

requested rest and a little food. There was a round fulness in the subdued tone, that ill assorted with the apparent age of the individual; yet I welcomed him into the house—for the needy never left our door empty. When he was seated, I saw his searching eye scan the apartment. Grace was seated at her wheel, while I had been reading to her the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the book lay on the table. The first words he spoke, were to inquire if there were any other inmates in the house except ourselves. When I answered him that there was not, he stretched his body erect, as he sat on his chair. I could scarce believe my eyes. Grace gave a faint cry of surprise and fear. I looked to the gun that hung over the mantelpiece—for that he was a robber in disguise, was my first impression. It lasted, however, only for a moment; for, taking a letter from his pocket, he gave it to me. It was the promised letter from the Laird; and so, taking candle from the table, I requested him to follow me. He rose from the seat, and, clothed as he was in his beggar's weeds. I seldom had seen a more majestic figure, as he passed into the little apartment. Without uttering a word, he threw himself upon a seat, and motioned me to retire. I felt awed by his presence, and withdrew, shutting the door after me, and leaving him to his meditations. Grace prepared some supper for him; and, tapping on the door, inquired if he would partake of it. He replied no; and begged not to be disturbed until he called in the morning.

Wondering at what we had seen, and who our guest could be, we retired to rest. I could hear at times the stranger groan heavily; and Grace, who slept little through the night, said she believed he had never lain down, for she had heard him at times walking and sighing heavily. Yet, afterwards, we had more to wonder at. For many weeks, he never allowed any of us to enter his room. At night only, he would walk forth, after we were in bed. His food was handed in to him at the door. I never saw him, neither did Grace; for he only exposed his hands, and part of his arms, when he took anything from her at the door. At first we felt very curious, and formed many conjectures who he could be; but, as the Laird still remained in Edinburgh, we could learn nothing. Gradually, we became accustomed to all his humours, and thought little of them. Our few neighbours seldom visited us, and they never suspected there was any person except ourselves in the house. His taciturn and secluded manner at length wore off. Grace first was admitted to his apartment, then myself. Previous to this, a large trunk of books and necessaries, along with a letter to me, arrived at the Big House. I was to get the whole conveyed here in the best manner I could, for 'the gentleman,' as we called him, which I immediately set about. From this time he became an altered man. The almost misanthropical turn he had shewn entirely left him; a shade of touching sadness overcast his countenance; and it appeared to me that his grey looks seemed more bleached by care than time; for his voice was full and melodious, and his face unmarked by a wrinkle.

The executions at Carlisle, and the beheading scenes at Tower Hill, had been over for some time before the change of which I speak took place. Pleasing as it was to us, another source of discomfort, and a far more trying one, was discovered. He was a rank Papist!—an idolater!—a worshipper of painted and graven images! Judge you what we two Covenanted adherents of the Church of Scotland, in all her purity, felt, to have a part of our roof turned into a temple of Dagon. We were sore beset. What to do, we knew not. If the Laird had been at home, our duty was plain before us—no demand back my pledge, which I never meant should shelter the enemies of truth, or convert my house into the abode of idolatry, to the risk of the salvation of our precious souls. But I knew not where to find him; and, besides, much as I detested our guest's mode of worshipping, I could not divest myself of a secret love for him—he was so condescending, so grand, yet so humble and polite in all he did; and I could not say there was anything amiss in his conduct, save the way in which he had decorated his lonely apartment. Grace there, was not half so much perplexed as I was. 'Poor gentleman,' she said, 'if he is pleased, it would be wrong in us to find fault. I have nae doubt he is a poor, misled, ignorant, and wish from my heart he was as well informed as we are; but, if he thinks he is right, we may pity, but I wadna distress him. We

must set a good example, and pray for his enlightenment night and morning.'

I yielded to what she said, partly because I had an affection for him, and partly because I agreed in her sentiments; yet I never entered the idolatrous scene without feeling a shudder come over me. Upon the top of his little table stood a crucifix and an open book, by the side of which lay a string of beads. At the foot of his bed there was a picture of Jesus on the Cross; and upon his breast he wore another, which I often saw him take out and kiss, with his face raised to heaven, in an expression of joy and hope, while the tears stole down his face. Yet I could never think he had peace in his faith; for he was always attempting something to secure his eternal happiness—night after night flogging his bare shoulders—week after week tasting only bread and water—on Friday refusing flesh or fowl—and, in the spring of the year, living for weeks on eggs, bread, or milk. Surely, thought I, if they are Christians, they do not feel the faith in Jesus that a true Christian enjoys; for this worshipper obeys the traditions and commands of men more than the word of God. I often wished to expound the truth to him; but we never, in all our converse, entered upon matters of faith. I worshipped with Grace, as my fathers had done, by ourselves, and he in his room, in perfect harmony. Yet, if strictness of walk and self-denial be accounted holiness, he was far more holy than we; for, though his mind was not so much at ease in his faith, his yoke appeared grievous, and his burden heavy; and new penances, as he called them, were proofs of his ever coming short in his own estimation of his attainable object. Poor gentleman! he fell a victim to his own endeavours to attain peace of mind by his austerities. To be short, his life continued to be what I have described. We continued to love him as a father; and poor Colin' (pointing to an old dog that lay at our feet) 'was his friend and constant companion. No one, save the Laird, Grace, and myself, knew he was in our house; and, after two or three years, the Laird called upon often, and passed a few hours with him; but he seemed to feel pleasure only when alone, and engaged in his devotions. About twelve months since, he began evidently to decline in health; and the Laird wished to remove him to the Big House, and procure medical attention; but this he would not hear mentioned.

'I have vowed,' said he, 'to the Virgin, never to leave this place alive; but, if you will send to Edinburgh, and get me a priest of our Holy Faith, that I may receive the last rites and consolations of the True Church, my soul will thank you and depart in peace—you my friend, know whom. If possible, I would wish you to learn if he is still alive; he will not refuse to come.'

In a few days after, a stranger came to our door, and gave me a letter for the strange gentleman. I had not seen him for several days, Grace being his sole attendant; and even she dared not interrupt him but as little as possible. I was shocked at the change I saw upon him. He lay, pale and exhausted, his eyes bent on the crucifix, and his thin, wasted hands, clasped upon his bosom, as if he had been entranced. The sickly light of the wax candle that burned beside the crucifix, cast a strange light upon the dead-like before me. I started back and looked aghast. The noise of my entrance had aroused him.

'What want you, William?' he inquired, in a hollow voice.

'It is a letter for you, sir,' said I, 'brought by a stranger whom the Laird said I might admit.'

A glow of pleasure passed over his face, as, with an effort, he raised himself, and took the letter from my hand.

'Blessed Jesus!' he said, 'my prayers are heard! Admit him. He brings me peace and salvation through the Church. My penitence and penances have prevailed.'

After the stranger, who was a Priest, was admitted, they remained alone until our guest died, which was on the second day after. He was buried by the Laird. What or who he was, we never knew. All his books and papers were taken away. The room he posses-