

"For me to wear a black coat at your wedding," thought I.

A few weeks afterwards a letter arrived, announcing that death had suddenly broken the thread of life of her aged father, and her mother requested them to come and take charge of the farm which was now theirs. They went. The old man had made money upon the hills. They got the better of the broken china, and of my black coat. Fortune broke in upon them. My cousin declared that omens were nonsense, and his wife added, that she "really thought there was naething in them. But it was lang an' mony a day," she added, "or I could get your black coat and my mother's cheena out o' my mind."

They began to prosper, and they prosper still.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

When the glass, the laugh, and the social "crack" go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have heard the words, "We'll have another!" It is an oft repeated phrase; and it seems a simple one; yet simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yieldeth to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catcheth its thousand echoes: that it is a phrase which has blasted reputations: withered affection's heart: darkened the fairest prospects: ruined credit: conducted to the prison-house! and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the story, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow, who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From infancy Adam was a mild retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his school-mates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say; "Dinna stir up the fire, bairn; ye dinna mind that coals are dear; and I'm sure ye'll 't yourself wi' pore, poring owre yer books—for they're never out o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite shady nook by the river side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, "crack wi' kings," or "hold converse with the mighty dead." He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the

minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, "she had had a fair bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankful that she had ae comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every night he had read a chapter to his younger brothers: and, oh sir, it wad make your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother." Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy: and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visiter at the manse; and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr. Douglas had a daughter who was nearly of the same age as his young protegee. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful; but she was a gentle and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower-garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles and consider himself happy when he obtained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him: "But," added she, "he is a guid scholar, that is ae thing, and *Can Do* is easy carried about." Mr. Douglas himself became anxious about Adam's prospects: he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession; and he was too old to remain longer a burden upon his mother. At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighbouring village. Some said that he was too young; others that he was too simple: that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and forward to the manse in the next parish, to pay attention to his school. However these things might be, certain it is the school did not succeed: and after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick to be forwarded by the carrier. Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning: and on the evening preceding his departure paid a farewell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness: he gave him one or two letters of recommenda-