

hae pierced it like the worl's shame! As a father what could I do? I paid him the money, and they were married.

"It's o' nae use tellin' ye how I gaed back in the farm. In the year sixteen, my crops warna' worth takin' aff the ground, and I had twa score o' sheep smothered the same winter. I fell behint wi' my rent; and household furniture, farm-stock, and every thing I had, were to be sold off. The day before the sale, wi' naething but a bit bundle carrying in my hand, I took Jeanie on my ae arm, and her puir auld mither on the other, and wi' a sad and sorrowfu' heart, we gaed out o' the door o' the hame where our bairns had been brought up, and a sheriff's officer steeked it behint us. Weel, we gaed to Coldstream, and we took a bit room there, and furnished it wi' a few things that a friend bought back for us at our sale. We were very sair pinched. Margaret's gude-man ne'er looked near us, nor rendered us the least assistance, and she hadna it in her power. There was nae ither alternative that I could see; and I was just gaun to apply for labouring work, when we got a letter frae Andrew, enclosing a fifty pound bank note. Mony a tear did Jeanie and me shed over that letter. He informed us that he had been appointed mate o' an East Indiaman, and begged that we would keep ourselves easy; for, while he had a sixpence,

his faither and mither should hae the o't, Margaret's husband very soon squandered away the money he had got frae as weel as the property he had got frae faither; and, to escape the jail, he ran and left his wife and family. They can stop wi' me; and, for five years, we ha' naething o' him. We had begun a shop the spirit and grocery line; and, really, were remarkable fortunate. It was ab six years after I had begun business, one night, just after the shop was shut, Jeanie and her mother, wha was then about nineteen, and Margaret and her bairns, and my wife were a' sittin' round the fire, when a cam' to the door—an o' the bairns ran opened it, and twa gentlemen cam' in; Margaret gied a shriek, an o' them flung himsel' at her feet. 'Mother!—faither!' said the other, 'do ye no ken me?' It was our son Andrew, and Margaret's gude-man. I jump up, and Jeanie jump up; auld gude-man raise totterin' to her feet, and the bairns screamed, puir things. I got haud o' Andrew and his mother gaud haud o' him, and we were all grat wi' joy. It was such a night o' happiness as I had never kenned before. Andrew had been made a ship captain. Margaret's husband had repented o' a' his follies, and was in a good way o' doing in India; every thing hae gane right, and prospered wi' our whole family, frae that day to this.

## THE DEW-DROP AND THE FAIRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

The sunbeams changed to gem of light  
A dew drop on a flow'ret bright—  
A Fairy saw the dazzling prize,  
Which rivall'd elfin beautiful eyes;  
He touched the pearl with magic wand,  
Then took the diamond in his hand;

Which, petrified by mystic pow'r,  
He bore away to elfin bow'r—  
Where peerless 'mong the sylphs of light  
He found his own dear lady sprite;  
He gave the gem, then snatch'd a kiss,  
Tho' chid by pouting Fairy Miss.