

wife gave a sort of scream, his children dived to their feet.
"O!" said he, stamping his foot and placing money in her hand; "go! I order

you to know his temper, that he was not to be warred, and Rebecca obeyed. He continued to walk across the floor with the same air of importance; he addressed his sons—Master Donaldson, Master Peter and Master Jacob, and Sarah, who was the best of the family, as Miss Donaldson. He walked to his wife, and with a degree of kindness such as his family had never witnessed before, he clapped her on the shoulder, and

"Catherine, you know the proverb, that who look for a silk gown always get a cotton,—I have long looked for one to you, now

"I'll mak' ye lady o' them a'!"

In his own unmusical way he sang a line or two from the "*Lass o' Gowrie*."

Then Mrs. Donaldson trembled from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.—Her looks plainly told that she feared her husband had "gone beside himself." He continued his march across the floor, stately as an admiral on the quarter-deck, when Rebecca entered with the brandy and the wine.

"What!" said he, again stamping his foot, "did I not order you—to order John Bell to bring the bottles?"

Rebecca shook, but he took them from her hand, and ordered her to bring the glasses! He had already noticed the paucity of glass vessels at Rebecca's baptism. They were not more numerous now, and even the foot-glass out of which the linnet drank, had long ago with the linnet gone the way of all kind and of all glass, and Rebecca placed a teacup, scored and seamed with age, (there were but four in the house,) upon the

"What! a cup! a cup!" exclaimed he, stamping his foot more vehemently than before. "did I not order you to bring glasses!—Come! Mister Donaldson drink wine from a teacup!" and he dashed the cup before the fire.

"Paul! Paul!" cried Mrs. Donaldson, kissing her first-born, "is your father mad!—will ye no naud him! Shall we send for the doctor, a strait jacket, or the lazar?"

Paul was puzzled; his father did not ex-

actly seem mad, but his conduct, his extravagance, was so unlike anything he had ever seen in him before, that he was troubled on his account, and he rose to reason with him.

"Keep your seat Master Donaldson," said his father, with the dignity of a duke—"Keep your seat Sir, your father is not mad, but before a week go round, the best hat in the village shall be lifted to him!"

Paul knew not what to think, but he had been taught to fear and to obey his father, and he obeyed him now. Andrew again handed money to his daughter, and ordered her to go and purchase six tumblers and six wine glasses. Mrs. Donaldson wrung her hands, she no longer doubted that her husband was "beside himself." The crystal, however, was brought, the wine and the brandy were sent round, and the day-labourer made merry with his children.

On the Monday following he went not out into the field, to his work as usual, but arraying himself in his Sunday attire, he took leave of his family, saying he would be absent for a week. This was as unaccountable as his sending for the wine, the brandy, and the crystal, for no man attended his employment more faithfully than Andrew Donaldson. For twenty years he had never been absent from his work a single day, Sundays and Fast-days alone excepted. His children communed together, and his wife shed tears; she was certain that something had gone wrong about his head; yet strange as his actions were, his conversation was rational, and though still imperious, he manifested more affection for them all than he had ever done before. They did not dare to question him as to the change that had come over him, or whether he was going, for at all times his mildest answer to all inquiries was, that "fools and bairns should never see things half done." He departed therefore without telling why or whether, simply intimating that he would return within seven days leaving his family in distress and bewilderment.

Sunday came, but no tidings were heard regarding him. With much heaviness of heart and anxiety of spirit his sons and daughters proceeded to the church, and while they with others yet stood in groups around the church-yard, a stranger gentleman entered. His step was slow and soldier-like. He carried a sliken umbrella to screen himself from the sun, for they were then little used as a protection from rain, few had at that time discovered that they could be so applied.—