I have no desire to be placed in the position I was in before,

when, in going to preach at Strathbogie, I was met by an interdict from the Court of Session, an interdict to which, as regards civil matters, I gave implicit obedience. The better day the better deed, it is said; and on the Lord's day, when I was preparing for Divine service, in came a servant of the law, and handed me an interdict. I told him he had done his duty, and I would do mine. I was present with Dr Cunningham and Dr Candlish in the Court of Session, and saw the presbytery of Dunkeld brought to the bar for breach of interdict, and I heard the Lord President of the Court of Session say, that on the next occasion when the ministers broke an interdict, they would be visited with all the penalties of the law. The penalties of the law were to get lodgings free gratis in the Calton jail. That was my position on that Sabbath morning. That interdict forbade me, under the penalty of the Calton-hill jail, to preach the gospel in the parish church of Strathbogie. I said the parish churches are stone and lime, and belong to the State. I will not preach there. It forbade me to preach the gospel in the school-houses. I said the school-houses are stone and lime, and belong to the State. I will not preach there. It

forbade me to preach in the church-yard. I said the dust of the dead is the State's. I will not preach there. But when those Lords of Session forbade me to preach my Master's blessed gospel, and offer salvation to sinners, anywhere in that district under the arch of heaven, I put the interdict under my foot, and I preached the gospel. I defied them to punish me, and I have not been punished down to this day.

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*Ornamented Churches.*

I am one of those who think a church should be ornamented. Ha! you will say, what has the house of God to do with ornament. My answer to that is this: Go to your mountains, and pick me up a flower that is not an ornament. God never made a thing that was not beautiful. Up in yon great Exhibition, what are your beauties there but poor imitations of the Divine work. The finest loom the most ingenious man ever made, never wove a carpet such as I see at Lochlee, the Highland glen where I spend two months in the year. The fairest

work ever man made is not to be compared with the simple lily, with the blushing rose, or with the golden broom. Yes, God has poured beauty on everything He has made; and I say it is a right and proper thing, that the house of God should not offend the taste that God has given me. I don't believe there is any sin in beauty, and neither do I believe there is any holiness in ugliness.

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*Beggars and Mosquitoes.*

Referring to Mr Cumming's remarks on juvenile vagrancy, I stand now on this platform, and challenge the whole world to deny that we have cleared the streets of these juvenile beggars. When I was in Venice lately, there had not been a shower for four months, and the mosquitoes, as well as the Austrian police, were very troublesome. I was much annoyed by both. In fact, it is a wonder to see me here at all, for I was very nearly laid up by them, for they treated me like a brute, whereas I taught them I was a Briton. Then, besides the Austrian police, my friends were devoured by the mosquitoes; but I said the mosquitoes

of Venice were never so bad as the juvenile beggars of Edinburgh were when we began our Ragged School. They came up in crowds every morning from the Cowgate and the Grass-market, and swarmed around, and bled the people right and left with a dexterity that beat any mosquito or leech ever heard tell of.

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*An Angel.*

I will now tell you what I saw in London. I went away to the darkest, most ragged, most wretched district of London—dark and dingy save where the glare of what are called the gin palaces of London throws light on the dark wynds of prostitutes and haunts of robbers. I was accompanied by two gentlemen. We at last reached a dark dingy building. I mounted the trap stair, which led to a place about half as large as this church, and I found myself in the strangest scene of misery, woe, crime, wretchedness, and guilt I ever saw. That place was fitted up as a refuge for houseless women; that is, a refuge for women who have no place to lay their heads on save on the cold stone steps of a door. Here were

found a fire, a couch, and a roof to cover them. There were not fewer than forty or fifty of them there. Many of them had retired to their couches. They were ranged up along the wall. There was laid on the floor a piece of wood with a coverlet. I never saw such countenances where vice and guilt stared at you. Altogether it was a scene of misery. Now, who was there? In the middle of the room stood a table; on that table lay a Bible, out of which these poor wretched outcasts heard the word of God, and by that table stood a woman, or I might say an angel. She had left father and mother, brothers and sisters, and came to be the mother, the sister, the physician, and the friend of those wretched outcasts for whom no one cared.

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*Clever Urchins.*

And they are clever fellows, some of these boys. They are, as we say, real clever. There are some excellent specimens among them. For example, I remember walking along the street we call Hanover Street, when an old lady was going toddling along on her old limbs,



with a huge umbrella in her hand. A little urchin came up who had no cap on his head, but plenty of brains within; no shoes on his feet, but a great deal of understanding for all that. Very well, I saw him fix upon that venerable old lady to be operated upon, and my friend beside me, Dr Bell, never, I will venture to say, performed an operation with half the dexterity with which that boy skinned that old lady. He went up and appealed to her for charity. She gave him a grunt. He went up again, she gave him a poke. He saw there was no chance of getting at her through her philanthropy, and he thought to get at her purse through her selfishness, so he pulled up his sleeve to his elbow—his yellow, skinny elbow—and running up, he cried out to her, displaying the limb, and exhibiting his rags and woeful face, "Jist oot o' the Infirmary wi' the typhus fever, mam." I never saw such an electrical effect. The old lady put her hand to the very bottom of her pocket, and taking out a shilling, thrust it into his hand and ran away.

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*The Difference between Starving the Body and  
Starving the Soul.*

Why does the State take care that the child of every mill-spinner should be taught, and punish the party for neglecting it, and not take the same care of the children of the Grass-market and the Cowgate? The law does not allow a man to starve his child ; it is very cruel, it may be said, to starve the body ; very cruel, it is true, and the State interferes with the liberty of the subject there. But if it is right in the law to compel the parent to feed his child's body, is it right in that law to allow him to starve his child's soul? Suppose the law did not compel him to feed his child's body, death would step in, and relieve society of the evil there ; but if it does not compel him to feed the child's mind, what happens? The untaught child in nine cases out of ten becomes a burden, a nuisance, and a danger to the State .

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*The Effect of War on Civilization.*

Truly it may be said, "The eyes of the fool

are in the ends of the earth." There are many things at home to touch our honour. There is drunkenness, and there is ignorance, far more formidable enemies to our country than Pope or Czar. I am not a coward; for if an enemy were in sight, I think I would be down on Leith Sands as soon as any of you; but I have an abhorrence of war; and I wish only that those who speak so much about it only knew a little about it. I am thoroughly convinced that if this country were to go to war, it would put a spoke in the wheel in every social improvement in Great Britain. As in the case of the last war, there would be nothing spoken about but war. I wish newspaper men and speechifiers would remember that the national honour is concerned in other matters than those at a distance. There is nothing I pray for more earnestly, than that God would preserve this country in peace. Our ragged schools, our mechanics' institutions, our apprentice schools, and four-fifths of our beneficent schemes have grown up in fields of peace; they cannot grow amidst the smoke of cannon; they will die if watered with streams of human blood.

*A Successful Bazaar.*

I am thankful to say our bazaar was supported by all classes and by all parties in the country. On the list of lady patrons we had nearly an abridged edition of Burke's Peerage, and on the lists of ladies receiving goods there were of them from all Protestant denominations; and then there were subscriptions from all classes and all mansions, from the ducal palace down to the lowest cottage in the land. Poets strung their lyres, painters seized their brushes, captains of the navy made sketches, captains of the army gave music, with which they marched to victory, and music herself tuned her notes into the best of all notes—bank notes. The result of all this was, that at the end of the sale I counted the proceeds, which yielded a clear profit of £1200, and I can assure you that, on that occasion I sat on the ottoman, the gift of Mr Purdie, with much more ease than the grand Sultan of Turkey sits on his dais.

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*A Bed of Down.*

As to the miserable condition in which the

recipients of our bounty in Ramsay Lane are often placed, I will state, on the authority of Mr Tod, the superintendent of the school, that recently, when measles had broken out among the children, it was found that out of fifty-five cases there were only two of these that had the advantage of a bed, all the other fifty-three poor miserable little creatures lay in their affliction upon the naked floor. I appeal to you whether such a fact as this is not one that ought to awaken your kindest sympathies on behalf of these unhappy creatures. To show the ignorance of the pupils as to the luxury of a bed, I may mention an anecdote of one of the boys, who, on coming in his lesson to the words, *Bed of down*, said, "Ah, that's a bed on the floor."

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*A Reversal of Order.*

In the disposition of public money it has hitherto been the custom to call in first the University of Oxford, to call in the College of Edinburgh, to call in the Free Church, to call in this body, and to call in that, and, last of all, to call in the Ragged School; but now I trust

the order will be in the words of Scripture, that the first shall be the last, and the last first, so that it will be they that need the money most that get it, not those who need it least.

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*The Way to Smooth Differences.*

I think I see an omen that brighter days are in store for Scotland in times to come than she has seen in the times that are past. We sometimes hear of fulminations; and Dr Harper has told us it is all sheet lightning. We are told that we are composed of very heterogeneous materials, that the only *vinculum*—a very learned word—which binds us together is antipathy to the Established Church. I do not know whether we are heterogeneous materials or not. There is no doubt of this, and I don't conceal it, that on some points connected with education, with the details of it—some people will say principles, I say points—that on some of these points there are differences of opinion among those on this platform; but it appears to me, that if others would speak out as honestly as we do, there would be found differences of opinion among them too. No

matter what the subject is, there are some men who can't unite or co-operate unless you drive them into a corner and bring them to what they call a logical conclusion. I'll tell you what, and you know it as well as I do, that on all points we will never be agreed till we are in a better church than any here below. Is that a reason why we should not act together, because there may be differences of opinion among us? Just think of the roses on a bush kicking up a row because they are not all painted alike. Just think of the planets resolving that they won't go round the sun because they have not the same weight or the same orbit. When is this going to end? It would destroy all nature. And if people refuse to act together for God's glory and for a good cause, for the reason that in all points they do not think alike, it will not be so much the dividing of the church into sections as it will be the dividing of the blessed robe of Christ into separate threads; we would all be reduced to the condition of an excellent and learned man in Edinburgh, who could agree in worship with nobody but his own house-keeper, and who, when his housekeeper died, was left alone in the world. Now, if I asked what I am going to do with men who won't

agree with us, I just say, that I will try to remove their difficulties, I will just get up the steam of love, of zeal, and charitable affection, till I get a pressure of fifty pounds to every square inch on my brother, and he goes over the difficulty like a railway train.

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*The Wisdom of Rowland Hill.*

I have always admired the wisdom of Rowland Hill. And what did he do on one occasion when summoned to the death-bed of a lady belonging to the Church of England? Among other things for which this pious woman gave thanks to God was, that she had all her days been kept from the company "of those methodists." What was Rowland to do? He did a most wise and sensible thing, the very thing I would be disposed to do in similar circumstances. He did not tell her that she was wrong; no, he said to himself, "She will be in the kingdom of heaven in half-an-hour, and she will find out her mistake there."

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*A Supposed Battery.*

As there may be some members of the Established Church here, I wish to say, that I wash my hands clean of the most absurd, most unreasonable, and most unfounded charge that has been brought against some of us, as if the only reason that brought me and others to the platform was to erect a battery, Lord Panmure being behind the guns, for the destruction of the Established Church. That is the greatest mistake in the world.

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*A Challenge.*

If any man, let him be who he may, dares to stand up in a public court, or anywhere else in this country, and talks of me as a man destitute of common honesty, I challenge him to bring forward the records of the church courts, to bring forward the votes of assembly, synods, and presbyteries, and bring forward the history of the last fifteen years. Let him erect a standard of honesty, and I will go up and measure myself with him any day he chooses. I de-

sire to make no charge against other ministers, and I say, let them make none against me. They had better "let that flea stick to the wa'," and "let sleeping dogs lie."

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*The Lid of the Tankard.*

I would appeal to you to adopt a different policy from that of yielding nothing. At the time of the Disruption a certain party would yield nothing. At the University Bill time they would yield nothing; and, at this time [of the Education Bill] they will yield nothing. There was a very sagacious man in this city, perhaps the most sagacious of all the citizens, I mean the late Sir James Gibson-Craig, who, on one occasion, was dealing with a gentleman who insisted on his having the last rights of law. Sir James advised him to yield a little. The man said he would not yield a straw. Sir James urged him, but he was obstinate. "Well, then, let me tell you," said Sir James, "that the man who will have the last right and the last word at law, is very like the man who will have the last drop in the tankard, he has the chance of getting the lid down on his

nose." Now, if my friends in the Established Church would just hear me—for I know there are many sensible men among them—I would say that, at the time of the Disruption down came the lid; at the time of the University Bill they would have the last drop, and smash came the lid; and now [the Parish School Bill] that they would have the last drop again, let them take care that the lid does not only hit them on the nose, but that it does not hit it off altogether.

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*A Wise Foundation.*

From the First Book of Discipline I find that one of the first things John Knox set himself to was the matter of schools. He provided that there should be in every large town in Scotland a college, in every notable town a grammar school, and in every parish a common school. Ay, and still more—and in this I have always been a follower of John Knox, and intend to be so to the end of the chapter—John Knox goes on to say, that no parent, whoever he may be, whether a dealer in rags in the Cowgate, or whether a laird or a duke, "that no parent, of whatever station he might,

be allowed to train up his children according to his own fantasy, but that he should be compelled to give his children an education in virtue and learning."

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*Both Best.*

I believe there are a few who hope that by casting out of education religion, they will infidelise the conscience of the people. I hope they are few. There may be also a few who, practically speaking, may be ready to sacrifice religion for any or for every other object. I am, however, bound to say in favour of those who are secularists, that there are many among them who, to my own knowledge, are as devout as any man on this platform. I am bound to say this in justice to them, that they believe that religion would be better taught in the houses of the people than at school, and, therefore, they would roll the whole responsibility of this over upon the pastors and parents. I don't agree with them in this, it is true; but if you ask me whether I believe the religion taught at home or in the school is the best, I would at once answer, The religion taught at

home. But if this were a good reason why we should have no schools with religion taught in them, it is just as good a reason why we should have neither churches nor pulpits; and if you ask me whether it is best to have religion taught in the school or religion taught in the parental home, I say with the man, Why, both are best.

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*Religion a Necessity of the People.*

I appeal to the country ministers on the platform, and I would put it to them, if among the young communicants who came to them, they do not find many, very many, nine-tenths of them indeed, who owe their knowledge of the Bible to the tuition they have received in the common schools of the country. That at least is my experience. I am not a Voluntary, I am a Free Church man; perhaps I may be a Voluntary by-and-by, and perhaps the Voluntaries may be Established Church folks by-and-by; with this I have nothing to do. I would have no objections myself that religion should be in the bill, but then I don't care whether it is or not, for I am sure it will be in the school.

*The Philosophy of the Fitness of Things.*

I hold it to be the greatest delusion that ever entered the brain of a man, to attack the management of a school, and utterly shut out religion. How are you going to teach morality? Suppose a boy picks the pocket of his neighbour of an apple or a marble, how is he to be taught that he has done wrong? Just fancy some dominie pulling up the shock-headed urchin, a lubberly laddie, who has committed the offence. Religion must be excluded, the Bible shut, and the dominie is driven to address a learned discourse to the boy on the congruity and fitness of things. That will do him a world of good! As to the congruity, the boy knows nothing about it, and as to the fitness of things, why, he thinks that they fit remarkably well. The apple fits his mouth, and the marble his fingers. It is perfect absurdity. Ah, they know little of the heart of man, and they know little about a boy's heart, if they don't know this, that the only way of reaching a child's conscience, and the only way of reaching a child's heart is, as our excellent friend, Mr Black, said the other day, to tell him, "Thou, God, seest me;" "Thou

shalt not steal;" "Thou bleeding Lord, the best morality is love of Thee."

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*Empty Kirks and Schools.*

I have heard of kirks where so few sat that you might drive a cart-load of whins through them, and it would not job a living soul; but these kirks would be entirely eclipsed by any secular schools if they were attempted in Scotland.

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*Two Kinds of Diets.*

I was seven years in the parish of Arbirlot, and while I believe I was just as attentive as my neighbours, I do not recollect of being three times in the parish school, though it was next door to me, except on those occasions, once a-year, when the presbytery committee came to examine the parish school. The truth is, though I do not like to use a harsh expression — perhaps they are a great deal better since we left them — that presbyterial supervision was very much a decent sham. To be sure, if there was any old schoolmaster

among the parish ministers, he pricked up his ears like an old hunter when he hears the sound of the horn; but as for the rest of us, who were not accustomed with it, to sit for weary hours hearing *A-b, ab—B-o, bo*, was the drierchest business I ever had to do with. And well do I remember to have seen how often the watches were pulled out to see how the time went, and the truth is, if the diet of examination had not been followed by another kind of diet at the manse—a committee dinner and a social crack with the brethren—there would have been very few at the diet of examination.

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*The Old Parish Dominies.*

As to the laudation about schoolmasters, it is really worth reading. Dr Muir "looked on these gentlemen as scholars, and as most exemplary individuals, and as animated by the feelings of honourable men and gentlemen." Now I say that is quite true of many of them. I have the greatest respect for country schoolmasters; but it is a notorious fact, that in consequence of the Established Church having no power of putting out unfit and inefficient



schoolmasters, many of them are inefficient. I have known the most daidling bodies in the world in these schools. I once knew a daft creature in a parish school wearing a beard as long as that [measuring nearly a yard,] and I know a case of one who was a parish schoolmaster for thirty years, the very greatest drunkard in his own parish, or in half-a-dozen round about him, and he died a parish schoolmaster.

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*How the Old Dominies were Estimated.*

To shew the estimate the people had of the schoolmasters of the olden time, I will tell you of a remarkable man in my own native parish, Mr Linton, teacher of the grammar school. An honest man came to him one day with a "halffin," a long empty chap, who had taken it into his head that he would have some little learning. The father said, "Oh, Mr Linton, you see my laddie's fond o' lear. I'm thinkin' o' making a scholar o' him." "Oh," said Mr Linton, looking at him, and not seeing any sign that there was much in him, "what are you to make of him?" "You see, Mr Linton,"

rejoined the father—and it showed how sound the old Scotchman was—“if he gets grace, we'll mak' a minister o' him.” “Oh, but,” says Mr Linton, “if he does not get grace, what will you make of him then?” “Weel, in that case,” said the parent, “if he disna get grace, we'll just mak' a dominie o' him.”

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*A Happy Family.*

You may not get the old stagers to unite on a system of education. You will not get the old branches of the tree to unite; but take the young branches, and twist and twine them together, and they will be uniting before another summer is gone. I have no hope of those old stagers, but I have great hope of the children. It is wonderful what you may do if you get the young to agree together. I saw a happy family the last time I was in London; animals of the most antagonistic natures lying together in peace, because they had been put together when young, and fed, bred, and nursed together. I saw the mavis sleeping under the wing of the hawk; and I saw an old, grave, reverend owl looking down most com-

placently on a little mouse, and, with the restless activity of his species, a monkey sitting on a branch, scratching his head—for an idea, I presume—and then reaching down his long arm and seizing a big rat on the floor, and lifting it into his breast, and dandling it like a baby. This is what early training will do. I just put it to you: Suppose these animals had been brought up in the denominational system, if they had been brought up in the sectarian system, and then brought together in one place, what a row there would have been.

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*A Bright Union.*

Get our children bred, nursed, trained, and brought up to learn Divine truth, and I tell you, it will prevent them contracting the rust and dust that hangs about too many of the sick, and then, when the dust is rubbed off, these sects will be like the different globules of purified quicksilver; when brought into contact, they will run into one shining mass.

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*Sectarian Points Disappear to the Dying.*

Give me a common education, the different denominations working together in one common good cause. Give me this, as Dr Chalmers used to say, and it will sweeten the breath of society and soften the asperity of the violent speech, and, I may say, the uncharitableness of which we have heard of late too much from the people of all parties, especially from the clergy. I have extremely regretted the strong language which has been used. I do not think I have used such language myself; but when I read the reports of some of those meetings where men have brought into the question the artillery of their prejudices and passions, and when afterwards I have walked down the High Street, or some such part of the city, I must say I have felt my indignation burning within me in a way I found difficult to express. Why, what are those points about which they make such wrangling as has deafened the ears of the people, to those wretched, naked, unwashed, unshorn, uncared-for, lost, perishing, doomed children, that crowd the streets and lanes—what are these points to them? My disturbing points

will look little enough when I am lying on a bed of death; and my disturbing points look little too when I go down among my poor fellow-creatures; and sure I am, that if some of my friends would come with me, and spend one short forenoon in these places where I have been till my heart has been like to break, and I could hardly eat the bread on my own table, it would make them ready to agree almost to anything.

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*Promise and Performance.*

We all know that the emptier any instrument is, it sounds the louder. The drum can be heard for miles away, and as for the skirling bagpipes, they can be heard at the distance of half a glen. I do not care much for violent and extreme men. They are seldom worth attending to; and it is well known that some of them who were the loudest and most violent in the Non-Intrusion controversy, drew back at the Disruption. One worthy man, for example, in the view of the Disruption, said, if he invited any persons to his house, they would

get for their dinner a salt herring and a potato, and yet my friend of the salt herring and the potato is at this moment flourishing upon the very fat of the Establishment. I have never said so atrocious a thing as another minister said, that the only way to settle the Non-Intrusion question was to have a horizontal pole sticking upon an upright one, and to hang the seven judges on the one, and the seven ministers of Strathbogie on the other. And what is more, I never promised, if I did not come out, to lay my head on the block. I was never such a blockhead as say anything of the kind. These three great speakers, however, instead of going out, remained in, and one worthy gentleman has his head upon his shoulders yet, though his people provided him with a block and an axe the morning after the Disruption; and, what was very wonderful, he would not make any use of them. What was the worth of his head, he knew best himself.

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*Burnt Bairns Dread the Fire.*

I hope parties will take care this time [1854] as to who gives them information about Scotland. Let them remember who gave them

information in 1843, and who led them on the ice then. I don't say whether it was for the good of the country or not, that they were led upon the ice then; but I must tell them, they are now dealing with the very same men who made them then believe, that of five hundred ministers, not fifteen of them would come out. I do not enter into the merits of the controversy, but I am mistaken if Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham did not add their illustrious names to the illustrious list of illustrious men who have realised the old proverb, "Burnt bairns dread the fire."

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*A Canny Advice.*

As to the different views regarding the bill [for education] entertained by different bodies, and the empty cries that are roused against it, all of which I hope Parliament will disregard, and will consider only, whether this bill is or is not contrary to the Word of God and the good of society—to each and all of these religious bodies, beginning with the Free Church, I will give the advice tendered to an honourable Baronet. When Sir John Sinclair

was chosen member of parliament for his native county, a man came up to him and said, "Noo, maister George, I'll gie ye an advice. They've made ye a parliament man, and my advice to you is, Be ye aye tak takin' what ye can get, and aye seek seekin' till ye get mair."

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*The Two Springs of the Machinery.*

The other day I had the honour of conducting a distinguished member of parliament through our School, along with Mr Thackeray, and I was very much struck with the way in which that gentleman condensed the whole of our machinery, as it were, into two words. Turning to Mr Thackeray, he said, "This is an agreeable sight." Mr Thackeray replied, it was the finest sight in Edinburgh, the most touching sight he ever saw. The other gentleman then remarked, "I see where the whole power of this Ragged School lies. It is, first, in the food; and secondly, in the twelve hours daily in the school." In these two things you have the whole secret of our machinery.



*The Expense Saved.*

The Lord Advocate says that the expense of a criminal to the country, on an average, cannot be less than £300. It is a simple question of arithmetic. We have sent [1842] 216 of our children to employments. Suppose that 30 of these have not done well, then multiply the remaining 186 by 300, and you have the expense these would have cost the country,—between £50,000 and £60,000.

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*The True Characteristic of the Ragged School.*

You will observe that the peculiarity, if it can be called such, of our Schools, is this; I claim a right to feed the child I take from the street. I feed, I clothe, I house, and I educate him. I stand up for my right to teach that child what I believe to be God's truth, and I say I cannot consent that that child, because its parents were in error, shall be brought up in error also. I hold it to be a piece of tyranny in any man to insist that I shall educate the child I adopt in the errors of his parent, because he happens to be baptized in a particular church. I

would shut the door of the Ragged School in Ramsay Lane in the face of a priest with as little hesitation as I would shut against him the door of my house in Lauriston Lane. I leave other parties, however, to do good in their own way. I rejoice that they are doing, so far as they are doing good, but I wish the public to understand that the principle of our Schools is this, that we hold ours to be *in loco parentis* to the children; and believing as we do that *their* souls will be required of us, we consider ourselves bound to teach them God's truth. I wish to live in a brotherly way with all men, but I dare not close God's blessed word against any sinful fallen creature whatever. To the principles of an open Bible we must adhere; I will never consent to let that go out of sight; I will never consent to take that flag from the mast-head, whether in storm or in calm.

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*A Difference.*

Though I agree with Mr Hope in many things, I differ from him in regard to his views on teetotalism, as I could not condemn the use of stimulants on the grounds he does. I ab-

stain myself, unless I may use them in the way of Timothy, for I have to take a little wine for my stomach's sake. I do not agree with Mr Hope, inasmuch as he denounces my snuff-box as much as he denounces a bottle of whisky.

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*A Resolution.*

I do not see why this should not take place, that when the hour of six o'clock has struck, it should witness every man amongst us leaving his place of toil; and if God spare me health and strength, the next blow I intend to strike, is at that system which shuts up these young men.

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*Labour, Labour.*

I would remind you that there is no royal road to knowledge; all must work to learn knowledge as well as to learn trades; learning is only to be got by work; and you may think me rather professional, but I will give you an illustration how difficulties are got over by hard perseverance. A minister who had got no memory, was asked how he was able to get

his sermons by heart. "Why," says he, "I just sit down doggedly to it." The young men who attend these schools [Apprentice Schools] must just do the same; for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "it is not given to man to attain excellence in any thing but as the effect of labour." Some young men believe they have genius; but I believe every man of genius on this platform will agree with me, that the finest genius is like the richest soil; if you do not manure it, it will run out. If knowledge cannot accumulate in the mind, a man will soon find himself at the end of his thread.

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*A Curious Mean.*

I knew a young girl who was forced to resort to begging for a livelihood, but who employed part of the money she received in that way to pay for education at an evening school, and who now occupies a respectable sphere in society, in consequence of the lessons she received in that place.

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*A Victory.*

On one form I saw the grey head of the grandfather and the yellow locks of the granddaughter almost mix, as the two pored over the same Bible; and when the venerable parent stood up to be examined, the reverend principal observed the child begin to cry. On asking her the cause, she exclaimed, "I have trappit grandfather, and he winna let me up."

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*Experiments.*

Hitherto these Schools [Ragged] have been in a certain sense an experiment. As my friend Dr Gregory no doubt knows, experiments are not always very safe. I have had a salutary fear of experiments ever since, when studying under Dr Hope, I was on one occasion making phosphorated hydrogen in a glass retort. When I was admiring the bells as they rose on the surface, and was in the very act of exclaiming "How beautiful!" off it went with a horrible explosion, discharging a shower of acid and water, and iron filings, and blazing phosphoru

over me. I am uncommonly happy, however, to say, that our experiment has been attended with no such results, with the exception, perhaps, of a small explosion which took place here some years ago, and blew off some of our most respected friends, carrying them clear over the Nor' Loch, and landing them in South Gray's Close [the United School,] in the arms of Mother Church.

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*An Amiable Tiger.*

I recollect my friend Miss Lockhart and I were sitting, engaged in the discussion of Ragged School matters, when in comes a tiger, not of a menagerie, not out of a menagerie, not such a tiger as that, but a big five-feet-high tiger, with a salver,—a very pretty tiger, a most gentle tiger, a most well-bred tiger, for he made a bow like a dancing master when he came in, and then stood erect as a sentinel presenting arms to the Secretary-at-War. You may imagine how delighted I was, when I found that this page had been a Ragged School boy, but now no more like what he was before than a painted butterfly is like a kail-worm. This boy had

been taken into the service of two ladies, who will pardon me, I hope, for mentioning their names, the Misses Borthwick of Crookston. They took him from the Ragged School, and I found him one who could appreciate kindness, for he spoke to me in the most feeling terms of the manner in which he had been treated.

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*A Ragged School Corydon.*

One day I was asked to come down stairs, when I found some girls who were about to be sent out to the colonies by the Society established for that purpose. They had got over the fears they once entertained on the subject, and were about to proceed to a foreign shore. Along with the girls I saw a boy, the brother of one of them, who had come to Edinburgh to bid her farewell and commit her to the care of God. He was a remarkably fine-looking lad, a pretty shepherd boy. He looked as if he had never snuffed the smoke of Edinburgh before. You may fancy, when I saw him standing before me, a plaid across his breast, a bonnet on his head, long yellow locks flowing over his shoulders, shoes on his feet, fitted to stand the wear of the

heather, and in his hand a shepherd's staff, and two as pretty roses blooming in his cheeks as you ever saw—you may imagine how my heart leapt with joy when I was told, "That's one of your Ragged School boys."

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*A Hunt.*

I had a letter from a lady, withdrawing her subscription to our Ragged Schools, because, as she said, they were so flourishing. If I knew who this good lady is, I would hunt her through the town with a pack of beggar boys until she ran to earth at the subscription box of the Ragged School.

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*A Reflection.*

Keeping out of view the depravity of human nature which is common to all, these children are very much what you choose to make them. The soul of that ragged boy or girl is like a mirror. Frown upon it, and it frowns on you; look at it with suspicion, and it eyes you in the same manner. Lift your arm to strike, and there is an arm lifted against you. Turn your



back, and it turns its back on you. Turn round and give it a smile, and it smiles again in return. It will give smile for smile, kindness for kindness.

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*An Apt Quotation.*

I might address this meeting [held for a beneficent object] in the words of Pope, on an occasion when he made a speech to a field of corn: "God give us your ears, and we will never want food."

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*A Transformation.*

We have thus seen how the children [of the Ragged School] are disposed of. Now I will glance at what they are made of. I have seen heaps of filthy rags, such as may be cast off by a vagrant, received by the man of science and art, and turned into a creamy pulp, and afterwards manufactured into a fabric as white as snow, destined to receive from the pen the words of wisdom and of knowledge, and to carry man's thoughts abroad over the wide

world. And so it is with these unhappy children. They were the raw material, and by-and-by you will see the fabric we make out of it.

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*A Certain Amount of Knowledge.*

Nothing has surprised me more than the attainments of some of the pupils in geography; indeed they know far more about it than I do myself, or was ever taught at school; and I almost venture to say, that some of these little fellows could steer you along the coast of the White Sea, or carry you safely through the Adriatic Gulf. And as for general knowledge, I am quite prepared to take a dozen or two of these Ragged scholars before the directors of the New Academy, and pitch my Ragged fellows against their pupils, and they will beat them hollow any day they choose. I myself have some knowledge of banking among other things; and I find they have little less, for they can give you the per-centage they ought to have on a pound's worth of spunks, and the exact commission they should receive on twenty shillings' worth of sticks.

*Half-Learned Artisans.*

I was very much taken, like many ignorant people, with the fine idea of making these Ragged School children cobblers, weavers, and shoemakers, and staymakers, and every other kind of makers, until I met with a man of great practical understanding and good sense in this city, who told me that the last man he would take into his bootmaking establishment was just a lad who has half-learned his trade. The chap gets conceited, and fancies he can do the thing, and will listen to neither rhyme nor reason about his ignorance; and the truth is, that to make an ill-taught workman a good one, is just as difficult as what I have sometimes attempted to do, to make an old sermon a new one. The best thing is to put it into the fire.

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*A Large Present.*

If you ask me what class of society has done best [in contributions,] Established, Free Church, or Episcopalian, it would be hard for me to tell. There is a venerable lady at the head of a noble family, who sent me a most kind letter,

wishing, besides giving a subscription, to be put down as an annual subscriber; and on the back of this comes a poor Highlander on his way to Australia, to find bread in a distant land he could not find in the land of his fathers, and before he set his foot on the emigrant ship, singing "Lochaber no more," this man, out of his hard-earned and ill-to-be-spared money, gives a gift to the poor children of the Ragged School. Then there is, on the one hand, another noble lady, who has set her wits a-working, and set up for their benefit charity boxes at the different railway stations; and, on the other, we have the produce of the milk-maid's labours—the pennies she has lured from her fellow-servants and companions for a "read" of one of my Pleas. Then we have England, with her usual generosity, coming to our help. We have money from Constantinople, from India, amid all its din and war, pouring its riches into our treasury. Turning to the north, we have gifts from the Orkneys in the shape of contributions from the Sabbath-school scholars of Kirkwall. I do not despair of Shetland, and I even wouldn't wonder were I to get a whale from the Esquimaux!

*A Gratifying Letter.*

I have received a most gratifying letter from Francis Jeffrey, one clause of which is to this effect:—"I have expressed my high approbation of your scheme [Ragged Schools.] If I were young enough to have a chance of tracing his progress to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation; but as it is, I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find for him a better superintendent, and for that purpose I enclose you a draft for fifty pounds."

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*State of Education in England.*

The present state of matters [1847] in regard to education in England, is a very deplorable one; and in proof of this, I may refer to the fact, that I came down from England last year with a clergyman belonging to the English Church, who told me that he was sure that in his present charge there were not five individuals who could write. While, therefore, the Puseyites might think that this scheme [Government Scheme of 1847] would work well for

themselves, it would, in reality, work their own ruin; for the real strength of Puseyism and Popery lies in the ignorance of the people, and their incapability to think.

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*The Three R's.*

I wish to say that, having had perhaps better opportunities of knowing and understanding the people of Scotland than many present, I would just beg my brethren to bear in mind what Dr Candler has said, that there is a broad distinction made by the people of Scotland between the principles that apply to the church and those which apply to the school. The people of Scotland never have confounded, and I hope never will confound the preceptor with the preacher. It is not to the school they look for the religious and pious education of their children. They look for this to the parents, to the teachers of the Sabbath School, and to the pulpit of the church. I have often had occasion to see that the people of Scotland attach the greatest importance to the master of the school in regard to secular education. This is the feeling of the people, and it would not be easily

changed. Be his creed and the church to which he belongs what they might, the teacher who is the most expert at teaching the common branches of education, is the man above all others to whom the people will send their children. I could give sufficient instances of this, were it necessary. I have known them to prefer a poacher to a preacher, just because he brought on the children faster in what they call the three R's—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic.

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*Worship of, and not Worship with.*

We find an Episcopalian who will not worship in a Presbyterian Church. We find a Free Churchman who turns his back upon the Establishment, and I know an excellent Old Light Burgher who almost worshipped Dr Chalmers, but who would not worship *with* him.

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*An Example of Modern Tent Preaching.*

It was resolved that on the Sabbath I should preach twice on the high road to Canobie [where the people had been refused a site for a church,]

and in the evening here [Langholm,] and here also on Monday night, and in this way I would be able to leave this for home on Tuesday. Well wrapped up, I drove out yesterday morning to Canobie, the hills white with snow, the roads covered ankle-deep in many parts with slush, wind high and cold, thick rain lashing on, and the Esk by our side all the way roaring in the snow-flood between bank and brae. We passed Johnnie Armstrong's tower, yet strong, even in its ruins, and after a drive of four miles, a turn of the road brought us in view of a sight which was overwhelming, and would have brought the salt tears into the eyes of any man of common humanity. There, under the naked boughs of some spreading oak-trees, at a point where a country road joined the turnpike, stood a tent, around, or rather in front of which, was gathered a large group of muffled men and women, with some little children, a few sitting, most of them standing, and some old venerable widows cowering under the scanty shelter of umbrellas. On all sides each road was adding a stream of plaided men and muffled women to the group, till the congregation increased to between 500 and 600, gathering in the very road, and waiting for my



coming from a mean inn where I found shelter till the hour of worship. During the psalm singing and the first prayer, I was in the tent; but finding that I would be uncomfortably confined, I took up my position on a chair in front, having my hat on my head, my Codrington close buttoned up to my throat, and a pair of bands, which were wet enough with rain ere the service was over. The rain lashed on heavily during the latter part of the sermon, but no one budged, and when my hat was off during the last prayer, some one kindly extended an umbrella over my head. I was so interested, and so were the people, that our forenoon service continued for four hours. At the close I felt so much for the people, it was such a sad sight to see old men and women, some children, and one or two individuals pale and sickly, and apparently near the grave, all wet and benumbed with the keen wind and cold rain, that I proposed to have no afternoon service, but this was met with universal dissent. One and all declared, that if I would hold on, they would stay in the road till midnight; so we met again at three o'clock, and it poured on almost without intermission during the whole sermon; and

that over, shaken cordially by many a man and woman's hand, I got into the gig, and drove on here in time for an evening sermon, followed, through rain in the heavens and the wet snow in the road, by numbers of the people.

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*A Delicate People.*

The people [of Canobie] spoke respectfully of the Duke of Buccleuch, and were anxious to give no offence. I remember one thing. I preached [subsequently] in the open hill, down in a sort of hollow, and the people were ranged on the side of the mountain. It was a swampy place in which I preached, and I wished to have some protection between my feet and the wet ground. I saw some fine planks of wood lying close by, and I wondered why the people did not take them and use them. In place of that they went into a house and brought out an old door. After the sermon I was naturally led to ask why they did not bring the planks that were close by, and they said these were not theirs, that they belonged to the Duke of Buccleuch, and they would not touch them in case any offence might be taken at their doing so.

*A Stiff-Necked Congregation.*

A man was settled at Creach [Ross-shire] some thirty years ago, unacceptable to the people, with the exception of seven or eight individuals—a very few at least. The men and women left the church, and they met for two years under the lee of a rock, behind a rock which I have seen, summer and winter, worship being conducted by the elders and the godly men of the parish. However, they found they could not stand out this, and they broke out into three parties. They continued to worship thirty years in these three divisions; and the Disruption, which broke up other congregations, united these people of Creach, after thirty years' separation, into one congregation, now worshipping under the Free Church minister of that parish.

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*A Sympathetic Driver.*

*Committee-man.*—"Might I ask you whether your feeling was not, that some oppression had been exercised towards those people in Canobie?" *Dr Guthrie.*—"Certainly I felt that the people were in most grievous circumstances,

being necessitated to meet in the turnpike road; and not only I, but, I may mention, the person who drove me in the gig from Langholm to Canobie, when we came in sight of that congregation standing in the open air, in such a day, and in such a place, burst into tears, and said, Was there ever sight seen like that?" *Committee-man*.—"You have mentioned that oppression makes a wise man mad. The feeling of the driver might be one thing; but you, a man of the gospel, might be very considerably excited by what you saw, thinking it an act of oppression." *Dr Guthrie*.—"Deep feeling would be excitement; but if you mean by excitement that I was ready to break out into unsuitable expressions, I say, Certainly not. I felt, when I saw it, as if I could not preach, I was so overwhelmed by the sight. To see my fellow-creatures, honest, respectable, religious people, worshipping the God of their fathers upon the turnpike road, was enough to melt any man's heart.

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*A Strange Instance of Forgetfulness.*

*Committee-man*.—"Do you recollect what the subject of your discourse [at Canobie] was?"

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*Dr Guthrie.*—"I really do not. Allow me to say, I am unfortunate enough in having a short memory for texts, and often forget the subject of my discourse a short time after." *Committee-*

*man.*—"But there was a memorable occasion here, so memorable as not to have been forgotten easily. Do you still say, that you have no recollection of the subject-matter of your discourse to that congregation under circumstances so peculiar and not to be forgotten?"

*Dr Guthrie.*—"Most certainly, and for this reason I went there to preach the gospel, and nothing but the gospel." *Committee-man.*—

"You say you have forgotten what your sermon was?" *Dr Guthrie.*—"Most entirely, and I

have not the most faint recollection of it. I may explain, since you seem to be suspicious, that so forgetful am I of these things, that I have in one twelvemonth preached twice from the same text, and never known it till I was told by the people."

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*A Habit of Joking.*

*Committee-man.*—"Do you recollect of Sir John Cunningham Fairlie making this obser-

vation. Being introduced to the Free Assembly, he is represented to have said, that he himself had given a site for a church, and another for a manse, and both of them so near the parish church, that they [the Free] would have the advantage of the use of both the clock and the bell?" *Dr Guthrie*.—"Yes, I remember a joke to that effect, which filled the Assembly with laughter." *Committee-man*.—"It did not meet with your disapprobation." *Dr Guthrie*.—"Not the joke, it was said as a piece of mere humour." *Committee-man*.—"I find it reported, that at a Free Church meeting, you also jocularly alluded to this, and said, that you in every case recommended its adoption in other places." *Dr Guthrie*.—"The unfortunate thing is, I have a habit of joking, and I have no doubt that was one of my jokes. I have not the least recollection of saying it; but if I did say it, I have no doubt it was a joke."

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*A Wide Toleration.*

*Committee-man*.—"I ask you, what is your opinion on that point—you claiming sites for the Free Church, upon the great and general

principles of toleration. Are you of opinion that that toleration ought to exist, and to extend, if pushed to its legitimate consequence, to granting sites to Roman Catholics?" *Dr Guthrie*.—"I would grant a site to a Mahometan—to any man who worshipped God according to his conscience." *Committee-man*.—"Jew or Mahometan?" *Dr Guthrie*.—"Yes." *Committee-man*.—"Or idolater?" *Dr Guthrie*.—"Yes; I have no right to stand between man and his God, whatever that God may be."

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#### *Anti-Patronage.*

Unmusical as I am, the words anti-patronage are sweet words to my ear. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished by the friends of the Church and true religion; until that is obtained I wish no resting-place for the Church in her present conflict. I wish the flood to rise and swell, and not subside until the Ark of the Churches is landed on the Ararat of Anti-Patronage. Some talk of the difficulties and danger in which the Church is now placed, but I for one rejoice in the storms which are compelling the Church to take refuge in the haven of Anti-

Patronage. Government is, in fact, doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves. When William of Orange sailed for England, he meditated landing on a spot which was the very lion's den for him; but, wonderfully enough, the wind blew strong from that quarter. It rose to a hurricane, and eventually, contrary to his wishes, he was drifted, and compelled to land in the very spot that was best and safest for him. So with the Church; she has tried to effect a landing at *Veto*, and next after this she was in danger of striking on the shoals of *Lib-erum Arbitrium*, but the force of wind and tide has at last driven her into the harbour of Anti-Patronage, where she will be safest and most secure.

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*A Pro-Patronage Agitation.*

Let the Moderates try to get up a Pro-Patronage agitation, and let them commission Dr Bryce. He shall have ready access to the houses of the gentry, and abundance of scope for his eloquence; and I will make him welcome to every one he converts to his pro-patronage views.



*A Promised Refuge.*

I have been surprised to hear Dr Muir say, that the issue [of the Non-Intrusion controversy] will be revolution and infidelity. They who oppose timely reforms are the true friends of revolution and infidelity. On their heads must be the consequences. They may drive the best men out of the Church, but they cannot drive them out of the hearts and affections of the people of Scotland. The poor country minister, with his wife and family, driven from the manse, will find a shelter among God's people. Many a door will be opened to receive him. I will undertake, that in Edinburgh alone a thousand houses will be opened to the ejected, and that in this very town I could get a hundred ladies who would fit up this day a prophet's chamber in their own dwellings.

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*Secular Education.*

Secular education I do not undervalue; but I am not of the number of those who believe that there is a regenerating power in the multiplication table, or that men are to be made moral

by putting them in a bath and making them clean. I believe that in the case of those poor children [of the Ragged School] their minds are so distempered, that it is only by the effectual application of the Word of God that you can hope for success in this great undertaking.

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*The Three Banners.*

The differences among the opponents of Intrusion are getting less every day. Sir James Graham is now [1842] in the Home Office. I rejoice at it. I like to see men come out in their hostility as he has done. If our friends the Tories had not been in office, Sir James Graham would not have been in the War—I beg pardon—in the Home Office, and neither Dr Gordon nor Dr Chalmers would have been with us to-day. Give me such men as those at the head of our agitation, and I don't care though it rains Sir James Grahams. Not to compare Sir James Graham with another of the same name, more generally called Claverhouse, I cannot help thinking of the fate of the Covenanters at Bothwell Brig—a fate the anti-patronage men are not likely to meet. Claverhouse was that day saved

from ignominious defeat, because his opponents were foolishly engaged in wranglings and contentions about points of doctrine. But although the battle of Bothwell Brig was lost, the lesson of Bothwell Brig will not be lost. We have two banners in our regiment—on one, No Surrender; on another, No Division; and, I hope, by next Assembly we will have a third, on which you will see the words, No Patronage.

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*The Split.*

The state of matters is this: I publish a Plea for Ragged Schools, with the Bible on the face of it. Those gentlemen [the secularists who split] came to me, offering to co-operate with me; and, therefore, was not I bound to believe, on all the principles and practice of logic, that they concurred in my opinions? Now, I have only farther to say, that I wish to clear myself. Lord Murray did so; and I know his motives to be pure and honourable; but, nevertheless, as my name has been dragged into the controversy, I am desirous of stating to the public the facts. If these gentlemen who differ from us have cause to find that the principles laid

down in my Plea are not, according to their view, quite practicable; if, in the circumstances, they find that the School cannot be carried out on the principles there avowed, far be it from me to find fault with them for leaving us. They are free to act upon their principles, and I am free to act upon mine. All that I assert is, that the principles laid down in my Plea, and the principles of the constitution approved of at last meeting, are carried out in our Ragged Schools; and when it is said that our professed practice is opposed to our professed principles, I say that is a mistake which demands and admits of a flat contradiction.

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*The Two Accessories.*

Under the same roof, that is, the roof of our Ragged Schools, the temporal and moral wants of the poor are provided for. Both these gentlemen meet most harmoniously in one school-room, for Dr Alison comes in with the bread, and Dr Chalmers with the Bible, and so there is food for the body and food for the soul.

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*Lady Glenorchy.*

A certain noble lady, a near connection of that same noble family [the Breadalbin,] the well-known Lady Glenorchy, was wont to give thanks to God, that where it is said, "not *many* noble," it was not the word "*any*" which had been placed there instead. And as we cannot boast of "*many*" nobles among us, we ought to be all the more thankful that we even have "*any*." For there is so very little in our condition attractive to mere outward rank, whether possessed by man or woman, that of such, when they join company with us, we may entertain the comfortable assurance that they must be adorned, not by the nobility of rank alone, but with that of a far higher order, the nobility of principle and character.

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*The Ragged School Children at Biggar Fair.*

The Ragged children who were here to-day have sung. The people only paid twopence. Dr Aiton was sitting next me, and before he began to speak, he put his mouth to my ear. "They've got the value of their money already,"

said he. I agree with him. I agree with Dr Aiton. I put it to every father and mother, and to every kind-hearted man and woman in this house, Was not the sight of these twenty-two children saved from misery in this world—saved from a life of crime—from the police office—from the prison—from the penal settlement—and in place of all that, enjoying the healthful sweetness of boyhood;—was not the sight of these children worth three times the money? But how is that connected with Biggar? I will show you. I promised last year to bring out the Ragged School band. I promised I should come out to Biggar like a comet with a blazing tail; or, descending from celestial to terrestrial things, like a peacock with his starry tail. Now, though you may have seen a peacock show his feathers in the sun, I am sure you never saw the eyes of these feathers, pretty as they are, so glowing as the eyes of these boys from the Ragged School.

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*A Preference.*

I very much surprised a great meeting which I attended the other day in Edinburgh, on the

subject of National Education ; and they are to send me to London next week to wait upon Her Majesty's Ministers, when I hope we will get as agreeable an audience as I find around me now. I was requested also to wait to-day on the Lord Advocate, who is framing a bill on the subject of education; but I astonished the committee when I replied, " Oh no, that is impossible, for *I am going to Biggar Fair.*

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*Alarm of the Old Maids.*

I may tell you that I was overhauled some time ago by a number of old ladies who had never been married themselves, and who came to me holding up their hands in horror at some statements made by me at last fair, as to the opportunities which lads and lasses had, or should have, for courting in a decent way. I will stick to all I said. I won't withdraw a single word. I have kept house now for thirty-two years, and I have always given my servants regular opportunities for seeing decent and respectable young men.

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*Working Men's Houses.*

There is plenty of money in Edinburgh if they would just go to Parliament and say, that since the days of George Heriot (for his money was intended for a class different from those who get it), there had been a disease in Scotland which caused people to leave money for hospitals to take children from the bosoms of their mothers, and from the care of their fathers, whom God has given them—that there was a horrid epidemic to that effect. If there are no other means of redding up the Old Town of Edinburgh, let us get the money of those hospitals. That would be a far greater blessing to the community than as it is at present employed.

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*The Dr in a Play Bill.*

I like to see innocent amusement. I like to see a kitten chasing its own tail, if it has nothing else to do. I like to see all kinds of innocent amusement, although I must say the town of Dundee [where the Dr was speaking] scandalized me on this point. On one occasion I had advocated innocent amusement for the working



classes, and a short time afterwards there was sent me a play bill. Yes, a play bill with my name in it! The Reverend Dr Guthrie in a play bill issued in Dundee by some provincial players! I never was more astonished in all the days of my life. I found that my friends, the players, had made an unfair use of an expression made by me on that occasion, and had stuck my name into the bill between, if I recollect, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *A Roland for an Oliver*. Surely I may say, necessity makes strange bedfellows, and play bills strange companions.

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#### *A Fair Cured of Drunkenness.*

Four weeks ago I was at Biggar Fair, and the week after next I am going to Calder Fair—not to buy sweeties, far less to drink whisky toddy; but recollecting what I witnessed in my early days at the two hiring markets in my native town of Brechin, and the scenes of drunkenness, dissipation, and disorder there enacted, I will go there for the purpose of doing what I can to stop them, with God's help. I believe I succeeded at Biggar Fair in keeping some

hundreds of people sober, and sending them home sober as judges; ay, and more sober than many judges have often been.

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*The Dr a Banker and a 'Sound' Reasoner.*

I do not intend to give you [the Dundee folks] any learned disquisition on commerce. The truth is, that is rather out of my line, and I won't meddle with it in that way; not that I am altogether ignorant of commerce either. I don't want any of you to understand that. I was a banker for two years; and Mr David Milne, formerly of the Union Bank, said when I left that profession, (for if nobody will praise me, I must praise myself), that if I preached as well as I banked, I would get on remarkably well; so you see I am not so ignorant of these things as one of my brethren with whom I was sitting one day. He took up a newspaper and began reading, when he came upon "Sound" intelligence, which you Dundee people all know means the ships that pass through the "Sound." "Why," says he, "what do they mean by Sound? Is it intelligence that may be relied on?"

*Knows Something of Agriculture too.*

Neither am I so ignorant of agricultural affairs. At least I have been in the habit of testing the agricultural knowledge of my brethren in the church by asking them how many teeth a cow has in her front upper jaw; and they don't know a bit about it; they don't know that a cow has no teeth in her front upper jaw at all. Some of them guessed half-a-dozen, and some of them a whole dozen. They were all as ignorant as an old friend of mine in the city of Brechin, who wished to have a first-rate cow. He accordingly gave £12 or £15 for a handsome one, thinking that she was in the flush of her milk and the beauty of her youth. But a wag went up to him afterwards, and said to him, "Dear me, look, Mr Smith, she hasna a tooth in her upper jaw. You have been fairly taken in. Instead of buying a young milk cow, she is a venerable grandmother!"

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*Letting the Wind out.*

I do not rejoice in their [the Americans'] disasters. At the same time, I know many excellent

Americans for whom I have the highest esteem, while I know their missionaries have been the noblest missionaries in the world, and I believe no church has such missionaries as the American churches have. I am bound to say that our friends across the Atlantic, our cousins over the great fish-pond as they call it, have become very vain. There have been a pride and haughtiness—for I have met them—and an assumption about our friends in America that I must say, while very ridiculous, is very intolerable. Just think of a people that hold four millions of their fellow-creatures in chains, and sell them by the pound! Well, I say, for a country such as that to talk of itself as standing in the van of freedom, and waving over them the vaunted flag with the motto, "All men are born free," I can't but think a mockery. After all, I am not sorry that the wind should be taken out of them, though I had rather it had not been with the knife.

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*Pride.*

Nobody likes pride. I hate ecclesiastical pride. I hate national pride; and, above all

things, I hate purse pride. I have a word for you merchants in Dundee. Well you know we do not object much to see the pride a little taken out of people, just as you see a man coming strutting down the streets of Dundee, tailored to the top of the fashion, sailing by everybody as if they were dirt under his feet, and treating the earth as if it were beneath his notice, carrying his head as high as if there were nothing below the stars worthy of his attention; whereby comes a gust of wind that carries off his hat, and his wig too. Then he scuds away, not under bare poles, but a bare poll, in pursuit of his hat! Now, really, you cannot hinder people from laughing. I don't blame them for laughing. I laugh myself, and the more proud the man is, I laugh the more. Then I laugh the more again when the man gets up to the hat, and when he is about to grasp it, the hat!—oh, that wicked hat! as if it had a pleasure in making a fool of him—starts off on a new journey, and goes rolling away into the mud, until the man has as little covering for his confusion as for his head. We all like to see pride taken down a little; but, as regards America, proud as she is, God grant that the troubles of that country may soon cease.

*Sauce for the Goose not Sauce for the Gander.*

I take peculiar interest in the cabmen, whom I take to be second cousins to the carmen of Ireland, to one of whom, in a good measure, I owe it that I am an abstainer. It is twenty-two years since I first visited Ireland. I went with Mr C. J. Brown and Mr Bridges on a deputation. In this journeying we reached a town called Omagh, from whence we had to travel through a mountainous country to another place called Cocton. The day was one of the worst possible, with bitter cold and lashing rain. Half-way there stood a small inn, into which we went, as a sailor in stress of weather runs into the first haven. These were the days, not of tea and toast, but when it was thought that the best cure for a wet coat and a cold body was a tumbler of toddy; and we no sooner got within the inn than the toddy was ordered. We took our toddy, and, no doubt, in moderation. But if we, with all our haps on, were in an uncomfortable state, far more uncomfortable was our half-ragged carman; if we were drenched, he was drowned. Of course, we felt for our courteous and civil driver, and we thought that what was sauce for the goose was

sauce for the gander, and we offered him a glass; but the carman was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for; to our perfect amazement, not one drop of the toddy would he touch. He said, "I am an abstainer, and will take no toddy." Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart and (though in another sense than drink) to my head. That and other circumstances made me a teetotaller.

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*The Cellardyke Fishermen.*

I was over lately in Fife, at a place there they call Cellardyke, a little fisher town which stands facing the billows of the German Ocean. A finer population than that of Cellardyke I have not seen anywhere. They are fine stalwart fellows; and I may tell you that it is chiefly by the produce of their labours that Edinburgh and Glasgow and Dundee are supplied with fish. Well, I spoke to one of these hardy fellows when there, and asked him all about the habits of the place. "Oh, sir," said he, "the habits of our people are greatly improved within the last ten or twelve years. I have seen the time when no boat went off to sea—and

they fished up the Doggerbank — without two or three bottles of whisky on board ; now all that is changed. I have seen the time when no boat was hauled up on the beach after the fishing, without it costing so many shillings for whisky. Now, sir," he said, pointing to the long row of boats, "do you see all these boats?"—(There were 75 of them all high and dry).—"Well, sir, would you believe it, twelve years ago, £25 worth of whisky was needed to run up these boats; and now, there they are, and it has not taken a single drop." Now, instead of the men taking whisky, they take coffee. They take a kind of machine with them, I don't know what they call it, but it is a coffee-making machine, and they make their coffee at sea—they plough the deep, and they reap the deep, and they come home as sober as judges.

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*Love is the Instrument of Conversion.*

Does any man imagine that the world is to be converted by the fear of hell—that the power of the gospel lies in its terrors and threatened punishments! Does any parent ever rear a happy, virtuous, and holy family by the ap-



plication mainly of the rod! We all know that it is the very opposite; and that if we wish to conquer men, it must be by the power of LOVE.

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*Juvenile Offenders.*

A man may place that infant at the bar, but I believe, as I believe there is a just God in heaven, that when he is arraigned at the bar of the Judgment-day, he will not stand there as a sinner. What will such child do? You see what is their condition. They are committed to ten days' imprisonment—to six weeks' hard labour. They go in bad, and they come out worse. You might as well bring in a poker which has knocked a man's brains out, and lay it on the table and try it.

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*Money Misapplied.*

The Government give much more to the Reformatory Schools than to the Ragged Schools. It is a grand thing to give a man a fever, and then cure him; but it is better to drain and

clean the town, and prevent the fever from coming. Think of the Government refusing money to save a man's leg, but giving him money instead to buy a wooden leg when the limb is cut off.

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*A Strange Missionary.*

We never keep these Ragged School boys from home unless the house is an infamous den of iniquity, or the parents cruel. We know that in the bosom of the child, worthless as the parents may be, God has planted a link of affection, and what we want to do is to strengthen that tie ; and we have known instances where these poor children have carried salvation to their homes.

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*A Ragged School Hero.*

We have Ragged scholars that are cutting down the forests in America. We have them herding sheep in Australia. We have them in the navy ; and, what d'ye think ? there was an odd thing in this way ; we had a competition among boys in the navy, and the Ragged School

boys carried off the highest prizes. We have them in the army too. Just the other day, I had in my drawing-room one of my Ragged scholars. What was he doing there? you ask. Well, he was just standing beside a very pretty girl, dressed like a duchess, with an enormous crinoline, and all that. There he was, and on his breast he carried three medals. He had fought the battles of his country in the Crimea. He had gone up the deadly march to Lucknow, and rescued the women, and the children, and the soldiers there. And was I not proud of my Ragged School boy when I saw him with his honours!

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*A Prophecy Fulfilled.*

I have had so long a bad opinion of human nature when acted upon by personal, and pecuniary, and selfish motives, that I stand, and have always stood, in fear that the enormous crime of slavery in America will not be ended without suffering, and that of a terrible nature. I have read history, and my reading of history has led me to the conclusion that the suffering people, whether in Italy, in Austria, or in Scotland in the days of old, and in America perhaps

now, never got their rights till they took the wrong-doers by the throat. I hope that country will never show the fearful spectacle of brother plunging his sword into brother's bosom, and all for so base a thing as slavery.

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*A Definition of a Sermon.*

People come to a market or a fair. Very well. The day is very cold and very wet, and what house but the public house had they to go to in many instances! What amusement did they get, unless, it may be, Punch and Judy, or some wild beasts! No refreshments are provided as we have here at Biggar Fair, or any entertainment as we are endeavouring to give to-night, because I think that the speeches at a soiree should not answer to the description a woman gave of a sermon she heard, for when some one asked her—"Weel, Jenny, what did you think of the minister?" "Naething ava," said she, "for he was neither edifying nor diverting."

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*A Plea for the Liberty of Courting.*

I want you distinctly to understand that I

want more holidays. I want every servant to have a holiday and liberty within certain bounds, and that is not liberty that has no bounds but license. Well, I recollect of a servant who went to London, and she was hired there on the condition that she was to have no followers. Now, 'no followers' in London just means in Biggar nae lads. Now, I say, is there a woman in this house who would not rebel against such a rule? It is a most monstrous thing. Why, the world would come to an end before many years, if that rule was to take place; and what is the world to do? I say, that is not the way to treat a servant. No good servant would like to have boundless liberty; but I say that every servant should have liberty to have her holiday, and that every servant should have liberty to see her lad at a decent hour, and the more (I was going to say), the more she had the better; but that would not be good. I say that every attempt to fly in the face of nature and prudence can only lead to mischief; and to prevent a decent servant girl from being courted is folly, for, firstly, she will be courted whether you will or no; and, secondly, to refuse a servant girl proper time and opportunities for being courted is

to drive her into dangerous times for being courted.

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*A Competition of Sounds.*

The truth is, this [Biggar Fair] is the commencement of a great movement; and I say the people have been shamefully used. They have assembled in great masses; they have come with loving hearts to see each other; their spirits were up; they were tempted to go to the public house, and I say the blame of that lay very much with the ministers. I don't exonerate my brethren. We ought to have made this discovery long ago, and we ought long ago to have rattled the tea cups against the gill stoups.

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*Points and Principles.*

Sobered by age, and removed twenty years from the final struggle [the Disruption,] we do not regard the principles for which we contended other than we did on the day of the contention, or that these principles in our judgment have lost one single inch of their height, their depth, their length, or their breadth. If

they had been points and not principles, distance of time would have such an effect upon them as distance of place has upon other things—on the mountain, that it reduces to a mole-hill; but while the higher ranges of the Alps, to one who is retiring far from them, seem to be drifted snow-heaps lying on the far horizon, the star that shines upon the hoary head of Mont Blanc is not so affected. It shines as bright, and looks as big to the seaman on the distant main as to the peasant in the Valley of Chamouni.

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#### *A Look Back.*

The Free Church is nearly a major now [1861,] and ought to be getting into her senses. What is the history of the last nineteen years?—harmonious settlements, unscattered flocks, peace and a good measure of plenty within our borders—mutual regard among the brethren. “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.” We left the Establishment for liberty, and liberty is sweet. Our fathers laid down their lives for it, and we laid down our livings for it. We will never repent it, and I thank God for

our beloved Sovereign, and our free Constitution, that we have revelled in the sweetness of it for the last nineteen years, and no attempt has been made to rob us of the fruits of our victory except one [the Cardross case;] and those who made that attempt seem to me very much in the condition of Pharaoh and his men of war in the Red Sea. They have got in, and I fancy they would thank any one to show them the way out.

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*The Veto without a Reason.*

We thought, and the longer we tried *our* way, and saw the other, we had the more confidence we were right, that a man, a free agent, is not bound to give his reasons, nor a woman either, why he does not like a minister. A man is not bound to give reasons why he refuses a servant. A constituency is not bound to give reasons why it refuses a candidate for a membership of parliament. I am not bound, as a patient, to give reasons why I decline such and such a physician. A client is not bound to give his reasons why he declines the services of a particular lawyer, and everybody knows that a lady is not bound to give her reasons



why she declines a particular suitor, even though she might have no better reason, than that when the gentleman came to pay his addresses, he took out his spectacles, placed them upon his nose, and read a long lumbering speech.

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*The Way to Do it.*

There is a place called Sconser, eleven miles from Portree; and, certainly, I never saw any human habitations like what I saw there. When I was in Lochaber, I certainly was much shocked to see the way in which the people lived. The houses there, in many cases, had absolutely no chimneys, the smoke going through the roof. Now, I say, if I were the minister there, I would not be many weeks there, before I should get to the top of the house, and teach the people how to build a lum.

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*The Advantages of Emigration.*

I have heard a great deal about houses for the working classes, and I say I have not heard too much; but of all the forms in which I ever

saw Christian men and women live, I never saw anything like what I witnessed in Skye. I could see from their faces, they were half-starved; and if I were a Skye man, I would not be long before I turned my face to the American colonies. I knew the case of a part of a family, who had emigrated from Skye, across the Atlantic, but some members of which had refused to go. In course of time, one of them, who was quite a boy when his father went out, came back to this country to study, and I visited him at his house, just after he had been to see his kinsmen who had refused to emigrate. I asked the young man if he thought it was good for the Highlanders to emigrate, in place of clinging to their bare rocks, and living in poverty and wretchedness. "I'll tell you what," says he; "I left my father, who carried me out when a boy to Nova Scotia, in the enjoyment of every earthly comfort that a contented man could wish. I came to Skye to visit my friends who would not emigrate, and I have only this to say, that it would be a most blessed day for the Highlanders of Skye, if the British navy were to be drawn up along their shores to carry them all to America."

*An Appropriate Sign-Board.*

We ought to show sympathy for the poor Highlanders; but I am sorry to say I saw too much evidence of drinking. I remember that at an inn where we were staying, we were very much disturbed by the rioting and noises of drunken parties. On one occasion, the door opened, and in came a fellow reeling, and most uncommonly polite—for the Highlander is polite, even when he is in drink. He bowed, and called me "my lord," which I am not—and Mrs Guthrie, "my lady,"—and was bowing and scraping in the most polite style, when in came the servant girl, and, taking him by the shoulders, turned him out with a dexterity which shewed she was well accustomed to that kind of thing. Drink is the curse of the Lowlands, and of the Highlands too. I once saw a very appropriate sign over a drinking-shop in London—the man's name, "Death." In Fort-William, I once saw another not nearly so appropriate, namely, the Gaelic words for Peace and Plenty.

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*A Good Character.*

The Highlanders are exceedingly hospitable; and this reminds me of the defence of their vices made by a Highland minister, who, in giving a notice of his parish in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," and being required to state its moral condition, said, with matchless clearness and dexterity: "The people of this parish are very brave, therefore they are always fighting. They are very hospitable, therefore they are always given to drink. They are very polite, therefore they are in the habit of telling lies."

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*A Calm Resignation of £600 a-Year.*

I am no longer minister of St John's. I understand that this day there has been a great slaughter in the old Assembly, and among the rest, my connection with the Established Church has been cut, or rather, I may say, I have cut it myself. I know they have resolved to declare my church vacant. They may save themselves the trouble.

*A Brave Tar.*

I see, looking to the reports of the Residuary party, that they are greatly distressed at finding that we are setting ourselves right with the public. I find that a Mr Norman M'Leod chooses to say what is to me, and what must be to you, extraordinary news, that we went out just at the very moment we were prepared to strike. Now, who told Mr M'Leod we were about to strike and take down the flag—"Retract, no, never." It is a vile attempt to stab the character of my brethren, and injure them with the public. I'll venture to meet Mr M'Leod on this topic, and go with him to the proof. I saw Dr Chalmers climb the mast, and saw his own hand nail the flag to the topmast.

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*Taking the Fire from the Altar.*

Mr Norman M'Leod says we have kindled a fire, and left them to put it out. Now, it is my opinion we took all the fire away with us; but if there is any remaining, there is plenty of cold water engines to put it out. No; I know

of no fire my brethren have kindled but the fire of the gospel over many parishes in Scotland. We have kindled a fire in Strathbogie which never can be put out; and I tell Mr Norman M'Leod, if God spare me and my brethren, we will kindle similar fires in every parish of Scotland, which they will never be able to put out.

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*The Potato an Instrument of Regeneration.*

When I was in Portsmouth, I went to visit a place I have great interest in, St Mary's Street. I went along that street till I came to a very humble part of the town. I paused at the shop of the man in whose history I felt so deep an interest. I went into the shop. It was a cobbler's shop. I think it was about ten feet long and seven wide; and there worked the poor cobbler. Before that man was laid in his grave he was the means of saving not fewer than five hundred children from eternal ruin, and making them useful members of society; and he did that without fee, without reward, without praise, without pay, without notice; but that man has run into celebrity since he was laid in his grave. The man I refer to was

John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools. There was a poor cobbler who had his shop running over with children. He was to get nothing for it. Yet he used to entice the boys to come in; and if a boy happened to be Irish, he might have been seen holding a smoking potato under the urchin's nose, in order to get him to come to school.

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*The Blacksmith's Wife.*

I was one day waited upon by a woman in Edinburgh, wanting my advice about something I was interested in. This woman had opened a school and taken in some dozen of children on Sabbath evenings. Afterwards she took them in on the week-days. Then she tried to get some to give her assistance, and to get means to give the children a meal, and the acorn thus planted became a goodly tree. This is an amazing fine example of great power. That woman was no lady. That woman had no title. That woman had no place. That woman had no wealth. That woman was neither more nor less than the wife of an ordinary blacksmith.

*Earth and Heaven.*

This world is not for enjoyment; it is for employment. This earth is not for the wages, but for the work. Earth for the work, heaven for the wages. Earth for employment, heaven for enjoyment. Earth for toil, heaven for rest.

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*Help from the Irish.*

There is another matter for which we are much indebted to the Irish. It cannot be forgotten that the deputation from the Irish Church did us good service in the time of need. They came as commissioners to the Church of Scotland, and as one of them said, they sought the Church of Scotland, and where did they find it? Up yonder? It was true they found the dragoons there, and they found the Commissioner, and they found the little boys with their powdered heads and their long swords, much more delighted with their own array than confounded or dumbfounded with the Disruption; and they found Dr Syntax drawing heads with nothing inside of them. Some of the speakers have talked of John Bunyan. I was



reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" the other day, and it is my opinion that John Bunyan had some idea of the Disruption. Some of his characters are so like those of the present day. There is Mr Byends, for instance, and Mr Saveall, and a great many more such characters. Well, the Irish did not find the Scotch Church up yonder, but they found it here. They asked, Where is the Missionary Church?—Here, in Canonmills. Where is the Church with representatives from foreign Christian churches?—In the Canonmills. Where is the Catholic Church, admitting to her pulpits ministers of all denominations?—In the Canonmills. Where is the blue banner of Scotland waving?—Here, above the heads of this Assembly.

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*A Good Simile.*

Some people are like hedgehogs. They bristle up at the slightest allusion to controversy; but I believe that if hedgehogs would only love one another, they might lie thick enough, for they would keep their bristles down.

*Old Sores to be Healed.*

There are still some crotchety spirits elsewhere. I don't doubt there are some among the Dissenters, too, who still keep their wounds rankling that they received in the Voluntary controversy. For my part, my wounds have been healed for many a day; and I wish to remind those who have got their old sores about them, that if they are not yet healed, it is a proof they have got a bad constitution. So I say, both to the Free Church and the Dissenters, that if they have not yet got their wounds healed, they will need to look after their constitution. There is something wrong about the heart.

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*Boys and Girls.*

I believe that bad girls are more dangerous than bad boys; and I believe it is true of women as of the figs of Jeremiah—the good are very good, and the bad are very bad. They cannot be eaten.

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*Reformatories.*

I have just been reading a pamphlet by a clergyman named Richard Smith, a Master of Arts, condemning Reformatories; but it is certain, that though this gentleman calls himself a Master of Arts, he is not a master of the art of curing society. I could produce a boy or a girl from the Grassmarket or the Cowgate, who has a drunken father, or a drunken or dishonest mother, and that child, from its very infancy, was trained to crime. The only things its parents taught it were to lie, and steal, and deceive, and it is sent out in its early years to carry on such a nefarious trade; and yet society stood by and saw it so trained! They took no notice of it. No kind hand led the child to school. No person took it to church. It was left to be brought up a criminal. I hold this child is not a criminal in the proper sense of the word, for where there is no law there is no transgression. We have no right to punish this child because we have never taught it the difference between right and wrong. Would any man punish a child for stealing, if he put it into a garden filled with gooseberries, cherries, and apples, and never told it, it was wrong to steal?

*Plucked Pigeons.*

The whole system of raising money for charitable purposes in Edinburgh is bad. There is a good number of charitable people who are applied to on all occasions, and the collectors go only to the parties who have given before. Accordingly, a good number of the charitable people of our city are like pigeons. They are regularly plucked every year ; and were it not that God gave them a new lot of feathers, they would be going bare and ready for roasting.

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*The Fallen Tenement in the Canongate.*

Knowing some of the officers of police, I got through the crowd and to the pavement opposite, and there saw a most awful and shocking spectacle. The whole of the front wall had fallen, and there remained the west gable, the east gable, and the north wall. These are not gables like those you have about Coupar-Angus ; but gables that towered to the height of eighty feet, for it was a house of seven or eight stories, and so they still were standing alone, while those who had been the inhabitants the night before

were there below, buried in the wreck and ruin of their own houses. Next morning I saw many things that were touching indeed. That evening it was in the fading light of day, and it was a most awful thing to see the dresses on the walls, three or four stories high, which had been hung up by the inhabitants before the building sank, carrying men, women, and children, sleeping, waking, sinning, praying, however they were engaged, down into one grave, in an instant of time. In consequence of the floors giving way there were wardrobes which were exposed upon the walls; and it was a horrid thing to look upon these, and see three or four gowns shaking and moving most ghastly in the night wind, and think that right down below were those who had put them off last night and in perfect health, now lying begrimed, and mangled, and blackened corpses. I was struck with a staff that was hanging on the wall. It was five stories high, much higher than your steeple here, and its owner had hung it up. Little did that man think that that staff would never be in his hands again. It appeared to me to say that his pilgrimage had ended, and that the pilgrim had laid up his staff. There were looking-glasses hanging up there, in which, I

had no doubt, women had admired themselves, and there they were flickering in the evening twilight. There were two clocks, too, high up, about seventy feet, that told the hour when the catastrophe had happened. They were emblems of their owners below. Death had stopt the pendulum.

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*A Picture.*

I entered the office, descended some stairs, and passed through some cells, when the man flung open the door of the dead room, and there, ranged along the floor, partly covered with blankets, were six or seven women and two men lying against the wall, and behind me there was one man lying on a table. There were nearly as many in another room. It was an awful lesson. The bodies bore evidence that the death in many cases was in a moment. They were dug out of the ruins of their homes, some of them ten, twelve, or fourteen feet below the rubbish. Some of them had been suffocated there. Some had had time to pray; and there was one woman whose face bore all the evidence of slow suffocation; but though it was horrible to look at, it was under this consolation, that

that woman in her dying moments might have prayed for the mercy she needed, and He who granted it to the dying thief might have granted it to her. Another had had time to know what was to happen. I have seen pictures of the countenances of the damned. I have seen a painting intended to represent the horrors of hell ; but there was one woman's face there I shall never forget. She seemed just to have wakened from her sleep, to have seen the gulf on which she was standing, that in another moment she would be in eternity. The eyes, the mouth, and the whole face formed a picture of unutterable horror, and when that horror was on her, death fixed the features. There she lay, a most ghastly spectacle. At another place I saw a babe lying on its mother's bosom. It was most touching to see it—the dead mother and the dead babe in her arms. There was a man lying beside her—her husband. He was a powerfully built man, a perfect athlete in appearance; and there he lay, as if he still slumbered, without a mark of pain or suffering on his face ; and beside him, as they had lain living and lain loving in one couch together, lay his poor cold dead wife ; and so sudden had it been, that she lay with her hand upon her

cheek, she hadn't had time to remove it when she died. It was a most affecting sight as well as instructive. I have heard many a sermon on death, but I never heard a sermon on death like that I heard from the livid lips of those corpses around me. I seemed to hear the voice of God, "Be ye ready."

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*The Living Victims.*

I then went to the cell of the living. There I saw a poor emaciated child, ill nursed and ill cared for. She had been taken out from beneath seven feet of rubbish after lying three hours amongst it. She looked almost as like the dead as those I had left, and I did not disturb her. There lay on the floor two pretty little interesting girls. I asked one of them, "Had you any warning?" "Oh yes, sir," she said, "my mother heard a noise like a great crack, and she rose and said the house was falling." And what happened then?" "Oh, sir, she heard no more, and then she came into the bed to me." And then I asked her, "How long did you lie in bed before the roof and the building fell?" "Perhaps, sir," said she, "I was ten



minutes in my bed when the roof came in and fell upon us, and I went down, and down, and down, till I remembered no more."

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### *The Brave Men.*

They dug by torch-light, those brave bold men, expecting every moment to be buried, and, very likely, it might have been in the same grave with those they sought to save. By torch-light and gas-light did those brave men dig in the depths of the night among that rubbish. They heard the wail of the sufferers. They heard the howling of the dog, and the strange sounds with which the peace of the Sabbath morning was disturbed. They heard the roaring of the wind, which at any moment might have pronounced their doom, and yet on they dug, although they might have been instantly hurried into eternity, and they reached this child, and her little sister, and they found them like two corpses. No sign of life was there. They were dust-begrimed. And the nostrils and the mouth were filled with lime and dust, but still, if means were used, they might

live; and the doctor told me, that just as you have seen a man shake a watch when it stops, and it will set it a-going again, they shook these children, those corpse-like bodies, while the doctor had his hand upon their pulse. The pulse begins to beat! There is life there!

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*The Warning.*

They had, I learnt, ten minutes warning—ten minutes opportunity to escape. How much turned on these ten minutes! Some took the warning, and fled, and are still living. Ten minutes saved them. Some neglected the warning, and went to bed, and are dead. Ten minutes ruined them. Ten minutes may do the same with you. The lives of those in that building turned upon ten minutes. Ten minutes prayer will save a man. The thief did not pray ten minutes, but ten minutes neglect of prayer may damn him for ever. Some take the warning, and go to heaven; some neglect it, and go to hell. Which of these two parties will you rank yourselves with?

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*The Magdalens.*

I found the house as tidy as need be, and I found that, under its blessed roof, these wretched girls, many of whom had never been trained to regular labour, were engaged in industrial habits, and in that which would facilitate their return to a respectable position in life. In regard to the inmates, no man or woman who had a heart could look upon some of those girls without the deepest pity. I do not speak of old wretched, miserable, hardened-looking women; but I saw some children—I can call them nothing else—in that house, that had not the stamp of evil upon them, who, to use the words of Scripture, in plain language, had not the “forehead of a whore.” They had, some of them, been more sinned against than they had sinned themselves—seduced by villains who should be banished not merely from Christian society, but from decent society, and who, after they had plucked the flower, had flung it in the street, to be trodden by every black and vile hoof.

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*A Book of Unfortunates.*

I requested from Mr Dymock a sight of the book in which the histories of these poor creatures were written down. I loathe the sin as much as any man or woman ; but I hope, that while I loathe the sin, like my blessed Master, I love the sinner. No man or woman could read that dark, and painful, and melancholy record of their histories, without having every feeling touched. The revelations of the ages of the inmates were most fearful and most pitiful. A great proportion were led astray when they were little more than children, with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, and a large number of them had no Christian mother, and no kind father to guard and guide them. Yes, a large number of them were little else than children, and with their fathers and mothers lying mouldering in the grave. When I read these histories, I felt within myself, What better would any of our daughters have been, if they had been placed in the same trying circumstances? I always looked upon these wretched women with compassion. There is never anything that goes to my heart so much, in walking along these

streets in a winter evening, as when I see some of these wretched, degraded, and miserable, and unhappy of my fellow-creatures; and if I felt my kindness getting the better of my loathing before, I felt it more after reading that sad record.

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*An Unjust Charge.*

I have heard it said that dressmakers furnish a large number of those wretched creatures, but I believe that that is not true. It is a mistake. In justice to many of these girls, who labour hard from morning to evening, perhaps for the support of some aged parent—and I must tell the ladies present, that this labour is greatly increased by having to furnish them in too much haste with luxurious dresses to attend balls and public assemblies, which I think is a great evil, and ought to be remedied—I am led to say, that very few of those are in the books of the Asylum. I lately asked a gentleman who has a large number of shop-girls in his employment—some thirty or forty—and he said that he had carried on business for many years, with always a large

number of girls in his shop, but that he had never had but one instance of a girl going astray. I think it is but justice to the servant-girls also—and I know no class more liberal in their gifts in a good cause, and none more affectionate to their minister—to say that I rose from perusing that book with thankfulness, on finding that it was a very small number of girls in respectable service that had sunk into such a condition as that. I find but one that was a lady's maid, and I found another who said she had been in genteel service; and I take this opportunity of repudiating what is a common but a very serious error.

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*Sabbath Evening Sermons.*

In regard to Sabbath evening sermons, I say that I never allow any of my servants to go out on the Sunday evenings; and I hold that some member of the family should stay in on the Sunday, and let the servant out during the day to worship, rather than at night. A great deal may be done by parents. I am astonished at the carelessness of many heads of families. I have found out, in regard to many, especially

of the working classes, that they allow their children to be out in the evening. I say, Take care of the lambs when the wolves are abroad!

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*Liberty.*

People talk of the liberty of the subject, but I believe the worst enemies of liberty are the men who support licentiousness. No man loves political, ecclesiastical, or personal liberty more than I do; but there is no man who does *scunner* more when he hears some people talking of liberty, than I do. It is enough to make liberty stink in the nostrils of the public. Why should not I have the liberty to send my boys along the streets of Edinburgh without their being called to face those wretched women who ply their infamous trade at mid-day? They grant the strumpet liberty, but they deny it to the decent part of the community. They have the liberty, and we have the bondage. It is a perfect disgrace for respectable ladies who walk along the streets, to be obliged to face those wretched creatures, and be forced to blush on meeting iniquity marching barefaced. It is a thing they would not tolerate on the Continent for twenty-four hours, no, not for one hour.

*The Three P's.*

These infamous houses are the means of destroying the whole of the property in the neighbourhood, and they ought not to be allowed to exist. If there is a nuisance under God's blessed sun, it is these houses, and they are a far worse nuisance than all the manufactories, dunghills, or aught else. I do not blame the magistrates for the present state of things, but the law by which they are guided. While I would support the Magdalene Asylum, and while I would like to see the law employed so that the streets might be cleared of what is a disgrace to us, and which is so great a cause of the nuisance complained of, yet my faith is not in what the Magistrates or the Asylum may do. My faith lies in raising the moral tone of the community, in so raising the moral feelings of respectable womanhood, that she should turn her back on any man who has been guilty of such a vice. I consider that the man who seduces a woman is a greater criminal than a thief. The one merely steals wretched pelf, but the other steals body and soul, and purity, and brings the grey hairs of parents with sorrow to the grave. But it is necessary, not only that the moral tone of



women should be raised, but that the moral tone of the men should be raised as well, so that they may not continue as they do to talk lightly of this great evil. How is this to be accomplished? It is to be done simply by the three P's—the Pulpit, the Press, and the Platform.

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*The Duties of Ministers.*

I am for ministers to be done with what is called delicacy. Is there any delicacy on our streets? And why should we not attack this social evil in the temple of the Lord, and speak out like the brave good prophets of old? I am happy to think that the *Times* and some of our Edinburgh papers have spoken out on the subject. The pulpit, the press, and the platform have spoken out against drunkenness with a power, during the last twenty years, which they had never done before, and I am happy that drunkenness has diminished. On the other hand, the evil of immorality is increasing; but I believe, that if for the next twenty years my ministerial friends would speak out, and the press and platform use their influence, much good will be effected. I know that this vice is

a damning sin, and, in speaking against it, I know I have Christ upon my side, that I have God on my side, that I have on my side conscience and the peace of families. I believe that if we fight the battle for the next twenty years, we will see a very different state of society.

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*The Reformatory Act.*

Lord Palmerston's Act of Parliament says to us, 'Don't take a child and send him to a Ragged School, where you may prevent him from becoming a criminal. Don't take him while he is on the edge of the precipice; but wait till he has fallen down. Wait till he has become a criminal. If you attempt to save a child from becoming a criminal, I will help you with a penny a-week; but if you will allow the child to become a criminal through your neglect, and then try to rub out the mark, you will get seven shillings!'

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*A Naked Government Protégé.*

Why is it, I ask, that Government money should be withdrawn from our Ragged Schools, and a grant of £100 a-year given for the dis-

creditable and disgraceful purpose of paying for a nude woman in the Royal Institution? We are not corrupting, but improving the morals of the people. We are raising the fallen, and saving immortal souls, and yet the Government does not give so much to three hundred of these poor children as it gives for this shameful and disgraceful purpose—nay, a purpose so disgraceful, that, for two years, they could not get a woman who would accept it!

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*Martin Esculante.*

Well, Martin Esculante, a British subject, has been arrested in Spain for distributing the New Testament. That he is a British subject is beyond denial, though this privilege has been denied to him on the ground that his name is not in the Consul's book. But is a man's life and liberty to be sacrificed by any wretched legal subterfuge of this kind? I hope Lord John Russell will very quickly go through that spider's web. Is the British citizenship not like the Roman citizenship of old? If Esculante had been an American subject, the Spanish Government would soon have heard "Yankee Doodle" played in their ears!

*The Soft Paw of the Catholics.*

Why should we use our utmost influence with the Emperor of China and the Sultan of Turkey to grant religious liberty to their subjects, and lick the dust of Spain's feet, and let her do as she pleases in those matters? What do we owe Spain, or, rather, what does Spain owe us? We plucked her from the talons of the French eagle. We have spent blood and money to defend Spain, and this is the return we get! Esculante is now feeling what is under those paws which seem to so many here so velvety and soft; and this case may satisfy us that the Inquisition is hid under those smooth, oily faces, that we meet with in the streets, in whose mouths one would think that butter would not melt.

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*The Old Students of Divinity.*

I have here before me a number of young men, who, in God's providence, are not only to tell on the rising generation, but who are to be placed in the most influential positions which any man could occupy—to influence effectually the community. I look upon one divinity stu-

dent as worth a hundred old grey-haired ministers. The reason why I set them above the ministers, is just because the large body of the ministers are advanced in life. So I look upon such divinity students as are before me as the best recruits that can be got in the cause of temperance. I have great pleasure in seeing so many men who are to fill the pulpits of our country, and mould the habits of the rising generation in our beloved land in favour of Total Abstinence, and this all the more when I look back on the old divinity students. I don't say that the students of that day were dissolute or immoral men; far from it. There were black sheep among them, no doubt. Even among divinity students there were suppers, and if there were suppers there were tumblers, and if there were tumblers there was toddy, and I don't know in regard to them, whether, as there were tumblers, there was tumbling; but it was a very likely thing.

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*An Old Teetotaller.*

When I was a student, there was not, I believe, an abstaining student within the Univer-

sity, and not one abstaining minister in the whole Church. I did, indeed, know one minister who was practically a total abstainer. He was a minister in the parish of Brechin; but my worthy friend's total abstinence was because he thought he could not stand drinking; and I remember that, in place of taking his glass of whisky like other people, or his tumbler of toddy, my friend, the excellent minister of Menmuir, although he did not drink whisky or chew tobacco, had a practice of chewing rhubarb. The people of the parish of Menmuir wished another parson, when my excellent friend, Mr Waugh, was appointed, which was sometime near the end of last century. They were very adverse to his appointment; but these were the days of high-handed patronage, and the patrons put him in. The people said: "Well, we will soon get rid of him. He's Waugh by name, and Waugh by nature," for he was the most ghastly and cadaverous-looking man you could have set your eyes upon. He was that when he went to Menmuir, but, notwithstanding, he lived till he was near eighty-four, in spite of his people's anticipations and hopes, and, I believe, Mr Waugh's useful and blessed life was to be attributed far less to the rhubarb than to his teetotalism.

*A Teetotal Belligerent.*

I remember very well the first great party I went to with the resolution of making my first appearance as a teetotaller. It required almost as much courage on my part as I would have required to go up to a battery of cannon. Nevertheless, I did what I thought was my duty, and I rather delighted to go in such a capacity, for this reason, that I had a good opportunity of practically exhibiting the principles of total abstinence, and if there happened to be somebody present who did attack me, I rejoiced to have an opportunity of pommelling him

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*The Ethics, Physics, and Economics of  
Abstinence.*

I have four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.

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*One Way of Closing the Mouths of Objectors.*

There is one way of closing the mouths of

those who oppose temperate principles, and that is, to ask them if there ever was no young man of their acquaintance, or among their friends, or among their relations, or, it might be, in their own family, who had been ruined by the very indulgence against which they lift up their voices. No man can doubt, and no man denies, that nine-tenths of the immorality of our country may be directly or indirectly traced to drunkenness. What is it that makes our public markets such scenes of immorality and discord but drunkenness. The fall of many young women attributed to these markets, was by the men and women having indulged in liquor, which dulled the conscience, fired the passions, and stupified the reason. What is it that leads to most of the cases of discipline? It is drunkenness. What is it that mars the minister's influence in the large cities? It is drunkenness. What is the demon that starts up at every corner to confront the city missionary or the territorial missionary? It is drunkenness. What is it that sends these hundreds of children to the Ragged School? It is drunkenness. What is that clothes these men and women in rags in the High Street, the Grassmarket, or the Cowgate? It is drunkenness. What is it that leads



to the quarrels between husband and wife, sometimes ending in murder? In all cases in evil, it is drunkenness. What is it that sends so many young men away with broken characters from the shop, the counting-house, and the place of business? It is drunkenness. What is it that keeps these wretched women facing public opprobrium, and walking the streets without a woman's shame? It is drunkenness.

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*Roots.*

I would rather see in the pulpit a man who is a total abstainer from this root of all evil, drink, than a man crammed with all the Hebrew roots in the world.

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*A Rarity.*

In the course of another generation the man who shall sit down to his bottle of wine or his tumbler of toddy will be as rare as those creatures, the Megatheriums, which remain to us the strange specimens of another and, let us be thankful, a past generation.

*Governesses.*

But the thing which, in the case of governesses, appeals to my sympathy is their domestic position. The governess has no position in the family, or rather, a position so anomalous and painful that I have always made it a point of paying more attention to a governess than to any one in the room.

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*A Ragged School Genius.*

I will give you an extract from a production of a Ragged School child of whom I hope to make a preacher:—

“Thank God for His blessings, small as well as great. Each bright particle comes from the sun to give us light and heat and life; and the clouds still shower down rain and dews to water and refresh the earth, and the seeds sown by man still give back an abundant harvest. Grass covers the hill-sides and spreads a green carpet over the valleys, trees spring up in the forests, flowers in the gardens, corn in the fields, and fruit in the orchards; and all this is the great and glorious effect of the combined in-

fluence of millions of little and insignificant causes. And thus, by the dictates of God's providence, 'While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and winter and summer, and day and night, shall not cease.' Take courage, then, O faint heart! Has not the coral insect built many islands, and were not these islands clothed with herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees by little birds dropping small seeds as they winged their way across? Is not the ocean made up of small drops of water? Are not the towering mountains composed of little grains of dust? So live, little faint-hearted one, that by little words of kindness, ever flowing as a crystal stream, thy life may appear as an ocean of charity! So live, that by many little tender loving deeds, thy life may become as one great mount of good works! Why should you fear? He who paints the rose and the lily, who clothes the grass of the field, who guides the sparrow in its airy course, and who gives to the ravens their food, He is thy Father. Thou art not too little for His notice. Rejoice, then, in His love."

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*A Royal Roast, but not a Royal Delicacy.*

We must meet the social evil. We have been standing. But really the comparison is a ludicrous one. I can't resist it. They tell of a king of Spain who was roasted to a cinder for the sake of dignity. It was contrary to the etiquette of the Spanish court that he should ever move, but his chair should always be lifted by some one of his court. They set him down one day before the fire, and, by some mistake, there was an enormous quantity of coals in the grate. The king began to get warm, and then he got hot, and then it got intolerable, and then it got killing, and when the Spanish court returned they found the king roasted to a cinder, for anything that I know, for the sake of dignity! Now, really, ladies, to come to a solemn and serious matter, ministers in the pulpit, parents in the family, sisters with their brothers, the press itself, we have all been leaving the country to go to wreck and ruin for the sake of *delicacy*.

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*A Country without Lawyers.*

To the glory of Japan, and to the shame of

Great Britain, education is general among the Japanese. There are no such children in Japan as we have in our Ragged Schools. The very lowest and poorest of the children of Japan can read and write. They have many books there, and if a good medical book were published in Edinburgh, the Japanese would be sure to find it and translate it. They have all sorts of professions, doctors, soldiers, and others, but they are wise enough not to have lawyers—their laws being short and simple.

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#### *Easy Conversions.*

Referring to the religion of Japan, I may mention that no sooner was that country discovered than away went Francis Xavier, the head of the Jesuits, a man of extraordinary zeal, to subdue that country to the Catholic faith; and such was the zeal with which the Catholics laboured, that, before many years had gone, they acquainted the world that they had converted no fewer than two millions of the Japanese; the conversion of the heathen to Roman Catholicism being a very slight thing, as, by casting a little

water on the head of a child, they put down that child as a convert.

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*Ragged Schools versus Palatial Hospitals.*

I consider these hospital palaces about our town as public nuisances and a curse to the city. I believe that the money spent upon them would be a thousand times better spent in educating these Ragged School children, and saving them from destruction.

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*Shopkeepers.*

Shopkeepers are one of the most important classes of the community. With few exceptions, the houses in Edinburgh stand upon shops; and if the foundation go to pieces, where will the superstructures be? Did not Napoleon Buonaparte call us a nation of shopkeepers, and did not this nation of shopkeepers lick Napoleon Buonaparte and all Europe to boot? I say, then, up with the shopkeepers! Close your shops in good time, and let us have a right race of shopkeepers, morally, physically, intellectually, and

religiously. Although the brains of our shopkeepers are not yet what they should be, and what they shall be, I will say for them, that they make the best, very best, the most virtuous, honest, and religious part of the community. They are not what you may call a learned people, but they are very clever, very sharp, and I will say for Edinburgh, that one or two of our most sagacious men are shopkeepers, whose intelligence I'll stake any day you like against "the tottle of the whole" of the advocates and all other men in the city. I say let no man despise shopkeepers. They are the backbone of our country, and if the backbone is not right, depend upon it, the whole body is wrong. With regard to the grocers, I have a special interest in them. My father was a grocer, a merchant engaged in various branches of business. He had a shop all his days; and do you think I am ashamed of that? I thank God I had such a father, a man who maintained a high character in the community, and, I repeat, God forbid that I should be ashamed of such a man! More than that, I have two sons in the trade. I might have sent these sons to India, or used any influence I had to get them into Government offices. Some of my genteel friends held up their hands in

astonishment that I should have made my sons grocers. But I'll tell you why I made them grocers, and did not send them to India. I wanted my sons to stand upon their own feet independently of any man's patronage ; and if any man wants a good advice from me as to how he would dispose of his sons, I recommend him to do the same. I felt that if I asked favours for my own family, I should soon be required to ask favours for other people ; and if I once began, I saw I would soon become a perfect Solicitor-General. I felt that by doing so I would soon lose any influence I possessed with great men, whose acquaintance I never sought, though they sought mine, and that, in so far as I could make a good use of that influence, I was bound to use it for the religious, educational, and benevolent interests of the people. I have reserved my influence for those ; and so far as asking favours for myself or others of my family, these hands are clean.

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*A Cold Place.*

Dr M'Leod, whom I thank for coming here at my request, to help the cause of Government grants to our Ragged Schools, has remarked



that it is cold here. But it is far colder in Downing Street. A shocking cold place that. I have seen a bunch of grapes put into a well, and when you take it out, in place of a bunch of grapes, you find it a bunch of stones; and I have sometimes seen a good kind-hearted man go into office in Downing Street, and the next time I saw him, he was as hard as a stone!

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*A Difficult Study.*

As to the Minutes of Council on Education. I have now succeeded in understanding Bradshaw, but the Minutes of Council I cannot comprehend. The short and the long of the system is, that they give £1,200,000 for the purpose of education, and of that only £5000 is given to educate those who must go to the prison or the gallows, if not educated. All the rest of the money goes to support schools, in which, I venture to say, that, in nineteen out of twenty cases, the parents are well enough able to give education to their children. Government does not believe that prevention is better than cure. They seem to think that wooden legs are better

than legs of flesh and blood. They give £20 to the institution set up to provide wooden legs, but to the Institution which is set up to prevent the necessity of the leg being taken off, they give only five shillings!

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*A Play at Shuttlecock.*

Well, we went up to Government, and complained of its treatment of our Ragged Schools. We went three times to Downing Street; and last summer I bade the officials farewell, and told them I should go there no more. I shook the dust off my feet, and, no doubt, it is lying there yet, if anybody likes to go and see it. But when we went to Downing Street, we told Mr Lowe how we had reduced the number of commitments to prison, and especially the juvenile commitments, and how we had cleared the streets of begging boys, who, a dozen of years ago, swarmed like mosquitoes; we told him, moreover, we had discovered a remedy for crime such as had never been heard of before; and what answer did we get? It was very clever, and, I admit, an answer so astounding, that I had not a word to say, I was clean dum-

foundered! What he said was this. Taking advantage of the proof we had given of Ragged School operations, "Oh, then, gentlemen," says he, "it's no affair of mine, it's a matter of crime and police. Go to the Home Office, and they'll give you the money." And, I fancy, if we had gone to the Home Office, we should have been like a shuttlecock between two battledoors, and been sent back to the Privy Council again!

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*Hagar and her Son.*

We must, unless you *come out*, turn out 70 children. We must throw them overboard. Who is to select the victims? Are they to draw lots? I'll not select them. I'll not be *there*. I will sympathise with Hagar, who, when she had done her utmost to sustain her fainting son, withdrew, not choosing to have the pain of seeing him die.

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*The Retort Courteous.*

I see some men, or rather women, for they are more given to it, who would grind their ser-

wants down as if they were really not flesh and blood, and who appear as if they wished to dam up human nature, and all the feelings of human nature, rather than let them flow freely. When I was pleading the cause of the servant girls, one old lady who called upon me, told me, "Oh, my chamber-maid, my cook, and my scullery-maid have done such and such." And I said to the lady, "You have given me a very bad account of your servants, which I take to be a very bad account of yourself."

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*Fairs and Affairs.*

You may imagine that I am very much like the ill bawbee, aye turning up; and you may also fancy, from my being here at a fair, that I have nothing to do at home; if so, I assure you, you are in a great mistake. I am not like the man on the tramp, seeking a job; but the truth is, I was induced by my son-in-law to come to the meeting last year, and the thing was so great a success, that I felt it my duty to come again; and if the result of this fair be like what the result of the last four was, I do not know what I shall do. So much was the public taken by

the report of the last fair at Biggar, that I can't tell how many invitations to fairs I got after that. There was such a large number of letters, that if I had attended them all I would not have been able to attend to any other *af-fairs* at all.

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*Relaxation.*

I wish to know why working men should not have a day of relaxation as well as other men. I wish to know why young men and young women, under proper regulations, should not have a day of relaxation as well as other people. God gives us a day of relaxation. You are not wiser than He; and if you think you are, you are labouring under a great mistake. And what is required, is to give vent to every feeling that is not sinful, in a proper way. I am a minister, and I do regret that ministers do not take a greater interest in the common amusements of the people, keeping them within proper bounds. I like to see amusements carried on. I like to see children playing themselves. I even like to see a kitten chasing its own tail if it has nothing else to do. Well, I want all

these amusements to be properly regulated; and if all the ministers around Biggar would come into the fair, their presence would have a good effect. It would have the effect, no doubt, of checking immorality. And this just reminds me of the two men of whom I have heard it told, that they were coming along the road swearing; the moment they turned the corner, the one cried to the other, "Whisht, man, there's the minister!"

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*An Invention to Kill and an Invention to Save.*

If I could go to Downing Street and tell them there of a gun that would carry ten miles and kill forty men, no doubt I would get a coronet. But it fills me with indignation to think that men who have invented a plan whereby lives are not slaughtered, but hundreds or thousands of poor wretched creatures are saved, go up to Downing Street and hardly receive common civility. I say it is intolerable. It is clean contrary to the whole spirit of the country. It is the spirit of the country to help the weak, and let the strong fight their own battles. This was the spirit shown by the Havelocks, the Outrams,

and the Colin Campbells when they left Lucknow. They brought the women and children safe through these deadly streets, and left the men to fight the way for themselves. This was the spirit our noble soldiers displayed in the *Birkenhead*, when the boats were too few to save them. They formed a line along the deck of the breaking-up ship. It was not Napoleon's cry at Waterloo that was heard on board of the *Birkenhead*, "*Sauve qui peut*" No, to the everlasting honour of this country and its army, those soldiers stood as if on parade, and the women and children passed all through that line to the boats, and they remained steadfast there, every man of them, to perish. That is the spirit of our country but it is not that of the Privy Council.

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#### *Religious Soldiers.*

I have never seen a finer spirit of religion under a black coat than I have seen under a red. I have never seen a finer spirit of burning, fervid, devoted piety, than I have witnessed among soldiers; although sometimes I have thought they have so far outshone other

men, owing to the very difficulties they, as religious men, have to encounter. And the remark is true, not only of officers. but of men. I like to hear the gospel preached, whether by a black coat or a red coat, for I wish that all the Lord's servants were prophets. One of the Sutherland Highlanders, who have been referred to, I once heard preaching in the Grassmarket; and having for forty years heard all kinds of preaching, I will say I never heard a better discourse than that soldier delivered.

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*Ministers for the Army.*

What right has Government to collect a thousand men together and give them no minister of religion? If Government, in the matter of Established Churches, thought it right that a thousand people in a parish should have a minister, what right have they to collect a thousand men together, bound and prepared to die for their country's defence, and leave them without a minister? I know no men who have more need; and it is both a cruel and an anti-Christian system, to deprive those men of the regular provision of the means of grace. In the



days of Marlborough every regiment had its chaplain, who marched and campaigned with the soldiers, and even went to the field of battle with them. In Marlborough's time the soldiers never battled with the enemy but they rose from their knees to do it; and the regular practice was for the men to join in prayer before they joined in fight; and many of the officers went to the Lord's table and communicated, believing it might be for the last time; and, with all honour to the British army, we have never had better soldiers than in the days of Marlborough.

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*Cromwell's Ironsides.*

In the days of Cromwell, Christian parents did what no Christian parents in our day would do. They sent their sons into the army, that they might get a religious upbringing. Yes, they sent their sons to be privates in the army, that they might be brought up in the strictest, godliest system. And what was the result? It was then that Cromwell's men, from the very power which they felt and exercised, got the name of Ironsides, and they never went into battle but they went to victory—a com-

plete proof that the more religious a man is, he is the better soldier, and that the more a man fears God, he is the less likely to fear man.

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*Celibacy in the Army.*

There is another thing that prevents the army from being the true representative of a Christian nation; and that is, that domestic comforts and influence are denied to the soldier. Now, that is a grievous wrong, and it is idle to prove it. I hold that if celibacy is a bad thing in the Church, it is a worse thing still in the army. They may blame the soldier if they would, but I blame the system under which the soldier is tempted. Ah, it will be said, married soldiers would be a great expense. But what right has a Christian nation to secure its defence at the risk of the ruin of man's happiness? Give a soldier better pay. That's it. Lord Macaulay lets us into the secret. The soldier was at one time paid twice the wages of a day labourer; and I say, that until they pay the soldier as well as they do the mason or the carpenter, they will not do the army justice.

*Secular Education a Bugbear.*

I prefer secular education to no education whatever; and the principle has been recognised by the Church of Scotland, which never thrust on Roman Catholics the principles of the Protestant faith. The people of Scotland are at one as to the religion taught in the school, and even as to that taught in the pulpit. Give us a national education for Presbyterians, and I will join you in doing what can be done for those not provided for. The fear of secular education is the veriest bugbear. There have been many Voluntary adventure schools in Scotland, managed by the people themselves, in which I put more confidence than in Church or State; and I challenge any one to mention an instance of a school so set up, where the Bible is not as well, if not better taught than in the pulpit schools. Just put on the door of a school in Scotland, **THE BIBLE IS NOT TAUGHT HERE**, and I will answer for it, you will have no scholars.

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*The Demon of Drunkenness.*

Seven years of my ministry were spent in one of the lowest localities of Edinburgh; and

it almost broke my heart, day by day to see, as I wandered from house to house, and from room to room, misery, wretchedness, and crime; the detestable vice of drunkenness, the cause of all, meeting me at every turn, and marring all my efforts. If there is one thing I feel more intensely than another, it is this; that drinking is our national curse, our sin and shame, our weakness. I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say that this vice destroys more men and women, bodies and souls, breaks more hearts, and ruins more families, than all the other vices of the country put together! Nor need I speak of the multitude of lives it costs. Nothing ever struck me more, in visiting those wretched localities, than to find that more than a half of these families were in the churchyard. The murder of innocent infants in this city by drunkenness, out-Herods Herod in his slaughter of the innocents of Bethlehem. I appeal to every missionary and every minister who visits these localities, whether the great obstacle that meets him at every corner, is not drunkenness. I believe we will in vain plant churches and schools, though they be as thick as trees in the forest, unless this evil is stopt.

*The Sobriety of the Continent.*

During a seven weeks' tour in France, Belgium, Sardinia, Switzerland, Prussia, and Germany, I have seen, in seven weeks, although I was in Paris at the time of the baptismal *fetes*, and in Brussels during the three days' celebration of Leopold having been on the throne for a quarter of a century, less drunkenness than might be seen in Edinburgh in three days. "What a blessed providence it is," said a distinguished foreigner, "that you Anglo-Saxons are a drunken race; for, were you not, there is a power, talent, and energy within you, would make you masters of the whole world!"

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*Wild-Man Animals.*

The first thing the State should charge itself with, is the duty of seeing that every child is educated. I hold that the State is not entitled to punish a child as a criminal when it has taken no means to instruct that child in its duty. I have said that before; and as to compulsory education, I follow John Knox in this

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respect, and hold that no man should be allowed to bring up his children according to his own fancy; but that every man, of whatever state, be he peer or peasant, should be compelled to give his children an education in learning and virtue. I maintain that no man is entitled to breed wild beasts in this country for the sake of the play of hunting tigers and wolves which will endanger the lives of other men. No man is entitled to breed the most dangerous of all wild beasts, a two-legged un-educated animal! Talk of liberty. I hold that any liberty, the liberty of walking about in freedom and personal safety is encroached on, if children are brought up in such a way as to be dangerous to the community. Men are "havering" up yonder in Parliament about espionage. Do we hear anything of espionage in levying the taxes of the country, as in making a man tell what his income is; and will any man call it espionage to see that every parent educates his children?

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*Smuggling the Bible.*

The mass of people can only read principles by the light of the martyrs' fires, and by men

making sacrifice and suffering for them; and, I believe, in their case, Popery has made a great mistake. In reference to Spain and other countries having even prohibited Protestants from passing through them, I say that this only renders such associations as our Bible Society the more necessary, for when the preacher could not be sent, the word of God might still be secretly distributed. If the trade is not open, we can smuggle the Scriptures in. But it may be said, Would I break the law? Would I engage in smuggling? Wouldn't I? I have been a beggar in my lifetime, and I am ready to become a smuggler too. Were I in America, I would be a smuggler there; I would smuggle the fugitives across the States, and land them under the shadow of Canadian liberty! I would run a contraband trade in Bibles on the shores of Italy; I would carry the slaves across the American border, and would feel that I had done no wrong. Yes, I would break the law of States that are at once tyrants and slaves,—the law that stands in opposition to that highest of all laws, "Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

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*A Good Inscription on a Grave-Stone.*

I long and pray that the time will come when these unfortunates will be educated by the State, and nursed in the bosom of a pious country; nor from such prayer will I ever come down to consider schemes of such sects. I don't care if the people are saved, whether the scheme crack the crown of St. Giles', or hurl Free St John's down the West Bow. I love my church as much as any one, but I love my country more than I love my denomination. I love these unhappy children, and wish that they who are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—I wish much rather that they be made Christians than that Christians be made Free Churchmen; and feeling as I do that the first duty of the State is to educate her people, and the last to hang them; believing as I do that her first duty is to prevent crime, and her second to punish it; believing as I do that the first duty of the State is to build schools, and her second to build prisons; believing as I do that the State should charge herself with the duty of seeing that no child within her borders goes without education;—I rejoice in the Lord Advocate's Bill [of 1855,]



because I believe it will accomplish that; and I rejoice in the rising tide of public opinion that will soon float it out into the open sea. If I were his lordship, and the time were come for me to die, I would have nothing on my grave-stone but this—following the example of Thomas Hood, who desired for an inscription, “Here lies Thomas Hood, who wrote the ‘Song of the Shirt’”—I would have nothing, were I James Moncreiff, but this as my highest honour: “Here lies James Moncreiff, who prepared and carried through Scotland’s Grand Education Bill.” I think these are bright days for our country; I trust that this bill will pass through Parliament; and if I am spared to see it in operation, along with that of Mr Dunlop, and that of Lord Palmerston, we will beat the dramshops and put down drunkenness; we will illuminate the darkness, and rouse the sunken masses, and save our neglected population; we will empty our prisons and fill our churches; and the blessed time will come when your immense penitentiaries, your frowning jails, and your gorgeous hospitals will stand in ruins as the relics of a barbarous age.

*A Good Time for Begging.*

At this time of the year [the New Year] money is very abundant; people's hearts are somehow warmed by the cold; the weather that freezes the streams of water, sends the stream of benevolence flowing from the heart;—therefore we sent out our collectors.

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*A Great Character.*

I am delighted to see the chair occupied by one [Dr Alison]—I say it in his presence, and it is no news to the public—yes, we have got it occupied by one whose name is a household word in every dwelling of wretchedness in Edinburgh, whose name is identified with humanity itself, and who of all men living knows most about the poor, and has done most for the poor.

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*A Friend at Court.*

We are going to have some hundreds of the children of the School brought in a little, and

set a-singing, and what I will say of them is this, that there is not one Ragged boy and girl among them but will now be able to say in respect of the Duke [of Argyle,] being now one of the councillors of the nation, "I have now got a friend at Court." I do not entertain the extravagant expectations that Jeanie Deans did of her great ancestor, when, with Reuben Butler's paper in her hand, and with her plaid over her resolute heart, she sought an interview with John Duke of Argyle, as he was issuing from the snuff-shop of Mrs Glass; nevertheless, I am sure he will do all he can for us, and I am sure of this, that to use Jeanie's own words, that if he meets any opposition, "he winna be chappit back, or easy cast down with the first rough answer."

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*A Soft Part in a Hard Heart.*

I remember reading in the "Life of Burke"—not Burke the great patriot, but Burke the atrocious murderer—how that on one occasion he had saved the life of a child, and that there was one passage in the dreadful history of this dreadful man which afforded him some comfort

in his prison cell. When the wheel of a cart or carriage was about to pass over the head of the child, he saw the danger, and sprang forward, at the peril of his own life, and saved that of the child; and then, while in jail, he used to reflect upon that circumstance, the only one in all his life that afforded him any satisfaction. Now, if that child had been like one of those unhappy children who are like the objects of our charity, I don't know for what end he saved it. I have often thought that it is happiness for such children to die early. I have sometimes been glad to see them in their coffin; and I can understand the feelings of a mother spoken of in this report: she was married to a drunken husband, who was leading her children to ruin; and, on standing in the infirmary of the prison, over her poor boy who had already been three times convicted, although he was only eleven years old, she expressed a wish and a prayer that the unhappy boy might never rise from his bed again, but might die there. I can understand that; and if it was a satisfaction to Burke that he once saved the life of a little child, what must the satisfaction of any right-minded person be if he has saved something that is far better and more valuable than life.

*The Bible like Goliath's Sword.*

The three hundred children of our School, according to their ages and capabilities, receive the ordinary elements of education—reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography; and, above all, to what we attach greater importance, a thoroughly Scriptural education. The Bible is our text book, without note or comment. Of the Bible, we say what David said of Goliath's sword, "Give me that, there is nothing else like it." We do not disparage other kinds of knowledge—anatomy, phrenology, physiology, and all the 'ologies' that ever were eulogised by any man; only we say this of them, "Thou canst not minister to a mind diseased."

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*Fact and Fiction.*

I hold in my hand a book of evidence on juvenile crime, and such a record I never read. You may talk about "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and no one thinks more of it than I do—there are more harrowing facts and circumstances and stories in this book than ever I read in any other book of fiction or of fact. The evidence,

too, is given by the most competent of all judges; and it is gratifying to me, as it will be to the supporters and directors of this Institution, to find that, however they may differ in some small matters, there is one thing they do not differ upon, that the honest man and he who has been the thief—that the Episcopalian and Presbyterian—that the governor of the prison and the master of the reformatory school, all of them agree in this, that the grand reformatory power in all such schools is the thoroughly moral and Scriptural training of the young.

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*A Small Historian and a Small History.*

One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists, and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland, by his answer to the question, "Give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?" Now, listen to the answer. It looks like as if it had gone through a Bramah press, it is so well condensed: "Paul was born at Tarsus, and brought up in Jerusalem. He continued a persecutor till his conversion; after which he

became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died." Now, could any of you have done half so well?

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*A Noble Sentiment.*

A poor boy was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for really little more than the horrid crime of sleeping out. Well, it does excite one's feelings to think of an infant, without father or mother, committed to prison for sleeping under the canopy of heaven. Oh, that our country, like Rachel, were weeping for our children. They tell me about her commerce, about her wealth, about her colonies, and about her noble institutions. I say, let her arise; and, in the words of a bad man, turned to a good use, "All this avails me nothing, so long as these infants are living in crime and dying without hope." I wish every one of you to adopt the noble sentiment of a Prussian Prime Minister: "I promise to God that there shall not be a child but shall look on me as one he could blame before God, unless I provide him with the best education both as a man and a Christian that it is possible for me to do."

*A Singular Complaint.*

Mr M'Guire complains that we don't take into account Roman Catholic children. Does he imagine that we are to keep a box of old bones, and hang the bairns with rosaries, and put them through their genuflections ?

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*A Speaking Picture.*

It is rather curious, at least it is interesting to me, that it was by a picture that I was first led to take an interest in Ragged Schools, a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh, that stands on the shore of the Firth of Forth. I had gone thither with a companion on a pilgrimage ; not that there was any beauty about the place, for it had no beauty. It has little trade. Its deserted harbour, silent streets, and old houses, some of them nodding to their fall, give indications of decay. But one circumstance has redeemed it from obscurity, and will preserve its name to the latest ages. It was the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers. I went to see this place. It is many years ago. And going into an inn for refreshments, I found



the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and tars in holiday attire not very interesting. But above the chimney-piece there stood a large print, more respectable than its neighbours, which a skipper, the captain of one of the few ships that trade between that town and England, had probably brought there. It represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees—that massive forehead, and firm mouth, expressing great determination of character, and below his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls, who stood at their lessons around the busy cobbler. My curiosity was excited, and on the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the poor ragged children, left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to run in the streets, had, like a good shepherd, gathered in the wretched outcasts ; how he had brought them to God and the world ; and how, while earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery, and saved to society, not less than five hundred of these children. I

felt ashamed of myself for the little I had done.

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*An Analogy.*

Suppose I found a child flung into the canal, like Moses in the ark of bulrushes, and that that child's father was a Mahometan, and required that it should be brought up in that faith; am I to bring up that foundling in what I believe to be fatal error, because the monster of a father by whom it was deserted chose to believe that that was his wish? I say before the world, that if a father or mother cast a child upon the State, then the State is bound to bring it up in its own religion, because the little one becomes the child of the State, and the religion of the State is Protestant, and not Roman Catholic.

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*A Portrait of Himself.*

I am not come for the purpose of speaking; and I can assure you that I will not trespass upon your time; and indeed I would not have come, but it being a total abstinence meeting, I wished to give it my countenance, although

I am afraid that that will be of very little benefit to you. A friend of mine has told me, that a person who was asked to describe Dr Guthrie, said that he was a hard-favoured man, with a voice like thunder. I am, therefore, afraid that his countenance will not do you much good.

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*Fighting One's Way to the Grave.*

I am very happy indeed that our chairman has brought out the circumstances of the moderatorship. I think that it is very creditable to the Free Church, that out of six or seven living Moderators of the Free Church, there are no fewer than three of them total abstainers; and I hope that not only will that be borne out by the clergy, but that it will be exceeded in. I wish that our total abstinence friends will bear this in mind, that the service they do the Church and society is not at all to be measured by the number of adherents they have. I believe that they have done greater good to those who are not adherents than they have to those who are—that they have been the means, in God's providence, of turning public attention to the enormous evils and the enormous crimes

that are connected with the producing and using of intoxicating liquors. They have taken the stave out of the cog of many a man who has his cog still. We cannot go abroad in society, either high or humble, without blessing God for the extraordinary change that has taken place in the habits of the people. Some of our total abstinence friends will not go into company if there is to be strong drink there. Now, I always go whither the devil or drink is ; and I know that one result of my going into company is, that the subject of temperance always springs up, and is discussed so that I might say that I am fighting my way to the grave.

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*Drink and Popery.*

I got a letter the other day from a man urging me to propose in the General Assembly of the Free Church, that students before being licensed should be bound to become total abstainers. Well, whether Dr Begg would consider that an innovation, I do not know ; but I am afraid that Dr Begg would object. However, we are not ripe for that yet ; and I told my worthy friend that we must take care and not shear the corn

before it is ripe. Whether that time will come or not, I believe that it will. I think that drink—and I use the expression with all solemnity—I think that drink damns more souls, that drink is more injurious to the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls, than any other vice in which society indulges. It has been said that Popery is the enemy of the liberties of mankind; but I consider that drink is the greatest enemy of the cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ.

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*A Long Look for Union.*

I cannot consent to give a silent vote on this great and momentous occasion. When I say that I intend to vote for Dr Buchanan's motion, [in favour of union,] I have said nothing that has taken the House by surprise at any rate. I have made no progress any more than my friend Dr Gibson. I am in the very position to-day that I stood in the year 1843, when I made my first speech as a Free Church minister in our General Assembly. Whether I have logic or not, I have a good pair of eyes, and I

saw a long way ahead of me, which was more than Dr Gibson, with all his logic, did. I see a long way ahead of me this happy day; and I expressed the very sentiments in the Free Church General Assembly of 1843, that I stand up now to express. I find, on turning to the *Witness* of that period, that I said, "I am for union in the meantime, in the way of co-operation. I would propose to Dr Brown," (speaking of home mission work), "you take that portion of the work, and to Dr Alexander, you take that, and I will take this; let us devote ourselves to this labour, and go forth to the heathen lanes of Edinburgh just as we go forth to the heathen lands of Africa." But, sir, I added, "We cannot stop there." And in reference to the very chapter which Sir Henry Moncreiff read here this day, I went on to say, "I defy any man to stop there, who has at heart what our clerk read this evening, that touching and affecting prayer of Jesus for His disciples! What is first and foremost in that prayer? What is mentioned once, twice, thrice, four, and five times? What is repeated over and over again, in that prayer of our Redeemer?—'That they may be all one, as I and my Father are one.' And I never will rest content, I will

never cease to pray and work till that end is achieved, and as I do so, I will bury in oblivion the memory of former controversies. Yes, sir; oh that the day were come," (and it is not far distant now); "oh that the day were come, that I might meet with my brethren," (and I see some of them before me in this House), "over the grave of all former controversies, that we might shake hands, and join hearts, and be one in Christ Jesus; one regiment, bearing the same colours, and going forth like an army mighty for battle, against one common and tremendous foe."

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*The Dr originally a Seceder.*

My regard for the Seceders, if I may be allowed to allude to personal matters—and I would not do it, except as bearing in some sense on this question—is not a causeless prejudice. It is founded on a better knowledge of the Seceders than perhaps many in this house have. One of my parents—a sainted mother, and how she would have rejoiced to see this day!—was a Seceder, and other two members of my family felt themselves constrained, by the thrusting in

of an unpopular minister into the collegiate charge of Brechin, to leave the parish church; and in consequence of the accommodation in the parish church being deficient when we were young, we were all Seceders. We were sent to the Secession Church; until I came to the college, I was in the regular habit of sitting in the Burgher Church; and, until I became a preacher, I generally worshipped, on the Sabbath evening, in the Burgher Church of Brechin. I do not think I lost anything by that. With my mother's milk I drank in an abhorrence of patronage; and it was at her knees, sir, that I first learned to pray, that I learned to form a reverence for the Bible as the inspired Word of God, that I learned to hold the sanctity of the Sabbath, that I learned the peculiarities of the Scottish religion, that I learned my regard to the principles of civil and religious liberty which have made me hate oppression, and, whether it be a pope, or a prelate, or a patron, or an ecclesiastical demagogue, resist the oppressor.

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*No Thought of a Return to the Establishment.*

Well, we defended Establishments so long as we thought them worth defending. We did



what we thought was our duty, and a very curious thing it is, that all those, with hardly an exception, that defended Establishments in 1843, left her, and left her never to return, left her, never thinking of returning; and they have cause to bless God with all their hearts for His kindness to them since that day.

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*A Description of the Seceders.*

I have seen them outside in, and inside out; know more of that body than a very large number of those here, and the sound of Seceder, sir, sounds like music in my ear, and is dear to my heart. I did not say they were perfect. I do not know anybody perfect except our friend [indicating Dr Gibson,] who has to confess nothing at all. With their Anti-Burghers and Burghers distinction, their Lifters and Anti-lifters, and with their aversion in the olden time—though they have changed wonderfully of late, and let no man ever say that he will not change — with their aversion to gowns and bands, to crosses on the outside of the church, or any ornament whatever within, there is no denying it, my friends were a little narrow.

There are worse things now-a-days in the world than being narrow. The way of life is narrow. Doubtless they said of my friends, the Seceders were narrow, twisted, and gnarled. They were gnarled. They were a gnarled oak, sound to the core, solid in the grain, and the very timber, before all others, out of which men like to build ships in which to fight battles, or ride out the storm.

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*A Dead Question.*

So far as it is a practical question with reference to the endowment of the Church, it is dead and gone. It may be committed to the custody of the keeper of the Antiquarian Society. Will you get up that old ghost, and frighten me with that! You might as well insist on unity of sentiment in regard to other subjects—such, for instance, as the Revolution settlement—that question which led to such miserable results between the Protestants and the Resolutioners at Bothwell Bridge.

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*The Queen.*

I happened to be reading a book yesterday—a book published in America, though I believe it is an English work—giving a succinct and brief account of the history and characters of the Sovereigns that had occupied this throne, and I could not turn page after page of that book over, without feeling what cause of gratitude we had to Almighty God for the gracious providence that has placed on our throne such a Sovereign as Queen Victoria. I believe you will search all the pages of history before you find one in this, or in any other country, who unites in herself so many qualities that command the admiration and secure the welfare of the country. Where was there ever gathered together in a Sovereign, so many admirable personal qualities—a Sovereign of wisdom so well suited to her circumstances—and a Sovereign that maintains a Court of such matchless and unspotted purity? We have abundant cause to bless Almighty God that he has given us such a Queen—to congratulate not her only, but ourselves, on the return of her birth-day—and to wish that that birth-day may be continued to her in the spirit of one of old, who said, “O

king, live for ever!" Not that we could expect that such a prayer would be granted; but we may certainly pray and expect that, when it pleases God to take her away from her earthly throne, to bestow on her, we trust, a better crown than that which now adorns her brow, as she adorns it; that throne will be filled by one whom we are now to congratulate upon his marriage, who will be a bright example of his father's merits and of his mother's virtues.

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*A Pillow to Lie On.*

I have thought it would be a capital plan, if any of you who have saved money by going to the Corn Exchange instead of to the public-house—and I am sure that many in this house have done so—would give that saving to me for the purpose which I have indicated. I am sure it would be a ten thousand times softer pillow to lie on, to think that you had given a shilling or a sixpence, and to know that you had done something to save a child from ruin, than to lie next morning with what the man called "a rivin' headache."

*Something to be Thankful for.*

I think we have great cause to be thankful to God, that all the other affairs of the Government are not managed with so little discretion, [as the Ragged Schools.] If such were the case, pity the State!

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*The Effect of Porridge.*

Many of these children come to us only skin and bone, but it is grand to observe what a difference—what a rounding—porridge produces on them in the space of three months.

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*A Reason for not being Moved.*

I have heard a story of a man who was on one occasion in the church. Where it was, I don't know; it does not matter; but he heard a very pathetic discourse that melted the whole audience. Those that were ice, thawed, and those that were rock, melted, and tears were

soon on the faces of men and women; but this man stood like that pillar, perfectly unmoved, when all the rest were in tears. Somebody said to him, "It is most extraordinary that you can sit when everybody is thawed and melted just as unmoved as the seat you sit upon." And he says in reply, "Oh, the reason is very plain, I dinna belong to the parish."

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*A Reversal of Judgment.*

I recollect of going, about fifteen years ago, into one of the prisons, and, looking through the eyelet of the cell door, I saw a poor infant within these four walls immured there in prison, a little boy who ought to have been catching trout in a stream, or making necklaces of daisies, or amidst the hum of the busy school, or sitting at his mother's fireside. But there was this poor infant buried, living, in a coffin, withering like a delicate flower, pining from morning to noon, from noon to night, in weary, weary solitude. Oh! sir, my indignation boiled at the spectacle. I beckoned to the warder. I said to him, "Who put that boy there?" "The Sheriff,

sir," said he. I replied, "If I had the Sheriff, I would let the boy out, and put the Sheriff in."

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### *A Grand Banquet.*

Well, as I said, we resolved to give a banquet [to the Ragged Scholars.] We furnished one of our best rooms, and had it brilliantly lighted with gas, and adorned with laurel, and ivy, and the coral-beaded holly. And the quantity of tea and toast—it wasn't to be told! We just sent away through Edinburgh, and in a day we got one hundred and fifty, all doing for themselves. So I heard a great rush of feet. I was standing at the door, you know, to receive my company, and I could not believe my eyes when I saw the succession of good-looking, respectable young men, and the array of comely, virtuous-looking, happy young women. I never saw a more respectable company; and how they laughed and sung! And we prayed, too. We prayed, and we gave them good advice. I never spent a happier night; no, not in the grandest, noblest house I was ever in, than that when I entertained my Ragged children.

*Anecdote of Guizot.*

If there is no end of beneficent institutions, neither is there any end of money. The country is growing richer every day; and I consider it is the glory of this country, that the evils by which we are surrounded are met by societies supported by voluntary subscriptions, and not by any grand Government scheme. I have been told that Guizot was not more struck by anything in this country than by seeing, as he rode through the streets of London, so many institutions with this inscription on the front of them, "Supported by voluntary contributions." I think that is the glory of this land.

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*The Virtues of Cold Water.*

I could stand here from morning to sundown, and from sundown to sunrise, occupying, if I had physical power, every hour and every minute of that time, telling the evils these stimulants have done, and I will defy any man to occupy five minutes by telling me the good they have done. Everybody knows I have been talking everlastingly all the winter through. I



have done, I believe, double the amount of public work of that of any minister in Edinburgh, and yet people have said to me, "You are looking remarkably well; you are looking ten years younger. How is that?" "Cold water," is my answer.

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*Not Exactly the Right Cause.*

I am not a teetotaller, because I was coming to like drink, as a lady supposed, who said to Professor Miller, "I am sorry Dr Guthrie has got to bad habits, and has been obliged to become a member of the Teetotal Society to keep him from being deposed."

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*A Conflict.*

A number of the houses in Skye had no panes of glass in the rooms, and no window in the wall; but there is a hole at the top of the wall, and the whole day long there is a battle whether the peat-reek shall get out, or the sun and air get in.

*A Fungus.*

When you get religion dying, drink is like a fungus growing upon the rotten tree. When religion begins to revive, along with it revive temperance and total abstinence societies. There is a remarkable connection. The moment the revival appeared, in many places the public-houses began to be shut.

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*A Ghost Viewing Retribution.*

There, in America at this moment, you have a house divided against itself. You have brethren in mortal combat by the cradle where they were rocked, over the graves of their common parents. The world has never seen such a horrid strife; and, if the dead walk this earth, I could fancy the spirits of the Red Indians saying, that the hour of their revenge had come now, when the sons of those that had exterminated them were exterminating each other. Ay, and I could fancy the Negro, though he does not express it, chuckling in his heart at the sight which America now presents, when the men who hunted him, and the men

who assisted in the hunt, are in a death-grapple, are having each other by the throat, and are burying their swords in each other's bosoms; and if the Negro knows our proverb, I can fancy him saying to himself, "When de rogues fall out, de honest men will get dair own."

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*An Unnatural Son.*

The President of America's Secretary says he wonders that a man could propose that a matter like that [the rebellion] could be referred to the arbitrament of a foreign country, and especially to the arbitrament of an European monarchy. Which is the monarchy which the Governor of Maryland proposed to refer the question? It is not to the monarchy of Russia, nor to the monarchy of Napoleon, nor the monarchy of King Bomba, or King Bomba's son. It is the monarchy of *their own mother*.

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*An American Edition of the Bible.*

I hold in my hands a paper, from which I will read an extract. The writer says that

negro slavery was instituted by divine authority at the time of the creation of the world! That's news. I wonder where he got that. It is certainly not in our Bible. They must have another edition in America. The fact is, before he can prove that from the Bible, I will undertake to prove that Adam and Eve were both black.

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*A Warning not Taken.*

Well, then, the Americans did not improve the time of the Revival. If men don't improve the time of a revival, God will next try them with judgment; and there has come a judgment upon them by civil war!—a plague worse than the ten plagues of Egypt! In Egypt, the first-born fell by the hand of God! Yonder, Abel falls by a brother's stroke!

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*That Cursed Slavery.*

I believe God will over-rule the American struggle for good, and, I hope, that when fathers in America are washing the blood from the bodies of their sons, they will come to

abhor the cause of all the turmoil and ruin in that country! I say of it, what the man now lying in Dundee Jail under sentence of death, said of drink. He was a poor, honest, well-doing man, and the highest testimony was borne to his character at the trial. When his wife learned the habit of drinking, she spent his hard-earned wages! His children were ragged and neglected. Driven to desperation, the man took to drinking himself. On one occasion he gave her twenty shillings to pay an account, but soon after the creditor came in, and he found that his wife had only paid thirteen shillings, and had drunk the rest! Back she came with the children. His passions were roused. He knocks her down. He tramples on her body, he beats her with his heavy shoes, till he beats her dead. By-and-by the storm is over. Ah! there is the bleeding corpse of his wife. They assure him she is dead. He hangs his head in misery, and covering his face with his hands, exclaims, "Curse that drink." And when America stands over the bleeding bodies of her own sons fallen in this fraternal war, I trust she will cover her face with her hands, and cry, *Curse that Slavery.*

*A Small Fraction.*

Before the establishment of Ragged Schools, thousands of juvenile beggars frequented the streets; but, under the operation of these Institutions, the streets have been cleared of them. Five per cent. of the criminals were formerly juveniles under 14 years of age, but in the fourth year after the establishment of these Schools, the proportion was reduced to one per cent., and in the fifth year they had only half a juvenile.

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*The Spit against the Spelling-Book.*

I want the ladies to pay their Governesses at least as well as they pay their butlers and cooks. I believe it is far better for young women to roast meat in the kitchen, than to teach the young idea how to shoot in the school-room.

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*The Ragged School and the Prison.*

Fancy seventy of these children walking weeping out of our School, not like our first parents, when they went out of Eden weeping for their sins. They have committed no sin.

They have been more sinned against than sinning. That is truth; they are suffering innocents; but out they must go, and when they go out, let them muffle that drum, and beat the funeral of their good and their highest hopes, and then let Mr Smith open his prison doors. The prison is well nigh empty. It will be filled by-and-by. Let them cry, "Room in the prison." God cries, "Room in Heaven for the guilty." Here they cry, "Room in prison for the Innocent." And when these poor creatures have once made their horrid march from our blessed School to yon grim door and dreary cells, and, instead of singing, "Come to Jesus," are pining in yon cold solitude, let the authorities put on the door of the prison, "Under the patronage of Her Majesty's Privy Council."

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*The Volunteers.*

The Emperor Napoleon is a man of too much sense to think of attacking us, as he knows the first cannon shot he fires would be the signal for his own doom; but that of course is contingent upon our keeping up a strong defensive position. I know two timid ladies who could neither eat

nor sleep for fear of invasion, but I contrived to quiet their fears by solemnly promising that whenever Napoleon actually landed, I would come and breakfast with them. I believe that any visit that potentate would make would be a pacific one, and I think that we ought to have invited him to come to see our Queen review 21,000 brave and armed men in the Park at Holyrood, and then given him his dinner, and that would have put all thoughts of invasion out of his head fast enough. I value the Voluntary—no, I mean the Volunteers; but, after all, it is one and the same word, for are not Volunteers Voluntaries? I value the Volunteer movement because it is not, nor can it be, one of offence or aggression, but is and must be one of defence alone—like our national emblem the thistle, with its motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," which means, 'Hands off, if you're wise.' The thistle is a quiet enough plant—it is only when you meddle with it that you feel its prickles. Such being its object, I hold that every man who has health and strength ought to be a Volunteer—and there is no woman deserving of the name who should not say to her lover, "Join the Volunteers, or I'll have nothing to say to you."



*Rory no More.*

I have now to propose Mr Roderick M'Leod of Snizort; so that, while other Moderators may have moved into the chair, while other men pulled the strings, it is my happiness, in proposing Mr M'Leod as Moderator, to give effect to my own wishes and intentions. I need not tell this House who Mr M'Leod is. I need not tell them who Mr M'Leod of Snizort is. Go to the Highlands, or meet in with a Highlander, and you will soon learn that. His name is as a familiar word in all the pious homes of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. He was a man-at-arms and a standard-bearer of the truth in the Highland hills and amid the stormy isles—ay, and a sufferer for it too, long before our time. He is a man venerable for more than years—loved, esteemed, admired by all who come into contact with him—and he has for many years shone as a light in his own Highlands, while those who hated the light, because their deeds were evil, would probably have liked to extinguish him. But Roderick M'Leod was not the man whom they could daunt, and bravely did he stand up in the

General Assembly in olden times for the cause of truth, the purity of morals, and the discipline of the Church. He did more than that—he performed a feat unexampled in the history of the Free Church, and perhaps never to be equalled in the history of our Church, though it should last till the end of time. Macaulay tells us that “Horatius, single-handed, kept the bridge of Rome;” but Roderick M’Leod, single-handed, at the Disruption, kept Skye for years. He was the sole minister and bishop of the island—preserving for the Free Church her thousands of noble and pious people, by his undaunted bravery and untiring energy and unwearied zeal. I shall not dwell on his merits. I will just say that yesterday I received an acknowledgment of some money I had been the means of sending to the committee to aid the poor people of Skye. The lady who returned me the answer said there were many of the people of Skye going off, by means of the money that was being raised, to America—that they were quite happy and hearty, their only regret being, that in leaving Skye they would hear Rory no more.

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*One Point of Agreement.*

There are many questions connected with it, [education] on which people very much differ. There are, for instance, the questions as to whether it should be compulsory or voluntary, —whether it should be a religious and secular, or only a secular education,— whether in the matter and management of it, one sect should be preferred, or all should be equally favoured, — whether the funds to meet it should be drawn from the public revenues, or by local assessment— whether it should be a national system of education, or conducted on the principle of the Privy Council grants. These are questions on which I admit the country is divided; but there is one question on which there is no division; there is one aspect of the educational question on which all are agreed, and that is, the advantage and necessity and success of the Ragged Schools.

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*What the Humbler Classes think of  
Ragged Schools.*

There can be no doubt as to the feeling entertained towards us by the humbler classes. If you

had gone with me to the fair at Biggar, where we had the band of the Ragged School, and if you had there seen the honest peasantry of Peeblesshire looking to the children with tears in their eyes, and pronouncing that sight to be the finest they had ever seen—and if you had witnessed them loading the children, filling the pockets of the bairns with sweeties—you would have just had one example of the feeling with which the Ragged Schools are looked upon by the humbler classes of the country.

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*Let Whig and Tory all Agree.*

My excellent friend, Professor Simpson, who, amid many other calls, is here to-day, deserting for a time his own patients—though I hope they will be none the worse of that—to cure the ills of these Ragged School children, said he was afraid that in what he had to say he might trench on politics. Now, I am happy to say that all political men are agreed on this question; here, I may say, we have the idea fully realised of the old song which says — “Let Whig and Tory all agree.”

*A Noble Fight.*

The battle these Lancashire people are fighting with poverty and want is a nobler fight than Waterloo. For my part I would rather take my stand before the foe, and hear the roar of battle around me, than hear the cries of a starving wife and child for bread, and have none to give them.

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*Strikes.*

I am not in favour of strikes, they are productive of enormous evils; but I say it may happen that the working man may have justice on his side in refusing to work for low wages, and demanding higher; and the only way in which he can maintain his rights is by having a good deposit in the savings' bank. That spirit of independence which prevails amongst our countrymen may be called Scotch pride, but I say it is a good pride; it leads any man to adopt means by which he can stand securely on his own feet.

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*A Hercules.*

I cannot express the astonishment with which I have listened to Dr Roxburgh's account of his labours—my astonishment has been great indeed—how he could be the minister he was in a Glasgow pulpit, and the pastor he was over a Glasgow congregation, and at the same time, with a sort of Herculean strength and giant power, managed as he did the business of this scheme [of Missions.] The only result of such a system is this—that you either, by such appointments, damage such offices—the office of pastor and the office of convener of the committee—or you kill the man who holds the two. I hope the General Assembly will take occasion from this retirement, as well as from the retirement of another convener—to copy the practice of Churches that have been longer on the road than we have been. It is said that it is best for a man to go first through the wood and last through the bog. Now, the Wesleyans and the United Presbyterian body have been in the bog longer than we have been—they know the firm bits of the ground, they know how to get through with clean feet, without being bogged in the moss—and I know that

these two Churches follow a practice the very opposite of ours.

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*An Underground Missionary Railway.*

The subject was the evangelisation of London, and I shall never forget how proud I was—and the Assembly will be glad to hear it—when in that House one who is, as I have said, one of Britain's most eminent statesmen, with his eye flashing and his hand upheld, declared that the Free Church was the noblest and most remarkable phenomenon of the day. The scheme in regard to London was fully discussed, and I told them how we had done the work in Scotland, and that it had been done mainly through the powerful instrumentality of the membership of the Church. One of those present started a difficulty as to how they would do with the West-End congregations, when I stated that we worked on a poor district with a wealthy congregation, and made the abundance of the one supply the want of the other, and the piety of the one to meet the impiety of the other. "But, ah!" said one, "how could we get a West-End congregation to deal with St

George's-in-the-East?" when this gentleman with singular ingenuity said, "That is settled by the underground railway. The means of communication between the two points was formerly very difficult, but now, by the underground railway, any lady or gentleman can leave the Palace and be set down among the dens of St George's-in-the-East before they well know what they are about."

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*A Challenge.*

Mr Knox, in course of his address, has stated that from £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 were annually spent, and that chiefly by the working classes, and he could have told you that 60,000 died, directly or indirectly, yearly in Great Britain from strong drink. But Mr Knox has not told you, nor can he, the number of mothers this night that will shed tears on their pillows because they have drunken sons; or the number of wives that will wet their pillow this night with tears because of drunken husbands; or the number of children that will go this night supperless to bed because of drunken fathers. Will any man stand up and undertake to tell me that drink is not an enormous evil? I will



meet him in the Music Hall or anywhere else. Will any man come and deliver a lecture on the benefits of drinking? I will undertake to attend him though I should come from the Land's End.

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*The Territorial System.*

Now, I will not trespass upon the time of the House much longer; but I wish to say that I consider the territorial scheme of the Free Church to be one of her greatest glories. We have been reproached—I can't mention the names of the men, for I looked the papers, and I could not find them—I say we have been reproached—and I would have the men pilloried who would dare to do so—by two or three ministers of the Established Church, for having left the poorer districts of the town, and gone to the wealthier districts. Now, Sir, I meet that with a broad and distinct denial. I say that the very opposite is true, and I will prove it. Go with me along the darkest and most miserable and wretched districts of Edinburgh; we shall begin at the Canal, and observe the state of matters. Let us look at our terri-

torial churches; have not these all been erected since the Disruption? Our territorial system is no new affair. It does not consist of what an honest fishwife called "codsucker" (*quoad sacra*) chapels. Commencing with the time immediately after the Disruption, and beginning with the Canal at the west end of Edinburgh, I will ask the public to consider a question. I ask the public to go with me from the Canal to Holyrood, and let them say whether the charge is true, that the Free Church has neglected the poorest districts of the city. I might say for myself, if I were to speak of such an humble individual, that no man can charge me with having planted myself in a wealthy district of Edinburgh, for up there I am amongst the poorest and most destitute of the people. The Lawnmarket is not a wealthy district of the city. The Bow was famous in days of old for men who went down there to be hanged; but it is not remarkable for its wealth. At the best, it consists of brokers' shops, and people who want to buy old chairs, or anything of that sort, may be induced to pay it a visit. Well, I begin at Fountainbridge territorial church, and I say the Established Church has no territorial church there. I come to the West Port,

and there is Mr Tasker's territorial church, and the Established Church has no territorial church there. I come to the Grassmarket, and in this House I have the greatest pleasure in bearing my testimony to the zeal, energy, and piety of Mr Robertson, the Established Church minister of that district. He has a place there, where he ministers to the people, and I honour him for his work. But it is not what you would call a territorial church. It is a preaching station or a working men's church, and is honourable, I must say, to the minister who set it a-going. At Cowgatehead I find my friend Mr Smith labouring in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has no territorial church there. I walk down the Cowgate, and come to Mr Pirie's territorial church, which, like the rest, has been planted since the Disruption, and there, again, the Establishment has no territorial church. Travelling through this dark and destitute district, and passing over charitable institutions and houses of refuge, I come to the Pleasance, where I find Mr Cochrane in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has no territorial church there. Then, after leaving

the Pleasance, which my excellent friend Mr Cochrane is now making worthy of the name of "the Pleasance," I come to the Canongate, where I find Mr Gall in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has none there; and thus I began at the Canal, and I end with royalty. I come to Holyrood, where I find my friend Mr Balfour in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has no territorial church there. I think I have now disposed of that charge.

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*Adam Smith and Dr Chalmers.*

I believe it is by this territorial scheme that the lapsed masses of our large towns are to be raised. And I don't despair of raising them if only the people do their duty, and the elders do their duty; and I advise my own elders, instead of attending at two diets of worship on Sundays in St John's, to devote a part of the day to visiting such districts as that, and to try what good they can do. I advise every man and woman to do that, and I should be happy to see my church pretty empty if I thought the

people were so engaged. It is this territorial system that is to save our country; and I believe, that as Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" is now, in the House of Commons and House of Lords, what you would call the standard book by which the nation's commercial affairs are to be regulated—I believe that Dr Chalmers' "Economy of Large Towns" will be such another book ere many days or years are gone; and I believe that that man will stand in the field of moral and religious enterprise holding the same position—though many may have imagined that his notions were only devout imaginations—I say I believe that before many years Dr Chalmers will occupy, in the churches of Christendom, the place which Adam Smith occupies amongst the commercial nations of the world.

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*Beard Shaving and Drinking.*

A minister of the gospel, a clever man in his way, said to another friend of mine the other day, "Become a total abstainer! Is there any reason why I should have my hands tied behind

my back in case I should fight?" That is not a fair analogy. The ground I take up is, that the mischief the drink does is so many thousand times greater than the good it does, that on the principles of Christian expediency and love of humanity, men should give it up. 'Tie your hands behind your back' is not an analogous case at all. Here is an analogous case. You see a man going about with a long beard. Some say that long beards are good for preventing colds and chest complaints, therefore the beard is a good thing. Now, the truth is, I see my friends with beards stroking them with manifest delight, so that it is plain it is not the danger of cold, but because they think them ornamental that they wear them. Supposing the beard shaving to go on as it does, and every tenth man who used the razor to cut his throat—supposing that, what would you say? I would preach in favour of beards from the pulpit. I say it would be the duty of every man to wear a beard, and never to handle the razor, if it could be proved and demonstrated that every tenth man that handled a razor cut his throat. If I can prove that something like the same proportion of evil is done by the use of strong drink, that something like the same proportion

destroy by it their character, household comfort, domestic happiness, and their bodies and souls, is there a man among us that would not say, "Be done with drinking!"

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*High Ground.*

I am no bigot. Everybody that knows me knows that I hold what many of my friends think loose views on the subject of education. People tell me I should take high views on that subject. Why, I think the top of a steeple is high ground, but it is not very safe.

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*The True Chart.*

I am prepared to give men knowledge, to give them letters, to give them learning, to give them unrestricted instruction. I was told the other day of a poor Ragged School boy who wanted to become a sailor. Suppose I said to him 'I shall teach you magnetism, the use of the compass, the use of the chart, provided you take my Bible, and if you do not take my Bible, I will not teach you.' I would be the last man

to do this. I would teach him those useful arts, and I would shew him where the rocks are that he has to avoid—the sand-banks he is to steer clear of.

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*Nothing at All.*

The very existence of these Schools arises from the existence of a class in our cities who are, in fact, of no religion at all. It is an utter abuse of words to call them Roman Catholics, or to call them Protestants. I will venture to say, that within the last few years, I have known as much of those people as any person in this city can do, and I say they are nothing at all. I can appeal to any city minister in Edinburgh in proof of this. The truth is, they are perfect outcasts, neither Protestants nor Roman Catholics, and it is in that light and character I would like to look at them here. What is my position, then, in regard to these outcast children? I deny the right of the priesthood. I deny the right of any man, be he parson, or priest, or clerk, or whatever else, to stand between a perishing sinner and God's word.



*The Last Relic.*

I feel an interest in the Schools. They are dear to my heart; but dear as they are, I would say, Perish the Ragged Schools, if they can be kept up only by parting with the Bible. I would rather we were found like the body of the sailor boy that lay upon the lone sea-shore. A handkerchief was tied round his body, and when the wrecker came, he thought it was gold, and tearing it open, it was found that the only thing the boy had saved, the only thing he had bound round his body in the dreadful hour of shipwreck, was the Bible which his mother had given him with a mother's blessing.

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*Cruelty to Animals.*

In my view the man or the woman who inflicts cruelty either upon their children, or the brute creatures, sins against the light of reason as well as against the law of God. Hogarth, the great portrait painter, painted some pictures representing the progress of cruelty. He began with a boy torturing cats, and ended by show-

ing him at the gallows for murder. I warn parents against allowing their children to kill flies, or to inflict needless pain on any creature. It is quite consistent with my profession that I should come forward to take a part in such a meeting as this, [to hear Mr Gamgee's lecture on cruelty to animals ;] but some of my friends, who remember a picture in the Exhibition, in which I am represented as fishing in a boat, may be inclined to ask whether I practise what I preach. Now, I believe I have derived health both in body and mind from angling ; but if I really thought I was inflicting cruelty on fishes by so doing, I would not have engaged in that amusement. But one day, when I was fishing along with my son, I caught a trout of which I happened to make a *post-mortem* examination, and in its belly I found a rusty hook and a piece of gut, which must have remained there for weeks or months. It is quite clear that the fish could not have felt any pain from *that* hook, otherwise it would not have seized so readily on *mine*. In fact, the trout was evidently in the most comfortable circumstances in the world. People think that when a fish is taken out of the water, and when they see it walloping its tail about, that it is

suffering great pain ; but the fact is, that after the fish is dead, it can continue to wallop its tail for a good while.

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*A Woman without a Parish.*

I remember an old woman who, twenty years ago, came to me and said, "I am starving." I said to her, "You have a parish." "Yes," she replied, "I must have a parish somewhere, but when I go to the Edinburgh workhouse, they say I belong to Leith, and Leith says I belong to Edinburgh, and they have driven me back and fore for the last four years." This is just the way we were treated by the Government Offices in London, when we wanted help for our Schools.

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*One never Misses the Bit to the Poor.*

I once saw a man, a poor Papist Irishman, in the Cowgate, surrounded, as Pat generally is, with a pretty large family, and who, when I asked him if one of the children, a fair-haired lassie, was his, answered, "Oh, no, plase yer riverince, she's nothing ov the kind, but she is

a poor child. Her father and mother died next door, and she had not a cratur in the wide world to care for her ; and so, though I had plenty bairns ov my own, I said to Mary, we'll take her in, and, plase your riverince, we have never missed the lassie's bit ov food." Now I say to you, you'll never miss the bit of food to these Ragged children.

---

*The True Plan.*

It is not the harsh stroke and the hard word, or the flashing eye, that will wean from the paths of sin. The kind word, the affectionate heart, the weeping eye, and the judicious counsel have ten times more power for good.

---

*Fighting it Out.*

I would not have been exceedingly glad to see my two friends, Dr Begg and Mr Robertson, go and fight it out if they could not be reconciled [in the Causewayside dispute,] but I believe it was better to leave the parties to fight it out, rather than involve the two Churches in the matter. I hope I will be pardoned the

illustration, but I assure my friends I do not mean to suggest that there is an analogy between their case and a Reformatory. A friend of mine, at the head of a Girls' Reformatory, where the girls are, of course, very unruly, informed me that her Reformatory was lately visited by Mr Sydney Turner, who asked her, "How do you do when the girls are likely to quarrel." She replied, to his great astonishment, "I just make a ring of it, and let them fight it out."

---

*Lovers' Quarrels.*

I believe the quarrel [about the South-Side Mission] may be settled, and perhaps it may happen that it would be like lovers' quarrels, they would like each other better after the whole was over.

---

*Going to the Fountain Head.*

In Nottingham, Birmingham, and other towns I know that there are thousands of small, puny infants, who toil every day from morning to noon, and from noon to night, to feed the drunkenness of their fathers and mothers, and

Society has allowed that horrid system to go on, and never minded. The consequence is, that in England, and Scotland too, there are thousands of girls that go wrong, and cannot but go wrong. Here, hundreds of girls are brought up in the filthiest dens, and in the midst of the foulest and most abominable crimes; and I hold it is impossible with such houses, and with such moral and physical abominations surrounding them, that they grow up anything but criminals. I believe my own children, if they had been exposed to such influences, and lived in such places, would have been no better. Until Society go to the spring from which these evils flow, by providing better houses for the poor, and providing better means of education for their children, they will be no better. If Society did as it ought, there would not be a single child left without food and raiment, nor a single boy or girl brought up without education. I often think of the lines Sir Wm. Hamilton inscribed over the chair in his lecture room:—

The only **THING** great in the world is man  
The only **THING** great in man is mind.

---

*A Book more Difficult to Read than to Answer.*

I think there is no Institution in Edinburgh that has stronger claims on the community than this [the Dalry] Institution for the reformation of young girls. The objects ought to be objects of our pity, and kindness, and compassion. They have been criminals, or were in the way of becoming criminals, and it is the duty and the interest of the community to try to prevent them from going further, or to bring them back from crime if they were chargeable with it. I got a tract yesterday, which contained a great deal of talk about Reformatories, and tried to show they did evil instead of good. If I had time I would read it, and, what is more, I would answer it, for to read it would be a great deal more difficult than to answer it.

---

*Geology or Clean Shirts.*

It will not do for the people of this country to be mere protesting bodies. It won't do to pick faults in this or the other scheme for remedying the evils of society. It won't do to content themselves with saying they would not see the working man's houses so clean and comfortable as the Reformatories. If that should

be the case, I say, all the worse for the working man. But it is absurd to meet with objections of that kind. The very end and object of such Institutions is to train the children to cleanly habits. It is very needful for their health, and it is far better than teaching them a great deal of what is taught in some schools. I was lately in a school where a class of little pupils were taught the stratification of rocks ; all about Silurian, and Oolite, and Devonian, and all the rest of it ; but I think it is of far more consequence to teach girls how to cook and wash, and how to keep their beds, floors, and persons clean.

---

*A Little Protesting Body.*

We are bound, as, blessed be God, we are beginning to do in this Christian age, to look to one object to try by judicious tuition, and judicious kindness, to reform that child and make it a useful member of society. This Irishman [author of a pamphlet,] with his objections to Reformatories, reminds me of an old minister belonging to the "Old Lights," whom I used to know in Dundee. I had a great respect and regard for the Old Light body of Christians. They



were long the very backbone of religion in this country; but they were peculiar in some things. My friend, Dr Roxburgh of Glasgow, wanted this old minister, whose name was Dr Duncan, to join us first when we were in the Establishment, and afterwards in the Free Church. Said Dr Roxburgh, "Why don't you join us?" "Oh," said Dr Duncan, "we have this objection and that objection." Dr Roxburgh was a tall man, as big as myself, and looking down upon Dr Duncan, who was a very little man, "Now, Dr Duncan," says he, "what is the use of your body in this world? What Missions do you send to the heathen at home or abroad? What use are you in the Church?" "Oh," said Dr Duncan, "we are a protesting body; we protest against everything that is wrong in other bodies." "Man," said Dr Roxburgh, bending down to him, "if ye would ca' yoursel' a protesting body, it would be liker the thing."

---

*The Prodigal Son's Brother Revived.*

Mr Smith [the author of the pamphlet against Reformatories] went on to say that the Refor-

matory Act places young criminals in a far better position than the children of the honest poor, and then the Irishman waxes eloquent upon the injustice done to the honest poor, and the bitter feelings with which a poor man would contrast the discomfort of his own home, with the care and plenty, the cleanliness and the conveniences of every Reformatory provided for young criminals. When I read that, I fancied an angel coming down from some distant star, to which he had been sent on some divine errand, and finding in Heaven a book called the Bible, in which it was written, how God, out of his love to us poor, wretched, guilty, abominable sinners, had bestowed on us his own Son, the greatest gift that God Himself could give, and the greatest gift that creature could receive. Could you imagine an angel in Heaven, on becoming acquainted with these facts, turning round, and saying, "God has done more for these sinners than he has ever done for me. He is bestowing greater honours on crime than ever he bestowed on innocence." When I read that charge, I remembered an old story in the Blessed Book, the story of the elder brother who, after the prodigal's return, came back to his father's house, and when he saw how his

father had bestowed his love on that prodigal, turned round on his father and said, "Lo! these many years have I served you, but you never did that for me."

---

*Irresistible Prayers.*

Mr M'Leod says that the best proof of a revival would be the support of this work, [the reforming of the young.] Prayers are all well, but I say there is not a prayer that will go up from Edinburgh for these charities from prayer meetings, the Music Hall, the Assembly Hall, or Carrubber's Close, but will, unless there be a sheet of adamant between Heaven and this earth, be answered, for I hear the voice of Jehovah coming down, and it says, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?"—(*That for America, this for home*).—"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily. Then

shalt thou call"—then it is, when you have done *that*—"then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer."

---

*The Times' Estimate of Dr Guthrie,*  
28th January, 1861.

Why, then, don't people come forward in crowds to assist such a cause as Dr Guthrie's. He goes into the streets and finds wretched urchins flitting about in dirt, boys engaged in all kinds of wickedness, if, indeed, it be wickedness (interposes the Doctor) for such beings to follow nature and occasion like cats and dogs. The parents of these poor creatures are drinking gin, or worse; as the children may not be destroyed as vermin, and, somehow or other, do grow up, they naturally become the burdensome occupants of our prisons and workhouses;—all this is evident, and Dr Guthrie makes it more than evident. He makes it marvellous and picturesque. He introduces us to the world of the streets, and the splendid annals of ragged life. He takes the beggar from the dunghill, and places him among duchesses.

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