

to market o' nights is bad, bad. Mony a decent lad's gotten his first taste o' sperits by 't; an' bad habits, covetousness, laziness lead sa mony intil evil ways, an' to destruction of mony a paradise. 'A void bad habits', the copybook tells; and its ower true, Robie: a mon had best bide in his comfortable haim, and gang fresh to town in the early morn, after a gude breakfast o' parritch and milk. He will be better qualified to do his business. The shebeens wad sune be closed, gin fine young lads 'ud mind their sels."

"An' the gude wives, too, mither. Geordie has nae a comfortable hame," remarked Robie.

"It's ower true, Robie," said his mother, "mony's the mon's driven frae his hame by a poor doless wife, that canna cook a potatie decent. It's aye pitifu' to see Geordie's hame in sic a condition; the bairnies' bonnie countenances grim wi' dirt, an' he awa to the markit fastin', an' the gude wife sleeping till the bairnies' cry for their bite waukens her. Poverty couldna hae produced a mair miserable hame nor Geordie Harries has gotten; an' he was anee sae fykie about things, an likit gude meals weel."

Bonnie Nellie had been George's choice; and, being disappointed, he hastily married a seemingly industrious and sensible woman, and too late found out his error; but not so with others; every one still said, "What a respectable woman Mrs. Harris is!" and there was no denying it. Like a butterfly out of its chrysalis, whether to church or to market, she turned out of her dirty, disordered dwelling the very personification of respectability, habited always in nice bonnet, handsome shawl, good dress; her whole costume, uniform in its appointments, presented a goodly appearance, and her basket of eggs and butter looked as well as herself. However, no purchaser took a second time from her, and it was with regret she was refused; and the remark was generally made, "What a respectable woman Mrs. Harris is! What a pity her butter is so bad and her eggs not fresh, they

look so nice." A bitterness of feeling, in consequence of his suffering, had been rising in George's heart against Bonnie Nellie, and extended itself to Robie. It was under the influence of this feeling that he detained her on the road, and alarmed her by his excited manner and conversation.

If the night had been grand in its solemn beauty, the morning was perfect in its loveliness, and the rose-tint cast over the landscape rendered it even more exquisite than had the brilliant moonlight of the preceding evening.

So thought Mrs. McKeltie, as she opened the window and door of her clean and tidy kitchen, and looked out on the softened beauties of the scene. The sun had not risen, and the city, two or three miles to the east of her garden, reposed in silence; the hum of the busy hive was stilled, and no sound was heard from where so much life existed, save the shrill whistle of arriving and departing trains, and the roar of steam escaping from some newly anchored vessel. Factories were beginning to send forth dark columns of smoke, and one or two steamers were making their way against the current towards Laprairie.

"It's nae use me stannin' here," thought Mrs. McKeltie; "it's fine, but it will nae boil Robie's parritch;" and, so thinking, she turned and applied herself to her task, and by the time Robie had tackled his horse to the wagon, his comfortable meal was ready.

George Harris was his first care on reaching the market; and, as he had expected, he found him stretched on the bench in a deep slumber, and his horse wandering off with the wagon, in search of a meal.

"Hey, mon," cried Robie, giving him a shake, "whaur's the early worm, ye'll nae catch it this gait: the beastie's off, seeking his breakfast."

"Whoa, whoa," shouted George, starting up and seizing his horse impetuously, as if the poor animal had entertained any idea of running away. "Whoa, you brute, whoa," and, catching the creature by the bridle, backed him roughly into the stand he had been at so much pains to secure.