

about the beginning of May 1827. His first sermon was preached in Edinburgh nearly at the same time that his Poem was published, in preparing which, for the press he had been much engaged during the two previous years.

But his career which commenced with so much lustre, was soon to terminate. It is said that he was in the pulpit only three times afterwards. A tendency to consumption lurked in his constitution, and being aggravated by the sedentary habits of so devoted a student, soon became palpable to all, but its victim. In a letter to a friend written in April, 1827, he describes with the deceptive feelings so common to those who suffer from that disease, the buoyancy of his spirits arising from renovated health. But these delusions were soon clouded. His frame continued to wax feeble, and some eminent Practitioners recommending a softer climate than Scotland, it was determined that he should go to Italy for the benefit of his health. He accordingly commenced his journey attended by his sister. But after proceeding as far as Devonshire place Shirley common, near Southampton, his strength failed him. He now felt that the hand of death was upon him. He then wrote to his brother an account of his situation, and observed to his sister, that he had been aware of the extent of his illness he would have remained under the paternal roof.

Domestic affections had always been strong within him; and the thoughts of his kindred and his home pressed strongly on his heart in the solitude of a death bed, and in the midst of strangers. He struggled with his distemper only for a few days. On the 18th September 1827, he breathed his last, before he crossed the borders of his own loved country.

THE NARROW FOOTPATH.

Give me, amid this selfish world,
That heart, where'er it goes,
That warmly beats for others' joys,
And bleeds for others' woes.

If I were to be asked what vice is the most common among mankind, I should reply directly, the vice of selfishness. It rules the actions of the young, and it reigns in the hearts of the old; the boy with his marbles, and the miser with his money bags are alike subject to its control. Sometimes it shows itself openly, at others it puts on a hundred disguises, but whether it be hidden, or exposed, it contrives to find its way into every bosom.

The beggar whining at the door,
The miser with his pelf,
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
Bow down and worship self.

But though you might look for a whole summer's sun before you could find man, woman, or child, that is not selfish, still every one exclaims against the vice as though

it were an object of general abhorrence. Every one abhors selfishness, and yet every one puts it in practice.

If you regard a crowd passing along the street, every being is wrapt up in his own affairs, every one consults his own convenience. It is true that when one man meets another he makes way for him to pass, but this is done not to oblige the person he meets, but to accommodate himself; we see twenty men move on one side for those they meet, but not one of the twenty will stir an inch from the path to accommodate those who are walking behind them.

The other day, in passing along London streets, I came to a place where the road was sadly out of repair, it was indeed a complete puddle, so that the only way for the foot passenger to get by, was to walk along a narrow footpath, and I could not help stopping ten minutes to observe the instances of selfishness which attracted my attention.

In the middle of the narrow footpath a man sat upon his wheelbarrow, eating a piece of bread and bacon, to the great annoyance of the passengers, who were obliged to press between the wheelbarrow and the wall. The man thought of no one in the world but himself.

"These fellows, with their barrows, are always in the way," muttered a short square man, with a yoke across his shoulders, from which hung two cans filled with water to the brim. Now the man, with the water cans, cared no more about the convenience of others, than the man with the barrow; for in pushing carelessly by, he spilt the water into the shoes of a woman carrying a market basket. The woman said it was very odd that people could not mind what they were about, but while she looked at her wet shoes, the corner of her basket struck a little sweep, who was passing, in the eye; the sweep put both his hands to his face and set up a squall, falling back against a smart young man in a white waistcoat. The young man, mortified with his appearance, drew back suddenly that he might get into a by place to arrange his dress, but in so doing he nearly overturned an old fat gentleman walking with a stick. The old gentleman went on, however, moving as slowly as a broad wheeled waggon, though a lad who had a letter to put into the post office, in a hurry, was behind him vainly endeavouring to pass.

At this moment an officer rode by, but, though the road was so dirty, he did not slacken his pace, and thus, by his ill-manners, splash'd the mud over a lady dressed in white, and a country lass in a pink gown. Sally was very angry, and the lady very indignant; but the officer thought nothing of Sally's pink gown, and Sally cared not a mushroom for the lady's white clothes.

All this time the fellow with the wheelbarrow sat unconcerned eating his bread and bacon, and turning those into the muddy road who could not stop to take their turn in

passing; at last he stood up. Two little children, each eating a piece of bread and treacle, in getting by, pushed their dirty fingers against the white trousers of a sailor, while another jack tar, who had taken an extra glass of grog, set his foot against the wheelbarrow and overturned it at once into the muddy road, thereby preventing a way-goner from passing with his waggon.

"Hollo!" cried a chaise boy, who drove up with a chaise at the moment, "move your waggon out of the way, blocking up the road in this manner."

"I wish you would put your great, ugly barrow somewhere else," cried the way-goner to the owner of the wheelbarrow: who roared out in his turn to the sailor, "What business have you to overturn my barrow, Mr. Bluejacket?"

Now here were men, women, and children, all incommoding each other, and thinking only of themselves. The fellow with his wheelbarrow, the man with his water cans, the woman with her market basket, the little sweep, the young man in the white waistcoat, the old gentleman with the stick, the lad with the letter, the officer, the lady, and the country girl, the children eating bread and treacle, the sailors, the chaise boy, and the way-goner had every one of them been incommoded; but not one among them cared for the misfortunes of the rest. Now if you suppose for a moment, that you are free from selfishness, I would advise you to read over again, the catalogue of calamities of the Narrow Footpath.

OLD HUMPHREY AND THE BLACK-BERRIES.

Depend upon it there is nothing like making the best of the little trifling annoyances which, at the most, only inflict a temporary inconvenience. One day in the autumn I was in the country when it rained very fast. I had a few miles to walk to the house of a kind and hospitable friend, and set off with a thin pair of shoes on my feet. It rained very fast, to be sure, but I hoped and trusted it would soon get finer. It was wet enough over head, and still wetter under feet; but on I trudged along the dirty lanes, holding up my umbrella. My thin shoes were a poor defence against the mud and rain. "Well, well," said I, "they will not all be dirty lanes: I shall soon come to the fields." To the fields I came, but they were no improvement of the road, for the long grass made me miserably wet. "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be grass." I soon came to a piece of clover, and the round, bossy clover blossoms, saturated with the rain, kept bobbing against my legs and made me wetter than before, "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be clover." The next was a potatoe field, and if the grass was bad, and the clover worse, the potatoe field was worst of all: for the straggling stems, and broad leaves of the potatoes, were so