

whilk o' yer masters did ye serve best, jist the ane 'at was best to you, an' sae it is wi' them 'at are livin' on His promise. 'I go to prepare a place for you;' they'll aye try to do His bidden an' glorify Him in a' their ways."

"O weel, Mrs. Chalmers, that's a' good logic for you 'at wis weel learnt, an' can gang about on Sabbath day amang the sick folk, but I'm nae you, I hae nae mair learnin than 'ill help me to read the Bible to mysel, an' for time, the Lord kens I am workin' a' day an' maist o' the nicht."

"We'll nae speak about what we can dae," said Mrs. Chalmers, "bit about what we're daen, there's nae twa ways about it, we ma'un a' serve the Lord or else the enemy down the lang stair; an' John Thamsen was tellin me 'at ye hae taen yer can'el and yer grain o' coals in aside auld Lily Shand ever since she took till her bed twa months sine, and doubtless ye gie her mony a drink o' caul water 'at she could na tak' till hersel, an' maybe a speenfu' o' yer ain porridge forbye; wha bade ye do that? think ye it was the enemy? nae ae bit o' him; auld Lily served the Lord a' her days, an' the enemy wadna send ony body to sit wi' her at nicht now 'at she's dein."

"Weel, I dare say that's true," replied Bell, "but I canna make out hoo I wad be servin' the Lord wi' sittin' aside auld Lily; gin I gaed fae a' fou hoose, an' had far to gang, maybe it wad, bit to gang into Lily's toom room, out o' my ain at's jist sic like, wi' naething in't bit twa auld chairs an' a bunk bed, an' the auld kist I took fae Banff wi' me whan I was a young lass forty year sine; na there's nae muckle servin' there."

One of the two women who were speaking on my entrance now asked, "Is Lily ill aff?"

"I canna say she's ever wanted a bit or a sup sin she took till her bed, but gin it were na for John Thampson's wife she wad be."