

the boys for the death of Wheelie's parrot, are of the intimate essence of Scotland as it was at the end of the eighteenth century.

It is true that only those who have themselves smarted under the black-thonged taws, who have climbed the braes sparsely wooded with birch and hazel, on Saturday afternoons free and golden, who have sweated over the learning of "fifty psalms," and suffered for their costiveness with "Effectual Calling" are really capable of knowing how superexcellent these early chapters of "Sir Andrew Wylie" are.

It may be some consolation to the unfortunates who were born under other and less friendly stars, and whose experiences have not the ragged edge of enjoyment which comes by contrast with bygone stern realities, to know that the impressions of life which Galt gives are entirely faithful, both in their general impression and in the very abundant detail with which he supports them. There never was a more veracious chronicler than John Galt, or one better qualified for the task.

No doubt the same sleet, pawky, well-con-