

was under the auspices of this warlike singular apostle, that my father was ushered into the sacred office of a minister of the gospel. He preached his first sermon in the church of his native parish and, according to the fashion of the times, at the close of the service the parish minister publicly criticised the courses of the day. The young preacher in this instance found favor in Paplay's eyes; and his testimony in favor of the *plant* had sprung up among them, was so emphatic, and rendered so piquant by his oddness of speech, that William Douglas was distinguished among his friends and neighbors as "Paplay's Plant."

But there was another *plant* that graced the manse which was not unobserved or unnoticed by the young preacher—Jane Malcolm, (the daughter of a clergyman in a remote parish, and niece of Paplay's) a sweet flower, that had grown up in the wilderness like 'a daisy on the mountain's side.' It was in the nature of things that the fables of the plants' should be illustrated by the juxtaposition of the two flowers of the parsonage. An affectionate but somewhat distant attachment naturally grew out of the frequent visits which Paplay's Plant paid to the manse; and these were multiplied in consequence of William Douglas being appointed assistant to his spiritual patron, whose declining age and the years had begun to sap the energy of his character, and to render his assistance necessary. The attachment between the young people might be suspected, but it was not formally made known to Paplay and "the lady," as she was called, according to courtesy of the olden time. Indeed, a formal promulgation would have been idle; the "half reverend" assistant (as Paplay was wont to address the young probationers of the church) had no immediate prospect of a clerical office, although he was an acceptable preacher throughout the bounds of presbyte-rianism. But an incident occurred which facilitated the union of which the preliminaries had thus established.

The Earl of Bellersdale, a nobleman in a neighboring county, who affected to be descended from an ancient family that flourished in the days of good King Duncan, but which had really no more connection with Hercules or the Man in the Moon, had a village and seaport a short but constant distance from his magnificent castle.

Among the other items in the arrangements which were destined to immortalize the munificence of the Earl in the establishment of Bellerstown, a church was deemed necessary for political, to say nothing of moral considerations; and the Earl being a man of a man of taste, thought that a church, placed in a particular position, would make a fine vista from various points in the noble park which surrounded the Castle of Bellersdale. A picturesque chapel was accordingly built on a rising knoll, separated from the pleasure grounds and the castle by a river, over which a handsome bridge made no mean addition to the lordly scene.

The chapel being built, and endowed with a stipend of "forty pounds a year," (the hint I suppose was taken from Oliver Goldsmith,) it was necessary to provide a clergyman to officiate in it; and William Douglas being one of the most approved young men in the district, had the honor to be preferred by patron. The period to which I now refer, was long before the church, in its wisdom, enacted a law for regulating chapels of ease; and not only the amount of stipend, but the continuance of clergymen who officiated in such chapels, depended on the arbitrary and sovereign will of their pious founders. Bellerstown, though a sort of step in William Douglas' professional progress, yielded too scanty a revenue to admit of matrimony; but the talents, respectability, and prepossessing manners of the chaplain, made him a favorite at the castle, and rendered it practicable to eke out the slender living by the addition of a small farm, at what was called a moderate rent. But this appendage, too, was held by the same precarious tenure—Lord Bellersdale's will. The probationer was then inducted as pastor of the Bellerstown chapel, according to the rules of the church; and, after the lapse of a few months, he and Miss Jane Malcolm thought—although no other person thought—that they might venture to enter into the holy bands of wedlock, and, with frugality and mutual love in their humble and unambitious sphere of life. This thought ended in deed—they were married.

The tenor of a clergyman's life is, in general, even and unvaried, consisting of a faithful and regular discharge of his peculiar duties. Such, for some years, was the fate of William Douglas. He acquired the confidence and affections of his humble flock—the