

lamb or sheep across her shoulders; and after this, a smoke rising above the low fire would show where was roasting the victim she had slain.

Muckle Bess, as she was called, had never possessed any womanly grace or beauty. She was tall, stalwart, and masculine in appearance and voice, and now that she dressed only in the clothes that she could steal from line or barn, of woman or man, and lived almost without shelter from sun or storm, she was almost forbidding in her appearance. It is little wonder, when the farmers' wives saw her flying over the braes, they were terror-stricken. By her bitterness, her dishonesty, and her profaneness, she had wholly separated herself from her kind. Her hand was against every man, and every man's hand against her.

One day, as an honest cotter, whose wife had known her in early days, saw her dart by his window, he spoke of it, and called her to come in and eat bread there. She looked at him an instant, and cried out, "What have I to do among pure and honest women, like Tybie? I'm awa'to my only companions—the beasts on the hill!"

That night, when honest Donald Craig gathered his wife and bairns about the family altar, Tybie said, with many tears—"Oh, Donald, ye blessed of God, who has kept ye and me in love and peace, pray for yon lost wanderer, that God would bring her back to Himself!"

"No, nay, gude wife, I'll no do that! I'll feed and clothe her if I can; but I'll no weary mysel', nor vex God, prayin' for her! She's o'er far gone for prayer to help her! She's cast oot o' God and man, and we must e'en place her among the hopeless."

And the elders and the ministers and all the good people said the same—"hopeless, hopeless,"—and many an honourable man in that region—honourable in the sight of man, but self-righteous in the eye of God—echoed the word "hopeless," never lifted one prayer for the outcast.

About this time, when Muckle Bess was past middle life, there was a great awakening in the Highlands. The people gathered from many parishes to hear the preaching of the godly young men whose lips had been touched with fire from God's altar, and who brought a living message from Him to the people. Such was the interest that they would linger for a whole day about the holy place, to hear what God would say to them through His servants.

On a certain Sabbath several congregations had gathered on the hillside in front of a church which could not hold a quarter of them on "the occasion," as the humble Highlanders call the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. They were seated in groups of many hundreds, with a minister to address each company.

Suddenly one of these groups was startled as if by an electric shock. Muckle Bess, in all the grotesqueness of her poverty, stood like a giant before them. The women tremble, and the men looked scornfully at her, as if to say, "Who hath warnod you to flee from the wrath to come?"

Muckle Bess was no heathen! She knew the "Shorter Catechism" by heart, and was versed in many points on which Scottish theologians were then, and had always been, splitting hairs. It was well known that she often accused the minister of not being sound, "I ken what it is to be sound in the faith, although I ha' neither faith nor grace mysel',