

ony man's pooer tae withhaud the bairn's piece. It's impossible 'at the worl sud be gi'en ower tae the pooer o' evil tae a' eternity—impossible 'at men can be sae blin' tae the thing 'at's richt as tae alloo ony man or clique o' men tae play the dog i' the manger wi' a' the gweed things o' life for verra muckle lang'er. Doonricht needcessity, growin' intelligence, an' the verra proper discontent 'at aye comes wi't, will force men, as the sang in the Soshlist bookie says, "tae rob the maisters o' the pooer tae rob."

Weel, bit Sunday comes, an' Jock an' me staivies awa ower tae Market Street fit. I wizna in ony great hurry tae get tae the meetin'; because I hid been tell't that the Soshlists war workin' men, an' I didna expec' ony great things fae them i' the wye o' speakin'. An' yet, beein' ristit an clean't, an' free for the time beein' fae the thocht 'at I wiz seekin' wark, I wiz in a humour tae be pleas't wi' ony fair kin' o' thing. There wiz a big crood stan'in' at the place, an' I begood tae be mair interaistit fin I saw sae mony ither fowk appearintly interaistit. I hid aye thocht about Soshism iz a thing that nane bit gey queer, aul'-farrant characters thocht about. Ye see, doon here there's only the three o's kens onything about it.

The meetin' begood wi' singin'. They sung three sangs, nae jist in verra gweed time or tune; bit there wiz ane or twa gweed v'ices amo' them, an' their hairts seemed a' tae be i' the words. (*Young man gets fidgetty once more.*) (Sit still for a whilie: I'll be throu