

hidna gotten muckle eddication tae begin wi', he said, an' iver sin' they hid begun wark they hid been treatit like beasts o' burden—left wi' naither time nor energy tae think for themsels. Fin they hid the smeddum tae mak up their min's aboot the Sosh'l Questi'n, they war fear't tae speak an' ac' openly les' the wife, the minister, an' the maister sud ken an' be ang'ry, an' waur come o't. Bit for fear 'at he micht be lattin' them aff ower easy, he said, wi' anither grin, that he protestit against the idaia 'at a man should only be expectit tae dae the thing 'at wiz easy tae dae. We gaed men credit, he said, nae for deein the thing 'at wiz easy, bit for deein' the thing 'at wiz diffeec'lt. He wiz a proper warrior this. I wiz tell't 'at he wiz the aul' han' amo' them, an' wiz fully better at it wi' his pen than wi' his tongue aiven. His speech cam tumlin' fae 'im in clots—the ae word trippin' up the ither—an' he gaed ower an awfa skelp o' grun in the three-quarters o' an oor 'at he spoke. Fin he wiz throu he speir't gin their wiz ony questi'ns tae answer; bit naebody spak, an' aifter makin' a feow intimations, he tell't them the meetin' wiz at an en'.

Jock an' me gaed till their indoor meetin' that nicht, an', man, I wiz astonish't tae see sic a full hoose, an' singin' an' a' thing like a kirk. Fae that time till I left the toon I niver miss't a meetin'. Ye may ken fat it wiz tae me tae be gaein' warslin' aboot a' day, gettin' snottit at ilka han'—fowk speirin' fat I thocht I could dae, loons sparrin' at my back, an' suggestin'