

"Na, weel than, Mrs. Chalmers, that wad be a prayer and a half."

"An' yet its the way the Lord has bidden His people pray to Him from the beginning; the very way His son, wha kent His laws and could keep them, the thing we canna do, the very thing He learnt us. 'Give us this day our daily bread,' what does that mean, but gie us strength an' will to work, and work to do; He never made ane o' us to be idle; an' lang afore His son came to this world, He ended His promise of temporal blessings by telling His chosen people, 'For all those things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.'"

"Weel, maybe," said Bell in reply, "bit it looks to me as gin it was the height o' impidence for folk to be prayin' for little things, whan them at ca' themsels the greatest Christians canna abide to be troubled wi' puir folk speirin' at them to help them; I dinna mean beggars; maist a' body, gentle and simple, pits their hand i' their pouch to help beggars; but jist honest folk, 'at's tryin' to mak a livin'. Ye ken auld Mr. Mitchell, the schoolmaister, weel he's ower deaf now, an' he canna learn the bairns at a', sae he jist maks a kind o' livin' buyin' books and paper cheap fae the stationers an' selin' them ower again, an' amang the first he gaed to sell till was Mr. Langwin the merchant, cause he's a deacon in the kirk, an' a' body kens at he gies a hunder poun an' mair whiles, to pit up a school house or a kirk, or ony thing else 'ats to be published in the papers, sae the auld man tell't the clerk lad at he wanted to see Mr. Langwin himsel; out he comes, out o' his ain private office, gey brisk, and in twa words Mr. Mitchell tell't him what he cam about. 'Na, na,' says he, 'I dinna want ony thing o' the kin.' 'Dae ye nae ken me Mr. Langwin?' says the auld man, misdoubtin' his ain lugs.