

eneuch wi' me. Nae, mither, it's Geordie Harris that's aye fashin' me : he's awa' to the markit anent all advices."

"My certie, Robie, a wilfu' mon maun hae his way," cried Mrs. McKeltie ; "it's mair haste an' worst speed I'm fearin' wi' him. It's agen natur', gin a mon loses his nicht's rest, and nae he incapacitated to mind his business ; so mak haste and get the wagon loaded, that ye may lie dune betimes."

They worked on in silence,—the old woman intent on her task,—but Robie often raised his head, and looked down towards the little orchard, expectant of a loved voice and step.

The sun had set in splendor, and a beautiful twilight given way to the brilliancy of the moon in her first quarter, ere the last packet had been secured on the well-filled wagon. Pausing for a moment's repose after their toil, their eyes rested on a landscape, which, though seen each day of their lives, never lost the freshness of its beauty ; and they now gazed with renewed admiration at the glorious panorama spread out before them, their hearts rising in love and adoration to the Creator of all these wondrous works. The garden of these good people lay on a slope of the mountain, and the view from it embraced a large extent of country. Far into Vermont, on that cloudless night, could be seen her hills, as well as those which lay within the British boundaries. For miles the expansive waters of the St. Lawrence—silvered by the moonbeams—were seen rolling onwards ; and on the cultivated plains which intervened between the river and the hills rose, glittering in the moonlight, the tin-covered spires of numerous churches. Absorbed in contemplating the glorious scene, Robie and his mother forgot their fatigue, and remained so long silently enjoying its splendor, that their little terrier had settled himself to sleep at Robie's feet. Suddenly he awoke, pricked up his ears, a low growl escaped him, and he turned his head towards the road that led through the orchard to the house. A rustling was

heard among the trees, and, in the stillness of the night, rose upon the air, the sweet, clear voice of a young girl, singing :

"Where hae ye been a' the day,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?  
Where hae ye been a' the day,  
Bonnie Highland laddie?"

Robie made a dash down the hill, Primmy keeping close at his heels. Master and dog were quickly out of sight, hid among the trees, and reappeared as quickly,—Robie with his arm round the waist of the fair young songstress, and answering her challenge with other words of her song :

"Up the hill and dune the brae,  
Bonnie lassie, Highland lassie,"

he sang, while he led her dancing toward his mother ; the little dog leaping and jumping on the happy young couple, accompanying their songs by yelping and sharp barks.

"Weel, lassie," said Mrs. McKeltie, "it's braw ye're luiking the nicht, and it's nae too early for bonnie lassies to be roaming theirsels alane."

"It is nae my faut, Mistress McKeltie. I met Geordie Harris and his lead, and he'd nae let me pass. He was nae fou, but frightened me wi' his haverins."

"I dinna ken what's cam ower him these times, Nellie."

Robie looked serious, and his mother remarked :

"It's aye peerilous, a mon takin' nae rest after a hard day's wark, and gangin' dune to the market in the nicht. Robie, I ne'er could decide what impulses them laddies to do it ; greed to get the first bawbee, think ye ? Gin it is, I'm aye o' the belief, its ane o' the ways o' hastin' to be rich that tends to poverty. I'm sometimes o' the belief it's a' laziness, nae liking to get out o' bed in the morn. Gin it's sae, it's like the lazy mon's burden : it gies mair trouble than it saves. It's dreadful, Robie, sae mony o' your trade fa' into sic ruin wi' drink ; gin there's an occupation on airth that wull draw a mon's heart to his Maker, it should be the trade o' a gardener ; but this gangin'