

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP.

"OH, FOR A BREATH O' THE MOORLANDS"

Oh, for a breath o' the moorlands,
A whiff o' the caller air!
For the scent o' the flowerin' heather
My very heart is sair.
Oh, for the sound o' the durnies
That wimple o'er the lea,
For sigh to' the brownin' bracken
On the hillides waving free!
Oh, for the blue loch's cradled
In the arms o' mountains gray,
That smile as they shadow the drifting clouds
A' the bonnie summer day!
Oh, for the tops o' mountains,
White wi' eternal snaw!
For the winds that drift across the lift,
For the strong east winds that blaw!
I'm sick o' the blazing sunshine
That burns through the weary hours;
O' gaudy birds singing never a song,
O' beautiful scentless flowers.
I'd gie a' their southern glory
For a taste o' the gude saut wind,
Wi' a road o'er the bonnie sea before
And a track o' foam behind.
Auld Scotland may be rugged,
Her mountains storn and bare,
But oh! for a breath o' her moorlands,
A whiff o' her caller air.

Margaret Davidson.

EFFIE DUNLOP'S FLITTIN'.

JOHN MENZIES, AUTHOR OF "OUR TOWN."

It will soon be twelve months since Effie Dunlop died. She was carried to her resting-place in the kirkyard on a November Sunday between the services, and James, her brother, now dwells alone. Sister Helen has her own house and family to look after, and as she is getting into years, her hands are full.

It was the notice to quit the old home in the Mid Wynd that ended Effie. You see, eighty years is a long while to live under one roof. As the school-master used to say, long acquaintance will make a man like his own face, and it certainly had made Effie love her old, thatched cottage.

"I was carried here a bairn no a year auld," she said, when the new landlord told her she had to flit. "Ye might lat me bide till I'm carried oot a corp."

"The hoose is mine, and I need it," replied Mr. Ross. "Ye maun flit. Corp! Ye may live a score o' years yet."

"Ye were aye a hard man, Dauvit Ross," said Effie, sitting erect in her armchair. "And sae was your faither afore ye. Ye'll see what ye'll see, gin yon day. Div ye no mind what we're tell't aboot them 'at remove ancient landmarks?"

"You're no a landmark, Effie. The property is mine, and you an' Jamie maun seek ither quarters. I gae fifty gude notes for the hoose an' yaird, an' I need them baith at Mairtinmas term."

Effie shook her head, and peered sharply through her spectacles.

"And whaur did you get fifty notes, Dauvit Ross? That's a heap o' siller, an' I never heard that you were son' o' wark. Fifty notes, atweel! I houp ye cam honestly by them."

"Dinna be impident, Effie," said the landlord, raising his voice and his arms at the same time. "Tak' notice! I hereby give ye notice!"

"Foots wi' yer notiss, Dauvit! I tell ye I'm no gaun wan stap. Is't yer rent ye are feared for? James an' me, like a' oor forbears, were aye honest fowk, an' ye'll get yer bit rent, an' we'll ca' ye the laird an' Maister Ross, an' we'll no be hard on you for repairs. But we'll no flit! Na, we'll no flit till we gang till the hoose o' mony mansions!"

When Jamie came in from the factory in the evening he found Effie in a state of great excitement.

"What'll I tell ye, James?" she said, as she poured him out a cup of tea. "That puir cranter, Dauvit Ross, 'at bocht the hoose frae the meenister, says we maun flit at Mairtinmas term. Did ye ever imagin' sic presumption? Little kept me frae giein him a bit o' my mind."

"Ye said aneuch, Effie; mair than aneuch, I'm thinkin'. He's been to me, declarin' ye as gude as accused him o' stealin' t'e siller to buy the hoose."

"Weel, is't no strange that Dauvit Ross, auld Johnnie's son, shud hae siller to gang aboot buyin' hooses? But stealin'! Na, I never said t'e was a thief."

"He canna gar's flit, can he, James?" asked Effie, a little later.

"It's the law," replied James. "There's no appeal against the law. We maun be oot o' this by Mairtinmas."

"I wunner to hear you speak," said Effie. "You that was born in the hoose. Flit! I'll never flit while there's breath in my bodie, an' Dauvit Ross can try his warst. Oor faither an' mither lived the maist pairt o' their lives here. We never sat on anither hearthstane; we never lookit through ither windows, or sleepit in ither beds. There, whaur you sit, sat oor faither an' read the Word. Here, whaur I sit, oor mither wrocht her stockins. In that bed-head they baith deed. It's oor hame. It sall be my hame till the Lord ca's me to a better hame. Ye can tell Dauvit Ross that."

"Dauvit has the law on his side," said James quietly. "I am as sweer (reluctant) to flit as you are, Effie, but I ken we are helpless."

Effie Dunlop was a little, bent woman, with a wizened face. When she went up to the Wynd to do her small marketings, she walked slowly, leaning on a staff and shaking her head. And Effie had a temper of her own and a tongue from which years had not taken the bitter edge. There was not a neighbor in all the Wynd who had not at one time or other come under her lash. Sainly Tammas Brodie she called a hypocrite to his face; strenuous Sandy Lister she dubbed "a lazy loon." "John Stenton is a worthy man," she one day said to Mrs. Stenton, "but ye are a high-headed hizzie."

Still, there was not one of them all to whom on occasion she had not done kindly service, and with whom she would not have shared her last basket of potatoes or peck of oatmeal.

"It's Effie's way," said Sandy Lister; "her bark's waur than her bite."

Effie in her early days was a member of the Relief Kirk. Long after the formation of the United Presbyterian Church she still declared she belonged to the Relief. But there came a time when a desire for change took hold of the office-bearers of her congregation. Nothing would please them but a choir, "a baund" they called it. And "a baund" necessitated a re-arrangement of some of the pews. Among others, the pew in which generations of the Dunlop's had sat was taken. Effie, filled with fiery indignation, appeared at a church meeting, and roundly denounced minister and session and all concerned in what she deemed sacrilege.

"Oor seat," she cried, "whaur my faither, an' his faither afore him, an' a' oor fowk, prayed an' sang praises to the Lord, an' ye'd break it up to mak' room for a wheen (number o') chatterin' young fowk that wud turn oor kirk intil a playhoose. If ye daet I shake the dust aff my feet, an' d James wull dae the same!"

"I wull dae that," said Jamie, in his fine deep voice, "I'll be no party to profanation."

This is how it came about that the Dunlops joined the Free Church.

Concluded next week.

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING

First, the careless way. To give something to every cause that is presented without inquiring into its merits.

Second, the impulsive way. To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and piety and sensibility prompt.

Third, the lazy way. To make a special offer to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.

Fourth, the self-denying way. To save the cost of luxuries and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacence.

Fifth, the systematic way. To lay aside as an offering to God a definite portion of our grains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one half. This is adapted to all, whether rich or poor, and gifts would be largely increased if it were generally practiced.

Sixth, the equal way. To give to God and the needy as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our personal expenditures by our gifts.

Seventh, the heroic way. To limit our own expenditures to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This was John Wesley's way.—Dr. A. T. Pierson.