

"Five," was the reply, "and their father dead three years ago."

"Weel," replied the other, "that's better than a drunken father 'at never wins a penny, and comes in whiles and eats mair than wad pass among a' the bairns for their supper; wha's that at your ither side? She is nae vera like a shirt maker."

"I dinna ken wha she is; she's well pitten on the noo, but wait sax month, she'll be as ragged as the rest," and holding one thin hand in the other, looking at it as she spoke, added, "Lord pity us, little did I think whan I was a lass like her that I could hae gaen through the half I hae suffered, but there is an end to a' thing, an' there 'ill be neither caul or hunger in heaven gin we win there."

"Aye, gin we win there," replied her companion in a tone that shocked from its careless hopelessness, "but I whiles think that heaven was made for the gentles an' nae for puir folk."

"Gin ye dinna win heaven," said a third speaker in an equally hopeless tone, "may the Lord grant at we'll win sleep; we've surely gotten our share o' punishment in this world, we're no needin't in the next."

"What's that ye're sayin, Bell?" inquired a tall, stout woman who sat a little way off from the last two speakers; the question was asked in a cheerful hearty tone of voice very different from that in which the others spoke. "Gin ye dinna win heaven! Ye're sure enough to win to heaven, we have only to pit the Lord in mind o' His ain promise an' we're sure to gang there."

"Well, Mrs. Chalmers," replied Bell, "gin your way 'ill be richt, well gang to heaven gin we serve the Lord or no."

"Na, Bell Morison, that wonna dae, an' ye ken that yoursel nane better, ye hae been a servin' lass for mony a lang day, an