

'at he kent, 'an if a' the Soshlists wiz as dacent chaps iz them, the warl micht be a hantle the better for them, bit couldna very weel be ony the waur. They hid nae aikes tae grin' ony wye, an' that couldna be said o' a' the fowk 'at profest tae be the workin' man's frien'.

Wi' a' this in my min', an' sae muckle time on my hans 'at I wiz seekin' tae sell't tae somebody, I speir't at Jock faur an' faun the Sosblists heild their meetins.

"Oh, ye're gaun awa there neist?" says Jock's wife, wi' a sour kin' o' a glower, as gin I hid been i' the wye o' gyaun tae nae en' o' ill places. Bit I gyau 'er a gey quaet, firm look, an' she said nae mair, an' Jock, some putten' oot, tell't me 'at the meetins were heild on Setterday nights in the Castlegit, an' on Sunday aifterneens at the fit o' Market Street. At the same time he offer't tae come wi' me on the Sunday.

He wisna an ill loon Jeck. He wis fond o' a news, an' I hid gotten some influence ower 'im the time we rocht thegither. Man, it's nae ill-hairtitness, bit the fear o' loss o' wark an' wint o' breid that maks men sae selfish an' stupiet, an' creepie. Fin a man comes hame, an' hears the bairns seekin' a piece fae their mammy, an' nae a piece tae gie them, it's nae winner though baith father an' mither should be ill aboot keepin' up the steady income aiven though it be bit sma, an' should be fear't till offen' them 'at hiz't in their pooer tae gie or tae withhau'd the bairns' pieces. Bit, by Jing, my loon, the time 'ill come fin it winna be in