

hundreds of her best human specimens of un-
 sophisticated workmanship. Did you ever
 examine the countenances of a rustic group
 around a stall covered with oranges and
 sweetmeats, a bevy of rural beauties, be-
 sieging the hearts and the pockets of a rural
 bachelor of two-and-twenty. The colour of
 one countenance is deep and various as the
 rainbow—a second emulates the rose—a third
 the carnation—while the face of a fourth, who
 is deemed the old maid of her companions, is
 as pale as a daffodil after a north wind: there
 blue eyes woo and dark eyes glance affection,
 and ruby lips open with the jocund laugh;
 and there, too, you may trace the workings
 of jealousy, rivalry, and envy, and other
 passions less gentle than love, according as
 the oranges and gingerbread happen to be
 divided amongst the fair recipients. You
 have heard the drum beat for glory, and
 the shrill note of the fife ring through the
 streets, while a portly serjeant, with a sword
 bright as a sunbeam, and unsheathed in his
 hand, flaunted his smart cockade, or belike
 took a well lined purse as he marched along
 halting at intervals, shook it again, while
 he harangued the gaping crowd: "Now, my
 boys, now is the time for fortune and glory!
 Here, by Jupiter, there is the look, and the
 boulders—the limbs, the gait of a captain at
 least! Join us, my noble fellow! and your
 fortune is made! your promotion is certain!
 God save the King! Down with the French!"
 "Down wi' them!" cries a young country
 man, flushed with "the barley bree," and,
 borrowing the sword of the serjeant, waves
 it uncouthly round his head—feels himself a
 hero—a Sampson—a Cæsar—all the glories
 of Napoleon seem extinguished beneath his
 sword-arm. "Glory and honour!" he cries
 again more vehemently, and again—"Hurra
 the life of a soldier!" and the next mo-
 ment the ribbon streams from his Sunday hat.
 In such incidents turns our present story.—
 Willie Forbes was a hind in Berwickshire.
 He was also the only child, and the sole sup-
 port of a widowed mother, and she loved him
 as the soul loveth the hope of immortality;
 Willie was a dutiful son and a kind one,
 and withal, one of whom many mothers in
 Scotland might have been proud, for his
 person was goodly as his heart was affection-
 ate; and often as his mother surveyed his
 stately figure, she thought to herself, as a
 mother will, that "there wasna a marrow to
 Willie in a' braid Scotland." Now, it
 happened that before Willie had completed his

twenty-third year, that they were "in need
 of a bit lassie," as his mother said, "to keep
 up the bondage."

Willie, therefore, went to Dunse hiring to
 engage a servant; but as fate would have it,
 he seemed to fix upon the most unlikely mai-
 den for fieldwork in the market. At a corner
 of the market place, as if afraid to enter the
 crowd, stood a lovely girl of about eighteen.
 Her name was Menie Morrison. "Are ye for
 hiring the day, hinny?" said Willie, kindly.

"Yes," was the low and faltering reply.

"And what place was ye at last?"

"I never was in service," said she, and as
 she said this she faltered more.

"An' where does your father live? what
 is he?" continued Willie.

"He is dead," answered Menie with a
 sigh.

Willie paused a few moments, and added
 —"And your mother?"

"Dead too!" replied the maiden, and tears
 gushed into her eyes.

"Puir thing! puir thing," said Willie:
 "weel, I'm sure I dinna ken what to say
 till't."

"You may look at this," said she, and she
 put into his hands a slip of paper. It was her
 character from the minister of the parish
 where she had been brought up. "That's
 very excellent," said Willie, returning the
 paper—"very satisfactory—very, indeed.—
 But—can ye—can ye hoe?" added he hesi-
 tatingly.

"Not well," answered she.

"I like that, that's honest," added he,
 "hoein's easy learned. Can ye milk a cow?"

"No," she replied.

"That's a pity," returned Willie. But he
 looked again in her face; he saw the tear
 still there. It was like the sun gilding a sum-
 mer cloud after a shower—it rendered her
 face more beautiful. "Weel, it's na great
 matter," added he, "my mother can learn
 ye"—and Willie Forbes hired Menie Morri-
 son through his heart.

In a short time Menie became an excellent
 servant. Willie and his mother called her,
 "our Menie." She loved her as a daughter,
 he as a man loveth the wife of his bosom;
 and Menie loved both in return. She had
 been two years in their service, and the wed-
 ding day of Menie and Willie was to be in
 three months. For a few weeks Willie, from
 his character and abilities, had been appoint-
 ed farm steward: he looked forward to the