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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." — PSALM CXXXVII. 5.

THE EYE OF HEAVEN.

YEARS an' years ago, an' yet it's a' cam' bac' — the owre-coming o' my first great temptation.

It happened ane August nicht, i' the simmer o' '46. I was then but a bit o' a lad, the puirest i' a' the bra' toon o' Edinbro'. Wi' twa gude han's, but findin' nae work to busy them. Needin' siller sair, yet wi' sma' chance o' earnin' a saxpence.

An' recht i' the midst o' it a' I was brocht face to face wi' my ane temptation. It was nine by the toon-clock, an' I was slowly ploddin' hameward, after a day's vain search for honest labor. Steppin' into Heigh street, wi' the gude fu' moon for guide, I saw that some-thin' brecht and shinin' lay juist ahead. Nae mon was i' sight, an' I raised the treasure quickly. It proved a fine geld watch. An' its measured tick, tick seem'd sayin', "Findin's keepin'; findin's keepin'!"

Lost by anither, but foun' by my lucky sel', Tam Ayrshire. Keep it? Ay, that I wud! But ainly until I cud change it for siller, wi' which to buy bread an' meat for mither. She had lang been sick at hame, an' this wad bring her comfort. None had seen me fin' the watch, an' it was mine indeed. But juist then, for a wonder, I lookt up, an' recht aboon was the roun' moon lookin' upon me. Mither ca'd it the "e'e o' heaven." If that was true, heaven had witnessed my theft, for it wadna be mickle less i' the sight o' God.

I lookt the time-piece owre wi' mony mis-givin's. Engraved on its bac' was the owner's name, Douglas Dunblain. An' I kenned at ance he was Maister Dunblain, the banker.

Shud I gie him bac' his property? Nae, I cudna, for ivry simmer the great mon was miles an' miles frae toon i' his bra' country house. But the brecht moon, "e'e o' heaven," lookt doon reprov'in', an' the voice o' conscience said, "Maister Dunblain is still in Edinbro.'" Be a' honest lad, Tam Ayrshire, an' you'll fin' him as easy as you hae foun' his watch.

But I startit off to hame and mither. She shud hear my story, an' help me to do the recht.

A gude ha'f-hour's walk brocht me to her sma' cot i' the heather. She was singin', and the words cam' sweet and clear:

"While my spirit wi'in me is prest
Wi' sorrow, temptation an' fear,
Like John, I wad flee to thy breast,
An' pour my complaints i' thine ear."

I crept to her bedside, wi' a kiss. "Mither. I too am tempted!"

She caught my outstretched han' i' tender clasp. "Som'thin' has happened, laddie! Tell me a' boot it!"

Sae, for answer, I laid Maister Dunblain's time-piece on the bed.

"You didna steal it, Tam?"

"Nae, mither, but I am sair tempted to keep the bauble. The price o' it wad save us baith frae hunger, for mony a morn. I foun' it i' Heigh street, an' it b'longs to Maister Dunblain, for his nam's on the case."

"Then you maun return it, lad! It's true we hae naething to eat, but we'll hope for better things on the merra. Ane o' my precious verses says: 'Unto the upright ariseth light i' the darkness.' An' it's sure to come at las'! Tam, puir laddie, dinna doot it!"

But I sank doon i' the auld rocker, weak wi'