

"I'll have you strung up as high as the church steeple for this night's work." He went to the bed-side once more, laid his hand softly on the sufferer, and spoke a few kind and cheering words—desiring one of the women to remain with her during the night, and, if possible, to keep her from fretting or moving about much. We were now about to depart, when Geordie whined out, "Are you no going to dress my head, doctor?" "Not a finger, sir, will I put on you; it would be a burning shame to do it." Geordie muttered and swore, but in a very undertone. He was evidently thoroughly cowed.

"Well, youngster, what think you of this insight into human nature?" "It is perfectly shocking," I replied; "the barbarity of that settlement is evidently as real, as utterly heathenish and savage, as any you could find in Africa." "And yet this very people, with little more than the human form, ignorant, debased, and quite uncared for, are within a mile of the parish Church, and yet not one of the worshippers there wastes a thought upon them—though I believe they have a Missionary Society, or something of the sort, for converting the heathen. Oh, it is rich!" and he stopped with a bitter smile. "Come, now, doctor, you know well enough that effort after effort has been made to reclaim these people, but that nobody has ever succeeded in making even an approach to them, in a religious sense. You are not a professor of religion, but you cannot deny that Dr. Chrystal has tried every plan he could think of to gain a footing among them so as to give them religious instruction, and he had actually to desist from fear of his personal safety. I know he is willing to do any thing if he knew how, but he is a gentle, amiable, and kindly man, and is actually afraid of them; and from what I have seen to-night, I do not wonder. But some remedy is very badly wanted, and it seems to me that you are the only man that can effect it." "Really? A moral regenerator, eh?" "I am in earnest, and so are you, doctor, if you like to own it. These colliers, it is well known, fear you, and at the same time respect you. You could make an opening for yourself, or prepare one for another." "Go on, my young Loyola, with your plan, I am all interest." "My plan is a very simple one. Ask the parish minister, Dr. Chrystal, to go along with you to Anderson the coal master, to make arrangements for establishing a school. This would be a beginning, and it would not shock your prejudices either." "Dr. Chrystal is a pleasant, oily little man, soft and smooth as a down bed; I am rough and hard as a piece of thorn. No, we could not work together, though the thing is sadly wanted." "I believe, doctor, you are the only man in the parish that can make a beginning, and it is a duty you owe to our common humanity. Such a state of things is a reproach to our country." The doctor answered nothing, and

during the rest of the ride did not speak a word.

By a strange accident, when he arrived home he found a message for him to visit the manse. Dr. Chrystal's niece had been attacked by erysipelas, which had made such alarming and rapid progress that the greatest fear prevailed for her recovery; and when the family physician declared that the case was a very critical one, the poor little Dr. was nearly distracted. Mrs. Chrystal did not quite despair, and proposed that Dr. McKinlay should be called in to consult in this trying case. Her husband made no opposition, neither did the physician, and he was sent for accordingly. Doctor McKinlay was much surprised and sorely puzzled. He had never been in the manse; he was not even on speaking terms with the minister; and he was aware that Dr. Chrystal was not altogether ignorant that the medical man had more than once made his foibles and good nature a subject of ridicule for his sardonic wit. But notwithstanding, he respected the good little Dr. in spite of himself, and his hesitation in going arose as much from shame to meet him as from any other feeling. But go he did, and it was, in its effect, by far the most important visit he ever paid, not in a professional point of view, but in the effect it produced in the whole man, moulding, elevating, and purifying him of his grosser elements, and converting the generous and high-minded, but rough and scoffing man of the world, into a sincere and earnest Christian, the eager and successful co-worker in all that was good and noble. How this was brought about will be related in a second part.

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### Brief Biographies.

"A MAN OF FEELING" is but a poor denizen of this world. His sensitiveness is not adequate to the struggles of life; and, except when his confidence is placed in an object transparent and free from all suspicion, he is weak and trembling. As days glide by, he finds these objects one by one receding into the darkness of the tomb, each departure increasing his shrinking loneliness. There are seasons, too, when he fancies that he is singled out from among the mass as the mark at which bereavements, disappointments and troubles aim their sharpest arrows, until he bows his head in resignation, and says, "Thy will be done." I do not know how it is with others, but relative changes affect me more than personal ones, and the departure of a friend is, in prospect, more dreaded than my own. For a few years, possibly, we are all exempted from inroads on our cherished circle of friends, but soon, too soon, changes come, not generally singly, but in battalions; and the few friends left can scarcely be said to form a circle. By this exordium I do not