

certain that, with his harbor, and his piggery, and his heathen temples, and his lace-women, he would not leave a ray of morality in the place; and Rob was quite as sure he was no friend to the gospel. He a builder of Gaelic kirks, forsooth! Had he not yesterday put up a popish dagon of a cross, and made the silly mason bodies worship it for the sake o' a dram? And then, how common ale-drinking had become in the place!—in his young days they drank nothing but gin,—and what would their grandfathers have said to a *whigmaleerie* o' a ball! “I sipped and listened,” continued Jamie, “and thought that the time could not have been better spent at an elders' meeting in the kirk; and as the night wore later the conversation became still more edifying, until at length all the bottles were emptied, when we sallied out in a body, to imitate the old Reformers by breaking the cross. ‘We may suffer, Jamie, for what we have done,’ said Rob to me as we parted for the night; ‘but, remember, it was duty, Jamie, it was duty; we have been testifying wi' our hands, an' when the hour o' trial comes we mauna be slow in testifying wi' our tongues too.’ He wasna slack, the deceitfu' body!” concluded Jamie, “in trying to stop mine.” And thus closed the evidence. The Agent was no vindictive man. He dismissed his two managers and the clerk, to find for themselves a more indulgent master; but the services of Jamie Banks he still retained; and the first employment which he found for him after his release was the fashioning of four iron bars for the repair of the cross.

The Agent, in the closing scene of his life, was destined to experience the unhappiness of blighted hope. He had an only son, a weak and very obstinate young man, who, without intellect enough to appreciate his well-calculated schemes, and yet conceit enough to sit in judgment on