

see they're just trying the scripture plan o' hapin coals o' fire on your head." He then goes on to tell the doctor that they are doing this because he has been neglecting his patients and allowing them to die without trying to save them. Of course the doctor knows that "Jamie" has taken refuge in a subterfuge, and says to him, "Ye hae a gude hart 'Jamie,' a rare gude hart." The same critic says that Mr. Watson's pathos is cheap and very unreal, and endeavours to substantiate his statement by reference to the affecting scenes between "Drumseugh" and "Weellum Maclure."

However, the arguments of the critic have been proved to be worthless. A gentleman of the name of Wm. Menzies, living in Wilkesbarre, Pa., has refuted the Saturday Review criticism. He claims to have been born in Drumtochty, and to have been baptized and brought up in Mr. Watson's church. He bears testimony to the truth of "Ian Mac-laren's" work, and assures the critic that there were, and are, in Drumtochty, "real human beings" such as "Drumseugh" and "Maclure."

A writer in the Sunday Magazine gives a vivid description of a visit that he paid to Drumtochty, and what he says is further testimony of the truthfulness of Mr. Watson's work. At Kildrummie station he found that "Peter" was still at his post. At Drumtochty he saw the "Auld Kirk," and not far from it the "Free Kirk." He gives an interesting account of interviews that he had with different persons. One old woman, with whom he conversed, had lived in the Glen for seventy years and had never been ten miles from home. She had read the "Bonnie Brier Bush," and thought it "rare like the thing," only he "micht hae pit them in by their ain names."

One of the leading farmers of the Glen, to whom he spoke in reference to the book, said that most of the characters were "gey mixed up." They had never had a doctor such as "Weellum Maclure," but some of his characteristics may have been taken from a worthy of theirs. There had been a student like George Howe, and one of their boys had become a professor in New Zealand. He knew of many characters like "Jamie Soutar," who felt shame the greatest when discovered doing acts of kindness. He remembered "Posty" and "Donald Menzies" well, and the latter had been one of his best friends. He said that there was more than one person in the Glen as good and as true as "Burnbrae" had ever been. Is not that proof enough as to the reality of Mr. Watson's characters?

A word as to the books that have most impressed Mr. Watson. The first author to make any great impression on his mind, was that man who has done so much to mould the writings of the present day—Walter Scott, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold influenced him in a later stage in life; but Seely's "Ecce Homo" probably influenced him far more than any other book.

A writer in McClure's Magazine for October, traces a strong resemblance between Watson and Kingsley. In a recent article on "Gladstone" Mr. Stead compares the two "Grand Old Men," Li Hung Chang and Gladstone, and says they are both alike in one respect, at least—they're both old. And so Kingsley and Watson may be said to be alike in one respect—they're both preachers. But there are more points of resemblance between them. Kingsley aimed to give us a type of English virtue, as he himself says, "at once manful and godly, practical and enthusiastic, prudent and self-sacrificing." Mr. Watson has had a similar aim in treating of Scotch character. They both appear to have the one supreme object—that of working the will of the Master and of imbuing in men a love of all that is good and noble in life. And I have no doubt that the words of Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem": "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," would be the most appropriate epitaph that either could have.

Mr. Watson, I think, is a great lover of dumb animals, especially of horses and dogs. I have only reason for thinking so because of the very tender and pathetic way in which he speaks of them. "No man knows what a horse or a dog understands and feels, for God hath not given them our speech," says Mr. Watson, referring to the action of "Weellum Maclure's" horse, "Jess," after the death of its master. And then the remark he puts into the mouth of the veterinary surgeon: "Gin she were a Christian instead o' a horse, ye micht say she was dying o' a broken hart."

Mr. Watson's orthodoxy has been called into question by many critics. They charge him with not interpreting

correctly the teaching of the church and Sabbath school, although his sermons are admitted to be perfectly orthodox. The two principal charges are—first, that he admitted Dr. Maclure never went to church; and not only excused, but commended him for it. And, second, that he allowed the people to cheer the doctor on the Sabbath. This is spoken of as moral depravity. But who, even the most orthodox, had he been present that Sabbath day in the churchyard, would not have cheered the noble man as he passed by? No better reply to these hypercritical individuals can be given than by quoting Mr. Watson's very own words as delivered through John's aunt in "His Mother's Sermon," and which, I doubt not, express his own sentiments. To John's question: "Are you afraid of my theology?" she replies, "No, John, it's no that, laddie, for I ken ye'll say what ye believe to be true without fear o' man." And this is the stand that Mr. Watson takes with regard to his own actions. He says what he believes to be true and fears no man—not even the critics.

W. R. DRYNAN.

## John Galt as a Novelist.\*—II.

FOLLOWING the "Annals," and in the same year, Galt published "The Ayrshire Legatees," which had already appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in 1820-21. This charming book is in the form of a series of letters to and from an Ayrshire minister and his family, who, having come unexpectedly into a fortune, go up to London pending its settlement. In none of Galt's books does he display a keener sense of humour and a happier vein than in the Legatees. The revealing of the changed condition in life of his fortunate heroes, their gradual adaptation to the privileges of wealth, the studied preservation of their simple characters, are estimated with the delicate humour that is indescribable. The descriptions of London life at a period of great historic interest by keen observers alive to the novelties of a new world, the quaint reflections on the manners of polite society, and the minute relation of the various people and pleasures of town are given with a clearness that is most captivating. In contrast, we have the weekly budget of small affairs from Ayrshire with the details of social life and parish work. The pleasures of London soon weary the minister, and his return to Ayrshire to resign his charge and to settle amongst his people, is made the subject of one of Galt's brightest pictures.

"The season was far advanced, but the sun shone at his setting with a glorious composure, and the birds in the hedges and on the boughs were again gladdened into song. The leaves had fallen thickly, and the stubble-fields were bare, but Autumn, in a many-coloured tartan plaid, was seen still walking with matronly composure in the woodlands along the brow of the neighbouring hills.

"About half-past four o'clock a movement was seen among the callans at the Braehead, and a shout announced that a carriage was in sight. It was answered by a murmuring response of satisfaction from the whole village. In the course of a few minutes the carriage reached the turnpike: it was of the darkest green and the gravest fashion; a large trunk covered with Russian matting and fastened on with cords, prevented from chafing it by knots of straw rope, occupied the front; behind, another two were fixed in the same manner, the lesser, of course, uppermost; a peep beyond a pile of light bundles and band-boxes that occupied a large portion of the interior, the blithe faces of the Doctor and Mrs. Pringle were discovered. The boys huzzaed, the Doctor flung them penny-pieces and the mistress bawbees.

"As the carriage drove along, the old men on the dyke stood up and reverently took off their hats and bonnets. The weaver-lads gazed with a melancholy smile; the lassies on the carts clapped their hands for joy; the women on both sides of the street acknowledged the recognizing nods; while all the village dogs, surprised by the sound of chariot-wheels, came baying and barking forth and sent off the cats that were so dourly (sedately) sitting on the window-sills, clambering and scamporing over the roofs in terror of their lives.

"When the carriage reached the manse door, Mr. Snodgrass, the two ladies, with Mr. Micklewham, and all the elders, except Mr. Craig, were there ready to receive the travellers. But over this joy of welcoming we must draw a veil; for the first thing the Doctor did on entering the parlor, and before sitting down, was to return thanks for his safe restoration to his home and people."

The success of the "Annals" and "The Ayrshire Legatees" was followed in 1822 by "The Provost," which marked a distinct advance in Galt's power of depicting character. The "Annals" had presented a view of life and expressed sentiments and observations from the standpoint

\* Works of John Galt. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.