

what I cannot tell; my recollections of this period are faint and indistinct. Well may I love the poor, greatly may I esteem the humble and the lowly, for poverty and adversity were my nurses, and in youth were want and misery my familiar friends; even now it yields a sweet satisfaction to my soul, that I can claim kindred with the obscure cottar, and the humble laborer, of my native, ever honored, ever loved Scotland.

“Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!”

“My mother feared God, and he did not forget nor forsake her: never in my early years can I recollect that divine worship was neglected in our little family, when health permitted; never did she in family prayer forget to implore that He, who doeth all things well, would establish in righteousness the throne of our monarch, setting wise and able counsellors around it. A few of my relations were well to do, but many of them were poor farmers and mechanics, (it is true my mother could claim kindred with some of the first families in Scotland; but who that is great and wealthy, can sit down to count kindred with the poor?) yet amongst these poor husbandmen, as well as among their ministers, were religion and loyalty held in as due regard, as they had been by their ancestors in the olden time. Was it from the precept—was it from the example of such a mother and such relations, that I was to imbibe that disloyalty, democracy, falsehood, and deception, with which my writ-