

gary's piper, who said to his chieftain, 'Your health, Glengary; I love you better than my Maker.'"

"Indeed, they are not few," I answered, "who worship the creature more than the Creator, but they are not audacious enough to own it like that man."

When we got to the school-house it was crowded. I had some difficulty in making my way to my accustomed corner. Still, more kept coming in, and by some wedding process got seated. I looked over the congregation, the most crowded one I ever saw; men in homespun, with hard hands, and set, concentrated faces, that had never been carefully fended from sun and wind; women in snowy, many-bordered caps, many of whom had never been heard to speak a word of English. I would have wondered to see them there to hear an English sermon, did I not know how much Gaelic I understood already, and yet was unable to speak it. My scholars, I could see, were packed in among the rest by twos and threes wherever they could find a place. I saw the merry faces of one or two rogues peeping out from under the desk, and that others were roosting on the top of it. They were all there, for they loved the young preacher with all the fervor of their Highland hearts—and for good and sufficient cause: He was the first man who had broken the Bread of Life before them so small that they could pick up the crumbs. Quiet as mice, but with love and expectancy shining out of their bright eyes, they hushed themselves and waited.

Every country place has its daft person, who wanders about harmlessly and aimlessly. Glenshie is not an exception; and the scarred and vacant, but eager, face of Callum mor is here among the rest. He has discovered that he has a soul that ought to be saved, and can be lost, and that God is rich in mercy towards the souls that He has made. The story of the Cross endured for us,

of a Cross to be taken up to follow the great Cross-bearer, has in some dim way penetrated to his heart, and he thinks he would like to be among those who follow this dear Lord. He has tried to give up what he loves very dearly, strong whiskey, even putting his hands over his large ears when invited in to drink by Allan King, and shuffling off at a clumsy trot as fast as his dilapidated shoes would allow him. So there he sits, his tow-colored hair standing up like ruffled feathers all over his big head, and his eyes, which do not at all match, looking in different directions. There is a good deal of self-denial in Callum's keeping still; it is as great an effort in its line as running away from the whiskey, for Callum is a failure of an orator, and many disjointed thoughts are tumbling about in that big brain, longing for expression. Since the new ideas have been in his mind, he feels called upon to pray in public, and as his prayers are rather direct and personal, and for others more than for himself, in his excess of benevolence, it has been thought best to prevent, by harmless engineering, the public exercise of his gifts. He has been known to pray publicly for a minister, suspected of tipping, in these words: "Lord, be merciful to that big drunkard, Minister McCoshen," and for another, "Lord, convert that big liar, Angus Roy," and again, "Have mercy on that big blunderer, Dr. Starn, who called me a blockhead." In his last public performance, noticing a modest church officer who shrank from praying in public, he said, "Lord, forgive Donaldbeg, the son of Rory, the son of Ewen, for hiding behind the chimney." It was not in human nature to keep from smiling at Callum's petitions, and the mixture of the ridiculous with the solemn had to be guarded against, if possible.

I never saw before, I have never seen since, such a silent, solemn, eager expectant throng wedged together so closely, packed shoulder to shoulder,