

up, I say, man—what's the matter wi' ye? care has a strange look on a body's shoulters at seven or eight and twenty; and I dinna think ye can be mair. I am on the wrang side of three and thirty, and I would snap my fingers at it, were it blawing its breath in my face as snell as a drift on an open moor!—Losh man! what ails ye? Ye would say I had met wi' a friar in orders gray, lamenting owre the sins o' the world, and the poverty o' his pocket, instead o' a young bang fellow like you, that's a match for ony body. Come, here's to the health o' bonny Jenny Hewitt."

"With all my heart," said the stranger; and pronouncing the name of the fair maiden quaffed off his liquor.

"Now, that's wiselike; there's some spirit in that," said Andrew, following his example—"let's be merry while we can; that's aye my creed. The ne'er a grain o' guid, as I used to say to my mother, comes out o' melancholy. Let's hae a sang—I see you hae a singing face—or I'll gie you ane mysel, to mak a beginning."

So saying, with a voice like thunder broken into music, he sang as follows:—

In our young, young days,
When the gowany braes
Were our temple o' joy and glee,
Some dour auld body would shake his head,
And tell us our gladness away would flee,
And our hearts beat as heavy as lead.
Stupid auld body—silly auld body—
His mother spained him wi' a canker-worm;
In our auld, auld days, the gowany braes
Are memory's rainbow's owre time and storm.

In our proud young days,
When the gowany braes
Keen'd the feet o' my love and me,
Some ill-matched carle would gum and say—
Puir things! wi' a twalmouth's marriage, and ye
Will find love like a snaw ba' decay."
Stupid auld carle—leein' auld carle—
His mother spained him wi' a canker-worm;
In our auld, auld days, like gowany braes,
Our love unchang'd, has its youthful' form.

In our gray-haired days
When the gowany braes
Are owre steep for our feet to climb—
When her back is bowed, and her lovely c'e,
Once bricht as a beam frae the sun, is dim—
She'll be still my bit lassie to me.
Stupid auld body—wicked auld body—
Love, like the gowan, 's a winter liver;
The smile o' a wife is the sun o' its life,
An' her bosom a brae where it blooms for ever.

A few minutes after Andrew had concluded his song, the fair daughter of their hostess entered the house. Andrew's first glance

bespoke the lover, and the smile with which she returned it, shewed that the young fisherman and cadger was not an unaccepted wooer.

"By my sooth, fair maiden," said the stranger, "and thy sweet face doesna belie its fame; admiration fails in painting the loveliness of thy glowing cheeks, and thine een might make a moonbeam blush!"

He seemed practised in the art of gallantry and poured into her ear other compliments in a similar strain. She hung her head, and turned it aside from him, as a woman will when flattered, or when she wishes to be flattered, but she did not rise to depart; and he felt that the incense which he offered to her beauty was not unacceptable. But the words and the attentions of the stranger were as daggers in the ears, and as wormwood in the heart of Andrew.

"The mischief rive his smooth tongue out o' his head!" thought Andrew; "but though I hae nae chance in speaking balderdash wi' him, and though he did thrav me, (and it was maybe by an unmanly quirk after a') I'll let her see if he has the glibest tongue, wha has the manliest arm!"

Neither love nor liquor, however, can allay the cravings of a hungry stomach, and the stranger (who evidently beguiled Andrew to drink more than the portion that ought to have fallen to him) called for something to eat, by way of a relish.

"O sir," said Nancy Hewitt, their hostess, "I'm verra sorry an' vexed that I hae nae-thing in the house that I could gie ye—nae-thing o' kitchen kind but the haddock which Andrew left this forenoon; and I hae been sae thrang wi' folk gaun back an' forret to Lamberton, that they're no gutted yet. But if ye could tak them, ye are welcome to them."

"Gut two, then, good dame, and prepare them," said the stranger.

"I doubt, sir, twa winna do," said she, "for they're but sma'—I had better gut thrie."

"Certainly, gut thrie," said Andrew; "I brought the stranger in—and what is a haddock, or what are they worth?" for Andrew was anxious that the attention of his companion should be turned to any thing, were it only withdrawn from Janet's face.

"You are a generous-hearted fellow," said the stranger, "and gut thrie shall I call you, if we meet again?"