



From the Grampians to Manchester

THE LIFE OF A.B. TAYLOR



yours in the truth
A. B. Taylor

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ALEXANDER BARRIE TAYLOR: 1804-1887

An eloquent preacher and William Gadsby's successor at Manchester.

Usually known as "A. B. Taylor," brought up in formal Presbyterianism in Scotland, he was led to England to become an eminent and successful preacher of the gospel. Even while a small boy he became convinced that believers' baptism is according to Scripture.

As a preacher, apart from his grace, his venerable appearance and eloquent speech attracted many. It was said that it was worth travelling to Manchester to hear him majestically announce the hymn:

*"Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things."*

How often following the death of a famous preacher has his congregation been scattered, and his successor has had to leave in disappointment! Yet following William Gadsby's death in 1844, Mr Taylor enjoyed both peace and prosperity during his thirty-eight years' pastorate.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY DAYS

Alexander Barrie Taylor was born on October 18th, 1804, at Craig Hall, near Pittendynie, in the parish of Manaedie, Perthshire, on the banks of the River Shockie, which runs into the Tay, about

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three miles above the city of Perth. We continue with his autobiography in his own words:

I well remember my father leading me by the hand to the lair of the roe, the den of the brock (badger), the covert of the tod (fox), seat of the mawkin (hare), and burrow of the rabbit, while the scream of the curlew and song of the lark roused my young attention into active enjoyment. And now, in my eighty-third year [1887] my memory is as good as ever, as regards things in early life. My fond parents tried to make me possess what is called “early piety,” and taught me to repeat the 23rd Psalm and the three last verses of the 11th chapter of Matthew long before I could read. Dear parents, they meant well, and we should not despise good intentions. I now feel that I have reason to regard my parents as having been Christian people.

The first little view I had of wrong from right was when a youth told me he would kill me if I told what he had done. I did not then know that what he had done was wrong, but I never forgot that threat.

The marriage of an aunt, before I was four years old, I well remember, perhaps all the better because of the music and dancing, fiddles and bagpipes in the barn – a thing quite common in those days.

I can also remember being taught in those days about Christ being nailed to the tree. My little pity was stirred, and my young wrath kindled against such cruelty.

When my mother was leading me by the hand she told me that we all had to die some day, and this was to me most confounding. After some confusing thoughts, I said, “Must we be like the partridges and hares dada brings home?” Mother said, “Yes, but we shall not be shot.” Then I was quite at the end of my little wits. Seeing my perplexity, she said, “But though we die we shall live again.” This was still more confounding, and I remember saying, “Mother, if we are to live again, why should we die?” She then

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talked to me about a subject so profound to me then, that I could do nothing but listen, but this much I remember.

At six years of age I was sent from home to school to Mr. Thomas Dick. He was author of several works on astronomy. He was educated for the ministry, but he stepped aside, and was never restored. Perhaps the seceders of those days saw too clearly, "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord." I remained six years with Mr. Dick.

About this time the Corn Laws wrought a great change in the county [keeping bread dear], and to make small holdings into one large farm, twenty-six families were removed from their happy homes where they had lived for many ages past. These families were cast on the world, my father's being one of them. They sought homes in the more busy scenes of human life. Only last year I visited the one large farm, and took with me my three daughters to show them the place where their old father was born, and where he spent his early years. I ought here to say that we were very kindly received and entertained by the present farmer, Mr. Young.

The next twelve years of my life have many and varied experiences in them, some of which would no doubt please a certain class of readers, but I do not think they would edify.

WORK AT GLASGOW

During my working life, it was my lot to be put to work in connection with the calico printing trade, and after filling several minor places such as tierer, worker in the bleach grounds, colour shops and printing table, it was finally settled that I should be an engraver. My employers kept a schoolmaster for their apprentices, who were taught free on week evenings during their apprenticeship, so I had the benefit of this boon. I ought to say here that my great pleasure in life was shooting, so much so that it was suggested that I ought to be a gamekeeper, but my good mother would not hear of

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that, and indeed she often hid my gun, which put me in a terrible fix.

In the year 1824, all the employees were turned adrift, the company at Ruthven-field being about to give up business. I went to Glasgow, got a situation, and had a heart as light as any fool God ever let live. My parents stayed at Perth.

I was then twenty years old, and a member of the church to which my parents belonged, the United Session [Secession?] at the little town of Methven. Mr. Jamieson was the minister. I took with me a certificate of membership, which I now possess.

Before I left for Glasgow, my poor mother appeared much distressed and was very spiritless, though naturally of a cheerful disposition. I began to fear that her reason was failing, and named my thoughts to my father, who said she was only distressed because I was leaving home. That I thought was very silly, because I considered it the best thing I could do. Dear mother! you had thoughts to which I was quite a stranger; for while I thought only of freedom and independence, you were fearing the consequences of freedom and independence.

On a cold morning in November, about five o'clock, three young men and I started on foot a sixty-four mile journey from Perth to Glasgow. On parting with my mother, she followed me to the door, gave me a kiss, and said, "Aleck, as soon as you can keep a wife, get married." This I thought complete evidence to justify my fears before-mentioned. Thoughtful mothers, what say you?

THOUGHTS ABOUT BAPTISM

I would now say something of my natural religion. It was common to me to go to the kirk with my parents, and so regular were they at the house of God that I do not remember their being absent. The ordinance of baptism was the first means of exercising my mind about the sprinkling of infants. In those days an infant of parents who were Baptists was put to nurse just near where we lived,

and a little handsome cradle accompanied the child. I much admired the cradle and thought ours was a poor thing compared to it. I should then be about ten years old. I had some notion that the child must be different to other children, and I asked my mother if that was so. She smiled, but said the child was not different. After a while she said, "There is something different though about the child, and it is this: that child's parents have withheld what we have bestowed upon you." "What is that, mother?" said I. She very calmly said, "That child has not been baptized." I was dumb with wonder, scorn and contempt to think that the child's parents should be so neglectful. I could not master that case, and by and by I said to my mother that such parents should not have children. She replied to me that I need not be troubled about the child as it was no worse for not being baptized. After a while I said, "If the child be no worse, am I any better for being baptized?" At this my dear mother smiled, and some time after told me that I had quite puzzled her.

At this time of my life I was compelled to read some portion of God's Word, and on one occasion I asked mother to show me where it said that children were baptized when Christ was here on earth. She said that when Christ was here, it was only those who confessed their belief who were baptized, but when those believers had children they were baptized according to God's Word: "The promise is unto you and to your children." This satisfied me then, as my mother's words at that time were convincing to me.

The wheels of time did not allow me to stop at ten years of age, and as I grew older, still reading to her betimes, my poor mother was compelled to hear what I read and my questions upon the same. On one occasion I was reading that very portion, before quoted: "The promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2. 39). I remembered that to be the Scripture my mother had so convinced me with as regards infants' baptism, and my attention being fixed, I remarked that this promise is also to them that are afar off. I asked

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her to explain more of the words, but she did not, and I knew not why at the time, but do now. Finding that she seemed shy, I read on for myself, and found that there was not a word about baptizing children. I had not then seen a Baptist, but felt sure they were right according to God's Word. I thought I should like to see one, and being told where one lived, I went to look at him, but did not speak to him. When I told this at home, they had a good laugh at me.

FORMAL CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

As time went on, it was considered right to propose me for church fellowship. This was done by my father, though we differed about baptism. I was told to think what I liked, but not to trouble my parents with my thoughts. One Lord's day morning, on going to the kirk, father said, "Aleck, do you not think of joining the kirk?" I was so stunned that I stood still on the road while father went on. I noticed two trees cut down, and from the stumps I observed young shoots springing, and this led me to think that there should be something new about a Christian. When I overtook my father he said, "But you are a Baptist, and I don't desire that you should be what we are against your will. You have a right to join any church you please." I made no reply, and the matter dropped just then; but mother was of different mettle, and she insisted upon being relieved from her baptismal vows, which could not be until I had freed her by professing my faith in Christ and obedience to Him. I submitted, and offered myself as a candidate for church fellowship.

A quarter's training being the rule, I began in October and finished at the New Year. Nine of us made up the class, male and female. The last evening of the thirteen visits to the minister's house, which was three miles away, I had been shooting all the afternoon for a fat pig, and a lantern had to be placed to shine on the bull's eye so that we could finish. While at this work, a messenger came from my kind mother to ask if I had forgotten my engagement with the minister. I had not forgotten, but preferred

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the sport to the examination. This now seems awful to me, and indeed the whole system appears degrading, when one knows something of the teaching of God's Word. How dishonouring, then, must such a plan be to God!

When I got to the minister's house, most of my companions in tribulation were waiting. When called to the private interview upon the most important matter, viz. the call by God and translation out of darkness into His marvellous light, some one whispered to me that Kate —— had been put back another quarter for killing a cat. "O!" I thought, "if he finds out that I have been shooting for a pig, he will put me back a whole year." Even at that time my gun was hid in a coal-house that I might shoot by moonlight on my way home. When before the minister, I was asked to kneel, and he engaged in prayer in the most solemn manner. I was moved by the earnest appeals of the sober-minded man.

In a few minutes he said, "Alexander, you have answered all my questions in a proper manner, but did you ever feel any portion of God's Word to be a comfort to your heart as touching another world?" Now I was fast, for such an idea had never entered my head, let alone my heart. Placed as I was in a fix, I remembered he had preached thirteen sermons from the text, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and to free myself from the trouble, I repeated the said text. What a mercy it is that God is merciful to our unrighteousness! I was glad when he gave me a token for the Lord's table.

With all this sad formality I do now truly believe that that man – John Jamieson – was a real Christian, lived a life of godliness amongst men, and died in the faith.

I went to the table of the Lord, feeling no contempt for God's ordinances, but with a natural reverence for what I had been taught, and in some way thought it was right. But certainly I did not see things by faith, or in the light of God's countenance, though out of the Book of God I was taught the precepts of men.

CHAPTER 2

CARNAL SECURITY

Returning now to the days of my removal from home. The first night after leaving home we slept at Stirling. Our feet were blistered and very sore. We were kindly treated. It was well-known where we came from, as some hundreds had come the same way to Glasgow before we set off. One of the girls paid me kind attention by washing my feet and passing a needle and worsted thread through my blisters. I thanked her, and asked her why it was she was so kind to me? She only said, "I dinna ken!" This girl was a Highland lass, speaking only broken English beside her dialect. Such kindness is not soon forgotten.

We arrived at Glasgow, and parted company. I got work, and had one year and three months freedom from parental control. I had good wages, good health, light heart, and my aforesaid natural religion not much trouble to me. When I now look back to this time, I am more than astonished, and I must acknowledge that God kept me, when I did not care to keep myself. Were I to relate all that I passed through, or what passed by me, it would astonish you. I was at this time a vain and foolish fellow, mixed up with many things, the song and the dance, made smart with curled hair and fine slippers, albeit my good minister's certificate was at that time in my trunk.

About this time I remember one occasion, when we had £37 to spend on what in Lancashire are called "footings" – occasions when apprentice lads begin or end their term, and when it is expected that a certain sum will be given by each, and the whole is then spent mostly at a public house in eating and drinking. On the afternoon of this day I had a match on – a race on the ice. After the race the ice gave way, and I went down out of sight, and was thought to be drowned. The rest managed to clear. After a while, two young men

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sighted me struggling with the ice, and they got a rope, threw it to me, but it went wide. I saw this, and called to them to throw it over my shoulder, which they did. I then made it firm about me, and called, "Pull away now," and so got safely to land. I had then no thankfulness for my deliverance, but after a time of rest and refreshment I was ready for a dance, and went with my partner, who not long since was lamenting my death. See the delivering hand of Providence, and how "He is kind even to the unthankful." These are some of the things "whereof," Paul says, "we are now ashamed."

About this time I was proud to possess a valuable dog. I must, however, know its worth by trial, and so took it to a badger bait, and lay on a barn floor about two hours, until my turn came. Some sixty dogs were run at various animals that day, mine amongst the rest. I was satisfied with my dog's work in that line. After this was over, a ring was made for a dog fight, and various fights went on till dusk. This was my human life's pleasure at that time. That night I slept like a top, and had not a troubled conscience, but was quite proud of my four-legged deity.

THOUGHTS OF DYING

One very different instance I desire to relate now. In, I think, 1825, I was one night in my bedroom, and the thought of dying took possession of me, and I felt that should I die now, I should be lost. This pressed me very hard. I knew the word "repent," and thought I should like to repent, but knew not how. I threw myself on the bed, and in my way prayed that God would not send me to hell. I was in earnest, and sobbed my tears, but the thought left *me*. I always heard some one preach on the Sabbath, and amongst others I heard the great Dr. Chalmers¹ of Edinburgh, a mighty orator, but

¹ Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847) who led the Free Church of Scotland in the Great Disruption of 1843.

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nothing that I heard impressed me for good, and all the above feelings passed away.

RETURN TO PERTH, AND A NEW COMPANION

The company I served, John MacGregor and Sons, of Keiness Hough, stopped work. I returned to Perth, and wishing to appear smart, walked about forty miles of the journey in a new pair of boots. When I took these boots off, some portion of my skin came with them. I then thought of the kind Highland lassie, but I was at home, so all was right for me. I had, however, now no companion, and wishing for one I looked about, but soon found more than I wished for, and therefore made a choice. Vile and low persons I never admired, and had no liking for drunkards, whom I thought not fit for society. I was naturally gay, and sometimes merry, but never half-drunk. When at Glasgow, I did not make use of my church certificate; on that subject I was at the time quite content. My parents at this time wished me to give up my business of engraver, but I could not consent, as I thought it was throwing away the time I had spent in learning.

Walking one day on the North Inch, I heard the sound of a gun. I made off and found a man trying a gun for a gentleman. I thought him an excellent shot, and after the trial I made myself known to him as being fond of the gun. This man was afterwards my companion whilst in Perth. I was now within six miles of my birth-place, which I often visited. I had nothing to do, a good home, indulgent parents, but myself careless and graceless. I passed my time in vanity with my new companion. He was a good shot – the best I had seen – and we had good practice on the North Inch. My fond mother found me pocket money privately. It is astonishing what some mothers will do in this way. I have known mothers who have ruined their sons by this fondness wrongly exercised.

My companion and I longed for the 12th of August [when shooting began]. We were within twenty miles of good moors. In

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those days the gentlemen went to the hill moors for about fourteen days only, and seldom went again the same season, so that the grouse were not protected as now. I mustered a licence, and by the end of August we were in good practice. But time went on, and I could not live always in this revelling happy state; my circumstances would not allow. It was determined that I should go to Lancashire to complete my apprenticeship.

THE OLD MINISTER

During the above time, I had not seen nor wished to see my old minister, Mr. Jamieson. It became known that I was leaving for Lancashire. One day, walking along the Crief-road from Perth, I met Mr. Jamieson, and I should have been glad if I could have escaped him; but he came forward and smiled, gave me his hand, chatted in a kindly way and said, "Alexander, I hear you are going to England. How came it that I did not get back the certificate I gave you?" (I should explain that when a certificate is presented to a minister, he returns it to the one who gave it, so that a church member leaving a town can be found where he is by this practice.) I told him that the last firm I was with were not likely to last long, so I had not presented it. He said, "That is all right, but you will now require another certificate," when I replied that I had asked Mr. Pringle's elders for one. He now looked at me in the most solemn manner, and said, "I have a favour to ask before we part." I think I could have promised anything just then to get away, for I was sweating all over. I said I should be glad to serve him in any way I could. He said, "The favour I ask of you is, to read your Bible; you know not what God has for you to do. You are a child of many prayers; you know not what God has for you to do. Read your Bible." I felt I should drop to the earth, and wished he would be going.

The above words never left me for long together: I was ever puzzled about them, but they sank into my heart. When I recovered

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a little, I said to myself, "That is just like him – all Bible and Kirk." But I could not put away his words; they would often come and go. In the month of June in the same year (1826), sitting in a small chamber, I had a most strange and affecting sense of the sufferings of Christ for sin, though I dare not say for my sins. I was completely overwhelmed, and wept bitterly. I was a considerable time before I could recover from it. It came upon me again and again, until I felt exhausted and feeble. I cannot forget it, but still am not able to attach that worth to it that I should like. I highly esteem it, and will not let it go. At this time I knew nothing of the "new man" and the "old" in a gospel way, or under the teaching of the ministry; and yet I dare not say that I was "dead in sin." Surely "God brings the blind by a way they know not."

WORLDLY PLEASURE

The time now came for me to leave home again. My companion and I often talked over happy times with the gun, now that we were to part, and we resolved upon a last sally on a pheasant-roosting moor. This we carried out one night in November. We had watched the birds roost for several nights, and on this night we fastened the old gamekeeper in his house and set to work. In about thirty minutes we bagged twenty-three pheasants and left the place. The following morning we had the pleasure of seeing the gamekeeper with the bellman, offering £10 reward. I was close beside him. Paul says of some, "And such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are justified, but ye are sanctified." What cannot our Lord do?

Another branch of sport I was fond of was the killing of salmon in November and December, when they visit the rivers for spawning. Four are required for the work: two to spear, one to hold the torchlight, and the other to carry. To people not acquainted with these times and seasons, some of the things told will seem incredible, but many are possible. The present value of salmon was not known

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then. I also took delight in fishing with the rod in the River Tay. The fishing was my pleasure before I left home the first time.

WORK IN ENGLAND

The day came for me to leave Perth for England. I spent the first night at Auchterarder, the second at Stirling, and the third in Glasgow. I was in good spirits, without much fear or trouble of any kind. We sailed from Glasgow. The captain and I got friends, and I was sorry to part from him at Liverpool, where I stayed one night, and then took coach for Preston, where I arrived in the evening.

I stayed at the "Legs of Man" hotel. After supper, I asked the landlord to spend half an hour with me, and he kindly consented. I told him where I was going, and what trade I followed. I soon found that he took an interest in me, he also being a Scotchman. He began to tell me some of the customs of some Lancashire people, such as their drinking bouts, and their manner of fighting, kicking, etc. This made me to be thoughtful, and, I concluded that I had better keep aloof from such company.

"COMMIT THY WAY"

My new friend related many things which perplexed me, and I became anxious. I began to think of father and mother's advice and prayers, and my conduct in slighting the same. I thought, if God leaves me, I am lost. I knew I had been careless of His honour, and I felt very fearful. I thought of hell and then of heaven, and though I had a certificate of church membership, I did not see that I could expect to go to heaven. God's holy law condemned me. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I tried to pray, but could not. It was November, and a dark time too for my soul, but between six and seven in the morning I heard a voice saying, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." This I heard most distinctly. I got up and said, "What do you want?" feeling that some one had spoken to me. I got no reply, but waiting

anxiously, the words were again given to me, but this time within me, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," etc. My fears were now removed, my heart was warmed, and I felt that my whole soul and body too were filled with a glorious something which I cannot well describe. That was the strangest thing that had happened unto me up to this time, but that I felt all this no power can now disprove.

I rose early in the morning, and walked past the Old Church at Preston. I sang, "The Lord is my Shepherd." I was up to this time ignorant of the ways of God with men. I believed in a Supreme Being, as I had been taught, but of the Spirit's work upon the heart, I do not think that I had heard of such a thing.

CHAPTER 3

MARRIAGE

Being partly engaged before I left home, I was soon at work at Foxhill-bank, near Accrington, where I served my time out, and engaged for twelve months as journeyman. Here I learned ways I had not before known, and I found myself acquiring the Lancashire dialect. I also found at this time the cares of the world beginning to touch me. I found mankind capable of using deceit against me, and many things I went through astonished me. I felt I was a fool, and I was certainly ignorant of many things that others about me were familiar with, and I was of course laughed at. I now think that God preserved me through that time.

At this place I saw a young woman I thought I loved, and in time asked her to be my wife. Her parents objected and behaved somewhat unkindly to me, but they afterwards regretted their conduct. We were however married at the Manchester Old Church (now the Cathedral) on the 6th day of October, 1828, and my wife proved a gift from the Lord. No man ever had a better wife, and after bearing six sons and six daughters, she died in the faith of the Lord Jesus on the 14th January, 1865, aged fifty-five years. Though, as I have said, cares and troubles began to press upon me at this place, I did not think to commit my way unto the Lord, but tried to do my best honestly. At Accrington I became acquainted with Mr. Harbottle,² a Baptist minister, a kind man, and I now think a good man, but I also think he was not quite clear on the doctrines of grace.

FURTHER CONVICTIONS

From Accrington I removed to Lower House, near Burnley, in 1830, in the April of which year my first son was born. I began to

² Joseph Harbottle (1798-1864), minister at the old Particular Baptist chapel in Accrington.

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feel at this time that the world would not last for ever, and that it had to be burnt up. I certainly knew that from a child, but now began to feel it. One Saturday evening, after a day's shooting, the keeper and I were going along, when these words came to me, "What will ye do in the end thereof?" I tried to put them away, but they became all the stronger, and I was disposed to argue the matter, saying, "I am not going to talk about that yet; the end is a long way off." So I disposed of the case in that summary way. But the words came again the following morning, and again, till they became a burden I could not bear. I had not then a concordance, but I thought it was Scripture. Ever after when I went shooting, which I mostly did on Saturdays in the summer, the words were with me, and often on my tongue, so that my pleasure was marred. At this time I was called a Calvinist, and I saw the truth of believers' baptism, as all Bible *readers* do, but I was a stranger to divine faith. I sang at concerts and oratorios, and was one of the foremost to keep up the song. But despite all my resolves to hold the major key, I was forced, against my indomitable will, to take the minor. All my friends wondered what was the matter. I had told no one anything; indeed I did not know what to tell. I was observed and commented upon, but knew nothing of people's opinions.

The law of God now began to make sad work with me, and this I thought very strange, as all these things I had been taught from my youth up, and could repeat the commandments with ease. But I felt that now these commands were pressing me very hard, and that the law of God required a complete fulfilment; indeed Paul's words, "The commandment came and I died," were fulfilled in my case.

I was pressed to attend a gentlemen's concert, and the friend who asked me knew more about me than I knew of myself, as he afterwards told me. I sang, but with no comfort, and I felt my singing to be insipid and tasteless. That night I resolved to leave that part of the country and to take a situation where I was unknown. I wished to be properly religious, but I felt it was no use

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beginning where I was known, so I wrote to Scotland and got a situation. I passed through Manchester on the Tuesday evening, and I went to hear Mr. William Gadsby preach. His text was, "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God." I remember nothing of his sermon, but the text sank into my very heart and remained there. I went to Liverpool in the morning, and slept at the house of a friend, a deacon of a Baptist chapel there.

A DREADFUL STORM

The following day I sailed in the "City of Glasgow" steamship, and this proved her last voyage, as she was wrecked before we reached Greenock. The night (November, 1832) was a most dismal one – a storm broke upon us. The setting sun was most beautiful, and was admired by all on board; but it had not gone down above half an hour when we began to hear far distant thunder, and intense darkness set in. Lightning then began to flash, and we seemed enveloped in a great whirlpool, the sea roaring wildly, and altogether the scene was very fearful. When the hatches were put down, the screaming of the affrighted passengers was terrible. I and some others were on deck, and the horror that passed through my soul I cannot depict, but it was moved away by those sweet words, "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God." I said, without reflection, "Lord, what does it mean?" No more satisfaction was obtained, but the words stayed with me all night, and a dismal night it was. I thought if the Almighty would but only cast me on a rock (and I knew He could), I should be thankful.

The old ship went beneath the waves many times, but rose again, and now and again we could hear the roar of the thunder above the noise of the sea. The storm abated and then increased. Our guns were fired while the powder was dry, but that was not for long. The storm lasted all night, but at daybreak the sea became calm, and the poor old ship was then seen to have been cleared of her deck fittings, etc. We had neither sails nor steam, and were

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drifting about till evening, when two steamers in search of us towed us, a complete wreck, to Greenock. As soon as we could speak to each other, I said, "Captain, we have had a terrible night." He replied, "I have been at sea thirty-two years, and I never saw the like before; nothing but Almighty God has preserved us." The calm way in which he spoke caused me to think he feared God.

Many times during the night of that storm I thought, What if I should open my eyes in hell? but, "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God," was often springing up within me.

I got to the end of my journey, and began work at the very place where I served my apprenticeship. The first day I had a polite note from the manager asking me to take supper and spend the evening with him. How could I refuse – it was not in my nature. I went, and found myself amidst a most respectable company, amongst whom were some professional musicians, but there was not a good vocalist, so I soon found that I had to sing the most. There were other similar parties to which I was invited, but I could not go to all. I have said that I returned to Scotland to get away from my associates that I might become religious, and here I was no sooner clear of one lot than I found myself willing to join others. God's holy law did not now trouble me, and at the end of the month I found myself a worse man than when I left Lancashire. I resolved to return, so told my kind employer my purpose. He urged me to stay, but I had determined to go.

LANCASHIRE AGAIN

I took the coach at Perth to Edinburgh on the Saturday. The same evening I left for Manchester, where I arrived on Monday, almost frozen stiff. I had some refreshment and went to bed at the White Horse, Hanging Ditch. I then took the coach to Accrington, where I slept the night, and was soon after at work in my old situation, with Messrs. John Dugdale & Brothers, Lower House, near Burnley. I again found my pleasure in the fields amongst Lord