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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

Let me not be misunderstood here. I am not saying that the doctrine of our Lord's Deity was developed after His ascension. The fact was confessed, the faith of His disciples bound up with it, while He was on earth. But it is one thing to confess a truth in words, and even put the right words together; and another thing to realize all that the words mean. The example of St. Peter will at once occur to every one. He confessed the Godhead of his Master in the borders of Cæsarea Philippi. And it was a truth that even then "flesh and blood" had not revealed to him, but "My Father which is in heaven." Just so, St. Paul declares that "none can say that Jesus is the Lord," and put together the two words, *Κύριος Ἰησοῦς*, "but by the Holy Ghost." Yet will any one venture to say that St. Peter as fully realized the truth his lips confessed, as did Thomas after the resurrection, when he said, "My Lord and my God"? May we not say that, if our Lord's presence on earth enabled those who companied with Him to feel that God had indeed become man, some experience of the dispensation of the Spirit was needed in order to bring the truth home to them, of the taking of the Manhood into God. It was not that the truth itself was new, but the apprehension of the truth was enlarged; and I suspect this enlarged apprehension was due as much to the fourth Gospel as to any other means.

C. H. WALLER.



ART. IV.—THREE WEEKS ON A HIGHLAND MOOR.

"I SAY, station-master, where in the world are those porters?" "Oh, he'll no be ferra lang the noo, surr," with which consolation, exit the station-master, knowing, what we do not, that "ferra lang" has a very different meaning in Scotland, and especially in the Highlands, from that usually attached to it by our matter-of-fact English minds. So we wait in our saloon carriage at the little station for another twenty minutes, being already a comfortable two hours and a half late. The rain is pouring down; we have piles of luggage, including a goodly hamper, on which our hostess keeps her hazel eye; everything is soaking wet, and we have nothing but an open conveyance, with a seven-mile drive before us. A dreary prospect at the best, not improved by a twenty-two hours' journey and a sleepless night preceding it.

Seven weary miles. How we tried in a gloomy way to be cheerful, and pretended that we rather enjoyed the streams

which trickled off other people's umbrellas down our backs. How polite we were, and how often we said with a forced smile that we were "quite comfortable, thank you," as our next-door neighbour, worse luck to him, moved round to ask us how we were getting on, letting in as he did so a rush of cold air, twisting the rug off our knees, and sending a few insidious drops well inside the collar of our ulsters. Should we ever be warm again? One alone of our party knew the shooting lodge which had been taken by our three gentlemen in concert.

I saw in my mind's eye a long, low, white-washed house, a kind of cheerless-looking shanty. Inside there was a rather stuffy smell. The drawing-room and dining-room were carpeted with glorious coloured flowers, woven on a ground of bright crimson; the curtains were of ancient green rep, the horsehair chairs were ranged with studious precision round the walls, with a table exactly in the centre of the room, covered with those charming crocheted mats which we all admire. On the chimney-piece were some fine specimens of red and blue glass wares, with one green one in the middle, price one shilling. The fireplace rejoiced in a flaunting mass of coloured paper and tinsel, crocheted white cotton antimacassars; and an oil portrait of an ancestress in corkscrew ringlets, done by a local celebrity, completed the picture.

What a disappointment! We were ushered into a room filled with carved cabinets, an Erard piano hallowed by associations with Albani, brackets, blue china, easels, screens, draperies, soft muslin curtains, and a Wilton pile carpet, everywhere showing signs of taste and care for our comfort. In short, there was everything which we—I believe I am right in speaking for the rest of the party—had not expected, and nothing of what we had. A fire was blazing in the grate, and we soon had tea ready, despite the remonstrances of the gentlemen, who, as is their wont, first sneered at us for being the slaves of tea, and then found it necessary, *pace* their dinner, to have a cup or two themselves. That was how we arrived at "home," as we soon learnt to call it.

We were a party of eight in all, for two other friends soon joined us, and we began to settle down together very comfortably. I must show them in the light of after-days, when we all began to know a little more about each other than the others thought we did. It was quite curious how, as the days went on, our little family party advanced in intimacy.

The big man of our party was what Fraser the keeper called "a splendid mon;" at least tradition assigned the phrase to him, with the alternative of "a magneificent gentleman." He weighed fifteen stone ten when he came, and a little more when he went away. His particular hobby was fishing, of which

more anon. Some of us used to call him "the silent man," but woe betide you if you made a slip; the silent man was down on you in a second, and had cut your little theory to pieces in his quiet way before you knew where you were. Those silent men are "just awfu'," and if there was a row, nobody but he was in the midst of it. Our driver was just the same, the most sedate gillie of the lot, taciturn as the grave, never known to say more than "Yes, surr," or "No, surr," except under extreme provocation. Yet he managed to turn the head of our cook before the three weeks were out, and had to be sent post-haste about his business.

Then there was the Radical, who, I need hardly say, was in reality quite as conservative in things pertaining to his own house and grounds as any Tory of the lot. "What would you do if your land were divided into small allotments and given to squatters?" I asked him once. "Buy them out," he answered promptly, in the true spirit of the landgrabber. He was a Home Ruler too, but he kept his political opinions wonderfully quiet. Indeed, what was he to do, when we were all lying in wait for him round the corner, ready to pounce upon him if he showed the cloven hoof.

As I write, I hear a voice saying: "I think I won't, thank you; I am not very well this morning." That was the sarcastic gentleman, who kept us all in order. He never was quite well when he didn't want to do a thing. Perhaps, however, it was not very surprising, as he lived a good deal on sardines, raw tomatoes, cucumber, and sweet cake, with a judicious admixture of grouse. I believe he used to think that he took us all in, with his quiet, cynical smile and sarcastic tone; but we saw his good points, despite his careful hiding of them. He acted the part of guide-book to the surrounding country, with commentary.

Our host for the time was a friend of the sarcastic gentleman, though why they were friends I never could make out, for they were utterly different in character. Our host was a romantic man. So at least he said himself; whether he meant it or not is a very different matter. It was his cheery voice which, with its "Right you are, captain, right," always smoothed away the least shadow of a difficulty. He used to appear on shooting-days very like a Californian brigand sometimes, with a wide, flapping hat, and generally fierce appearance. His peculiarity was the possession of two shadows: one, may it never grow less, something shorter and stouter than himself, which dogged his footsteps remorselessly, and ruled him with a rod of iron—his faithful body-servant; the other even shorter and stouter, his old black retriever, Diver, as faithful a creature as ever crunched a bone.

Next comes our acting hostess, not the wife of our host, but of the magnificent gentleman mentioned above. She kept us well looked after. Even the sarcastic one, who terrified us all, shrank before her piercing glance. We chaffed her and worried her unmercifully, but we all respected her and loved her, for her unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others.

The wife of the Radical was much troubled by the midges, which used to surround her head like a sort of halo. She came with a very poor appetite, but the Highland air soon drove that difficulty away, and I think we sent her back all the better for her holiday. She was a wonderful worker, with a pair of slippers which grew visibly under her needle.

Our other young lady I always envied. She invariably had on the right sort of dress, and had it well put on, too. She was never discontented or out of temper, got on well with everybody, and had her own ideas and stuck to them.

Lastly, myself, a somewhat bellicose individual, who did her best, often unsuccessfully, to keep clear of treading on other people's toes.

"Our moor" sounded enormous, but I believe it was not a large one as moors go. It extended over 18,000 acres of ground. The view from the house was very fine. We had a large loch stretching away for miles on each side, with lesser ones close by, within a quarter of an hour's walk. The heather-covered hills sloped down gently to the water-side, while the prospect at both ends was bounded by the far blue mountains. I say blue, but in reality it is hopeless attempting to describe the ever-changing shades which passed over them, and rendered it impossible to seize any distinct impression of colour. The trees were gathered together mostly in sheltered places out of reach of the wind, or straggled away in twos and threes down the hill-sides. Stunted birches were the only ones which seemed really to flourish. Their gnarled and twisted stems showing unmistakable signs of age, gave a character to the place, and, crowned by their deep foliage, were always welcome to the eye. Every now and then a gaunt line of bare white trunks, once forming part of a hedgerow, gleamed out upon the hill-top, driven sidelong by the fierce south-west winds, looking like ghosts, the relics of their former selves.

But out, away upon the moors—desolate, wild, awful in their loneliness—was the real place to enjoy one's self. There is a wonderful feeling of restfulness in being out of sight and sound of a human creature or a human dwelling. The grand old mountains speak to you a language of their own, and you understand them, because just for once you are in harmony with them. The heather under your feet springs up elastic as soon as you have passed. Now and then a startled covey

of grouse scares you by whirring away in front of you ; a frog jumps out almost from beneath your feet ; or a lizard scuttles off under the stones. Away down towards the lake, the sea-gulls are flying heavily, and the curlews are uttering their shrill melodious cry. A blue hare or two scampers off, scarcely taking the trouble to simulate fear. A wild gust of wind sweeps down suddenly, and you look across to the hills ; they have vanished, blotted out by the drifting mist. A moment ago all was sunshine, but now you are enveloped in a cloud of soft, warm rain, and the heather is bowing before the blast. Never mind ; you press your shooting-cap a little more firmly on your head, button your ulster tighter, and in ten minutes the rain is over and the wind has calmed. On you go, stepping from stone to stone of the tiny burns, whose broad beds show tokens of what they can do in a "spate" when the water comes roaring down them in haste to reach the loch. Every now and then you see the staff set up to guide you to where a spring bubbles up, clear and cold, from its peaty bottom. But you must walk warily ; one incautious step, and you are landed in wet, oozy ground, if not in a veritable bog. Where the sphagnum grows greenest, and the yellow asphodel flourishes best, or where the black bottom looks firmest, beware. The heather is a place of safety ; but the beautiful treacherous green, with its waving banners of cotton-grass, its changing shades of golden and crimson, stretching away in the distance, invites you on, only to betray you. The oozing, black bog-water with its accompaniment of peat, steals silently down your boot ; before you can withdraw your foot, it is soaked to the skin, and you stand wet, dirty, and dragged, thankful if you can reach the firmer heather without wading in knee-deep. Courage, you have learned a lesson ; and you stride cheerfully forward, coasting round the bog. How is this ? The ground seems to give way under your feet, in the midst of the heather, leaving you nearly two feet lower than you were a moment before, with a sharp twist in your ankle. It is only one of the small drains dug by the sheep-farmers, and grown over by the heather ; and you have only made your dress unfit to be seen for the rest of the week. Well, it is all your own fault. Why were you wandering along with your nose in the air, watching those two hawks as they wheeled, then poised, and dropped down swift as lightning towards the earth ? You ought to have learnt that lesson a day or two ago, when you fell full-length over a stone, because you were looking for rare flowers on every side of you.

It is good to lie under the birch-woods, where the trees are coated with grey lichen, the bracken is turning a golden

brown, and the lastreas, hard ferns, yellow lichens, and red fungi light up the whole place with colour; and under the branches you get a far view up the blue loch. There are adders about, so you must be careful. We killed one, and brought him home one day. He hung for a long time by a boot-lace round his neck, from a pipe in the backyard; after which he turned out to be a common snake, and was, I think, dismissed on account of being odoriferous. The number of birds, of all kinds, fairly astonished me. Grouse, teal, wild duck, golden plover, peewits or green plover, swans, woodcock, snipe, blackcock, hawks, curlew, gulls, black-backed divers, cranes, herons, and cormorants were constantly to be seen.

The flora, too, was interesting, on the moorland and in the bogs. I found the marsh-cinquefoil, Alpine butterwort, the insectivorous sundew, bog-asphodel, black bearberry, cloud-berry, and bilberry; and, on the higher ground, the beautiful stag's-horn moss and foxglove moss, so called on account of its soft texture. Down by the loch the yellow mountain-saxifrage clothed the bare stones, while white lilies and graceful lobelia peopled the water. Under the trees grew the rare wood cow-wheat, and by the side of the road the field-gentian. Higher up again, the grass of Parnassus, mountain avens, and stone-ramble flourished together, with ferns and mosses simply innumerable. Privately, I believe that the only flower ever sought by any member of the party, beyond myself, was the white heather, and that was eagerly hunted for high and low, on account of its mysterious luck.

I never quite made out how our days were passed, or why they went so quickly. We rarely seemed to be doing anything out of the common; but the day was no sooner begun than it was ended. "Of course," I had said to myself, as I packed my possibles into my trunk before starting, "we shall have plenty of time for reading: what a grand opportunity it will be!" So I took with me a miscellaneous selection of Macaulay, Prescott, Kant, Carlyle, and a translation of "Plato's Dialogues." I never finished one of them. We boated and walked and fished in the morning, and drove and boated and fished in the afternoon. Generally we went out to luncheon with the shooters. There was a little difference of opinion about that matter, between the romantic gentleman and the sarcastic one—the question was, ladies *versus* shooting. Now, if you *will* let the ladies come out to luncheon and walk with you afterwards, you can't give your undivided attention to the grouse; and if you do not, your game-bag will suffer. So we went to luncheon with the romantic gentleman, leaving the other to his cucumbers on the lonely hill-side.

Grouse-shooting, from a lady's point of view, is very good

fun, when there is plenty of sport, not otherwise. Three shooters, a keeper, a gillie and a boy with the spare dogs, another gillie leading the pony which carries the game, all look exceedingly imposing, but fall a little flat if they are unsuccessful. "You must find a good point for the ladies, Fraser," said our magnificent gentleman on the first day when luncheon was over. "I will do my best for that, surr, whatever," he answered, smiling. I must say that, for the moment, I thought we could do that for ourselves. There were plenty of points about from which we could get a very good view of the shooting. However, I kept counsel, and was rewarded by discovering that a good point had to do with dogs and birds instead of with hills. Secret congratulation on my part, followed by a conviction that all the other ladies were as ignorant as myself. Be that as it may, I never told on myself; it is a mean thing to tell tales. We were lucky that day; for the dog was working well, and there were plenty of birds. Shot followed shot, the grouse fell, and the gentlemen came home well pleased with themselves. The gillies, it was reported, rejoiced over their safe return, on account of the gentleman who was "turrible new to his gun."

One thing struck me about these shooting luncheons, and on various other occasions, about the middle of the morning or towards evening after shooting; and that was, how wonderful are the properties of whisky! If any of our party complained of cold, out popped a flask from one of those many large receptacles which form part of a man; generally, indeed, two or three were produced at the same time. Fatigue, I found, could be cured by this general health-restorer, while there was nothing better for keeping out the wet than not being too dry inside. It seemed, in short, to be a cure for all diseases, this "natural wine of the country." The historic Peter when asked what he thought of its properties, answered with warmth, "'Deed, and I feel it to be a kind of company all day, wambling in my inside." I suppose they found it so too. The only thing was, that it seemed to get dull after a time, and wanted fresh additions of like-minded spirit.

Some days we went fishing in the lochs for pink-fleshed trout. It was very odd that, whoever went out fishing, if he or she came in with a poor show of fish, or with none at all, as was sometimes their sad lot, it was invariably the fault of the day. How often I have heard them say, in excuse for putting down one very small dirty fish with an air of dejection (always on the very spot where people were most likely to be sitting afterwards), "There was not a chance to-day—not a ripple on the water. I knew it was no go when I went out." Or, if it was a fine breezy day, the tale was—"The wind stirred up the

bottom of the lake ;" or the sun was too hot, or it was getting late in the season. The best thing I heard was on the day when a big fish ran away with the whole of the tackle, and then I found that it was the fault of the fish for being too big. That was the only thing I could not calculate for. I came in time to know exactly the right consolation to administer.

There was one lovely day, when the magnificent man and I went out fishing—he to fish, that is, and I to row, as I had never fly-fished in my life. We went to the big loch. It was a breezy day, and the loch was covered with waves, like a miniature sea, so that we had to be careful of our steering ; it was hard pulling, too, against the wind out in the open. In the many little creeks and bays there was calmer water, and we accordingly shaped our course for these. "Aha!" said I to myself, as I watched the expert angler throw his fly gracefully over his head and into the water at the first cast, "that looks pretty difficult." We were paddling quite slowly on, resting on our oars, so that we had plenty of time to look about us, for the wind kept the boat in sufficient motion. "Steady," I heard suddenly from the stern, and I saw the line being rapidly pulled in, while I privately thought what a nice tangle that man would have to undo, as he dropped it recklessly into the boat. A fine fish was landed, the hook was removed, and a blow on the spine settled him. "Rather nasty," said I to myself, and looked the other way very carefully. The tangle seemed somehow to undo of its own accord, and twenty minutes of silence followed. Then another fish was hooked, and barely landed, so slight was his hold. Fish number three was a still nastier business, for he got caught in the side, so that the hook had to be cut out. I took a glance every now and then during the operation, seeming not to see. "This is no good ; we must try back again." So we tried back again, into the first bay. The line flying over our heads looked decidedly mysterious, and I could not understand how it managed to evade me in its sweep. However, after two or three hours I began to make it out, and by the time we had got eight or nine fish, I felt that I knew all about it. There was a peculiar turn of the wrist—a very graceful one, too—but after all that was nothing particular, and I thought that fly-fishing was really a much simpler matter than I had had any idea of.

We ate our luncheon of cold grouse, hard-boiled eggs, and "parking," or gingerbread, on shore, on an eminence overlooking a small bay. It was a lonely place. The hills ran down to a stony shore. In old times there had been a limekiln hard by, the lime being shipped on barges for transportation to the small town six miles away. In those prosperous days

some enterprising man had built a small jetty of stones and wood, on to which the trollies loaded with lime could run, emptying themselves direct into the barges. But times had changed, and the limekiln had fallen into disuse. The poor old jetty stands there still, but it is fast crumbling away from the action of the water and the fierceness of the storms. The stones lie heaped together in a shapeless mass; the water splashes silently against their base. As for the trollies, they remain, overturned, broken or rotting, some in the loch itself, others on the jetty, seeming to wait as of yore for their loads; others again used to form a part of the rough wall down to the shore. Nothing could look more forlorn than that deserted pier and those mouldering trollies, decay instead of busy life. One solitary cottage overlooking the scene, with a ragged dog and a bent woman gazing from the open door on the intruders into their solitude, added to the desolate, eerie feeling. I asked Colin, our gillie, about these trollies. "Oo, I dinna ken," he said; "they're jist left." The curse of the Highlands is that phrase. If an old house begins to give way, it is "jist left" until it is tumbling down. The large huts used at the time of the attempted reclamation of the land are "jist left" to decay. So are the good steam ploughs, which stand out in the rain and damp until they are covered with rust and fit for nothing. It is a kind of let things be, devil-may-care policy.

All that afternoon we spent in the dreary bay, with little excursions to neighbouring inlets. Not a fish would bite—I forget what the excuse was. Time passed on, but ever steadily the line flew backwards and forwards with its graceful sweep, and ever as steadily the fish refused to rise. Not a word was spoken, except to give the necessary orders. Yet there was a kind of fascination about it all. The dull water plashed on over the grey stones, the boat rocked gently on the waves, the colours changed on the hills, the dreary bay grew more and more dreary, our spirits sank lower and lower. No one but a fisherman can realize the feeling of blank dreariness which invades the unsuccessful angler after three hours' incessant toil with no results. He cannot tear himself away, for at every fresh cast he feels a moral certainty that he will retrieve his bad luck. There he sits, watching his line, gloomy, silent and morose. There I sit, having mastered the art of fishing—in theory—thinking how well I could do it myself, but equally gloomy and silent. As we walk up to the lodge together, when fate at length compels us to give in, we say never a word.

The next day I started out on my own account, determined to catch a fish—always provided that the wind was not too strong, or the sun too bright, or the water too clear, or any other little unforeseen difficulty. (N.B. I told everybody that

I expected to get nothing.) The first thing that happened was on the way down, when the rod seemed unaccountably to fly back in my hand, resisting all attempts to make it advance, having caught in a tree. Then I nearly snapped it in two, by digging it into the earth as I jumped down a bank. However, I got to the boat at last, pushed it into the water with infinite trouble, got in myself, and rowed out, after dragging all my skirts in the water, to an eligible spot. The rod was rather heavier than I expected, as I held it up, unhooked the fly from the reel, and payed out the line. All right so far. Now for the first cast—but the hook end of the line had suddenly and swiftly disappeared. What was worse, after looking on all sides I could not find it. However I discovered, by repeated pulls, that it was securely fastened in the back of my ulster; so, after nearly dislocating my neck in attempting to see down my own back, I dislodged the hook, and set to work again. This time I made a fair cast, that is to say, my line reached the water, as did also the end of my fishing-rod, with a plump. My wrist seemed a little stiff, and the rod grew heavier and heavier, as that peculiar graceful turn receded into the dim distance, giving place to a vigorous action from the shoulder. Presently I felt a tug—a fish? Well, not exactly, unless it had got under the boat, where my hook was firmly fixed. There was nothing for it but to kneel down and thrust my arm into the water, nearly upsetting the boat, and wetting my sleeve up to the elbow. I got it out though, and immediately caught all the three hooks in my fingers one after the other. Next I hooked a weed, got my tackle into a mess, and had to sit down for ten minutes to undo it again. That happened twice, the hooks showing a positively vicious pleasure in entangling themselves in each other. Then the line got mixed up at the top of the rod, and I did not know how on earth to get at the mess. In laying down the rod the other part got twisted in the rowlock, and one of the oars floated away. I was getting by this time, in a space of some thirty-five minutes, not morose, but actively violent, when at last the hook caught again in a weed, I saw a commotion in the water, and felt a fresh tug at the rod. It was a real live fish. What a triumph if only I could land him! First I payed out about six yards of line (I don't know what for), then I pulled him up sharp, which caused the thin end of the rod to bend in a truly alarming manner. After that I got a lot of the tackle in a heap at the bottom of the boat; and there was I at one end of the line and the fish at the other, never likely to get any nearer to each other. I said a sad good-bye to him in my mind, and thanked goodness no one could see how foolish I

looked. After which, somehow or other, though neither of us ever knew how, he and I met at the bottom of the boat. I don't recollect feeling the killing of him at all nasty, even though his red blood did spurtle on to my hand as I banged him with quite unnecessary violence against the seat.

Never a fish have I caught from that day to this, though I have tried and tried again. I never find that it is a very good day for fishing when I go out.

The most amusing time we had was spent on a driving tour up to the far north. There were seven of us and the driver in a large open vehicle, popularly called a "machine," fitted with two seats parallel to the box, and room for the luggage behind. Wet or fine we had no chance of sheltering on the road. We were away from the lodge five days, including a Sunday; so that we must have done some hundred and fifty miles by the time we got "home." Indeed, our nags were so tired on the last day that we could scarcely get them along, and we appeared at the lodge ignominiously walking up the hill. The country through which we passed was a mountainous one, as wild as any in Scotland, and as fine to boot. Every now and then as we wound slowly down some steep pass, a loch would come into view, the mountains rising steep from the black waters, hundreds of feet in depth. Close to the edge, on the side sheltered from the wind, the birches grew in profusion, or dark willows like the olives of the Riviera hung over the water, garlanded with honeysuckle. Rocky islands dotted the surface of the loch. Above, the clouds rested on the rugged mountain-tops, while half-way down a few sheep, like stones on the hillside, snatched a bare subsistence from the scanty grass. It was a barren soil, with mile upon mile of moorland, bog, and mountain. Along the roadside huge poles, ten feet in height, told a tale of heavy winter snows. They are set there for the guidance of travellers, when in winter the snow drifts into one field of dazzling whiteness, obliterating every landmark.

Sometimes our road wound above the sea-cliffs, where we could hear the thud of the waves as they broke and moaned upon the shore, and see the countless gulls, startled from their hiding-places in the rocks by our approach.

As for the hotels, they were the most laughable part of our gipsying. At our first resting-place we were met by a horrified waiter who entirely declined to give us a sufficient number of rooms, though ordered beforehand. In the end he relented so far as to admit us, and we were shown our apartments. Mine, shared by one of the other ladies, was only attainable through the kitchen and scullery and past "the bar," up a flight of tiny wooden stairs. Some of the others

fares worse. The great difficulty was about baths. "Number 10 has got it," was the only answer the little rough maid could or would give to our inquiries after every individual bath in the hotel, till it seemed to us as though "Number 10" had collected in her room at least five baths of all shapes and sizes. Those baths haunted us. We were so large a party, and so persistently and doggedly cleanly, that we never had enough to get on with.

The waiter at that place was exactly like the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland," for his face was one perpetual grin. I was always expecting him to disappear, leaving the grin behind him. It seemed as though I had gone back to the happy days of childhood and school-feasts as I saw him pass slowly down the table at breakfast with two large kettles, serving out of them tea and coffee by turns. A funereal ceremony is a *table d'hôte* dinner in England. There is no conversation, for that would be inconsistent with the dignity of our island pride; but at intervals a solemn question is asked and answer obtained. There is always a professor or two, a vacant-looking youngish man, a general or other military man (retired, of course), an old maid, a very stiff mother with some flabby children who are incessantly referred to 'dear papa' at the other side of the table, and a few inconsiderable nonentities; and what they all come for, goodness only knows. It is interesting to listen in the pauses between the remarks, and catch the sound of the dishes going round the table. "*Rhubarb and rice*," it begins at the farther end; "*Rhubarb and rice*," it draws near in insinuating tones; then when you least expect it, "**RHUBARB AND RICE!**" is thundered into your own ear, and before you have time to say "Yes," it has already passed you by, and is finishing its *decrescendo* on the other side of the table. If you happen to be the wrong end of the table, it is exciting to watch who partakes of the dish and who does not, as on that alone depends your chance of ever getting any rhubarb and rice. Should you happen to have a particular fancy for it, it is invariably finished by the old maid who sits three away on your left.

There were other difficulties, too. In one place the sheets were not of the freshest; in another, one of our party had to stand with her head out of window, in order to get room to dress. Once we were sent to sleep in the village, the hotel being full. Always we were reduced to sitting outside after dinner, because of stuffy rooms or other little drawbacks, which only made us the merrier.

From nine in the morning till six or seven o'clock at night, we never entered a house. Our luncheon was eaten on the hillside, in some spot which was declared each day to be the

prettiest we had yet seen. They were happy days, and we all enjoyed them.

Crossing the ferries was a great excitement. The carriage had first to be got on board, then the horses, who rebelled greatly against their fate; finally we ourselves embarked, not always an easy matter. One old boatman, who with his brother had worked the ferry-boat over an arm of the sea for the last fifty-four years, was most entertaining. "Ye will please to mind yerself, surr," said he to a gentleman who attempted to help us down the steep stair into the boat. "I was always a great hand at managing the leddies. I can look after the leddies, and I can talk as well as any of them. Pit her aboot, Wullie—pit her aboot, mon! keep her up a wee, till I get the sail away from the leddies; we mun take care of the leddies." The old fellow must have been between seventy and eighty years of age. He was very strong on the Crofter question, which he was of opinion "would no be settled but jist by the sword." The shore on one side was lined with crofters' holdings, while on the other bank a large sheep-farm, so he told us, had been made, by the wholesale and compulsory emigration of some eighty families. "Some hae too much, and some too little," he said, "and I wad like to see the land divided equally." The large sheep-farms have no doubt been the ruin of the crofters in these parts. Now, under the Crofters' Act, a more equitable settlement has been made, regulating the inheritance of the holdings, and enabling the crofters, where the landlord refuses a fair demand for small additional grants of land, to obtain it by applying to the new Commission.

Among our gillies, too, one was a great politician—a Radical of course. He had written letters to Mr. Gladstone, to the papers, and to several of her Majesty's judges, on the state of the country, and of the poorer people. He was popularly known as "big John," in distinction from "wee John," another of them, who himself was not much under six feet in height.

The days and weeks fled by. The magnificent gentleman shot a stag, and thought of nothing else, sleeping or waking, for the next week or two. We laid out a tennis-ground on the gravel, and marked the lines with blacking dripped from a pail. We shot with a rifle at a target which some of us never hit. We met our landlord and were charmed with him, contrary to the usual custom; we bullied each other and Diver on every possible occasion. We whistled and hummed old tunes, until we were all heartily sick of them. We feasted on grouse to our heart's content; we were unmercifully eaten by the midges and burnt by the sun; we did all sorts of things which will never be known outside the walls of the lodge. We rubbed against each other, and were all the better for it.

And then, having lived so much and seen so much and done so much together, the time comes for us each to go our different ways. We make the partings short, because of the unspoken sadness which we are all conscious of, but which we carry off with a jaunty little air, as our hands, English fashion, do duty for our hearts, and betray us at each clasp. You cannot live for three weeks with people and not catch something of themselves, while a part of yourself too seems to remain with them. We all wonder a little what they have said and thought of us, and hope against hope that they think half as much good of us as we do of them.

Well, of course we know that we shall never all meet again in the happy freedom of these three weeks. It is not easy to go back to our "daily round," but we resolutely set our faces towards our work, take our courage in both hands, and the thing is done.

Then, later on, when things go wrong, as they will do now and then, when household cares lie heavy on us, when business makes too urgent claims on a wearied mind, when the weight of the London whirl oppresses, when life seems hard, and perhaps just a trifle dreary, as it does to most of us at times, we look back rather wistfully to those days of comradeship, when we took things simply, and when the clouds on our horizon for the time were no bigger than a man's hand. We do not forget, though we bury our memories deep, and seldom bring them to the light, for fear of tarnishing their lustre. And after all they are the great measure in the lives of most of us: "*Le temps n'est que l'espace entre nos souvenirs.*"

ALBINA BRODRICK.



ART. V.—SOME OF THE MESSIANIC PROPHECIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I HAVE in a former paper (CHURCHMAN, vol. xiv., p. 270) considered a few of the more important of the Messianic passages of the Old Testament, with reference to the changes which have been introduced into them by the recent revision. I propose in this paper to resume the subject, and I shall begin with that passage which has always been regarded as the earliest of the Messianic prophecies, the Protevangelium, the promise given to Adam and Eve in Paradise of man's final victory over the Tempter. It is not a passage, indeed, where any change has been made by the Revisers in the text, but it is one to which a marginal note has been added which may require some explanation. The verse (Gen. iii. 15) reads in the