

face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my father; of whom I had been thinking—for my father had I called him for twenty years—and for twenty years my father had he truly been. My surprise at meeting him on such a moor—on such a day, was but momentary, for I knew that he was a shepherd who cared not for the winter's wrath. As he stopped to take my hand kindly into his, and to give his blessing to his long-expected visiter, the wind fell calm—the whole face of the sky was softened, and brightness like a smile, went over the blushing and crimsoned snow. The very elements seemed then to respect the hoary head of fourscore—and after our first greeting was over, when I looked around, in my affection, I felt how beautiful was winter.

"I am going," said he, "to visit a man at the point of death—a man whom you cannot have forgotten—whose head will be missed in the kirk next Sabbath by all my congregation—a devout man, who feared God all his days, and whom, on his awful trial, God will assuredly remember. I was going, my son, to the Hazel-Glen."

I knew well in childhood that lonely farm-house, so far off among the beautiful wild green hills—and it was not likely that I had forgotten the name of its possessor. For six years' Sabbaths I had seen the Elder in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit—and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance during sermon, psalm, and prayer. On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I now met the Pastor going to pray by his death-bed—and with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and the beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, resignation, and death.

And now, for the first time, I observed walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the Pastor's face, with his blue eyes beathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale cheeks, that otherwise were blooming in health and beauty—and I recognized, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man whom we understood was now lying on his death-bed. "They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the Minister to me, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes