

comedy. There were two young chaps in the village whose pranks served as spice for the community. One of them was a genuine Cockney, a Barnardo boy, as sharp as the streets of London could make him. The other was from the High Street of Edinburgh, a little slower than his companion, but just as shrewd, and just as ready for a bit of sly mischief. Now it happened that I had come to the place on a Saturday night to take the Presbyterian service next day, and on the Sunday morning, waking somewhat early, I overheard this conversation under my window:

" 'Sye,' said a sharp voice.

" 'Whut?' was answered, in somewhat heavier tones.

" My interest was at once aroused. I had heard of the two lads and wondered if it might not be they.

" 'Sye, you bloomin' Scotty,' continued the sharp voice, 'goin' to chapel to-dy?'

" 'A'm not goin' to chepple,' said the other, 'but A'm goin' to church. There's a man ca'ed McCheyne to preach, an A'd like to gie him a hearin'.'

" 'McCheyne,' said the Cockney, ''As he been 'ere before?'

" 'A'm thinkin' no.'

" 'Oh, Scottie, 'ere's a go. A noo parson, and a noo organist. The old un's got the toyphoid an' they've got a Hamerican from Hemerson. She's a-wisit'in' 'ere.'

" 'Weel, whut o' that?'

" 'Why, don't yer know them two horgans? The one on the heast side is chu'ch, and the one on the west side is chapel. Let's chynge 'em over, and see what'll 'appen. You bloomin' Presbyterians 'll get