

once music to my soul. Holy Virgin! he approaches!" Here the writing ceased. It threw no light upon the event, further than it shewed that the mother of the child was unhappy, and above the lower ranks of life. The paper William left with the minister, at his request.

The little Helen grew, and became even more lovely and engaging—the delight and joy of the farmer and his wife. Yet their happiness had in it a mixture of pain; for they never thought of her but with a fear lest, as not being their own child, she should be claimed and taken from them. Years rolled on, and Helen grew apace. She was of quick parts, and learned, with facility, every thing she was taught—a circumstance which induced many to believe that the fairies were her private tutors. The opinion was justified by other circumstances. She was thoughtful and solitary for a child. The Eldrich Stone was her favourite haunt. She seldom joined in the sports of the other children of her age—having indeed, little inducement; for they were always fearful of her, and felt constraint in her presence.—Some of the most forward taunted her with the cognomen of Fairy Helen; and if she was successful, [as she often was] in their childish sports, they left her, saying, "Who could win with a fairy!" This chilled the joyous heart of the fair Helen, and was the cause of many tears, which the kind Grizzel would kiss off with more than maternal love. As she grew up, she withdrew herself from the society of those who thus grieved her; but there was one individual who ever took her part, and boldly stood forth in her defence. This was Willie, "the widow's son," as he was familiarly called, for no one knew his surname. He lived with an aged woman, who passed as his mother; but the more knowing females of the village said she could not, from her apparent age, bear the character. She had come there no one knew from whence, and inhabited a lone cottage with the boy. She appeared to be extremely poor, yet sought no aid from any one. William was better clad than any child in the parish, and much care had been taken in his education. She had [by the proper legitimate right] the name of being a witch. She sought not the acquaintance of her neighbours; and, when addressed by any of them, was very reserved, but civil: while the only thing that

saved her from persecution, was her regular and devout attendance at church, along with the child, William, and the good opinion of the worthy minister. Yet this scarcely saved her; for, when anything untoward occurred in the neighbourhood, it was always laid to her charge. William was six or seven years older than Helen, and, still smart under the taunts he had himself endured, was her champion, and none dared offer insult in his presence. Her timid heart clung to him and loved him as a brother, and they were ever together—as he accompanied her to and from school, as if she had been his sister. He was now about eighteen, tall, athletic for his age, and a firm and resolute mind.

It was in the autumn of the year 1763 that a strange horseman, with a servant behind him, was seen to approach the lone cottage of the widow, to dismount and enter. He remained for several hours, during which his servant was busy purchasing a horse and the necessary furniture for an immediate departure. Willie was afterwards seen going across the fields, towards the house of William Kerr, which he entered with a beaming with joy.

"Helen," said he, "I am come to bid farewell; for I am going to leave Minni for a long time, and I could not think of going without seeing you, and letting you see my good fortune."

Helen burst into tears and sobbed. "Willie!" she cried "who will take my place when you are gone? I will have no one left but my dear father and mother, and I will miss you so much; but it is worse for me to be grieved for your departure, if your fortune is good." And she tried to smother her tears.

"Yes, Helen," said he "my fortune is good; I have found, what I hope you soon find, a long-lost father—a parent I never knew existed. I now know that Elizabeth is not my mother, but has only had the care of me during my father's exile in a foreign land. He is now returned with William, Prince of Orange, and is restored to his estate. I am going to London to join my father, where I will often think of you Helen. Farewell!" And, clasping the weeping Helen to his bosom, he ran back to his cottage, and, full of hope and joyous expectation, soon was out of sight.