

"rise" out of him, when settling time came the trustees threatened for a time to deduct from his salary the extra price of sawing, a proposition which Jock met invariably with the scornful remark: "Heth! ye may dow sae, but it's unco sma!" Thus the matter stood for a length of time, and again the wood supply was "gettin' dune," as he would say to the trustees when he happened to meet them. At last, however, the wood did just "go dune" in good earnest, and that unfortunately on one of the coldest days in winter. Jock never let on, came to the church, set the clock, &c., &c., as usual, and then off to his seat, where he sat during the entire service with one of the most sardonic smiles imaginable lighting up his hard features over the dilemma in which both minister and congregation found themselves placed. "They maun juist look tae their providin's then," quoth Jock afterwards when the remonstrance came, "an' git wood tae burn, for I canna mak it,—an' heth! I'll buy nae mair for them."

Once upon a time his kirk became vacant, and was in quest of a new minister. Of course ministers and probationers regularly kept the pulpit filled, not a few of them as candidates for the position of pastor, and, as is always the case in such circumstances, some were for one and some for another. Jock, singularly enough, never expressed his opinion on these occasions, but "thocht the elders should gie them a' ae text to preach thra, an' then decide it."

There was one circumstance took place in Jock's career as beadle which we must not omit to mention. It was withal so positively ludicrous and ridiculous, taken in connection with the circumstances surrounding it, that we feel sure few of those who witnessed it, and certainly not Jock,

can ever forget it. At the after-meetings, spoken of in connection with the revivals, those who remained usually assembled in the body of the church; the galleries were vacated, and Jock's first care was to ascend the stairs when the people came down and "pit oot the lichts aboon; it aye save't him the trouble o' doesn't again." Now, the lamps up-stairs were of the hanging kind, and there were two ways of extinguishing them. First, and most sensible, by lifting them down, blowing out the light, and then replacing them; and second, by blowing them out from the nearest point of access. Jock chose the latter, as being quicker and less troublesome, and accordingly, for five or ten minutes after the regular meeting was at an end, his "pech" might be heard very distinctly all over the building. Silence, as we have said, was an essential of the after-meetings. One evening Jock was either a little late in commencing his "peching" performance, or the after-meeting was a little earlier than usual in organizing, we don't know which; but at all events as the speaker was beginning his address there was a violent "pech" heard suddenly overhead. The speaker immediately looked up, and seeing the cause of it in the shape of Jock, who was just gathering wind for another blast, said: "Pray leave these just now, please, you can attend to them again; we *must* have perfect silence here," and then, turning to his audience: "*Satan, you see, is always so busy!*"

Jock will never forgive Mr. — for that remark, and, notwithstanding all argument to the contrary, maintains that he, personally and individually, was characterized as *Satan* on the occasion.

Jock still lives and moves in his proper sphere, and is much respected by all who know him.