

KATE CARNEGIE¹

By Ian Maclaren

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CHAPTER XIII.—PREPARING FOR THE SACRAMENT

English folk have various festivals in the religious year, as becometh a generous country, but in our austere and thrifty Glen there was only one high day, and that was Sacrament Sabbath. It is rumored—but one prefers not to believe scandals—that the Scottish Kirk nowadays is encouraging a monthly Sacrament, after which nothing remains in the way of historical declension except for people to remain for the Sacrament as it may occur to them, and for men like Drumsheugh to get up at meetings to give their religious experiences, when every one that has any understanding will know that the reserve has gone out of Scottish character, and the reverence from Scottish faith. Dr. Davidson's successor, a boisterous young man of bourgeois manners, elected by popular vote, has got guilds, where Hillocks' granddaughter reads papers on Emerson and refers to the Free Kirk people as Dissenters; but things were different in the old days before the Revolution. The Doctor had such unquestioning confidence in himself that he considered his very presence a sufficient defense for the Kirk, and was of such perfect breeding that he regarded other Kirks with unbroken charity. He was not the man to weary the parish with fussy little schemes, and he knew better than to level down the Sacrament. It was the summit of the year to which the days climbed, from which they fell away, and it was held in the middle of August. Then nature was at her height in the Glen, and had given us of her fullness. The barley was golden, and, rustling in the gentle wind, wearied for the scythe; the oats were changing daily, and had only so much greenness as would keep the feathery heads firm for the handling; the potatoes, having received the last touch of the plow, were well banked up and flowering pleasantly; the turnips, in fine levels, like Hillocks', or gently sloping fields, like Menzies', were so luxuriant that a mere townsman could not have told the direction of the drills; the hay had been gathered into long stacks like unto the shape of a two-storied house, and the fresh aftermath on the field was yielding sweet morsels for the horses of an evening; the pasture was rich with the hardy white clover, and one could hear from the road the cattle taking full mouthfuls; young spring animals, like calves and lambs, were now falling into shape and beginning independent life, though with an occasional hankering after the past, when the lambs would fall a-bleating for their mothers and calves would hang about the gate at evening, where they had often fought shamelessly to get a frothy nose once more into the milk-pail.

Our little gardens were full a-blow, a very blaze and maze of color and foliage, wherein the owner wandered of an evening, examining flowers and fruit with many and prolonged speculations—much aided by the smoke of tobacco—as to the chance of gaining a second at our horticultural show with his stocks, or honorable mention for a dish of mixed fruit. The goodwife might be seen of an afternoon, about that time, in a sunbonnet and gown carefully tucked up, gathering her berry harvest for preserves, with two young assistants, who worked at a modest distance from their mother, very black as to their mouths, and preserving the currants as they plucked them by an instantaneous process of their own invention. Next afternoon a tempting fragrance of boiling sugar would make one's mouth water as he passed, and the same assistants, never weary in well-doing, might be seen setting saucers of black jam upon the window-sill to "jeel," and receiving, as a kind of blackmail, another saucerful of "skim," which, I am informed, is really the refuse of the sugar, but, for all that, wonderfully toothsome. Bear with a countryman's petty foolishness, ye mighty people who live in cities, and whose dainties come from huge manufactories. Some man, read-

ing these pages, will remember that red-letter day of the summer-time long ago, and the faithful hands that plucked the fruit, and the old kitchen, with its open beams, and the peat fire glowing red, and the iron arm that held the copper-lined pan—much lent round the district—and the smack of the hot, sweet berries, more grateful than any banquet of later days.

The bees worked hard in this time of affluence, and came staggering home with spoil from the hills, but it was holiday season on the farms. Between the last labors on the roots and the beginning of harvest there was no exacting demand from the land, and managing farmers invented tasks to fill up the hours. An effort was made to restore carts and implements to their original color, which was abruptly interrupted by the first day of cutting, so that one was not surprised to see a harvest cart blue on one side and a rich, crusted brown on the other. Drumsheugh would even send his men to road-making, and apologize to the neighbors—"juist reddin' up about the doors"—while Saunders, the foreman, and his staff labored in a shame-faced manner, like grown-ups playing at a children's game. Hillocks used to talk vaguely about going to see a married sister in Glasgow, and one year got as far as Kildrummie, where he met Piggie Walker, and returned to have a deal in potatoes with that enterprising man. More than once Drumsheugh—but then his position was acknowledged—set off on the Tuesday for Carnoustie with a large carpet-bag, containing, among other things, two pounds of butter and two dozen eggs, and announced his intention of spending a fortnight at the "saut water." The kirkyard would bid him good-by, and give him a united guarantee that Sabbath would be kept at Drumtochty during his absence, but the fathers were never astonished to see the great man drop into Muirtown market next Friday on his way west—having found four days of unrelieved gayety at that Scottish Monaco enough for flesh and blood.

This season of small affairs was redeemed by the Sacrament, and preparations began far off with the cleaning of the kirk. As early as June our beadle had the face of one with something on his mind, and declined to pledge himself for rous of standing corn, where his presence was much valued, not on business grounds, but as an official sanction of the proceedings. Drumtochty always felt that Dr. Davidson was fully represented by his man, and John could no longer disentangle the two in his own mind—taking a gloomy view of the parish when he was laid up by lumbago and the Doctor had to struggle on single-handed, and regarding the future, when both would be gone, with despair.

"Aye, aye, Hillocks," he once remarked to that worthy, "this 'ill be a queer-like place when me an' the Doctor's awa'."

"Na, na, a' daurna promise for the roup, but ye can cairry it on whether a'm there or no; prices dinna hang on a beadle, and they're far mair than appearance. A'm juist beginning tae plan the reddin' up for the Saicrament, an' 'a've nae speerit for pleasure; div ye ken, Hillocks, a' wud actually coont a funeral distrackin'?"

"Ye hev an awfu' responsibility, there's nae doot o' that, John, but gin ye juist jined the fouk for ae field, it wud be an affset tae the day, an' the auctioneer wud be lifted."

With the beginning of July, John fairly broke ground in the great effort, and was engaged thereon for six weeks, beginning with the dusting of the pulpit and concluding with the beating of Drumsheugh's cushion. During that time the Doctor only suggested his wants to John, and the fathers themselves trembled of a Sabbath morning lest in a moment of forgetfulness they might carry something of their farms with them and mar the great work. It was impressive to see Whinnie laboring at his feet in a grassy

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corner, while John watched him from the kirk door with an unrelenting countenance.

The elders also had what might be called their cleaning at this season, examining into the cases of any who had made a "mistak" since last August, and deciding whether they should be allowed to "gang forrit." These deliberations were begun at the collection plate, where Drumsheugh and Domsie stood the last five minutes before the Doctor appeared, and were open to the congregation, who from their places within learned the offenders' prospects.

"The Doctor 'ill dae as he considers richt, an' he's juist ower easy pleased wi' anybody 'at sets a-greeting, but yon's ma judgment, Dominie."

"I do not wish to dispute with you, Drumsheugh"—Domsie always spoke English on such occasions—"and the power of the keys is a solemn charge. But we must temper a just measure of severity with a spirit of mercy."

"Ye may temper this or temper that," said Drumsheugh, going to the root of the matter, "but a' tell ye, Dominie, there's ower mony o' thae limmers in the country juist noo, an' a'm for making an example o' Jean Ferguson."

So Jean did not present herself for a token on the approaching fast day, and sat out with the children during the Sacrament with as becoming an expression of penitence as her honest, comely face could accomplish. Nor did Jean or her people bear any grudge against the Doctor or the Session for their severity. She had gone of her own accord to confess her fault, and was willing that her process of cleansing should be thorough before she received absolution. When a companion in misfortune spoke of the greater leniency of Pitscourie, Jean expressed her thankfulness that she was of Drumtochty.

"Nane o' yir loose wys for me—gie me a richt minister as dis his duty," which showed that, whatever might be her deflections in conduct, Jean's ideas of morals were sound.

Preparations in the parish at large began two weeks before the Sacrament, when persons whose attendance had been, to say the least, irregular slipped in among the fathers without ostentation, and, dropping into a conversation on the weather, continued, as it were, from last Sabbath, used it skillfully to offer an apology for past failures in church observance.

"It's keepit up wonderfu' through the week, for a' never like ower bricht mornin's," old Sandie Ferguson would remark casually, whose arrival, swallow-like, heralded the approach of the great occasion. "The roads are graund the noo frae the heich (high glen); we've hed an awfu' winter, neeburs, up oor wy—clean blockit up. Them 'at lives ablow are mighty favored, wi' the kirk at their door."

"It's maist extraordinar' hoo the seasons are changin'"—Jamie Soutar could never resist Sandie's effrontery. "A' mind when Mairch saw the end o' the snow, an' noo winter is bangin' aboot in midsummer. A'm expeckin' tae hear, in another five year, that the drifts last through the Sacrament in August. It 'ill be a sair trial for ye, Sandie, a wullin' kirk-goer—but ye 'ill hae the less responsibility."

"Millhole's here, at ony rate, the day, an' we're gled tae see him"—for Drumsheugh's pride was to have a large Sacrament—and so Sandie would take his place at an angle to catch the Doctor's eye, and pay such rapt attention to the sermon that any one not knowing the circumstances might have supposed that he had just awaked from sleep.

Plowmen who on other Sabbaths slept in the forenoon and visited their sweethearts the rest of the day, presented themselves for tokens on the fast day, and made the one elaborate toilette of the year on Saturday evening, when they shaved in turns before a scrap of glass hung outside the bothy door, and the foreman, skilled in the clipping of horses, cut their hair, utilizing a porridge-bowl with much ingenuity to secure a round cut. They left early on the Sabbath morning, forming themselves into a group against the gable of the kirk, and being reviewed with much satisfaction by Drumsheugh, who had a keen eye for absentees from the religious function of the year. At the first sound of the bell the plowmen went into kirk a solid mass, distributing themselves in the servants' pews attached to the farmers'

pews, and maintaining an immovable countenance through every part of the service, any tendency to somnolence being promptly and effectually checked by the foreman, who relaxed when alone on other days, but on Sacrament Sabbath realized his charge and never closed an eye. The women and children proceeded to their places on arrival, and the fathers followed them as the bell gave signs of ceasing. Drumsheugh and Domsie then came in from the plate and the administration of discipline, and the parish waited as one man for the appearance of John with the Bible, the Doctor following, and envied those whose seat commanded the walk from the manse down which the procession came once a week with dignity, but once a year with an altogether peculiar majesty.

Drumtochty exiles meeting in London or other foreign places and recalling the Glen, never part without lighting on John and passing contempt on all officials beside him. "Ye mind John?" one would say, wagging his head with an amazement that time and distance had in no wise cooled, and his fellow-glensman would only reply, "Aye, ye may traivel the warld ower or ye see his marrow." Then they would fall into a thoughtful silence, and each knew that his neighbor was following John as he came down the kirk-yard on the great day. "Comin' in at the door lookin' as if he didna ken there wes a body in the kirk, a' aye coontit best," but his friend had another preference. "It wes fine, but, man, tae see him set the bukes doon on the pulpit cushion, and then juist gie ae glisk roond the kirk, as much as tae say, 'What think ye o' that?' cowed a' thing." It has been given to myself, amid other privileges, to see (and store in a fond memory) the walk of a University mace-bearer, a piper at the Highland gathering, a German station-master (after the war), an alderman (of the old school), but it is only justice to admit, although I am not of Drumtochty, but only as a proselyte of the gate, that none of those efforts is at all to be compared with John's achievement. Within the manse the Doctor was waiting in pulpit array, grasping his father's snuff-box in a firm right hand, and it was understood that, none seeing them, and as a preparation for the strain that would immediately be upon them, both the minister and his man relaxed for a minute.

"Is there a respectable attendance, John?" and the Doctor would take a preliminary pinch. "Drumsheugh does not expect many absentees."

"Naeboddy's missin' that a' cud see, sir, except that ill-gettit wratch, Tammie Ronaldson, and a' coont him past redemption. A' gaed in as a' cam doon, and gin he wesna lyin' in his bed sleepin' an' snorin' like a heathen!"

"Well, John, did you do your duty as an officer of the church?"

"A' stood ower him, Doctor, an' a' juist said tae maesel', 'Shall a' smite wi' the sword?' but a' left him alane for this time." And so they started—John in front with the books, and the Doctor a pace behind, his box now in the left hand, with a handkerchief added, and the other holding up his gown, both dignitaries bare-headed, unself-conscious, absorbed in their office.

The books were carried level with the top button of John's waistcoat—the Psalm-book being held in its place by the two extended thumbs—and neither were allowed to depart from the absolute horizontal by an eighth of an inch, even going up the pulpit stairs. When they had been deposited in their place, and slightly patted, just to settle them, John descended to make way for the Doctor, who had been waiting beneath in a commanding attitude. He then followed the minister up, and closed the door—not with a bang, but yet so that all might know he had finished his part of the work. If any one had doubted how much skill went to this achievement, he had his eyes opened when John had the lumbago, and the smith arrived at the kirk door three yards ahead of the Doctor, and let the Psalm-book fall on the pulpit floor.

"We're thankfu' tae hae ye back, John," said Hillocks. "Yon wes a temptin' o' Providence."

Once only had I the privilege of seeing John in this his glory, and the sight of him afflicted me with a problem no one has ever solved. It might, indeed, be made a branch of scientific investigation, and would then be called the

Genesis of Beadles. Was a beadle ever a baby? What like was he before he appeared in his office? Was he lying as a cardinal in petto till the right moment, and then simply showed himself to be appointed as one born unto this end? No one dared to hint that John had ever followed any other avocation, and an effort to connect John with the honorable trade of plumbing was justly regarded as a disgraceful return of Tammie Ronaldson's for much faithful dealing. Drumtochty refused to consider his previous history, if he had any, and looked on John in his office as Melchizedek, a mysterious, isolated work of Providence. He was a mere wisp of a man, with a hard, keen face, iron-gray hair brushed low across his forehead, and clean-shaven cheeks.

"A've naething tae say against a beard," on being once consulted, "an' a'm no prepared tae deny it maun be in the plan o' Providence. In fact, gin a' wes in a private capaucity, a' michtna shave, but in ma public capaucity, a've nae alternative. It wud be a fine story to gang roond the Presbytery o' Muirtown that the Beadle o' Drumtochty hed a beard."

His authority was supreme under the Doctor, and never was disputed by man or beast save once, and John himself admitted that the circumstances were quite peculiar. It was during the Doctor's famous Continental tour, when Drumsheugh fought with strange names in the kirkyard, and the Presbytery supplied Drumtochty in turn. The minister of St. Mungo's, Muirtown, was so spiritual that he left his voice at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and lived in the Song of Solomon, with occasional incursions into the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and it was thoughtless not to have told Mr. Curlew that two or three dogs—of unexceptionable manners—attended our kirk with their masters. They would no more have thought of brawling in church than John himself, and they knew the parts of the service as well as the Doctor; but dogs have been so made by our common Creator that they cannot abide falsetto, and Mr. Curlew tried them beyond endurance. When he lifted up his voice in "Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return," a long wail in reply, from below a back seat where a shepherd was slumbering, proclaimed that his appeal had not altogether failed. "Put out that dog," said the preacher in a very natural voice, with a strong suggestion of bad temper; "put that dog out immediately; it's most disgraceful that such . . . eh, conduct should go on in a Christian church. Where is the church officer?"

"A'm the Beadle o' Drumtochty"—standing in his place—"an' a'll dae yir pleasure;" and the occasion was too awful for any one, even the dog's master, to assist, far less to laugh.

So Laddie was conducted down the passage—a dog who would not condescend to resist—and led to the outer gate of the kirkyard, and John came in amid a dead silence—for Mr. Curlew had not yet got his pulpit note again—and faced the preacher.

"The dog's oot, sir, but a' tak this congregation tae witness, ye begood (began) it yirsel," and it was said that Mr. Curlew's pious and edifying chant was greatly restricted in country kirks from that day.

It was not given to the beadle to sit with the elders in that famous court of morals which is called the Kirk Session, and of which strange stories are told by Southern historians, but it was his to show out and in the culprits with much solemnity. As a familiar of the Inquisition, he took oversight of the district, and saw that none escaped the wholesome discipline of the Church.

"Ye're back," he said, arresting Peter Ferguson as he tried to escape down a by-road, and eying the prodigal sternly, who had fled from discipline to London, and there lost a leg; "the'll be a meetin' o' Session next week afore the Saicrament; wull a' tell the Doctor ye're comin'?"

"No, ye 'ill dae naething o' the kind, for a'll no be there. A've nae suner got hame aifter ma accident but ye're tormentin' me on the vera road wi' yir Session. Ye drave me awa' aince, an' noo ye wud harry (hunt) me aff again."

"A weel, a weel"—and John was quite calm—"dinna pit yirsel' in a feery-farry (excitement); ye 'ill gang yir ain

wy and earn yir ain jidgment. It wes for yir gude a' spoke, and noo a've dune ma pairt, an' whatever comes o't, ye 'ill no hae me or ony ither body tae blame."

"What think ye 'ill happen?"—evidently sobered by John's tone, yet keeping up a show of defiance. "Ye wud think the Session wes the Sheriff o' Perthshire tae hear ye blawin' and threatenin'."

"It's no for me tae say what may befa' ye, Peter Ferguson, for a'm no yir jidge, but juist a frail mortal, beadle though I be; but a' may hev ma thochts."

"Ye refused the summons sax month syne, and took yir wys tae London—that wes contumacy added tae yir ither sin. Nae doot ye made certain ye hed escapit, but hed ye? A' leave it tae yirsel', for the answer is in yir body," and John examined Peter's wooden leg with an austere interest.

"Aye, aye, ma man," he resumed—for Peter was now quite silenced by this uncompromising interpretation of the ways of Providence—"ye aff tae London, an' the Lord aifter ye, an' whuppit aff ae leg. Noo ye declare ye 'ill be as countermaious as ever, an' a'm expekin' the Lord 'ill tak the ither leg, an' gin that disna dae, a' that remains is tae stairt on yir aims; and, man Peter, ye 'ill be a bonnie-like sicht afore a's dune."

This was very faithful dealing, and it had its desired effect, for Peter appeared at next meeting, and in due course was absolved, as became an obedient son of the Church.

John did not, however, always carry the sword, but bore himself gently to young people so long as they did not misbehave in church, and he had a very tender heart towards probationers, as being callow members of that great ecclesiastical guild in which he was one of the heads.

When one of those innocents came to take the Doctor's place, John used to go in to visit them in the dining-room on Saturday evening, partly to temper the severity of his wife, Dr. Davidson's housekeeper, who dealt hardly with the lads, and partly to assist them with practical hints regarding pulpit deportment and the delivery of their sermons. One unfortunate was so nervous and clinging that John arranged his remarks for him into heads—with an application to two classes—and then, having suggested many points, stopped under the yew arch that divided the kirkyard from the manse garden, and turned on the shaking figure which followed.

"Ae thing mair; aifter ye're dune wi' yir sermon, whether ye're sweatin' or no, for ony sake fa' back in yir seat and dicht (wipe) yir broo," which being done by the exhausted orator, made a great impression on the people, and was so spread abroad that a year afterwards it won for him the parish of Pitscourie.

CHAPTER XIV.—A MODERATE

As a matter of fact, Dr. Davidson, minister of Drumtochty, stood exactly five feet nine in his boots, and was therefore a man of quite moderate height; but this is not what you had dared to state to any loyal and self-respecting person in the parish. For "the Doctor"—what suggestions of respect and love were in that title on a Drumtochty tongue!—was so compactly made, and bore himself with such dignity, both in walk and conversation, that Drumsheugh, although not unaccustomed to measurement and a man of scrupulous accuracy, being put into the witness-box, would have sworn that Dr. Davidson was "about sax feet aff and on—maybe half an inch mair, stannin' at his full hicht in the pulpit." Which fond delusion seemed to declare abroad, as in a parable, the greatness of the Doctor.

Providence had dealt bountifully with Dr. Davidson, and had bestowed on him the largest benefit of heredity. He was not the first of his house to hold this high place of parish minister—the only absolute monarchy in the land—and he must not receive over-praise for not falling into those personal awkwardnesses and petty tyrannies which are signs of one called suddenly to the throne. His were the pride of blood, the inherent sense of authority, the habit of rule, the gracious arts of manner, the conviction of pop-

ular devotion, the grasp of affairs, the interest in the people's life, which are the marks and aids of a royal caste. It was not in the nature of things that the Doctor should condescend to quarrel with a farmer or mix himself up with any vulgar squabble, because his will was law in ninety cases in a hundred, and in the other ten he skillfully anticipated the people's wishes. When the minister of Nether Pitfoodles—who had sermons on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," and was much run after in Muirtown—quarreled with his elders about a collection, and asked the interference of the Presbytery, Dr. Davidson dealt severely with him in open court as one who had degraded the ministry and discredited government. It was noticed also that the old gentleman would afterwards examine Nether Pitfoodles curiously for minutes together in the Presbytery, and then shake his head.

"Any man," he used to say to his reverend brother of Kildrummie, as they went home from the Presbytery together, "who gets into a wrangle with his farmers about a collection is either an upstart or he is a fool, and in neither case ought he to be a minister of the Church of Scotland." And the two old men would lament the decay of the ministry over their wine in Kildrummie Manse—being both of the same school, cultured, clean-living, kind-hearted, honorable, but not extravagantly evangelical clergymen. They agreed in everything except in the matter of their after-dinner wine, Dr. Davidson having a partiality for port, while the minister of Kildrummie insisted that a generous claret was the hereditary drink of a Scottish gentleman. This was only, however, a subject of academic debate, and was not allowed to interfere with practice—the abbé of Drumtochty taking his bottle of claret in an appreciative spirit, and the curé of Kildrummie disposing of his two or three glasses of port with cheerful resignation.

If Drumtochty exalted its minister above his neighbors, it may be urged in excuse that Scottish folk are much affected by a man's birth, and Dr. Davidson had a good ancestry. He was the last of his line, and represented a family that for two centuries had given her sons to the Kirk. Among those bygone worthies, the Doctor used to select one in especial for honorable mention. He was a minister of Dunleith, whose farmers preferred to play ball against the wall of the kirk to hearing him preach, and gave him insolence on his offering a pious remonstrance. Whereupon the Davidson of that day, being, like all his race, short in stature but mighty in strength, first beat the champion player one Sabbath morning at his own game to tame an unholy pride, and then thrashed him with his fist to do good to his soul. This happy achievement in practical theology secured an immediate congregation, and produced so salutary an effect on the schismatic ball-player that he became in due course an elder, and was distinguished for his severity in dealing with persons absenting themselves from public worship, or giving themselves overmuch to vain amusements.

At the close of the last century the Doctor's grandfather was minister of the High Kirk, Muirtown, where he built up the people in loyalty to Kirk and State, and himself recruited for the Perthshire Fencibles. He also delivered a sermon entitled "The French Revolution the just judgment of the Almighty on the spirit of insubordination," for which he received a vote of thanks from the Lord Provost and Bailies of Muirtown in council assembled, as well as a jewel from the Earl of Kilspindie, the grandfather of our lord, which the Doctor inherited and wore on the third finger of his left hand. Had Carmichael or any other minister decked himself after this fashion, it had not fared well with him; but even the Free Kirk appreciated a certain pomp in Dr. Davidson, and would have resented his being as other men. He was always pleased to give the history of the ring, and generally told a story of his ancestor, which he had tasted much more frequently than the sermon. A famous judge had asked him to dinner as he made his circuit, and they had disputed about the claret, till at last its excellence compelled respect at the close of the first bottle.

"Now, Reverend Sir," said the judge, "this wine has

been slandered and its fair fame taken away without reason. I demand that you absolve it from the scandal."

"My Lord," said my worthy forbear, "you are a great criminal lawyer, but you are not well read in Kirk law, for no offender can be absolved without three appearances."

"My grandfather," the Doctor used to conclude, "had the best of that jest besides two bottles of claret, for in those days a clergyman took more wine than we would now think seemly, although, mark you, my sagacious grandfather always denounced drunkenness, on two grounds: first, because it was an offense against religion, and, second, because it was a sign of weakness."

Some old folk could remember the Doctor's father, who never attained to the Doctorate, but was a commanding personage. He published no sermons, but, as the first Davidson in Drumtochty, he laid the foundations of good government. The Kilspindie family had only recently come into the parish—having purchased the larger part of the Carnegies' land—and Drumtochty took a thrawn fit, and among other acts of war pulled down time after time certain new fences. The minister was appealed to by his lordship, and, having settled the rights of the matter, he bade the factor wait in patience till the Sacrament, and Drumsheugh's father used to tell unto the day of his death, as a historical event, how the Doctor's father stood at the communion-table and debarred from the Sacrament evil livers of all kinds, and that day in especial all who had broken Lord Kilspindie's fences, which was an end of the war. There was a picture of him in the Doctor's study, showing a very determined gentleman, who brought up both his parish and his family upon the stick.

With such blood in his veins, it was not to be expected that our Doctor should be after the fashion of a modern minister. No one had ever seen him (or wished to see him) in any other dress than black cloth and a broad-brimmed silk hat, with a white stock of many folds and a bunch of seals depending from some mysterious pocket. His walk, so assured, so measured, so stately, was a means of grace to the parish, confirming every sound and loyal belief, and was crowned, so to say, by his stick, which had a gold head, and, having made history in the days of his father, had reached the position of a hereditary scepter. No one could estimate the aid and comfort that stick gave to the Doctor's visits, but one quite understood the force of the comparison Hillocks once drew, after the Doctor's death, between the coming to his house of the Doctor and a "cry" from his energetic successor under the new régime.

"He's a hard-workin' body, oor new man, aye rin rinnin', fuss fussin', roond the pairish, an' he's a pop'lar hand in the pulpit, but it's a puir business a veesit frae him."

"It's juist in an' oot like a cadger buyin' eggs, nae peace an' nae solemnity. Of coorse it's no his blame that he's naethin' tae look at, for that's the wy he wes made, an' his father keepit a pig (china) shop, but at ony rate he micht get a wise-like stick."

"Noo, there wes the Doctor 'at's dead an' gone; he didna gang scammelin' an' huntin' aifter the fouk frae Monday tae Saiturday. Na, na, he didna lower himsel' prayin' an' paiterin' like a missionary body. He announced frae the pulpit whar he wes gaein' and when he wes comin'."

"It's my purpose," and Hillocks did his best to imitate the Doctor, "'to visit the farm of Hillocks on Wednesday of this week, and I desire to meet with all persons living thereon; it wes worth callin' an' intimation, an' gied ye plesure in yir seat."

"On Tuesday afternoon John wud juist drap in tae see that a' thing wes ready, and the next afternoon the Doctor comes himsel', an' the first thing he dis is tae lay the stick on the table; an' gin he hed never said a word, tae see it lyin' there wes a veesitation. But he's a weel-meanin' bit craturie, Maister Peebles, an' handy wi' a magic lantern. Sall," and then Hillocks became incapable of speech, and you knew that the thought of Dr. Davidson explaining comic slides had quite overcome him.

This visitation counted as an event in domestic life, and the Doctor's progress through the Glen was noted in the kirkyard, and any special remark duly reported. Nothing

could be more perfect than his manner on such occasions, being leisurely, comprehensive, dignified, gracious. First of all he saluted every member of the family, down to the bairns, by name, for had he not at least married the heads of the household, and certainly baptized all the rest? Unto each he made some kindly remark also—to the good man a commendation of his careful farming, to the good wife a deserved compliment on her butter; the eldest daughter was praised for the way in which she was sustaining the ancient reputation of Hillocks' dairy; there was a word to Hillocks' son on his masterly plowing; and some good word of Dominie Jamieson's about the little lassie was not forgotten. After which the Doctor sat down—there was some difficulty in getting the family to sit in his presence—and held a thorough review of the family history for the last year, dwelling upon the prospects of Charlie, for whom the Doctor had got a situation, and Jean, the married daughter, whose husband might one day have a farm with four pair of horses in the carse. The Doctor would then go out to give his opinion on the crops, which was drawn from keen practical knowledge—his brochure on "The Potato Disease: Whence it Came and How it is to be Met" created much stir in its day—and it was well known that the Doctor's view on bones or guano as a preferable manure was decisive. On his return the servants came in—to whom also he said a word—and then from the head of the table he conducted worship—the plowmen looking very uneasy and the children never taking their eyes off his face, while the gudewife kept a watchful eye on all. At the prayer she was careful to be within arm's reach of Hillocks, since on one memorable occasion that excellent man had remained in an attitude of rapt devotion after the others had risen from their knees, which sight profoundly affected the family, and led the Doctor to remark that it was the only time he had seen Hillocks play the Pharisee in public. The Doctor's favorite passages were the eulogium on the model housewife in Proverbs, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the 12th chapter of Romans, from which he deduced many very searching and practical lessons on diligence, honesty, mercy, and hospitality. Before he left, and while all were under the spell of his presence, the Doctor would approach the delicate subject of Hillocks' "tout-mout" (dispute) with Gormack over a purchase at a roup, in which it was freely asserted that Gormack had corrupted the Kildrummie auctioneer, a gentleman removed above pecuniary bribes, but not unaffected by liquid refreshment. So powerfully did the Doctor appeal to Hillocks' neighborliness that he took snuff profusely, and authorized the Doctor to let it be understood at Gormack that the affair was at an end, which treaty was confirmed by the two parties in Kildrummie train, when Hillocks lent Gormack his turnip-sowing machine and borrowed in turn Gormack's water-cart. Mr. Curlew had more than once hinted in the Presbytery of Muirtown that Dr. Davidson was not so evangelical as might be desired, and certainly Mr. Curlew's visitation was of a much more exciting nature; but St. Mungo's congregation was never without a quarrel, while the Doctor created an atmosphere in Drumtochty wherein peace and charity flourished exceedingly.

Whatever might be urged in praise of his visitation, surely the Doctor could never be more stately or fatherly than on Sacrament Sabbath, as he stood in his place to begin service. His first act was to wipe elaborately those gold eye-glasses, without which nothing would have been counted a sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, and then, adjusting them with care, the Doctor made a deliberate survey of the congregation, beginning at his right hand and finishing at his left. Below him sat the elders in their blacks, wearing white stocks that had cost them no little vexation that morning, and the precentor, who was determined no man, neither Saunders' Baxter nor another, should outsing him that day in Coleshill. Down the center of the kirk ran a long table, covered with pure white linen, bleached in the June showers and wonderfully ironed, whereon a stain must not be found, for along that table would pass the holy bread and wine. Across the aisle on either side, the pews were filled with stalwart men, solemn beyond their wonted gravity, and kindly women in simple finery, and rosy-

cheeked bairns. The women had their tokens wrapped in snowy handkerchiefs, and in their Bibles they had sprigs of apple-riny and mint, and other sweet-scented plants. By and by there would be a faint fragrance of peppermint in the kirk—the only religious and edifying sweet, which flourishes wherever sound doctrine is preached, and disappears before new views, and is therefore now confined to the Highlands of Wales and Scotland, the last home of our fathers' creed. The two back seats were of black oak, richly carved. In the one sat the General and Kate, and across the passage Viscount Hay, Lord Kilspindie's eldest son, a young man of noble build and carriage, handsome and debonair, who never moved during the sermon save twice, and then he looked at the Carnegies' pew.

When the Doctor had satisfied himself that none were missing of the people, he dropped his eye-glass—each act was so closely followed that Drumsheugh below could tell where the Doctor was—and took snuff after the good old fashion, tapping the box twice, selecting a pinch, distributing it evenly, and using first a large red bandana and then a delicate white cambric handkerchief. When the cambric disappeared, each person seized his Bible, for the Doctor would say immediately with a loud, clear voice, preceded by a gentlemanly clearance of the throat, "Let us compose our minds for the worship of Almighty God by singing to his praise the first Psalm.

"That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray—"

Then Peter Rattray, of the high Glen, would come in late, and the Doctor would follow him with his eye till the unfortunate man reached his pew, where his own flesh and blood withdrew themselves from him as if he had been a leper, and Peter himself wished that he had never been born.

"Five minutes earlier, Peter, would have prevented this unseemly interruption—ahem.

"In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way."

Before the Sacrament the Doctor gave one of his college sermons on some disputed point in divinity, and used language that was nothing short of awful.

"Grant me those premises," he would say, while the silence in the kirk could be felt, "and I will show to any reasonable and unprejudiced person that those new theories are nothing but a resuscitated and unjustifiable Pelagianism." Such passages produced a lasting impression in the parish, and once goaded Drumsheugh's Saunders into voluntary speech.

"Yon wes worth ca'in' a sermon. Did ye ever hear sic words oot o' the mooth o' a man? Noo, that bleatin' cratur Curlew 'at comes frae Muirtown is juist pittin' by the time. Sall, ae sermon o' the Doctor's wud last yon body for a year."

After the sermon the people sang,

'Twas on that night when doomed to know,

and the elders, who had gone out a few minutes before, entered the kirk in procession, bearing the elements, and set them before the Doctor, now standing at the table. The people came from their pews and took their seats, singing as they moved, while the children were left to their own devices, tempered by the remembrance that their doings could be seen by the Doctor, and would receive a just recompense of reward from their own kin in the evening. Domsie went down one side and Drumsheugh the other, collecting the tokens, whose clink, clink in the silver dish was the only sound.

"If there be any other person who desires to take the Sacrament at this the first table" (for the Sacrament was given then to detachments), "let him come without delay."

"Let us go, dad," whispered Kate. "He is a dear old padre, and . . . they are good people and our neighbors."

"But they won't kneel, you know, Kit; will you . . . ?"

"We 'ill do as they do; it is not our Sacrament." So the father and daughter went up the kirk and took their places on the Doctor's left hand. A minute later Lord

Hay rose and went up his aisle, and sat down opposite the Carnegies, looking very nervous, but also most modest and sincere.

The Doctor gave the cup to the General, who passed it to Kate, and from her it went to Weelum Maclure, and another cup he gave to Hay, whom he had known from a child, and he handed it to Marget Howe, and she to Whinnie, her man; and so the two cups passed down from husband to wife, from wife to daughter, from daughter to servant, from lord to tenant, till all had shown forth the Lord's death in common fellowship and love, as becometh Christian folk. In the solemn silence the sunshine fell on the faces of the communicants, and the singing of the birds came in through the open door with the scent of flowers and ripe corn. Before the congregation left, the Doctor addressed a few words of most practical advice, exhorting them, in especial, to live in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and to be good neighbors. It was on one of those occasions that he settled a dispute between masters and men—whether the cutting of grass for the horses' breakfast should be included in the day's work—and ended the only bitterness known in Drumtochty.

At the kirk gate Hay introduced himself to his father's friend, and the General looked round to find his daughter, but Kate had disappeared. She had seen the face of Marget Howe after the Sacrament as the face of one in a vision, and she had followed Marget to the road.

"Will you let me walk with you for a little? I am General Carnegie's daughter, and I would like to speak to you about the Sacrament; it was lovely."

"Ye dae me much honor, Miss Carnegie," and Marget slightly flushed, "an' much pleasure, for there is naething dearer tae me than keeping the Sacrament; it is my joy every day and mickle comfort in life."

"But I thought you had it only once a year?" questioned Kate.

"With bread and wine and outward sign that is once, and maybe enuch, for it makes ane high day for us all, but div ye not think, Miss Carnegie, that all our life should be ane Sacrament?"

"Tell me," said Kate, looking into Marget's sweet, spiritual face.

"Is it no the picture of His Luvie, who thocht o' everybody but Himsel', an' saved everybody but Himsel', an' didna He say we maun drink His cup and live His life?"

Kate only signed that Marget should go on.

"Noo, a'm judgin' that ilka ane o's is savit juist as we are baptized intae the Lord's death, and ilka time ane o's keeps back a hot word, or humbles a proud heart, or serves anither at a cost, we have eaten the Body and drunk the Blood o' the Lord."

"You are a good woman," cried Kate, in her impulsive way, so quick to be pleased or offended. "May I come to see you some day?"

"Dinna think me better than I am: a woman who had many sins tae fecht and needit many trials tae chasten her; but ye will be welcome at Whinny Knowe for yir ain sake and yir people's, an' gin it ever be in ma poor tae serve ye, Miss Carnegie, in ony wy, it wull be ma joy."

Twice as she came through the woods Kate stopped: once she bit her lip, once she dashed a tear from her eye.

"Where did you go to, lassie?" and the General met Kate at the gateway. "Lord Hay came to the drive with me, and was quite disappointed not to meet you—a very nice lad, indeed, manly and well-mannered."

"Never mind Lord Hay, dad; I've been with the most delightful woman I've ever seen."

"Do you mean she was in kirk?"

"Yes, sitting across the table—don't laugh; she is a farmer's wife, and a better lady than we saw in India."

"Oh, dad," and Kate kissed her father, "I wish I had known my mother; it had been better for me, and . . . happier for you."

[To be continued in the July Magazine Number of The Outlook]



Never too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, to be useful to some one.—*Kate Gannett Wells.*

The Bible and the Child¹

The Bible as Literature

By Washington Gladden

The Bible is the book of religion, but it is also, by eminence, the book of literature. Well may we call it The Book; it is the prolific mother of books; since the invention of printing the book-makers have been busy, a good share of their time, in producing Bibles, and books about the Bible.

The influence of our English Bible upon our language in keeping our speech simple and direct and unstilted is beyond all comprehension. Euphuistic dandyism and Johnsonese magniloquence have been slain by its homely eloquence; and not only have thirsty souls with joy drawn the water of life by its aid from the wells of salvation, but scholars and writers of books have drawn the freshness and grace of literary form from its pure well of English undefiled. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that our greatest English writers have been the men who best knew their Bibles. John Bunyan read almost no other book, and he contrived to write a book of which, it is said, more copies have been printed than of any other English book except the Bible itself. Of men as far apart in their view of life as Byron and Ruskin, it could with equal truthfulness be said that their mastery of style is largely due to their perfect familiarity with the English Bible.

Complaints of the Bible as archaic and uncouth in its literary form have not, indeed, been wanting; and some of the most amusing books in the language are those which have undertaken to remedy this defect. A translation of the New Testament published in New England in 1833, by an Episcopal clergyman, exhibits in its introduction the need of such a reconstructed Bible. "While various other works," says the translator, "and especially those of the most trivial attainment, are diligently adorned with a splendid and sweetly flowing diction, why should the mere uninteresting identity and paucity of language be so exclusively employed in rendering the Word of God? Why should the Christian Scriptures be divested even of decent ornament? Why should not an edition of the heavenly institutes be furnished for the reading-room, saloon, and toilet, as well as for the church, school, and nursery; for the literary and accomplished gentleman as well as for the plain and unlettered citizen?" This is what this fine writer essays to do, and a few samples of the way he does it may be instructive:

When thou art beneficent, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand performs.

Contemplate the lilies of the field, how they advance.

At that time Jesus took occasion to say, I entirely concur with thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.

Every plantation which my heavenly Father has not cultivated shall be extirpated.

Salt is salutary; but if the salt has become vapid, how can it be restored?

Be not surprised that I announced to thee, Ye must be reproduced.

For this the Father loves me, because I gave up my life to be afterwards resumed. No one divests me of it, but I personally resign it. I have authority to resign it, and I have authority to resume it.

There are numerous apartments in my Father's temple; if not, I would have informed you.

This will serve as an illustration of the kind of writing to which, for long periods, we might have been delivered, if it had not been for the better model, always in the hands of the common people, of the strong and simple Saxon of our English Bible.

Most true is the contention of Matthew Arnold that, although the Bible is the book of religion and the book of conduct, we cannot draw from it the religious and the moral truth of which it is the treasury unless we treat it as literature. Literature it is, beyond all controversy, and

¹ Previous articles in this series have been by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury (The Outlook for March 21), the Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D. (The Outlook, April 18), and the Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon (The Outlook, May 2). Other articles in the series will be by Professor Frank C. Porter, of Yale University, and by Lyman Abbott.