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## LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
O life not death for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller that I want.

TENNYSON.

Walter intended to have me board with a farmer near to Mr. Ramsay's, but neither Mr. Ramsay nor his wife would hear of such a thing. "Your sister will come here, of course, and make her home with us, if she can content herself," they said kindly. Mr. Ramsay's family met me with a largeness of welcome that surprised me. I seemed to have come into a place where kindness and hospitality were practised on a grand scale. The family lived in abundance, there seemed no want of anything under heaven. It was a royal, wholesale kind of life, that suited with the magnificent proportions of the country, its boundless forests, its mighty rivers, that made all the rivers I ever saw before dwindle into streams, its mountain ranges, blue in the distance, that caused Demish, Devis and the Cave Hill, the only

mountains I knew anything about, to shrink into hillocks. I dare say, people's ideas of the fitness of things expand or contract to suit the country they live in. The profusion in the housekeeping department, the *carte blanche* given to servants, (there was real supervision with the apparently boundless liberty), would have put Aunt Henderson crazy. The prodigal abundance, which she would have characterised emphatically as "doonricht waistris," would have killed Aunt Mattie in a week. I wondered first at the great quantities of things provided in such prodigal measure, then at the provident care that let nothing go to waste of all this plenty. I wondered most of all at the executive ability of the household. Aunt had a large family and kept but one girl, but the bread came from the baker's, soap and candles from the shop, cake and that sort of thing, required only for occasions of state, from the pastry cook's, while all our good dresses, bonnets, and Uncle's shirts, were made by tradespeople. Mrs. Ramsay's house, on the