

THE COTTAGERS OF GLENCARRAN

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The Cottagers of Glencarran by Letitia M'Clintock

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LETITIA M'CLINTOCK

**THE COTTAGERS
OF GLENCARRAN**



THE COTTAGERS OF GLINCARRAN.

Frontispiece.

THE
COTTAGERS OF GLENCARRAN

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THE COTTAGERS OF GLENCARRAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE SEED.



“MARY,” said Joe Foster, looking up from his Bible, which he had been poring over intently for nearly half-an-hour, “gi’e me the baby, an’ do you tak’ the book and help me wi’ these questions. Mr Johnson will be nearly at the church by this time, an’ he doesna like us to be late.”

“You’ll have to find your next questions earlier in the week, Joe, I’m thinking,” replied Mary. She set the baby on its father’s knee, and taking the book and paper out of Joe’s hand, she began

to consider the question, and mark the texts of Scripture which were an answer to it. "There, Joe, it's not so very hard after all. I've marked all the verses. Your cap and handkerchief are on the bed; don't be late. I wish I was going with you."

Joe was shutting the door behind him when little Jenny, his eldest child, woke up, and cried that "dadda" must not go without kissing her. Of course he had to come back and cover the small glowing face and curly head with kisses; but at last he was really off, saying he knew he was very late.

Mary was a happy, thankful woman, as she sat thinking that Sabbath evening. She gave God thanks that Joe was becoming so earnest about religion; for she remembered how little interest it had for him a few years ago. When they were first married, a very slight excuse would have kept him at home the whole Sabbath; and although he used to read her a few verses every night, she feared that he did so more to please her than from any higher motive. Now, to her great joy, he had joined their minister's

Bible class ; and it was a stern necessity indeed that could keep him away from either morning or evening service. It was pleasant to see him taking delight in these things ; but it was best of all to see that religion was beginning to influence his life and conduct. Mary attributed this happy change (under God's blessing) to Mr Johnson's teaching. She was too humble-minded to imagine that she had anything to do with it.

Mary, however, had influenced her husband for good ; but in order to tell you how this was, I must go back about three years in her history.

Joe and Mary had been engaged more than a year, before they were able to marry. Mary was a servant in Mr Johnson's family for a great many years. Her chief business had been attending upon Miss Johnson, an invalid, who was always confined to bed, and depended for everything upon her faithful maid, to whom she was very much attached. The sick lady spent a great deal of time in working for the poor. She and Mary were generally employed in this way when Mr Johnson (having finished his parish

work for the day) came to spend his evenings in his daughter's room. Mary's mind expanded greatly while she listened to their conversation upon all high and holy themes. That quiet chamber became a school to her, in which she learned lessons of faith and patience—valuable lessons, worth learning at any price!

When Joe and Mary first found out that they cared for one another, Miss Johnson seemed to be sinking very fast; and Mary told Joe that she could not bear to leave her then, and that he must wait till she had done her duty by the mistress who had been like a mother to her.

Mary has not forgotten the day when she told Miss Johnson of her engagement, and promised that she would not leave her while she lived. The memory of joys and sorrows which have come to her since then has grown faint and dim; but she has not forgotten Miss Johnson's warm kiss, nor her grateful tears, as she bade God bless her and the husband of her choice.

During the last year of her life, the sick lady was often at death's door, and rallied again. When she was well enough, she used to gather