

danger in the voyage, hinnie : no a grain o' danger ; sae dinna greet : but come an' kiss me, Tibby ; and when I come hame I'll mak ye leddy o' them a."

"O no, no, Willie!" she replied: "I want to be nae leddy: I want nuething but my Willie. Only say that ye'll no gang; and here's something here—something for you to look at." And she hurried to her chest, and took from it a large leathern pocket-book that had been her father's; and which contained her treasure, now amounting to somewhat more than six hundred pounds. In a moment she returned to her husband: she threw her arms around his neck; she thrust the pocket-book into his bosom. "There, Willie—there," she exclaimed: "that is yours; my faither placed it in my hand wi' a blessing, and wi' the same blessing I transfer it to you—but dinna, dinna leave me." Thus saying she hurried out of the room. We will not attempt to describe the astonishment—we may say the joy of the fond husband—on opening the pocket book and finding the unlooked for dowry. However intensely a man may love a woman, there is little chance that her putting an unexpected portion of six hundred pounds into his hands will diminish his attachment; nor did it diminish that of William Gordon. He relinquished his intention of proceeding on the foreign voyage, and purchased a small coasting vessel, of which he was both owner and commander. Five years of unclouded prosperity passed over them, and Tibby had become the mother of three fair children. William sold his small vessel and purchased a larger one; and in fitting it up all the gains of his five successful years were swallowed up. But trade was good. She was a beautiful brig, and he had her called the 'Tibby Fowler.' He now took a fond farewell of his wife and little ones, upon a foreign voyage, which was not calculated to exceed three months, and which held out high promise of advantage. But four, eight, twelve months passed away, and there were no tidings of the 'Tibby Fowler.' Britain was then at war: there were enemies' ships and pirates upon the sea; and there had been fierce storms and hurricanes since her husband left; and Tibby thought of all these things and wept: and her lisping children asked her when their father would return, for he had promised presents to all, and she answered—to-morrow—and to-morrow; and turned from them and wept again. She be-

gan to be in want; and at first she received assistance from some of the friends of their prosperity: but all hope of her husband's return was now abandoned; the ship was not insured, and the mother and her family were reduced to beggary. In order to support them she sold one article of furniture after another until what remained was seized by the landlord in security for his rent. It was then that Tibby and her children, with scarce a blanket to cover them, were cast friendless upon the streets; to die or to beg. To the last resource she could not yet stoop: and from the remnants of former friendship she was furnished with a basket and a few trifling wares, with which, with her children by her side, she set out, with a broken and a sorrowful heart, wandering from village to village. She had travelled in this manner for some months, when she drew near her native glen—and the cottage that had been her father's, that had been her own, stood before her. She had travelled all the day and sold nothing. Her children were pulling by her tattered gown, weeping and crying: "Bread! mother! give us bread!" and her own heart was sick with hunger.

"Oh! wheesht, my darlings! wheesht!" she exclaimed, and she fell upon her knees and threw her arms round the necks of all the three; "you will get bread soon; the Almighty will not permit my bairns to perish: no! no! ye shall have bread."

In despair she hurried to the cottage of her birth. The door was opened by one who had been a rejected suitor. He gazed upon her intently for a few seconds; and she was still young, being scarce more than six and twenty; and in the midst of her wretchedness yet lovely.

"Gude gracious, Tibby Fowler!" he exclaimed, "is that you? Poor creature! are ye seeking charity? Weel, I think ye'll mind what I said to you, now: that your pride would have a fa'!"

While the heartless owner of the cottage yet spoke, a voice behind her was heard exclaiming—"It is her! it is her! my ain Tibby and her bairns!"

At the well-known voice Tibby uttered a wild scream of joy, and fell senseless on the earth: but the next moment, her husband, William Gordon, raised her to his breast. Three weeks before he had returned to Britain, and traced her from village to village, till he found her in the midst of their chil-