

and afterwards he became minister of Linton, Roxboroughshire, from which he virtually retired when his son, J. F. became his assistant and successor—a common arrangement in Scotland by which a minister divests himself of parish work, continues to receive a portion of the emoluments and leaves his assistant to do all the work. In recognition of his important contributions to ecclesiastical literature, as joint-editor with Dr. Sprott, of North Berwick of *The Book of Common Order*, and a variety of his own works, he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from his *Alma Mater*, the University of Glasgow, in 1871 and in 1898, he was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly, just 40 years having elapsed since his father had occupied the Moderator's chair.

Besides the parish school, there was a private, select school taught by Mr. Gibson, the Session-clerk, a person of no small importance living at 'Harmony Place.' "Peerlie," as we used to call him, was a learned pedagogue, pompous and fussy, but an excellent teacher and a strict disciplinarian—a short stout man, even to obesity, who was always dressed in a black swallow-tail coat and never entered the school-room without a well-seasoned pair of tawse concealed about his person. Those, however, he used with due discrimination and moderation, tempering the punishment to the gravity of the misdemeanor. When he took his walk abroad his rotund figure described a graceful curve at every step. His bow was beautiful. When not otherwise employed in the class-room, his favourite pastime was "nibbing pens"—of the old fashioned goose-quill sort, for the metallic substitute had not as yet come into use. I doubt if there was, or is anywhere, a better grammar-school than Mr. Gibson's. Here my brother John and I, and Tom Leishman, received our first drilling in the rudiments of Latin and mathematics. As clerk of Session Mr. Gibson, *inter alia*, exacted the fees for baptism. Of one sponsor who presented his child for the rite it was told that, when the minister in course of his charge to "bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," addressed him in solemn tones—"You know, John, what baptism means," the ready reply came,—“Oh aye, sir, I ken brawly, its just a shullan.”