

natural consequence, he threw himself, disheartened and discouraged, with a numerous family, upon the parish for support.

The fruits of this foolish and mistaken policy, are now being gathered with fearful apprehensions for the future. But I am wandering from my tale, David Millway at the time I speak of, whatever afterwards befel him, or his unfortunate fellow sufferers in the same rank in life, was the proprietor of Box-wood Cottage as it was called. He was also the father of my little guide, and this darling little son of his, David also by name, his very second self, so like him was he, had been seen by some one to attempt to cross the sands with a stranger, when the tide was actually coming in.

The disheartened father as soon as his tale was told, was rowed, by two stalwart fishermen, up the inlet, in search of the lost boy and the *kind and gentle* stranger, as I was afterwards flatteringly designated by these rude and simple people.

When we landed it was quite dark; the sky was completely overcast, and it was beginning to rain, so that I required no great pressing to avail myself of the hospitality so kindly offered by my deliverer.

"I can promise ye naught," he said, "but shelter frae t'comin storm, with hamely fare and a hearty welcome."

CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The cheerful supper done, wi serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,

The big ha' Bible once his father's pride;

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care,

And, "let us worship God," he says with

solemn air.

BURNS.

From what I had heard of David Millway and his family, I was glad of an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with them.

I always, indeed, felt a deep interest in that portion of the poor, now alas! no longer to be found, in England at least, who are industrious and independent, cleanly in their habits and orderly in their behavior, and above all, pious, sincerely pious in their conduct and demeanor, with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.

No, no! such people are not to be found now-a-days, David Millway was the last of his race, and therefore a more minute and particular account of him and his family may be the more interesting.

On entering the house I was shown into a garret room, where a change of dry clothes of the coarsest fabric, but perfectly clean, was provided for me, my own, I need not say, what with the tide and rain together were soaking wet.

When I returned to the family circle seated round the comfortable kitchen fire, and took my place in the "old arm chair," the only one in the room, which had been left vacant for the "kind and gentle stranger," the hum of the busy spinning wheel was hushed, all work in short was laid aside, and the old man sat at the head of the table in all the solemn dignity of patriarchal times, with the large family Bible open before him, ready to commence their usual devotional exercise for the evening. A door leading into an adjoining small room, partitioned off from the end of the cottage, was left more than half open and a dim and subdued light was seen within it.

A chapter was read, no not a chapter, but a psalm, the forty first, I remember it well, and never can forget the look of intense and affectionate interest that was turned upon the mysterious room within the half open door, when the third verse was read.

"The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed; make thou all his bed in his sickness."

The old man's voice faltered as he read the passage, and a slight pause ensued during which, I saw, in the dimly lighted room where we were sitting, or thought I did, and I could not well have been mistaken, a bitter tear steal down the parent's cheek, as he slightly changed the construction of the verse I've mentioned, and read it thus;

"The Lord comfort *her* when *she* lieth sick upon *her* bed. Make thou all *her* bed in *her* sickness."

The change was trifling in itself,—merely a substitution of the feminine for the masculine pronoun, but the effect was electrical, even upon myself who knew not what it meant. I thought, however, that it had reference to some mysterious being within the precincts of the adjoining chamber.

And I was right in my conjecture, during the short pause that ensued, every eye was turned towards the half open door, and the prayer was repeated in a soft whisper by the weeping mother: