

SCOTCH FOLK

ILLUSTRATED



"DOUN WI' THE ITHER SHILLIN', OR UP SHE COMES!"

THIRD EDITION

ENLARGED

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS

1881

Price One Shilling.



THE MINISTER'S STORIES.

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SCOTCH FOLK.

THE DUMBARTON FERRYMAN AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

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

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

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

"Gowk; I telt him that." However, being in the water, it behoved that every effort should be made to rescue him. So the ferryman made a grab at what

seemed the hair of his head, when a wig came away. Throwing this impatiently into the boat, he made a second grip at the collar of his shirt, when a front came away. Casting this from him with still greater scorn, he shouted to his companion: "Tummas, come here, and help to save as muckle o' this man as ye can, for he's comin' a' awa' in bits."

THE BROKEN DOWN COWFEÉDER'S GRATITUDE.

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



“ HE’S COMIN’ A’ AWA’ IN BITS ! ”

B

THE WIDOW'S GRIEVANCE.

"Good morning, Mrs. ——," said the minister to a widowed parishioner, who was shown into his study one morning. "Please sit down. This is fine weather."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BONNET-LAIRD'S CAUTION.

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

RIGHTLY SERVED.

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

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

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

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



“YE'RE JIST FULLY LOOD FOR ME.”

THE LINLITHGOW BEADLE.

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

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

“Oh, he gied me saxpence; they ne’er gie mair.”

ON one occasion, when the minister of a neighbouring parish was about to leave the vestry to conduct the service, the beadle came in to take up the books to the pulpit, as usual; but before doing so said, “I houp, sir, ye’ll dae yer verra best the day, for there’s a gey when U.P.’s in the kirk!”

A REFLECTION BY A GRAVE.

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

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

“No; I aye think I’m awfu’ glad it’s no me.”

THE MINISTER'S PRIDE HUMBLED.

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

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

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

"Do you live in Paisley?"

"No, I leeve in Glasca'."

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

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

"That's a long walk, surely."

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

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

"No, I just walk back again?"

"That is a very long walk."

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

DOUBTFUL PRAISE.

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

"Think o' him?" was the reply; "I think I never was sae delighted wi' naething!"

THE KILMARONOCK FARMER
“ELEVATED.”

ONE fine moonlight night a Kilmarnock farmer setting homeward from Bonhill, where he had sat too long and drunk too deep, had reached the burn near his house. Attempting to cross it by the stepping-stones—to effect which in safety, required daylight or a steadier head than John’s was on that night—he missed one stone, and came down splash into the burn. Unable to raise himself beyond his hands and knees, he looked down into the clear water, in which the moon was reflected, while the water streamed from his hair. At last he began to shout to his wife, “Marget! Marget!” The good woman hearing his cry, ran out, exclaiming: “Oh, John, my John! Is that you? Whare are ye, John?” “Whare am I?” he rejoined; “I dinna ken, but I see I’m far aboon the mune.”

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



“ I SEE I’M FAR ABOON THE MUNE ! ”

THE MAUCLINE BEADLE'S PULPIT
INTIMATION.

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

They had taken their seats in the front pew of the gallery; the bell had ceased ringing, and an interval of fully ten minutes had elapsed, but no one had appeared to conduct the services. At length, a plain, somewhat elderly man, walked with a long heavy step up the passage, deposited his hat on a table seat at the foot of the pulpit stair, and, with a large Bible and psalm book under his left arm, ascended the stair. When he had laid them as usual on the reading desk, he looked round and addressed the congregation in the following terms:—"Ma freens; there was ane *Wudra* tae hae preached here the day, but he's naether come himsel', nor sent the scrape o' a pen tae say that he's no comin. Ye'll sit there for ither ten meenutes, an' if he has'na come then, ye man jist

gang awa' hame. The like o' this has'na happened sin' I hae been connecked with this parish o' Mauchline, an' that's five and thirty years."

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

A MINISTERIAL VISIT APPRECIATED.

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

COMMENT ON THE "REVISED VERSION."

Two Highlanders were conversing on the recently issued revised version of the New Testament, and more particularly about the change at the end of the Lord's Prayer, where the words "deliver us from evil" have been changed into "deliver us from the evil one." "Ay, ay," one of them remarked, "that will be a great luft (lift) to hum."

UNUSUAL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nonsense; it's impossible."

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

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



“COULD YE NO DAE’T OWER THE WINDOW, SIR?”

THE WIDOW'S SENSE OF DUTY.

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

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

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

“Is there anything new with you?” he asked.

“Ay, I’m gaun tae chainge ma life.”

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

“Oh, no,” she said, with a tone of slightly increasing solemnity; “naething verra far wrang, but I was thinking o’ gettin mairit.”

“Indeed! Is that it? Who is he?”

“Oh, he’s a decent man; he’s a widow-man; he

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

"What does he do?"

"He's an engineer; he works in Renfra, an' has five-an'-twenty shillins a-week."

"Is he a steady man?"

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

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

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

"Why?" asked the minister.

"Oh, jist for safety."

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

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

PRISON PRIVILEGES.

THE late Dr. Cook of Haddington, who was minister of the first charge, officiated as prison chaplain. On one occasion he observed among the prisoners an old woman who had been a frequent inmate. "Here again, Mary?" the doctor said, to which Mary replied, "Aweel, sir, whaur could I be better? I get my meat, an' I get my claes, an' I hae the benefit o' your ministrations."

A GAELIC CONGREGATION.

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

"No; it will not be over yet."

"Will it be long?"

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

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

"But is the Gaelic service over?"

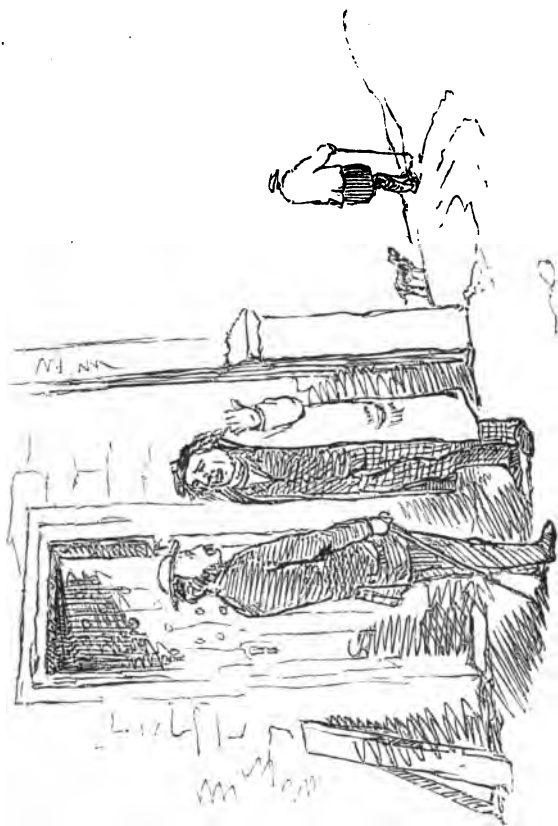
"Oh, ay; it will be over."

"And is the congregation gone?"

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

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

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



"YON'S HUM!"

KIRSTY RONALDSON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The old man was really dying, and the doctor soon after said so to Kirsty, who forthwith went into the room where her husband was still lying on the bed on which it had been found most convenient to lay him when he became suddenly ill. The old couple

had not always got on well together; their greed, especially Kirsty's, having been the cause of bickerings. Coming up to the bed, she said, "William, dae ye ken what the doctor says? he says that ye're deein'. Noo, we maun shift you intae the kitchen; for 'deed ye'll no dee on ma guid feather bed."

THE INTELLECTUAL GROCER AND THE MINISTER.

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

"Me! how! what was I saying?"

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

THE PAISLEY SCAVENGER.

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

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

NOT QUITE AN EXTREME MEASURE.

A MAN addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, ending in delirium tremens, and followed as regularly by periods of great depression and remorse, went on one of these occasions of gloom into a gunsmith's shop and asked to be shown pistols. After a lengthened examination of weapons of various sizes and construction, and having had the modes of use explained, he fixed on one, saying, "I think this ane 'll dae." "Do for what?" asked the gunsmith, who knew him. "You're not going to shoot yourself, I hope." "No," said the man in a tone of intense severity, "I'm no gaun tae shute mysel' exactly; but I'm gaun tae gie mysel' a dashed fricht."

THE GRAVEDIGGER'S THREAT.

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

"Five shillins."

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

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

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

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

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

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



“DOUN WI’ THE ITHAR SHILLIN’, OR UP SHE COMES!”

THE PULPIT CRITICISED.

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

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

"Oh, weel aneuch."

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

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

VISIT OF MINISTER TO WIDOW RECENTLY
BEREAVED.

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

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

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

TOO LATE.

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

“No, we ne’er thocht o’ that. Is it necessar?”

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

“Wha can we get, Jen, do you think?”

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

“Step ye awa’ alang, Jen, an’ ask them, an’ I’ll walk about till ye come back.”

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

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

“What is it now?” asked the minister.

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

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

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

TWO VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

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

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

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

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

“Ay,” replied Thomas, “it maks the skin verra tender.”



“IT MAK’S THE SKIN VERRA TENNER.”

THE GRAVEDIGGER'S LAST WISH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A GLIMPSE OF ARRAN FROM THE
SHERIFF-COURT.

SOME years ago the late Sheriff Hunter of Dum-barton and Bute, when conversing with me on the work of his sherifdom, remarked, regarding Arran, that from lengthened experience of cases from that island, he had arrived at two general practical rules in judging, viz., that when an Arran man *asserted*

anything, he doubted him ; but that if he offered to *swear* to it, he disbelieved him. This, the Sheriff attributed very much to the Antinomianism in the religious belief prevalent in the island. I was reminded of this on being told recently of an Arran man who had been summoned for debt to the Sheriff-Court at Rothesay, and who, on a reference to his oath, had sworn what his neighbours knew to be false. On being asked "Why he had done so—whether he had not known that he was swearing what was untrue," he replied, "Ou, aye, maybe ; but I wad raither fall into the hauns of a covenant keepin' God than into the hauns o' Sheriff Hunter."

"BE AS DREICH AS YE CAN."

THE custom of serving wine and cake at funerals, which properly is being gradually given up, used to be general. In Glasgow and the neighbourhood the beadles of the city churches were very frequently in charge of the refreshments, as of the arrangements generally, on such occasions. At a funeral in a rural part of the parish of Govan, the Rev. Dr. Leishman, minister of the parish, was present to conduct the devotional service. After the distribution of cake and wine, one of the older beadles of the city, to whom all the clergy were well known, stepped forward, and in the usual form requested the minister to return thanks ; then, as he passed him on his way out, he half whispered, "Be as dreich as ye can, doctor, for we hae a' the glasses to pack before we lift."

THE BIT POUTHER.

“How is your wife?” a friend of mine asked of a farmer, whose wife had been ill. “Oh, she’s deid.” “Dead! surely that was very unexpected. When did it happen?” “It was yesterday.” “Did you send for the doctor?” “No; ye see it was a lang way, and we thocht that maybe she wad sune get owre’t; an’ there was a bit pouter that I had got frae the doctor a year or twa sin’ when I was ill mysel’, but I hadna taen’t. I thocht I micht gie her that; and I just gied her’t, and she deid sune after. It’s a great change tae me, but I’m verra glad I hadna taen the pouter mysel’.”

DELIBERATE.

A COUNTRY lad went up to a man who was ploughing in a field near the highway, and said, “I say, man, I’ve coupit ma cairt.” “Coupit your cairt; that’s a pity; where is it, and what was on it?” “It’s doun on the road yonner, an’ it was a cairt o’ hay. Div ye think ye can come an’ help me tae lift it?” “Oh yes, I’ll come as soon as I can, but I can’t leave my horses here in the middle o’ the field; as soon as I can get to the headrig, I’ll come an’ help you.” “Div ye no think ye can come the noo?” he said, scratching his head. “No, I’m sorry, but I’ll come as soon as I can.” “Aweel,” he said, in a tone of resignation, “I maun just wait then, but I wad hae likit that ye could hae come the noo, for the hanged thing is that ma faither’s below’t!”



“MA FATHER’S BELOW’T!”

HIGHLANDERS AND WHISKY.

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

EXTREME CONSIDERATENESS.

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

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

"Oh, yes," said the minister, "I do occasionally ; but, Donald, I have been thinking seriously about this dram-drinking, and I'll tell you what I will do. If you will promise to give it up altogether, I will."

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

A HIGHLANDER'S APOLOGY.

A LADY passenger by one of the West Highland steamers had been unintentionally annoying the man at the wheel by asking questions at a time when all his attention had to be directed to his work. At last he so far forgot himself as to tell her to "Go to Jericho," or some other worse place. The lady was greatly shocked and insulted, complained to the captain, and insisted on an apology from the man. The captain politely promised to see to it. Having called the steersman and heard his account of the affair, he told him that whatever his provocation, he ought not to have spoken so to a lady, and that he must go to the cabin where she was and make an apology. The man was not convinced of his offence, but knew he must obey orders, and so went off rather sulkily towards the cabin. Having reached the door, he stood there till the attention of the lady was turned to him, when he called out to her, "You need not go," then turned and went on deck.

A RIGID PRESBYTERIAN.

THE minister of —— had an old housekeeper, Betty, who was a very rigid Presbyterian of the old Covenanting type. A lady in the parish, who was an Episcopalian, having died, the Episcopal clergyman of a neighbouring town was invited to perform the burial service, and for convenience he was asked to come to the manse. In getting out of the carriage he dropped his surplice, and as it got soiled with mud old Betty was summoned to wash it. Lifting the vestment by a corner between her finger and thumb, she said, with an expression of intense scorn, "The glaury bit's the cleanest bit about it."

"SPECIAL BAD."

MR. MILNE of the Abbey Church, Paisley, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, on his way to Kilmalcolm to conduct the service there on the Monday after the communion, fell in with a Kilmalcolm man, with whom he entered into conversation. Being wrapped up against cold, his clerical profession was not recognised. The conversation turned on the communion and the preachings, and Mr. Milne inquired who had been assisting on the several days, and how each had been liked by the people. The criticisms in reply were frank and various; some were highly favourable, others moderately so; and excellence in doctrine was qualified in some cases by "a bad way o' layin't aff." He then asked "who was expected that day?" "I understan'," was the reply, "it's ane Mr. Milne frae the Aibba o' Paisla." "And how is he liked in Kilmalcolm?" "Oh, special bad!"

THE LAIRD'S HOSPITALITY.

A CHARACTERISTIC illustration of the courteous hospitality of a Scotch "bonnet laird" of penurious habits is recorded of one in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. On one occasion an acquaintance from a distance called at the laird's house on his way to a place farther on. The laird, having learned his purpose and destination, thought it necessary, in order not to appear inhospitable, to ask him to stay overnight and go on next day. This was done with not much show of cordiality. The friend having replied, however, that he was sorry his time and business would not allow it, the laird at once proceeded to repeat and press his invitation with much apparent warmth, "Surely he nicht spend at least ae nicht wi' them, an' tak' the road as early as he likit the morn." After he had gone, the gudewife, who had been surprised by her husband's warmth of manner in the circumstances, asked, "What for did ye press the man sae hard tae stay after he tellt ye he cudna'?" "Whan else," replied the laird, "sud I hae pressed him?"

HOSPITALITY WITH HINTS.

A PREACHER had on one occasion been supplying the pulpit of a minister at Eskdalemuir, and the manse being closed he was entertained by one of the elders, a respectable farmer. The preacher, who in ordinary circumstances would have left on the Monday, accepted the farmer's invitation to stay a day or two and enjoy the country. So well satisfied, however, was the visitor with his quarters that he showed no sign of leaving even after several days. The farmer

and his busy and thrifty wife had spoken of it, wondering when he would think of going. At last the wife told her husband that she could stand it no longer, and that "if he wadna speak to the man she wad." "Tak' care, gudewife, what ye say, for ye ken we maunna be unceevil tae him." "Ou ay, I'll tak' care." At breakfast next morning, accordingly, after they had nearly finished their meal, she looked to the preacher and said, "Help yersel' tae anither egg, Mr. —, ye'll be gaun tae traivel the day." The hint was taken.

THE minister of a country parish, in the course of pastoral visitation, was invited to stay and take lunch at a farmhouse. There was set before him a supply of oat-cakes, butter, cheese, and milk, and having had a long country walk he was fully prepared to do justice to it. As he refreshed himself, the farmer's wife moved about at her household work, interjecting the remarks which hospitality dictated, such as— "Help yersel', Sir. Pit tae yer haun'. It maun be a lang time sin' ye had breakfast, an' ye've had a lang walk." The minister was not loth, and continued to eat until the consumpt of household stores began to alarm his hostess. At length he paused, drew himself up, and sat back from the table, but the gudewife could not help giving him a little hit. "Hout, Sir," she said, "ye're no stoppin'; pit tae yer haun'; dinna be blate." "Oh yes, really, I must stop now; I have done well."

"Na, na, help yersel'; tak' anither farrel,* an' that'll be fowre."

* It may be necessary to explain that a farm-house "farrel" is a cake of oatmeal, so large that one with accompaniments would suffice for an ample ordinary lunch.



“TAK’ ANITHER FARREL, AN’ THAT’LL BE FOWRE.’

CRAMOND FOLK.

“THAT’s a bit gey nice beast, Mr. Wulson,” said an elderly parishioner to the minister of Cramond, who was riding a well-bred mare. “Yes, Thomas,” he replied, “she’s a good mare, and serves me well either in saddle or harness.”

“Ay; an’ ye sit no sae awkward on her as some ministers I hae seen.”

“Thank you for the compliment, Thomas.”

“Div ye ken what I would dae if I was you an’ had a meer like that?”

“No, Thomas, I have no idea. What?”

“I wad hae an auld wife no weel oot Hopetoun way, an’ I wad be ridin’ oot tae see her, just by chance-like, when the houns were oot.”

WILLIE HENDERSON, an eccentric or half-witted character, was well known a few years ago to travellers by the Cramond coach, the watching of whose arrival and departure was a subject of daily interest to him. One Monday morning a passenger on the box, intending to have some amusement at his expense, said to him—

“Well, Willie, were you at the kirk yesterday?”

“Oh, ay; surely I wad be at the kirk.”

“What kirk do you go to?”

“The Establiished Kirk, of coorse.”

“Then you sit under Dr. Colvin?”

“Na-a,” said Willie, “I sit under the gallery.”

REASONS FOR THE CHOICE OF A MINISTER.

THERE must necessarily be great variety in the reasons which influence members of a congregation in choosing a minister. Some of them are amusing as well as instructive. Recently a promising young minister was appointed to a parish in Ayrshire. One of the elders who had zealously supported him, having been asked on what ground he had done so, replied, "Weel, I had several reasons. First of a', when he cam up tae the kirk in the mornin', I was stannin at the plate, an' he said in a frank way, 'Good mornin', gentlemen;' I likit that. Then, after I gaed intae the kirk, I noticed that in giein' oot the psalm, he named it twice; I likit that. Then again, when he was preachin', some of them in the kirk were coughin' raither much, he just stoppit till they were dune, an' then gaed on again; man, I thocht a deal o' that!!"

THE MINISTER AND THE PIPER.

It is well known that in Scotland instrumental music of any kind on Sunday is regarded with some suspicion, and that secular music is almost universally proscribed. Much as a true Highlander delights in the bagpipes, he would never dream of playing them on Sunday. The locality of the following exceptional case is not vouched. A piper, whose religious education



“IF YE WAD WHUSTL’T, I MIGHT TRY TO PLAY IT TO YOU.”

had been neglected, had been indulging himself with a tune on the pipes on a Sunday when the minister chanced to be passing his house. He thought it his duty to go in and admonish the offender.

“What was that I was hearing, Dugald?”

“Weel, maybe you wad be hearin’ the pipes.”

“But do you not know what day this is?”

“Ay; what for wad I not know it?”

“Dugald; do you remember the Fourth Commandment?”

“Na, minister, I canna say that I do; but if ye wad whustl’t, I micht try to play it to you.”

THE END.