

When he rushed in madness from the dancing room, he met a recruiting party on the street; he accompanied them to their quarters; he drank with them; out of madness and revenge he drank; he enlisted; he drank again; his indignation kindled against Menie and against his rival; he again swore at the remembrance of her refusing him her hand: he drank deeper; his parent was forgotten:

"Who will provide for me now, when my Willie is gone?" mourned the disconsolate widow, when the first days of her grief had passed. "I will," answered Menie Morrison; "and your home shall be my home, and my bread your bread, and the husband o' the widow, and the father o' the orphan, will bring our Willie back again." The old woman pressed her to her breast, and called her—"her mair than daughter." They left the farmstead, and rented a very small cottage at some miles distance, and there, to provide for her adopted mother, Menie kept two cows, and in the neighbouring markets her butter was first sold, and her poultry brought the best price. But she toiled in the harvest field—she sewed—she knitted—she span—she was the laundress of the gentry in the neighbourhood—she was beloved by all, and nothing came wrong to bonny Menie Morrison. Four years had passed, and they had twice heard from Willie, who had obtained the rank of serjeant. But the fifth year had begun, and from a family in the neighbourhood Menie had received several newspapers, that, as she said, she "might read to her mother what was gaun on at the wars." She was reading an account of one of the first victories of Wellington in the east, and she passed on to what was entitled a Gallant Exploit. Her voice suddenly faltered—the paper shook in her hands. "What is't—oh! what is't, Menie?" cried the old woman; "Is't anything about Willie?—my