

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Days passed ; an’ now my patient steps
 That maiden’s walks attend ;
 My vows had reach’d that maiden’s ear,
 Aye, an’ she ca’d me friend.
 An’ I was bless’d, as bless’d can be ;
 The fond, daft dreamer Ilopo
 No’er dream’d o’ happier days than mine,
 Or joys o’ ampler scope.”

HENRISON’S SONG.

I used, as I have said, to have occasional visitors when working in the churchyard. My minister has stood beside me for hours together, discussing every sort of subject, from the misdeeds of the Moderate divines,—whom he liked all the worse for being brethren of his own cloth,—to the views of Isaac Taylor on the corruptions of Christianity or the possibilities of the future state. Strangers, too, occasionally came the way, desirous of being introduced to the natural curiosities of the district, more especially to its geology ; and I remember first meeting in the churchyard, in this way, the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder ; and of having the opportunity afforded me of questioning, mallet in hand, the present distinguished Professor of Humanity in the Edinburgh University,* respecting

* Professor Pillans.