

poverished land were eagerly followed, for they had a specie value which was immediately apparent. But when he proposed the renovation of the house and the introduction of such reviews and papers as he had been accustomed to read the squire planted a fixed foot. Neither change nor addition would be listened to, and rather gloomily Hugh abandoned his desires.

In the meantime an argument that would have become a quarrel but for the respect due to age and position was pending between Hugh and the rector. The one Sabbath service was the most manifest form; there was only one sacramental service in a year; there was no Sunday-school--there was no school at all but "the Dame's," where knitting was the most important accomplishment. Shepherds and farm servants could generally read a little, but no peasant woman thought it a necessity, and the only literature current consisted of the ballads and fairy tales traditional in the North country.

This state of affairs appeared shocking to Hugh. He described, with all the eloquence of conviction, the good work to be done, and begged the rector's co-operation. But to the old man the young man's fervour seemed impertinence.

"I have managed my parish forty years without help or interference, sir! When my lord bishop desires any changes I shall consider them; not until."

Though it was Sabbath evening they parted in unmistakable anger. Crossing the village green Hugh noticed a most unusual crowd. He supposed it to be one of the wrestling matches or games of single-stick for which these mountaineers are so famous. His first impulse was to avoid it, his second to try if his authority as the "young squire" would not be able to disperse it.

But as he came closer he saw this was no such folly. The men in their simple massive strength were leaning, from force of habit, upon their long and powerful staffs, but their faces were grave and strangely tender. The women (many of them softly rocking their babies in their arms) were listening with wet eyes and a fresh light on their fair, comely faces.

"It is some peddler reading a new story to them," thought Hugh, and, rather interested, he approached the group to get a glimpse of the man who could preserve such a rapt attention.

Yes, it was a new story--the old, old story always new--the story of Jesus of Nazareth! And the teller was a gentleman of God's creation, though his broadcloth was dusty and his linen soiled. Small in stature, fragile in form, with eyes that looked like homes of silent prayer, he bore (as every clergyman should bear) his great commission in his face. Any man in the crowd could have carried him on one arm, yet he was their master for all that. As the shades of evening deepened he drew the story to its triumphant close. These simple men and women were not ashamed to weep over the sepulchre of Jesus, to rejoice when He led captivity captive.

To every one of that audience there came that night the revela-