to me let it fa' to the minister. He canna tak' a broad survey o' truth like Arminius, but he was the instrument in Thy hand o' doing me a good turn when my enemies, perfect Bulls o' Bashan, were like to destroy me. As for Andra Carruthers, I like him weel, but he is a puir stock — naira, naira, even nairaer than the minister; but he'll maybe mend under this new Mr. Breckenridge — let us hope the best for him. Whatever happens, may 'Thy Kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' and that'll mak' a michty change. Amen."

CHAPTER V

THE GOVERNESS ARRIVES AT BROOMFIELDS

No one ever knew the sacrifice Saunders M'Phee had made, but the minister got his degree. He had relinquished the manse for a small cottage and a meagre retiring allowance. Such social catastrophes leave little room in practical minds for sentiment. The household consisted of the minister, his wife, and two daughters. Their slender income might with thrift serve for three, but a fourth would straiten it for all. This view had no place in the thoughts of the parents, but to the daughters it was present from the moment the door of the manse had closed behind them. Hetty, the younger, was the more accomplished of the two. She had a good English education, spoke French and German, played and sang, and had some knowledge of painting and drawing. As yet no

one, with the exception perhaps of her sister Violet, knew the mental force and moral fortitude of this gentle, dark-eyed little woman. She was full of resource, and capable of the most complete self-effacement in the interests of those she loved. It was she, therefore, who resolved to face the world and seek independence for the family good. Nevertheless it was not without silent tears, and a keen sense of impending separation that she sat down to respond to Mrs. Sibbald's advertisement in the county newspaper. Two days afterwards a letter was received inviting the applicant to an interview. For a brief space the family serenity was disturbed. The parents, for obvious reasons, had been kept in ignorance of the schemes that were taking shape in the minds of their girls. They were not insensible, however, to the kindness of their purpose, and to the practical wisdom of the steps they had taken when these became known. The interview was satisfactory on both sides, the inevitable breach in the home circle was made with as little fuss as possible, and with a brave heart the little governess responded to the call of duty which led her to Broomfields.

Eva Congalton was a pale, sweet-faced little girl, gentle, sensitive, and exceedingly impressionable. At the age of six she lost her mother. Immediately thereafter she was placed under the care of a maiden gentlewoman who kept a school for girls in Kent to supplement an income rendered inadequate for her own maintenance by the extravagance of a prodigal brother. She was nearly two years under Miss Vanderbilt, but, being most of the time in delicate health, had learned almost nothing systematically. She could read and write indifferently, was rapid at mental arithmetic, but woefully deficient even in the rudiments of religious knowledge. Her father, who was the son of Scottish parents, was educated in Scotland, but he had revolted against the Scotch system of cramming the young mind with dogma and doctrine before it was capable of understanding their meaning. His daughter's religious training, or want of it, was the result of this revulsion. Mistress Izet's trustful and simple orthodox mind was on more than one occasion sorely disturbed before the governess came. To her this little girl was a deplorable phenomenon — a harassing

enigma which puzzled and vexed her. While Eva's health had not permitted her to pursue any systematic course of lessons, she had picked up scraps of the information which Miss Vanderbilt lavished on her girls.

One day while the housekeeper was engaged preparing dinner, Eva, who was turning over the leaves of a picture story-book beside her in the kitchen, suddenly inquired —

"Where is Agricola's Wall?"

"Wha's wall?"

"Agricola's."

"Wha was Agricola?" inquired the housekeeper, taking a glance at the child's book — "Div ye see't there?"

"Oh, no, he was a Roman, and built great walls. Miss Vanderbilt said there were some in Scotland."

"Chaipels, likely," retorted Mistress Izet dryly. "Scotch folk dinna like the Romans — they are maistly Irish, and no to be lippened till."

"I don't understand," said the child, tossing the sunny hair out of her eyes, and looking puzzled. "They built great walls."

"I wudna say; they are mason's labourers and the like for the maist pairt; but wait till harvest time, and ye'll see great droves o' them raking through the county seeking shearing." This was very different from the character given to them by Miss Vanderbilt, and Eva looked as if there was some misapprehension — some discrepancy. "They are folk wi' a different religion frae us," further explained Mistress Izet.

"What is religion?" queried the child, innocently.

"Preserve us the day — does the wean no ken what religion is?" She had only found a parallel once to such ignorance in Houston parish but she suppressed the exclamation. "Did that Miss Vanderbilt you speak o' no gang to the Kirk on Sabbath day?"

"What is the Kirk, and what is the Sabbath day?"

The housekeeper threw up her hands and dropped eyes of pity on this precocious item of heathendom. "Puir bairnie," she said, gazing tenderly on the motherless outcast, "it's time we had ye at your Question Book. The Kirk is God's hoose — the Gates o' Zion; and the Sab-

bath is the Day o' Rest — the Lord's Day, when we cease frae oor labours — 'for in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day and hallowed it.'" Mistress Izet ran herself out of breath to insure continuity. She had committed the words to memory when a child, and feared now that any pause might lead her to mix them up with other catechetical answers which still lingered in the recesses of her memory. "Ye see ye're forbidden to work on the Sabbath day."

"Oh," cried Eva, brightening with comprehension, "that would be like the day we had no lessons. We called it Sunday, and Miss Vanderbilt went to chapel."

"Puir lammie! What an upbringing for a child," thought Mistress Izet. This accounted to her mind for the question about the Roman wall, clearly some Jesuitical way of talking about a Catholic Chapel. From that time forward the

simple and honest housekeeper drew largely upon her store of biblical and other knowledge, to counteract, if possible, the baleful influences of Miss Vanderbilt's neglect.

One night before the arrival of the governess, Mr. Congalton, in passing his daughter's bedroom to his own, heard suppressed crying. On going in he found the child sobbing under the clothes, and her pillow wet with tears.

"Eve, darling, what is the matter?" he inquired in serious concern.

"Oh, papa," she cried, putting her arms round his neck and hugging him close, "I am so unhappy because I have got no lamp."

"A lamp, my dear child, what would you do with a lamp?"

"Mistress Izet says we must all have lamps like the wise virgins; and if we are good we must have oil in them, so that when the bridegroom comes at night we must light our lamps and go out to meet him. Oh, papa, I am afraid if I have no lamp and no oil, I shall fall in the dark, and not get into heaven at all."

"My dear child," he said, seating himself on the bed and wiping the moist cheeks tenderly,

"that is a very pretty story of the marriage customs in an eastern country" — he recapitulated it simply and briefly, — "but there are no such marriages here. Mistress Izet meant you to be a good little girl, and always to do what is right; but it is all nonsense about oil and lamps and going out at night in this cold, miserable climate of ours."

"Then I need not have a lamp, papa? — I would like so much to get into heaven."

"You need have no fear of getting into heaven," he said, smoothing her sunny hair, "and when you go God will take you there in the light. But you must go to sleep now, and grow big and strong, for papa wishes to keep his dear little Eve to himself for a long, long time."

"But I am trying very hard to be good," she said brightly. "I am learning the Question Book. Oh, papa, can *you* say the 'Chief end of man'?"

Curiously enough Mr. Congalton had a talk that afternoon with the school-master on the stern and exclusive character of religious beliefs in the Scottish Church. "What are creeds for?" he had inquired, "but to make their believers

Christ-like. If a man's life is pure, unselfish, and devout, do not despise him because of his creed, or albeit he professes none, for creed may be the husk of hypocrisy."

The unconscious humour of the child's inquiry brought a momentary smile to his lip. "My darling, your head must not be troubled with these things now," he said gravely; "I must forbid Mistress Izet giving you any more lessons."

"But, papa, don't scold her, for — for you don't know what might happen — perhaps she might wish to die."

"Nonsense, Eve, why do you suppose such a thing?"

"Because, papa, she told me last Sunday that all good people are — oh — so happy after they die; and if you were to be angry with her she might wish to leave her place and go to heaven."

Mr. Congalton made no further remark, but tucked the clothes in snugly about the little shoulders, and soothed her with his presence till she fell asleep. His remonstrance with the housekeeper was firm and final. Mistress Izet

felt, considering the child's benighted condition, that her zeal had been but ill-requited, and retired to the kitchen indulging a frame of mind which constituted a sufficient barrier to the immediate translation which Eva feared.

One morning some days afterwards the father was startled by Eva's sudden appearance in his study. She had been so restless at night that he had given the housekeeper permission to sleep with her, carefully forbidding conversation on religious subjects. There was an expression of mingled regret and pleasure on her face as she stole up to his ear and whispered —

"Mistress Izet will not want to die *now*." Then her eyes darkened. "Oh, papa, do you know she is a very wicked woman!"

He put down his proof-sheets, and looked earnestly into the troubled face — "No, Eve, I do not think she is a very wicked woman. Why do you say so?"

"Because I heard her speaking to some one in the middle of the night," she replied. "I looked out of bed, and saw her on her knees at a chair. She said, oh, such dreadful things about herself that I was afraid. She was a worm — all

wounds and — and bruises — deceitful — dreadfully wicked, and — such a lot more."

This was a sacramental period. Janet always abased, if she did not abuse herself miserably in her prayers about Sacrament time.

"My dear," he said, "Mistress Izet is a really good woman. Perhaps she had a bad dream and was speaking in her sleep. People sometimes speak in their sleep when they are dreaming, and say things they don't mean, and that are not true." He understood, but how could he explain to a child? It was clear to him, however, clearer now than it had ever been before, that his daughter required other tuition and other companionship.

From the first Eva took to her governess. They had lessons in the morning, rambles in the fields and green lanes before dinner, music, sewing, and games in the afternoon. She was wonderfully methodical, this little daughter of the manse — everything in its order, but nothing overdone, always leaving off while there yet remained a mental appetite for more. Mr. Congalton wrote regularly to his daughter, and encouraged her to write to him in return.

These letters were always submitted to Hetty for revisal, and as often as not they required it. This is what she brought one day for approval.

"Dear papa, wunt you come hom when the buke you told me about is finished? It wood be so awfuly nice to have you at hom. You could go with us to the woods, and other nice places. Miss Hetty wood tell you all about the wild flours and things. She knows such a lot. My dear papa she must allways stay with us. I am sure you wood like her so mutch you wood never go away agane. We went to the farm yesterday — the one with the funy name — Mrs. Cowy was allways asking us. We had scons and milk, and then she toke me to a rume by myself and asked if I was hapy, and if I was not tirred of lesons. Then she said wood I not like a nice kind mama, but I told her I was never tirred with my lesons, and wanted only Miss Hetty and you." The child's eyes sparkled with anticipation of approval. She was quick to apprehend looks.

"What, will it not do?" she inquired as she saw Hetty's flushed face.

"No, Eva dear, it is very kind, but you must

not speak of me thus to your father. Then it will not do to report gossip, you know — Mrs. Cowie was very good to us."

"I do not like Mrs. Cowie," said Eva firmly; "I — I don't think she is a lady."

"Oh, Eva, that is not like you."

"I am sorry — but I did not tell you all — she said something about you ——"

"Oh, country people are outspoken sometimes," Hetty interrupted, "and do not quite mean all they say. You must not allow yourself to think ill of Mrs. Cowie. I am sure your father would not like us to talk about people unkindly. Come and let us try again."

They took hands and danced laughingly back to the school-room, where between them the letter was recast — as it had much need to be — in less suggestive terms.