

"Ye're a' wrang an' a' wrang
 "An' a' thegither a' wrang
 "There's no a man about the toon
 "But's a' thegither a' wrang."

Nobody knew how to cook the bread, to handle the plough, or to attend to the cattle; the Minister didn't know how to preach, nor had he the gift of grace, the poor precentor "Gruntit like a swine," the elders didn't know how to pass the plate—a rare fault with Scotchmen. The people of the village, listening to him, regarded him as an oracle until he was given a simple bit of work to do, and absolutely spoiled it all, and came near losing his reputation, but he managed to save it by fixing the blame on others, and wound up triumphantly with his pitiful chorus:

"Ye're a wrang an' a' wrang,
 "An' a' thegither a' wrang;
 "There's no a man in a' the warl
 "But's a' thegither a' wrang."

Well, there are a good many men, too many, I fancy, who are nearly related to this "Waesome Carl." If they are not his twin-brothers, they are at least first cousins to him. Shakespeare speaks of "The Winter of our discontent." There are some people who always live in the inclemency of that winter, never allowing themselves by any chance to get out into the Spring.