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THE TWO GARDENERS.

BY MARCUS.

Father in Heaven!

Thou who hast so often healed the broken-hearted,

And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,—
Let him not say his joy hath all departed,

Lest he be driven

Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.

— *American Poet.*

"Weel, Geordie, it's ganging ye are the nicht to market? Tak a freen's coonsel, mon, and bide till morn," exclaimed a young Scotch gardener to a neighbor of the same calling, as he leant over the fence that divided their gardens.

"The early bird gets the worm, Robie McKeltie, as folks say in Old England," replied the young man thus addressed.

"Its aye true, Geordie, natheless the early bird does nae sit a' the nicht watching for the dawn; gin he did, he'd be a noddin, maybe, when the dawn peered out o' the sky; and anither decent-like birdie wad maist likely hop down frae its roost, and suap the worm up," remarked Robie McKeltie.

"Well, lad," said his friend, "don't be 'ard on un: a mon be to do 'ees best, when 'e 'ave a few more mouths to fill than 'ees hown. It be clear moy duty to make sure of a good stand int' market, and I don't be such a donkey as not to take moy rest. T'night's right foine: it 'll do a chap good a snooze in t' hopen hair. I'll sleep foine on t' benches with t' cushion hunder moy 'ead."

Robie McKeltie shook his head sadly; "Geordie, mon," he said, "I'm thinking ye're mair likely to catch the worm that never dies; and maybe ye'll come to that pass, ye'll care to fill nae' ither mou' but

yer ain; an' ye'll nae be the first o' our craft that's rued sleeping on the market benches. The nicht's fair an' gudely; the morn may nae be like it; gin ye hae nae pity on yersel', ye might feel for the puir beastie," and Robie turned towards his own little cottage, where he had left his mother tying fresh vegetables into packets, ready for the market-wagon, which he silently commenced to load.

The practice which Robie McKeltie had cautioned his friend George Harris against, was one which he carefully avoided himself. His father had fallen a victim to habits contracted through this custom,—a custom which deprives those who follow it of that repose so absolutely necessary after a hard day's toil, and is a deprivation that naturally produces much exhaustion, and as naturally tempts to seek artificial support, at places only too convenient to their rough couch. Nor is the danger lessened if the loaded wagon remains at its stand, under the charge of the night patrol, and the owner returns to his home. His exhaustion then, as he prepares to retrace his way over a long road at the approach of midnight, craves even more eagerly the stimulant which gives its momentary and deceitful support to the wearied and worn body.

"Robie," said his mother, after a long silence, "what fasherie sits sae weighty on ye the nicht? Is't Bonnie Nellie nae keeping her tryste: the lassie's nae used wi' being fractious."

"Gin, mither," replied Robie, "I ne'er hae mair fashin' than Bonnie Nellie wull gae, ye may cawculate life to gang sleekit