

Journal of Rev James Elliot Murray (1812 to 1875) - Minister of Old Cumnock (1843 to 1875)
 Transcribed by Kay McMeekin and Sandy Weaver from a photocopy of the original manuscript.

James Murray
Jan'y 1. 1846

5 January 1846

I have long been deeply impressed with a sense of the propriety and utility of keeping a record of the events and circumstances which fall under my notice, but have hitherto been deterred from carrying my purpose into execution by a fear that my motives should be mistaken by those into whose hands my MS may chance to fall. Most people entertain the opinion that journalizing belongs only to great men or at least to persons whose fortune it is to have something to record which is worthy of preservation. I lay no claim to greatness neither is it to be expected that the journal of one in my situation on life will be made of entries of such striking interest as would please the taste of those who read for excitement. But I who do not write for publication but for my own improvement may be excused if I suppose that a record of the days gone by will possess a charm for myself, at least, should God be pleased to spare me for a few years to review what I shall have written.

I was born in the month of 2nd January 1812. I cannot say my parents ever were rich but they certainly were honest. My father followed the occupation of a shepherd. My mother sometimes made innocent boast that if everyone had his own her father would be a landed gentleman and would be driving his carriage with the best of them instead of receiving their coppers at a turnpike-bar. He was helping a Toll farmer. My father was a native of Ettrick. My mother was from Tiviotdale and her name was Elliot. Their family consisted of seven in all, four sons and three daughters. I am the sixth child. Shepherds like other servants have to go where they can find a good master and like other servants too they are

not always good judges on the matter. Had my father consulted his own interests he never would have left the Forest - where he was esteemed an excellent shepherd - to serve the persons he came to on Tweedside.

That my father was possessed of all the qualifications as a good shepherd may be learned from what Mr William Laidlaw, the author of Lucy's Flittin, who knew him well said to my eldest brother once on meeting him in Edinburgh. "I know little about you, but your father was the best shepherd that ever in the memory of man appeared on the forest."

However he had left the Forest previous to the time of my birth and was a shepherd on the farm of Langcot in the parish of Eddlestone. The cottage at which I was born is called Greenfield Knowe.

It was long thought that I should be the last of the family and probably I was on that account a little too much indulged.

At any rate I was sorry to learn after coming to the years of discretion that I had torn some books which I had just come to require and which my mother was but ill able to purchase. Every urchin makes a figure at home and so did I. My juvenile qualities must talked of in after years were an extraordinary turn for music - at two years of age I could sing a long song from beginning to end - and a much better knack of getting tasks by rote than I ever had of acquiring them after I was able to read for myself.

From the time I could walk until I reached my sixth year was spent in tending our cows along with my sister Janet who was a few years older than myself. I liked the occupation very well so long as I had a companion but felt it irksome and solitary when left alone. This made me fall on many schemes to get rid of my charge every day as soon as possible. Sometimes I began to cry for my little sister & thus I could remain no longer in the green cracks of the burn where she had amused me with little stories or had fallen asleep with me locked in her arms covered up with her little plaid or headiemaud as it is called. Then at other times I pretended to have seen a fairie or some other unearthly messenger and as my

mother - although a strong minded woman in other respects - was too indulgent & nearly as superstitious as myself this exercise was generally admitted and the cows were brought home. In short I was a very bad cow herd.

The last situation which my father held is what is called a double-herding. ie a married man engages with an assistant to tend the flocks of two shepherds. My eldest brother was the single man, and as I had by this time reached my seventh year and had a strong regard for my brother I tried to make myself useful to him by going round his marches and driving in the stragglers of his flock. I had no dog, but could run with amazing speed for one of my years and when I could not make up with a refractory hag I threw my bonnet at her & thus succeeded in effecting my purpose. My father did not wish me to assist him because his sheep had no inclination to leave their own ground.

All this while my education was almost totally neglected, but the fault was mine. However by the help of my brother I could read some Chapters of the New Testament.

At the end of the year my father and brother left their situation. My brother went as a shepherd to the Highlands whither a younger brother than himself had gone before and my mother came into the town of Peebles to endeavour by keeping a small grocery shop to maintain the family. My father by this time was unfit for any work so the whole burden fell on my mother. She commenced with a stout heart but with some misgivings to her new occupation. And well might she have misgivings. All she had to commence with was some £14. With that miserable sum she had to purchase her weights and other shop furniture and also the articles for sale. However by the most rigid economy she succeeded in maintaining herself and two children, my youngest brother and myself and her daughters occasionally when they came home from service.

My father finding he could do nothing for us went to live with his brother who had amassed a little money by following his trade as a carpenter at St Mary's Loch Yarrow.

When we came to Peebles I had entered my ninth year and was immediately placed at the school of a Mr Robertson who had obtained much celebrity in the town & neighbourhood for the proficiency of his pupils with Commercial branches of education. He certainly taught writing and Arithmetic well but he knew little or nothing of Geography or Grammar and was too apt to despise the branches which he could not teach. I soon became a good reader and by the end of the first year I was accounted the best writer in school. This flattered my vanity & caused me to neglect the other branches which were more useful. I laboured at ornamental penmanship until I could rival Butterworth and the best masters, but I could not construe a sentence in English & as for Latin I knew nothing about it. However I picked up a considerable knowledge of Practical Mathematics, Book Keeping &c and thought myself an excellent scholar. I continued at school four years & then went to teach a farmer's children in Mid Lothian.

My New Master was a character and if alive whilst I write this which I believe he is must be considerably upwards of 100 years of age. He was proud of my acquirements such as they were and as he always arose early I was ever to hear his hale voice at my door by four o'clock of a summer morning calling to me to "rise to my books". But my tastes had not been well directed and all the good I obtained by arising with the sun was to make myself a better penman and land surveyor.

I am sorry to say I saw much to give me a very low opinion of farm servants whilst I continued at this place. They were so ignorant that they took no interest in any intellectual pursuit and spent their leisure talking obscene language. I only remained during the Summer half year. My master was exceedingly sorry to part with me, but my brothers had returned from the Highlands and I wished to be near them. I did not leave my old master without regret although there were many things about him which I did not like. He never went to church and although he had a good knowledge of the Bible he made an indifferent use of it. I had my meals with him in a little parlour & we had many polemical discussions. He had a strong antipathy to Moses and St Paul, and I of course

stood up as their champion. He always kept his temper with me and seemed rather glad to be refuted.

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master. He had been an excellent teacher & I had learned a good deal from his method. Had he lived it wd have been better for me for it was his purpose to teach me Latin too, but his wish was never realized.

I continued in this place for some time keeping house for my mother & my father who had by this time returned. My friend who had recommended me to the Newlands situation was an assistant in the Grammar School and strongly advised me to study the languages. I went to Mr S the rector and proposed that he should take me into his morning classes; but he would not.

My youngest brother who was in Edinburgh was sent to a Grammar school and made good progress and as he always spent his vacation with me I thought I might as well try the Latin Rudiments under his superintendence. I had not mastered this when he was obliged to return to Edinburgh to enter College. I continued to labour as hard as I could in his absence of spirit, as much energy in this way would have made me an excellent scholar with the help of a master. My mode of study was the following: I was engaged in my own school from eight in the morning till eight at night and had little time. But I awoke at 3 o'clock & had a light onto my book when I studied till six and then having composed a few verses of a poem I had in hand but which was never worth publishing I arose and went to school.

However I did receive some assistance. A young gentleman of the name of Falconer was an assistant in the English school and as he and I seemed to suit each other we became mutually useful. He was a bad Arithmatician and so I wrought out his Sums and received a lesson in the Latin in return. He was naturally a very talented person but he had fought his way forward as I was doing and could well sympathize with me and my difficulties. He is now minister of the free church at Wigton.

I had fallen out with my friend Baptie who recommended me to the school at Newlands. We passed without recognizing each other and yet we liked each other well. But we were both too proud to make the first advance towards a reconciliation. We were in this state when I made application to Mr S. to be admitted into his morning classes of which Mr Baptie was teacher. He was exceedingly mortified at my repulse and wrote to me urging me to demand admittance but I could not stoop as far.

I laboured on & when I could read Virgil and Horace and the Greek N.T. I determined to go to College.

Mr Baptie had never been at College and we became reconciled to each other and determined to go together and Mr Falconer went along with us. Then all three lodged in my eldest brother's house in Edin. Mr Baptie was by far the best scholar of the three. He was a first rate Mathematician and indeed was good at anything to which he chose to give his attention. My youngest brother took charge of my school at Peebles in my absence.

I made no great figure at the chapel. I could translate well enough but never having read aloud before such a number of persons I was apt to become agitated. However my written exercises were generally read as an example to the class and I got much praise for some practical translations. I also obtained a prize in the Greek class. My friend Baptie carried away a high prize in the Mathematics.

On my return to College next year I gave up my school at Peebles determined to try my fortune in Edinburgh. I must not forget to state that my eldest brother kept me during my first session and paid my class fees. I went back to his house the second year and he did the same for me as he had done the year preceding. A better brother was never born.

Before completing my second session at College I was engaged in a small speculation which I had reason to regret. A person of the name of Falkner a

teacher of writing and Arithmetic finding his pupils leaving him wished to give up and betake himself to another occupation. I was apprized of this by my friend Mr Baptie and purchased the furniture of the school and rented the house at £20 per ann. I soon gave up poorer than I had been commenced. I had no friends and I scarcely ever received a new pupil. I spent some wretched hours in my little consulting room anxiously expecting that my bell wd be rung by some parent or guardian with a new pupil: but every bell in the common stair seemed to be employed but mine.

I was, however, employed teaching in private. But my studies were grievously interrupted. I amused myself with poetry and penmanship; but it was a sad time. I shall never forget it.

I worked hard during my 3 session, not indeed at my studies but at teaching. I was employed 11 hours a day and attended my class which made up 12 hours. I tried to write the exercises but did not succeed to my satisfaction. I made it a point to write until overpowered by sleep and the last sentence of my evening's work was generally illegible. I felt displeased because I did not stand higher on the prize list but I was wrong. The Professor did not know the difficulties I had contended with nor would it have been just to have been biased by such consideration, even if he had.

Before entering upon my 4 session my younger brother and myself took up house & my mother came from Peebles to live with us. The time passed more pleasantly with us. My mother could make a very little go a great way and so we got on famously. I had by this time begun to write poetry for the newspapers and magazines. All I got for so doing was the satisfaction of seeing myself in print. Yet I do not regret that I spent time in this way. The hours I spent in this way with the Muses - though never a great favourite with them - were the happiest of my lifetime.

I entered the Divinity Hall in due course and performed my exercises with considerable credit. In due time also I obtained my license to preach. My first

sermon was declaimed in the Church of Peebles. I had a very lenient audience & gave general satisfaction. Three weeks after obtaining licence I went to officiate as assistant to the Rev Mr Hope of Roxburgh. The people in that place were sufficiently pleased with my pulpit ministrations; but Mr Hope considered he could obtain an assistant at a lower rate & so I left him at the end of three months.

From Roxburgh I went to Kirkconnel on the Nith with presbytery of Penpont to assist the late Mr Richardson. I liked that old man exceedingly but he died after I had been about 3 months in my new situation. The people at the recommendation of Mr Richardson determined to petition the Duke of Buccleuch to present me to the living; and it is worthy of remark that the very day the Kirkconnel petition was finished I was made aware that a similar effort had been made in my favour by the people of Roxburgh, Mr Hope having died on the same day and at the same hour as Mr Richardson died only a week later.

I left Kirkconnel and returned to Edin. The famous assembly of 1843 was at hand. I did not sympathise with all the movements of the Disruptionists - although I must confess I had a hankering after them. I am convinced that that great movement was hindered by disappointed pride. I resolved after much deliberation to keep steadfast to the Establishment. No one can say I was afraid of popular election for my two unsuccessful petitions have good evidence to the contrary.

In due time I was presented to the parish of Old Cumnock. God knows I had many things to bear with which I need not set down here. He also knows whether I deserved to be viewed with suspicion as I'm sure I was. My brother was at the same time presented with the living of New Cumnock. I have now been upwards of two years in my parish and I trust I have not altogether laboured in vain. The number of my people is already greatly increased & were I half supported by those who ought to be my best friends I should soon have my Church crowded. But how is it possible the people can come to hear the word preached when they see such unseemly conduct in those whose example has more weight than it ought

to have. Many a time have I prepared my discourses with much pains & prayer & delivered them before one whose greatest aim was to put me out and render me contemptible. I thank God he has not succeeded. I know the man and can value him at his real price.

Jany. 16

Attended the funeral of one of my aged parishioners. A farmer in the country. Several very curious habits linger among the common people in the district, which may evidently be referenced to a very early date. I shall describe the manner in which their funerals are conducted. The people who generally come from a distance being assembled they receive what is called a "service". The joiner or undertaker as he would be called in England goes round the company first of all with oatmeal cakes and a pitcher of cold water. Then he goes round them again with whisky and biscuit - then with rum or wine and shortcake. The service is introduced and closed by a short prayer offered up by the clergyman of the parish if present or by any gifted neighbour in his absence. Some of the old men who think themselves gifted are very glad of having an opportunity of officiating on such occasions. One man in particular in the parish will not be outdone with respect to length by anyone.-----

Read part of Boswell's Life of Johnson. It is no doubt a piece of good biography, but not such as one could wish to follow as a model.

Subscribed for a vol. of poems by a Miss Aird a mantua-maker in Kilmarnock - poor girl!

24 December 1849

I have been shamefully remiss in paying the attention due to study. I have not made any progress for one year at least. God help me to stronger resolutions and better performances. I read much but am constrained to confess I learn nothing. All this were a small matter if I could find any evidence of advancement in piety and spiritual mindedness. But I cannot. I do not pray with earnestness. I do not

set the Lord continually before mine eyes. I do not labour enough for the good of my flock. My father who tended sheep experienced more solicitude about his charge in one stormy night than I do in a whole year. Oh God for Christ's sake make me more earnest!

I purpose to begin D.V. to a more commendable mode of spending my precious time. May God enable me to succeed! Amen!

1852 Feby 16th

I could have found in my heart to write 1850; but it would have been a lie - a lie to myself is as bad in the Light of God as a lie to a million - only its consequence to others cannot be so disastrous - I have as usual written and read much since last I wrote anything in this book; but not much, if aught, to any purpose. Let me do better!

It strikes me I am becoming too fond of the exciting details of the public Prints. I have noticed that this particular form & kind of dissipation is connected with many evils. One of them is a tendency to desire the usual amount of excitement at any Cost to our fellow Creatures. We would rather be amazed and have something to make us open wide our eyes than that a Kingdom should have quiet & millions of our fellow beings should live in peace.

One thing I am at present glad of. It has been impressed upon my mind that I ought to make an effort to discharge my duty towards that part of the population which is composed of those who do not attend upon Ordinances. I have accordingly commenced a course of evening sermons in the school house and am happy to perceive that many of the Class in question attend. I desire to do my duty out of a becoming spirit but I am not quite clear as to whether my motives are indeed so fine as they ought to be.

Feby 17th

Have been reading the "Memoirs" &c of the Rev. Thomas Boston. What an earnest man! Somewhat possessed with worldly mindedness withal. He does not appear to great advantage in his dispute about his father's effects with his brothers and sisters. But let me lay my hand upon my mouth! Wherefore should I take it upon me to speak of such as he. I believe he has been the instrument of conferring greater religious benefits on the common people of Scotland generally than any other man since the days of John Knox.

Today the life of John Foster was sent me. Have read a few pages. He was the son of an honest wabster. The sire worthy of such a son. However I must read before I reflect. Have begun to read the Gospel According to Matthew (original) as my ordinary as Boston says. I mean to read a chapter every morning. I also desire to read a chapter of Hebrews. Perhaps it will be better to take them alternately.

Yesterday had a conversation with Mr Dickie about Teetotalism. He is all for the pledge. I do not like to oppose the abettors of the Society; but their deeds are far better than their arguments, I must say.

Feby, 19th

Have read a chapter of Matt in "my ordinary". Yesterday I read a chapter of Hebrew. Note, it is far more pleasant to reflect upon work done than to enjoy the utmost bliss that idleness can afford. ---- What a strange character John Foster has been. One thing among many I admire him for - nay I adore him for it! He was at as much pains to write a long, and a sage, and a weighty letter to his "Honoured parents" as to the most congenial and intellectual of his companions. How strange one feels to read upon the possible advent of a French army to the shores of Britain since we at the present time are by no means secure against a similar contingency. ----- I am greatly struck with his strong desire to deliver a course of lectures to the young.

Feby 20th

Today I have been mostly engaged in the uphill work of mandating my sermon; but between hand I have read T. Boston's memoirs. Like Foster he was apprehensive of a French army which it was feared would land to establish the pretender upon the throne of these realms. But more especially he was afraid of the papists who had begun to swarm over to this Country very much as they are doing now. What a fearful catalogue of their persecutions he gives in his sermon Ps 74 - 19th. See 2 vol of the "Body of Divinity". Note, on the Second Commandment.

We have for some time had a Mormon Mission in our parish. These people are at once the most impudent, and blasphemous of any I have ever encountered. However our Schoolmaster at Garrallan Mr Edward Dodd a young man of promise has I think frightened them out of the bounds. It seems as if the devil had invented Mormonism to show how a delusion may succeed and spread upon the secondary principles sometimes adduced to account for the rapid diffusion of the Gospel in those early ages after its first promulgation. They have their buttresses; but they have been men more than usually liable to the frailties flesh is heir to, for two out of three have either become disaffected to the body or have been expelled. I mean to preach occasionally on the Sabb. evening in the Garrallan district.

Feby 24.

Preached thrice on Sabbath with considerable comfort. I lectured and preached in the evening without writing. It is not a safe plan. One may sometimes do surprisingly well; at other times one may grievously fail. I wonder if Dr Cumming ever fails. I fancy he must, sometimes, but then he is so accustomed to *ex tempore* preaching that his failures are perhaps superior to other people's successes.

I think however that extemporary preaching is very prejudicial to the mind of the preacher. It sets the faculty of invention too fast to work and the result is

something akin to the consequences of machinery put in too rapid motion. There is a considerable risk something may give way.

The Whig ministry defeated. I wonder what will be the consequence. Will the Queen compel Lord John to assume the direction of affairs once more? I hope for the good of the land which is in a critical state that men of sound constitutional views and predilections may be called to Her Majesty's Councils. It seems to be the notion of what are called liberals that the prosperity of the country will keep pace with the extension of the elective franchise. History both past and contemporary proves the reverse to be the fact. It is unjust in principle that property should have no exclusive privileges; it is also unwise in policy. Extend the franchise to the utmost & there is no political stimulus tending to make men court a higher position in life. No need of aiming to reach a higher station in order to exercise superior rights; for the highest and the lowest are upon a level. Universal suffrage and vote by ballot are the order of the day.

March 5th

My mind I may almost say has been asleep for more than a week. It has done nothing. Nevertheless in the course of that time I have had a delightful meeting at Garrallan School. It was on the evening of last Sabbath. The house was crowded to excess. I took for my text "The only foundation" & by God's help I think I succeeded in arresting the attention of those present & I humbly hope that the truth to which they listened may occupy their thoughts & produce a wholesome impressions upon their minds. Today I am mandating a sermon produced when I was a preacher 9 years ago. The text is "Faint yet pursuing?". I have re-written and in some slight degree improved its style. In other respects it was as good in the original copy as it is now. I have rewritten it because it was favourite with my brother John to whom I mean to present the MS. after I have used it once or twice in my own & the neighbouring pulpit.

William H.P. of Orange - Macaulay

“Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity.”

Novr. 2. 1854

Yesterday having been one of our fair-days or Market days, and we have a goodly number of them, I was making my way through a bye street when I was touched on the elbow & when I had turned round I was confronted by one of our parishioners, David Meikle by name who informed me that his mother Janet Hutchison had been taken ill and wished to see me. Poor woman she is upwards of 80 years of age and can scarcely hope to get better. I feel a sort of extra interest in her on account of her early connection with the family of Robt Burns the poet. Her father was one of his ploughmen at Mossfield, & “Wee Davock”, whose precosity is chronicled in this “Inventory” was her brother. I do not talk to her much, indeed not at all about these matters, but her son frequently mentions her recollections about the Burns family and those of them, especially, which refer to Burns himself are well worthy of preservation as they are very much to the poet’s credit in every respect. Her father & mother it would appear caught a fever and died when the former was in Burns’ service. About this time Janet was not beyond 15 years of age & yet she was left, as being the eldest child, with the care of the whole family. She therefore removed from the farm into the village of Mauchline in the immediate vicinity. Whether the cares which devolved upon her were the cause of her falling into bad health I cannot say; but it so happened that she was threatened with a very serious affection of the lungs & was indeed in a very critical condition for some time. The benevolent hearted poet hearing she was ill and that warm milk had been recommended gave orders that she should have the necessary supplies from his dairy: but hearing that she still continued to droop and suspecting that the exercise of walking between the village and farm every morning might be of service to her gave orders that unless she came daily for her supply she should have no more. --- She accordingly went & rapidly got better. All this while “Wee Davock” who was not the length of acting as a

servant was Burns' close companion. He appeared to have been one of those little old men who take a fancy for people three times their own age & Burns had taken equally towards him. Davock was to be seen perched upon the "Fur Akin" when the poet went to & from his labour. And even when he was actually ploughing the urchin kept his seat. I am not sure that it has ever been mentioned in print that about this time Burns formed a class of young persons whom he taught in his own house - gratis of course - after the labours of the day were over; & many a time has he carried "Wee Davock" home after the lessons were over on his own broad shoulders! Honour to his memory this I think should be known. "Wee Davock" died young. He did not long survive the poet. When he was on his deathbed several letters were received containing each a 1£ note. They were supposed to be sent by Mr Gilbert Burns.

Nov 15.

Janet H. better, quite contrary to my expectation. -- Spoke to her today for the first time about Burns, Said to her it was a pity he was so reckless. "I dinna ken" quoth she " We ag'ang horridly alee and we're no to say that he didna get grace, poor Man, if he asked it, as likely he did." "He was a fine hand for bairns," continued she " Many's the time I have seen him take them upon his knee and tell them stories."

Sep. 2d 1857

Returned home - Had preached at Innerleithen - Had visited several old haunts - Saw nobody in Innerleithen I knew but Mrs Finlay of Edin. No great satisfaction in my whole excursion.

Sepr. 29th

Visited Mr Cuninghame. He told me that when his friend A-C- lay at his house unwell Dr Abercromby's visit cost him £50. Apropos to that, when the said A-C- told his brother the laird of Auch that he had paid so much for medical aid, the

laird who was very parsimonious, lifting up hands exclaimed "Heck man, Arthur, ye had better have de'ed a' thegether."

Mr Cuninghame's gardener uses great liberties of speech with him. It is amazing to hear the two. "How's a' w' ye the day Sir?" "Oh James I'm sair fashed wi' that wind." "It's because ye're idle Sir, an' ye had as muckle to fash yer as I hae, ye had scarcely find the wind (flatulence)." "Ah but, James, I have had such spasms. It's been just as if someone was wringing my guts out. I've had some awful turns." "Aye ye'll hae twae or three o' them yet."

Abbotsford revisited

*When first I saw the Mighty Minstrel's home -
His changeless home of fancy realized -
The autumn sunshine glittered on its dome
And mimic turretry so fondly prized.*

*And everything was lovely; for it seemed
As if the great enchanter still was there
The trees the shrubs & flowers in beauty gleamed
The glades he loved to roam were still as fair,
As if the noonday beams had scarce effaced
The dewy path his early steps had traced.*

*And when we wandered o'er the magic halls
Hung round with relics of the olden time
Seemed as if we moved within the walls
Of mystic fabric reared by art sublime
And that the arch magician all unseen
Marked the surprise and wonder of our mien.*

*Methought the wand uplifted to call forth
 The suntanned Roman knight in burnished arms
 The blue eyed warrior of the frozen North
 And freckled maiden niggard of her charms
 The Frank, the Saxon & the turbaned bands
 Of distant climes:- the steel clad knights of old
 The quaint emblazonry of many lands
 The Silver Crescent & the Cross of Gold
 The Scottish clans of various name & mould
 The men of Tweed and pleasant Tiviotdale
 The tough thewed spearman of the border wild
 The solemn Lowlander & fiery Gael
 And these methought marched forth in mixed array
 The types, the shadows of a former day*

*When years had fled I turned my steps again
 To view the scene that charmed me as of yore
Neglect had been before me and 'twas plain
 That now the great enchanter was no more
 And there Neglect's dull sister is beheld
 In darker hue than may be summed in words
 A sullen gloom that cannot be dispelled
 By summer sunshine nor the song of birds.*

J Murray

A Plan for the division & improvement of time

<i>Days of the Week</i>	<i>Subject of Employment</i>
<u><i>Sabbath</i></u> <i>7 to 9 A.M.</i> <i>The hours of the evening to be devoted to the reading of works on sacred subjects ----</i>	<i>Prayer and preparation for duty</i>
<u><i>Monday</i></u> <i>7 to 9 A.M.</i> <i>7 to 9 P.M.</i>	<i>Greek & Hebrew &c</i> <i>Original Composition &c</i>
<u><i>Tuesday</i></u> <i>7 to 9 A.M.</i> <i>7 to 9 P.M.</i>	<i>Latin & other Languages</i> <i>Original Composition &c</i>
<u><i>Wednesday</i></u> <i>7 to 9 A.M.</i> <i>7 to 9 P.M.</i>	<i>Greek & Hebrew &c</i> <i>Original Composition &c</i>
<u><i>Thursday</i></u> <i>7 to 9 A.M.</i> <i>7 to 9 P.M.</i>	<i>Mandating &c</i> <i>Original Composition &c</i>
<u><i>Friday</i></u> <i>7 to 9 A.M.</i> <i>7 to 9 P.M.</i>	<i>Mandating &c</i> <i>Original Composition</i>
<u><i>Saturday</i></u> -----	<i>Entirely devoted to pulpit preparation -----</i>