

CHAPTER XV.

A PREACHER AND A SERMON.

SHE saw clearly enough in time to be a very happy woman.

Perley Kelso, at least, was thinking so, when she went the other day with young Mrs. Hayle to hear one of her street sermons.

Sip had "set up for a preacher," after all; she hardly knew how; nobody knew exactly how; it had come about, happened; taken rather the form of a destiny than a plan.

The change had fallen upon her since Catty's passing "out of sight." She was apt to speak of Catty so. She was not dead nor lost. She listened still and spoke. She only could not see her.

"But she talks," said Sip under her breath,—*"she talks to me. There's things she'd have me say. That was how I first went to the meetings. I'd never cared about meetings. I'd never been religious nor good. But Catty had such things to say! and when I saw the people's faces lifted up and listening, and when I talked and talked, it all came to me like this. Do you see? Like this. I was up to the mission reading a little hymn I know, and the lights were on the people's faces, and in a minute it was like this. God hath things to say. I'd been taking Catty's word. God had words. I cannot tell you how it was; but I stood right up and said them; and ever since there's been more than I could say."*

"What is there about the girl that can attract so many people?" asked Mrs. Maverick Hayle, standing on tiptoe beside Perley on the outer edge of Sip's audience, and turning her wide eyes on it, like a child at a menagerie. "There are old men here and old women. There's everybody here. The girl looks too young to instruct them."

She must judge for herself what there was about her, Miss Kelso said; it had been always so; since she started her first neighborhood meeting in the Irishwoman's kitchen at the stone house, [she had found listeners

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