

was owre hasty. Ye could hae dune her nae guid, even if ye had been here; for at that time the hand o' God was upon our sinfu' land, and the assistance o' man was o' nae avail. But your Helen mightna hae been the minister's wife this day, if ye had been mair mindfu' o' Minniegaff an' yer auld friends."

The secret which was paining Willie was now fully revealed. The sad truth that he had lost her of whom he had dreamed for years in foreign lands, and to see whom he had journeyed night and day, with the hope of being blessed at the termination of his journey, was fully disclosed. With not again seeing Elizabeth, he had laid his account; but that he should lose Helen had never once entered his mind; and the intelligence, accompanied as it was with the painful vision of seeing her a mother, with the pledge of her love for another sitting smiling on her knee, was too painful to be endured. For some time he again sat silent and moody; but the evil was of that irremediable nature that often contributes to its cure; and, as the first emotion wore off, he gratified his auditors with a statement of what had befallen himself since he left Minie-gaff.

"It was with a trusty servant I left Elizabeth to join my father in London, who had come over from his long exile in the train of King William. Upon my arrival, I was received with rapture by my beloved parent, and introduced to my sovereign. Proper masters, were engaged to finish my education. As soon I was thought ready, I received a captain's commission in the army, and set out with my regiment for Ireland. I was present at the battle of the Boyne where my uncle fell, he having joined the army of James; and my father became, by this event, the representative of the family. Being in favour with the court, the attainder was reversed. I rose rapidly and had important trusts committed to my charge, which required my utmost vigilance. My mind was so occupied with public affairs, that I had little time for indulging in my own private feelings. I heard of the sufferings in Scotland, and wrote twice; but these letters appeared not to have reached, as I received no answer. I could not send a special messenger, as I was in another country, and had no one I could with confidence trust. I was in hopes from year to year, of being relieved,

and coming in person; and thus twelve tedious years have rolled on."

Willie had just finished, when Helen's husband entered, and was introduced by her. Willie shook hands with him, but not with that cordiality he had done with the former. There was during tea a constraint which gradually wore off; and mutual confidence being restored, they were as open with each other and kind, as if they had long been friends. The minister said that he had papers in his possession which Elizabeth had left in Helen's charge, and which he and Helen had read, as Elizabeth had allowed; and mentioned the strange surmises he had regarding the connection his wife had with them. Willie listened in mute astonishment, and the conflict that was passing in his mind was strongly marked upon his open and generous countenance.

"It cannot be," he said at length, "for my uncle always declared that he had sent his child to France by a trusty agent, from whence he had letters of their safe arrival: he shewed these letters to the relations of his wife, my aunt-in-law, but never would inform them where he had placed her, or who the agent was. My aunt, who is still alive, has used every effort to learn its fate in vain, and still mourns the loss of her babe."

The minister afterwards walked over to the manse and brought the papers. Willie at once recognised the handwriting as that of his aunt. Rising, he embraced Helen on her cheek, and owned her for his cousin. Next morning his servant was sent off express to H—— Castle, with a packet to his aunt who had for several years resided there, having given up her fruitless search on the Continent. In a few days she arrived at the manse, and embraced Helen as her long lost daughter. The scrap of paper she had found again and again, as the means of her present happiness. The silken dress in which Helen was found, had been carefully preserved. She had sewed it with her own hand, and had been last put on by herself; for Grizz thought it too fine for her to wear. No doubt remained. Willie, the widow's son, joined the army again, and made a conspicuous figure in the wars of Queen Anne; and Helen's mother took up her residence in the manse, and once more, in the close of her life, enjoyed that happiness in her grandchild.