

as with God. In a real anguish he cried out, "God might have undertaken for me, and he has not. God sees my innocency, and he doesna justify me. God hears my enemies railing against me, and he doesna shut their mouths. God kens weel how they hate me, and plot against me, and yet he doesna prevent their evil devices from coming to pass."

In his heart he accused God of a species of ingratitude to him. He had given him a taste of victory, and then turned it into shame. He had suffered his enemies to triumph over him. He had withheld from him the secret consolation of his mercy. In his best moods he likened himself to Job or Jonah, and waited for the Lord to explain himself to him. And if at this time he had been told that the Devil was deceiving him, he would not have listened; for he was deceiving himself, and the worst of all frauds is to cheat one's own soul.

It was in vain that Ann now urged him to go to Edinburgh. He said Cosmo Carrick was the one only friend left him, and he wouldna run the risk o' losing his friendship. "God himsel' doesna like complaining folk, Ann," he said, "and I be to complain. What else at all is left to me? Am I stronger or wiser than King David? and yet thae Psalms o' his are just 'u' o' tears and mourning."

"Ay, ay, father! but David's mourning has aye a song at the end o' it. Tak your Bible and see for yoursel'. There is no harm in complaining o' your troubles, if you will also say, as David aye says, in one way or another, 'The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.' O father, if you would just sing with David, as well as complain with him!"

"Sing if you can, Ann Carrick. I'm no hindering you. But my

heart knows its ain bitterness, and there's nane but God can inter-meddle wi' its sorrow."

After this event the winter passed most wretchedly away. Proud, passionate, ardent, suffering of any kind occasioned Andrew an amazement bordering on rebellion. He felt under it the indignation of a king's son upon whose purple a slave has laid his hands. His soul retaining little of its high origin but pride, dealt with its Maker in a presumptuous spirit. The sentiment of his own sinfulness did not strike him; and the necessity of being purified though as by fire and sword made him angry. He constantly believed himself to have "washed his hands in innocency," and to have done so all in vain.

Even as regarded the judgment of men, his own case seemed to him to be peculiarly unjust. His daughter had been no deerer in the actual transgression of domestic duties than Grahame's son had been; and he was now more sure than ever that Grahame's words had well deserved and justified the knock-down he gave him. Yet Grahame, if anything, was in higher esteem than he had ever before been, while he was treated with that negative reproof which is worse than many stripes.

Very frequently Grahame passed the Lone House, and always in the company of Factor Blair or the Rev. Mr. Begg, of the Established Church, or else with some rich cattle-dealer or farmer. Intentionally or accidentally, he was generally in high spirits; and his loud, domineering voice and scornful guffaw of laughter was the acme of torture to Andrew's super-sensitive self-esteem. He was sure that Grahame was mocking him, defying him, trying to irritate him into some flagrant act of unwise resentment.

For Grahame did not show to