

indirect discipline in the matter. So he preached a sermon ostensibly on the qualities of those fitted to hold office in the Church, but in which his main strength was expended in picturing the dreadful offence of which they were guilty who refused in any manner of way to be subject to the powers that be. The allusions, though rather laboriously roundabout in their putting, were clear enough to the meanest capacity. The laird, Sir Simon Frissal, who, being in the quarter, had come to countenance the occasion, and who, from his boxed-in, or pumphel seat, as it was called by the irreverent youth of the parish, had nodded approval frequently during the delivery of the sermon, pronounced it "an excellent discourse," and spoke vaguely of getting it published. The general remark among the parishioners was of this sort, "Nyod, didnin he tak a gey fling at the 'lectioneerin' the day?" "Aw doot Gushetneuk cam in for a bit scaad yon'er."

Johnny Gibb met Mr. Sleekaboot in a day or two after the delivery of this famous discourse, when Johnny bluntly accosted him thus:—

"Weel, I daursay ye thocht ye hed me o' the steel o' repentance on Sunday, sir?"

"John! John! what do you mean by that?"

"Ou, brawly ken ye that, sir; ye're nae so blate—yer discourse was mair like a hash o' Tory poleetics, nor an expoondin o' the Gospel."

"John! let me warn you,—these Radical and irreverent notions of yours can end in no good."

"That's preceesely fat ye taul me fae the poopit on Sunday, sir."

"I simply deduced from the passages of Scripture founded upon, those general principles that ought to guide men in certain relations of life."

"Maybe; but I think, wi' a' respeck, it cudna be