

the love-songs of Scotland, burst forth in a Scotch ballad, and even danced a little. When the proceedings came out next morning in the papers, we religious people were shocked, and I think pardonably so too. But then, it was Blackie—it was just like Blackie, and so the storm died down. The following week, however, through some unknown source, he received a plain and faithful Scotch reproof, accompanied by an admirable caricature representing Mephistopheles carrying off triumphantly the sinning professor to other climes! What would Blackie do with the picture and the castigation? Lose sleep or appetite over them? Not he. They would be pasted in his scrap-album and exhibited to the first caller. So easily and sweetly could he take life with all its brunts and jars. He didn't care a button for anybody, and yet he loved everybody, and this, perhaps, often led him into harmless sallies of un wisdom. His comments on public characters were thoroughly original and sincere. Of Carlyle, who was young Blackie's solid friend, he writes, "A notable monster, and to be respected for the many noble thoughts he has elaborated." "His work was to rouse the world, but I was wide awake and required no rousing. He was hard-hearted and hated sinners." Mrs. Blackie called on Mrs. Carlyle one day, and she was taken down some dark kitchen stairs, and lo! there sat Carlyle, with trousers rolled up to the knees, and his feet in a tub of cold water. Blackie, on one of his annual pilgrimages to London, went to hear the late Charles Bradlaugh preach or lecture on a Sunday night. Here is his impression:—"A bull verily, a big Ajax, tall and broad. Having a fancy for looking closely at nature, I determined to go and hear him preach in his atheistic church at the East End. It was a notable exhibition. A terrible tearing assault against the Book of Exodus, and its anthropomorphic representations of the unseen God; eloquence powerful and fervid of the first order. Really a remarkable man, and from his point of view triumphant over those who hold by the infallibility of the record, instead of the Divinity of the dispensation. He made incidentally a public profession of atheism, which caused me to write him a long letter. I imagine that in the Socratic way I may be able to do him some good. He is a manly, honest fellow, and quite worthy of gentlemanly treatment, which I am afraid he seldom receives."