

part instant and emphatic protest. Two of the aggrieved had the fortitude to protest by an act far more expressive of disapprobation and disgust than any words they could have uttered or written. They sprang to their feet, left their pews, and made for the door, and their tread down the aisle or pass was neither that of sylphs nor such as suits a sick-room. Everybody knows that a person's *gait* goes far to unfold the master-feeling of his heart, and that his *tramp* unmistakeably indicates the amount of passion moving him for the moment, which, in some instances, can claim principle as its prompter, if not its parent. It would be uncharitable and very wrong to place the act of those two persons wholly to the account of prejudice, pride, and passion. I verily believe they were prompted primarily, and to a large extent, by zeal for God's house and worship; but whether that zeal was according to knowledge, is another question. I believe all who knew them would, without hesitation, give them a place among the excellent of the earth. Both of them outlived their original horror at the modern mode of psalmody. It is twenty-five years since one of them was called away, doubtless to join the choir in the upper sanctuary, where there are no innovations, no jarring notes heard, and no ruffled feelings known. The other, I hope, yet lives, and has for nearly forty years sung God's praises weekly in that same assembly, with both pleasure and profit, despite unread lines and repeating tunes.

The new mode of singing had now got a foothold in the Meeting-House, and it kept it, and gradually gained ground. However, for a good while there were numerous, though comparatively silent and unobtrusive, protests against the supposed graceless practice. Some of the aged and more rigid quietly opened their bibles and read a passage of scripture while the psalm was being sung in the new style. But there was one man—a truly godly man, and by no means deficient in shrewdness and knowledge—whose opposition to these musical novelties was indomitable. He sat, with several others, within the railing that surrounded the pulpit, that he might the better hear the preacher. Then he, no one sang the praises of God more cordially when the old mode was adhered to; but when the new mode was adopted, which for a good while was not more than once at each service, he invariably closed his book with a clash, took off his *specs*, and sat *mum*, his features vigorously expressing more than disapprobation. Had a master painter caught him then,—transferring the spirit and language of his looks to canvas, it would have been an immortal work, and might have been labelled, "*The Picture of Holy Indignation.*" On such occasions, after retiring from the church, and on his way home, a distance of about two miles, usually accompanied by a number of eager listeners, he was unsparing in his denunciations of the Popish and *play-actor* practices that had been introduced. One of his remarks was,—and the tone of sovereign contempt in which it was uttered yet lingers in my mind,—"*If they had just an auld box organ yoner, they wud noo be complete.*"

This type of Scottish character, belonging to a past generation, was