

were to serve, and it was a pleasant sight to see half a dozen of those reapers, seated on the stubble, armed with horn spoons enjoying their morning meal from the same dish chaffing and laughing as Irish men and women only can. Happy mortals; their dinner consisted of a pound of bread and a bottle of small beer to each. The men slept on a bundle of hay or straw in one barn, the women in another. But to see them in the cornfield, three upon each ridge, all vying with neighbouring ridges who should be foremost, was something to be remembered, and which the apprentice, certainly, will never forget: for he was *ex officio*, the 'grieve' or overseer of the whole business. It also fell to him to 'grieve' the women out-workers in whatever work they might be engaged. Reaping suggests sowing, one of the fine arts which he acquired under the dictatorship of Davie, the foreman, whose oft repeated injunction is still remembered—"Fill your nieve my mon for, mind ye, 'him that saws sparingly sal reap sparingly.' "Fill your nieve mon"—an excellent moral wherewith to adorn a tale!

At the risk of seeming tedious, a few words must be added concerning others than those already mentioned whose names were familiar as household words in the parish of Aberlady 60 years ago—the Factor, the Doctor, the Minister and the Precentor. The Factor was a highly accomplished gentleman, and given to hospitality. Many a delightful evening party we spent in his house, listening to music, recitation and song. If he was apparently austere and unsympathic in his office, it was because necessity made him so. He had a warm heart and ever befriended the tenant to the extent of his ability, and was respected by all, while he looked well after his lordship's interests.

Dr. Howden was celebrated throughout all that region of country as a skilled practitioner and a man of exceptionally fine social qualities. He was then in the prime of life, of splendid physique, and went his rounds on horseback dressed in white knee-breaches, top boots and cutaway coat. A noted horseman, who kept well up with my Lord Elcho's hounds, and was often in at the death. A privileged visitor, too, at Gosford House where his beaming countenance and jovial manner were better than medicine to