

## SALTED WITH FIRE

heap aboot aye lo'ein' ane anither; and whiles he says things aboot the mind o' God, sic that it 's a' I can dee to sit still."

"Weel, father, I dinna believe that I can lo'e him ony the day, sae, wi' yer leave, I 's be awa to Stanecross afore he comes."

"Gang yer w'ys, lassie, and the Lord gang wi' ye, as ance he did wi' them that gaed to Emmaus."

With her shoes in her hand, the girl was leaving the house when her father called after her, —

"Hoo 's folk to ken that I provide for my ain whan my bairn gangs unshod? Tak aff yer shune gin ye like when ye're oot o' the toon."

"Are ye sure there 's nae hypocrisy aboot sic a fause show, father?" asked Maggie, laughing. "I maun hide them better!"

As she spoke, she put them in the empty bag she carried for the chaff.

"There 's a hidin' o' what I hae — no a pretendin' to hae what I haena! I 's be hame in guid time for yer tay, father. I can gang a heap better without them," she added, as she threw the bag over her shoulder. "I 'll put them on whan I come to the heather," she concluded.

"Ay, ay; gang yer wa's, and lea' me to the