

but I am cast out o' God and man," she would say to an easy shepherd of souls, whom she met on the highway.

When she appeared where God's Spirit was so evidently at work, all thought she had come to cavil and disturb, and many a stalwart arm was held ready to put her away whenever she should attempt it.

But there she stood like a representation of the "Witch of Endor," head and shoulders above the speaker, on whom her wild eyes were firmly fixed. She did not move a muscle, but listened as if for her life.

At length a merciful woman, braver than the others, moved and made room for her on the greensward, and touched her and beckoned to her. At this unwonted civility Bess forgot herself, and called out in bitterness of spirit, "What ha' I to do wi' ye, honest Cressy Irving? I am na worthy to sit on the same grass wi'—it wad pollute ye all, gude wives and mothers. What is the glorious Gospel that the noble laddie is preaching to ye—what is it to me? I ha' sinned awa' the day o' grace, and e'en the all-powerful blood has na power to cleanse me! Look at me, all ye lassies o' happy homes, and see what sin has brought forth. Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ! Has it come to this, that Satan is stronger than ye? That he has given the lie to Thy word, that whosoever cometh shall in no wise be casted out?"

Here the silence of death reigned over the company; and no one disturbed the woman in her anguish. She now ceased speaking to the people, and raising her weather-beaten face to heaven, she stretched forth her brawny hands, and cried in tones of agony that might have melted the rocks about her, "Oh, thou God of my fathers; oh, thou God o' bonnie Scotland that has been steeped in blood for Thy name's sake, look on me, a wretched sinner who ha' scorned Thee, and robbed Thee, and defied Thee! Hast Thee na promised cleansing to them whose sins are scarlet and crimson? And whose sins are o' deeper dye than mine? Oh, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hand o' the living God!" Then exhausted by her emotions, she fell fainting to the earth; and pitiful women who had before fled at her approach now ministered unto her; and fear fell on the people.

Then the minister preached of Christ as the only way of access to the Father, and set Him forth in all His Glory as a mediator; and showed that he made Him a liar who doubted His power to forgive all manner of sin. He dwelt on His compassion and tenderness, till all, even the poor outcast, were melted into tears. At length Bess cried out in this most informal service, "Hear me, ye people of God! Hear me, ye angels above! Hear me, ye powers o' evil, while I vow before ye all, that I will e'en take Him at His word, and leave it there!"

From that time forward Muckle Bess went from farm-house to cottage, from field to pasture, telling in deep solemnity what God was able to do for the chief of sinners. She had a welcome at every "ingleside," and every house where dwelt a child of God was her home. When offered work at the wheel or in the dairy, she said, "Na, na, I ha' na time for that. I must e'en be on my way telling the story."

And she told the story with streaming eyes; indeed, she was always weeping, and once when reminded that God had called His children to peace and joy, she said, "Aye, aye, that's here within the breast; but