

“‘Oh aye, I ken ye well aneugh, ye’re Mr. Mitchell ’at was schoolmaster at Langside, bit I never buy ony thing that way, on principle.’ I’m nae book learnt enough to ken what Mr. Langwin was thinkin about, maybe he did na ken vera weel himsel, whan he said he wadna help the auld man to gain a livin on principle ; gin a’ the folk at buy fae himsel wad say I canna buy fae Mr. Langwin on principle, what would come o’ his fine house and his carriage ; Mr. Mitchell’s way o’ gaining his bread was as honest as Mr. Langwin’s, maybe mair sae.”

There are many Mr. Langwins, who are stumbling blocks in the way of weak Christians. Oh that men who call themselves by the name of Christ would set aside one hour in many weeks in which to leave their pleasant drawing rooms, or even church, or prayer meeting, and go out alone with God into the temple that never was made by hands, its azure and crystal wall around and beyond, and in the solemn night search their own hearts, asking the momentous question “Am I in *all things* living to the glory of God ?” then, look up to the cold rebuking moon, which like God’s great eye seems with searching beam to lay all our littleness open before us, until, in the light of its pure light, our own mean self seekings, meaner seem, shewing us, that the large sums given to flaunt in the public prints were never given unto God, that the love of the Lord and man are one, that He looks on such vain oblations with abhorrence, while the weak ones are trodden beneath the strong, and the hunger pang is unassuaged, and the poor man’s wrong unrighted ; that neither prayer nor fasting will avail to honour God through the wrong of man, that church or school endowed with money gained by the over-wearied mind and body, and the crushed heart, of the hireling, coined as it were from groaning hearts, shall