

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL-TEACHER.

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

CHAPTER XXII.

Whom seek ye ?

Let Mrs. Morrison mock as she might, she thought of these things more seriously than she would have liked any one to know. It was not easy for any thinking person—and she was that—to avoid noticing and being influenced by the strong wave of religious feeling that was at this time sweeping over Glenshie.

The throng of harvest was over, and Mr. Morrison now sat every day at his loom ; its cheery clakety-thump sounded through the house from early morning till late at night. His flowers in the little front garden were reduced to a few asters and marigolds that were determined to look cheerful as long as they could, and persistently smiled up at the sky.

I often wondered what Mr. Morrison thought of the subject that his wife dragged up so often in every ridiculous light. I had a belief that he thought earnestly of these things, not from anything he ever said to me, for he was a most silent man. Yet, oddly enough, there was a sense of companionship in his silence, which I felt, as I stood by his loom watching him weave, which I did for a little while almost every day after school. The old grandmother, who rarely spoke a word save Gaelic, had taken her staff, and in her grey plaid and snowy cap with its multiplied frills had gone to hear the young preacher shortly after he came, and never missed a sermon afterwards.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Morrison had ever gone to hear him. I thought they were afraid of the power that was behind the message which he carried. All the rest of the family went, as did the young people of all the country round. The scholars and I had one advantage above the rest, in the Bible lesson he gave to us when he came to the school, making every day on which he came a golden time. In one of his little lectures he spoke of Satan having kindled a fire in the hearts of our first parents which spread from heart to heart in every child of Adam—a fire that no human agency can put out.

"You think that when you swear, fight, tell lies or disobey, that that is sin, do you not ?" he said to the children.

"Is that not sin ?" asked my curly-haired Rory.

"No, my boy, the apple is not the apple tree, but its fruit. The flame is not the fire ; it rises from the fire. Out of your heart, where evil burns, rise evil thoughts that flame out into actual transgression. You have seen a coal-pit burned ?"

"Yes, yes," from many of the boys.

"Does it blaze ?"

"No," answered several, "they do not want it to blaze."

"Do you see the fire ?"

"No, but we know it is there covered up."

"You know it is there, and if accident or design uncover it the fire that smoulders within it will leap up in a visi-