

quick bright eye made him look like an absurd parrot. The boys tried hard to imitate him, failed dreadfully, and burst out laughing in his face. This elegant little man afterwards absconded with the money that was to pay the teachers of three counties. He was treasurer as well as inspector. Mr. McAlpine, who brought me the news, said, "I do not wonder at it, for the man capable of inflicting that bow upon helpless children is capable of any amount of depravity."

One night, with a light heart because the dreaded examination was over, I joined Mary Morrison and her brother, Angus McTavish and Katie McGregor on their way to hear the young preacher. It seemed a long time since we went to hear the first sermon in early harvest time. As we walked down the green lane—not very green that damp, fall evening, our conversation was of religion, which had come to be a constant topic in our little circle. The frolics seemed to have lost their attraction. I think that religion had never before in Glenshie received the same serious attention, or been thought of in the same personal relation. We were joined at the road by a goodly number, all going in the same direction.

"I don't like this new religion," said a young McLennan, who came up with the rest.

"It is not a new religion," said Eric McSweyn; "it is as old as the Bible."

"His preaching don't hang together; he says, 'Come,' and that we cannot come; 'Look,' and that we are born blind, like kittens or puppies. It is all contradictions—you can—you can't; you should—you are not able. What are we to believe?" young McLennan went on bitterly.

"He preaches what he was sent to preach," said Olaus. "He is obeying his orders; whether we will hear or whether we will forbear, he will be clear."

"How can we hear with dead ears?" asked McLennan. "Besides, he never was sent—don't I know?—a mere boy,

he came out here on his own hook. How could such a one know about religion like a grand, learned man such as Minister McWhirter was? His preaching was preaching—he knew how. He soothed you in his sermons; and he spoke grandly of God's mercies, and one went home comforted."

"But were you any better?" asks grave Eric. "Was it soothing and comforting you needed? It is help and instruction sometimes, is it not, that we need most?"

"I worked for the minister over three years, and he never mentioned my soul to me any more than he did to my horses. He had no prayers in his own family either, except on Sunday night."

"Would it not be better," said serious Katie McGregor, "to let the absent be, and mind your own souls yourselves just now? If we don't, the loss is ours, let us lay the blame where we will."

"We will not do much, or know much out of the preaching we are getting now," retorted McLennan.

"I know that you seem to know a great deal, and can say a great deal, for one deaf, dumb and dead," spoke Olaus McSweyn. "There are a few things you don't know yet; have patience, you may be convinced of what you don't know, and find what you're not looking for before you are much older."

"I will not find it true what he said the last night he preached, before he was sick that little spell," said McLennan hotly. "He said that we need not go home as we came, but might take home with us a loving Saviour to dwell in us—might go home new creatures that very night if we would. Who, I would like to know, ever went to a meeting and came home changed? I don't care a button for what people have read or heard other's say; if such things happen, they ought to happen often enough for some one to be a living witness. Did you ever see one changed so?" turning round sharply to me.