

tion, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long and said little; for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas in plain words that he loved her: he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent upon her, trembling to bid her farewell. She, too, was silent. At length he rose to depart: he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding; "Farewell, Adam! May Heaven protect you against the numerous temptations of the great city!" He turned towards Mary—he hesitated, his hands dropped by his side—"Could I speak wi' you a moment?" said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke: with a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she arose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower garden—he had taken her hand in his—he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and at length in a tone of earnest fondness, and he shook as he spoke, he said: "Will you not forget me, Mary?"

A half smothered sob was her reply; and a tear fell on his hand.

"Say you will not," he added, yet more earnestly.

"O Adam!" returned she, "how can you say forget! Never! Never!"

"Enough! enough!" he continued, and they wept together.

It was scarce daybreak when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethren farewell. "Oh!" exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfast before him, "is this the last meal that my bairn's to eat in my house?" He ate but little; and she continued weeping as she spoke: "Eat hinny, eat; ye have a lang road before ye. And, oh, Adam, aboon every thing earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think o' the postage: for though it should tak my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye."

He took his staff in his hand and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud: "Fareweel, mother!" said he, in a voice half choked with anguish; "Fareweel!"

"God bless my bairn!" she exclaimed, wringing his hand; and she leaned her head

upon his shoulder and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony he tore himself from her embrace and hurried from the house; and during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round, to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity; and in the fulness and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother and his brethren, and of Mary Douglas, in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London nor tell how he stood gazing wonder struck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel winded up the Thames, through the long forest of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid day, early in the month of April, when the smack drew up off the Hermitage Stairs, and Adam was aroused from his reverie of astonishment by the sight of a waterman who had come upon deck, and who, pulling him by the button hole, said; "Boat, master? boat?" Adam exactly did not understand the question; but seeing the other passengers getting their luggage into the boats, he followed their example. On his landing he was surrounded by a group of porters, several of whom took hold of his trunk, all inquiring, at the same moment where he wished it taken to. This question he could not answer. It was one he had never thought of before. He looked confused and replied; "I watna."

"Watna!" said one of the Cockney burden bearers—"Watna!—there ain't such a street in all London."

Adam was in the midst of London, and he knew not a living soul among its million of inhabitants. He knew not where to go; but recollecting that one of the gentlemen to whom Mr. Douglas had recommended him was a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill, he inquired—

"Does ony o' ye ken a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill?"

"Vy, I can't say as how I know him," a porter replied; "but if you wish your luggage taken there, I will find him for you instantly."

"An' what wad ye be asking to carry the bit box there?" said Adam, in a manner that betokened an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

"Hasking?" replied the other; "vy, I'm blessed if you get any one to carry it for less than four shillings."

"I canna afford four shillings," said Adam,