

prophetic dicta indicated or allowed. However this might be, I am inclined to think that his theories in regard to the millennium, for which we should all look and long, were just as near the truth as most of those propounded in these later days.

In some Churches, immediately before my day, the Monday of the Sacrament was specially devoted to polemical preaching—to “riding the marches” between truth and error. It was by many deemed a duty on that day not only to defend their own creed, but to assail, and denounce, other creeds in as far as they ran counter to, or infringed on, orthodoxy as defined by the assailants. It fared hard with Popery and Prelacy, and as many of the heterodox *isms* as time permitted to be brought under the ecclesiastical flail. I have heard rather a racy story told, in this connection, of the Rev. Mr. Robertson of Kilmarnock, a man eminent for moral worth and piety, and distinguished above his fellows for vigor of intellect and vast acquirements; but who, for a good while, was subjected to considerable aberration of mind, a calamity from which, in the mysterious providence of God, the most gifted of gospel heralds are not exempted. Who that reads this will not recall to mind the repeated eclipse that came over the gigantic intellect of the saintly Robert Hall of Leicester? Mr. Robertson, I believe, in great measure recovered from this sad affliction, though I rather think his mind never entirely regained its normal tone. However, he felt it to be a duty as it was his delight to preach; and it was said he could preach with great power. On a certain occasion, as the story goes, he was assisting the Rev. Dr. P——, of Perth, and it fell to his lot to preach on the Monday after the communion. It was well known that Mr. Robertson was a hearty hater of error, and especially of Popish errors. The Dr. and his brother, who were present, were afraid,—and not without cause,—that he would over-do the customary *threshing*; that he would violate good taste, and exceed the bounds of Christian propriety, in castigating the Catholics when their turn came. It was deemed necessary to adopt some means to secure, if possible, moderation, at least as regarded length, to the denunciations of Popery and Papists, by Mr. R. So at breakfast, the Dr. addressed Mr. R. to the following purport:—“It’s usual on this day to point out the leading errors o’ the age, and, nae doubt, the Papists are a’ wrang; but a’ folks ken that we dinna like or approve o’ Popery, so there is nae need for your sayin’ muckle about it the day. And should ye forget, and continue owre lang on the subject, I’ll gang wi’ ye to the pu’pit and sit ahint ye, and when ye hae said enough, I’ll just gie yer coat-tail a wee bit pu’, and then ye ken it’s time to stop.”

This arrangement was tolerated, it would seem, by the party addressed; for the Dr. did go to the pulpit, and took his seat behind the preacher. As expected, Mr. Robertson, in his sermon, dragged Popery to the bar, and treated it and its professors, without ceremony and without mercy. The subject, as usual, roused him: he waxed