

by the sale of the produce of two cows. His wife, and their only child, a comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household; and every member of it took a share of the labors which supplied their few and humble wants. Their small cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates themselves, though their countenances on the rainy February night in question, betokened depression and sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed ye, gudeman!" said the wife, as Sandy Patterson threw his plaid about his shoulders and prepared to encounter the blast without; "heaven speed ye! or else we'll be harried and ruined creatures the morn. What a night, too, to gang out o' doors in! Hap yourself up, Sandy, and pu' the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough to tear the coat aff your back. But the trial maun be made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his grey and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and, after speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse and daughter alone in their lowly tenement.

The dairyman was too much injured to exposure at all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleety rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he proceeded along the Causeway side, towards the centre of the city. Few passengers were on the street that night; the many closed shutters showed that all who could remain within doors were enjoying themselves in their parlours. Poor Sandy Patterson walked on, scarcely conscious of the storm, having that on his mind which rendered him heedless of any personal inconvenience. He reached at last one of the most fashionable streets in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of those around it, was not closed and shuttered up. On the contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the windows, and the sounds of music and mirth were audible even on the street. Sandy Patterson was the least envious of mortals, still he could not forbear sighing as he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be, and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer followed his gentle pull, the sound was perhaps drowned in the revelry within. Sandy pulled again, and with very little additional energy. A man servant, in plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question, "What do you want?" Patterson replied, "I am sorry to gie you trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have been here once or twice of late about the bit account for the milk that the family has gotten; and though it's an untimely hour, I would be greatly obliged if it could be settled the night. I had been laith to trouble ye, but I'm in sair want o't." The servant, who had been listening to this speech, with the door open to the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the lobby, while he should mention the matter to his master. Sandy, with many scrubbings of his feet, did as he was required, and took a chair pointed out to him. Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was not long tried. The man, having gone upstairs, returned in a minute or two with the answer—"It was not convenient to settle the account at present; this was an extraordinary time to come in quest of money; he must call again in a day or two—on Saturday, perhaps, or Monday."

This answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dun. The sum which was owing by this family to him amounted to no more than between four and five pounds; but that sum was of the greatest consequence to him. He had already called for payment pretty nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly mentioned only "once or twice," and sad necessity alone had pressed him to renew his claim on the present occasion. Unless he procured the sum he was in quest of, his cattle and his furniture—his all, in short—would be seized on the morrow by legal execution, and brought to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted, in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to make the footman aware of the state of matters; but seeing that his words made not the slightest impression, he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Patterson well nigh gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his looks the frustration of their hopes. "So they has just served you as usual, Sandy," said the wife at last. "Just the old story—call again—not convenient," was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be done now, Nanny," continued the poor old man, rising and striding in agitation up and down the floor; "what is to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. No oven the mears left to us o' winning our morsel o' meat. And you too, Pogy, puir thing," stopping and laying his hand on his daughter's head, "this disgrace may gar some folks lightly you, and that wad be sair, sair, my bairn, for you to bide." "Nae tears o' that, father," said the daughter; "if William—if anybody," continued she, correcting herself, "were to slight us for misfortunes that we couldna

help, their scorn wouldna vex me sair. Who can blame you for hauling out a helping hand to your ain brother. He's maybe no to blame either, puir man; but if a fault can be laid to ony body's door, it's to his, and no to your's father; and the creditors that may tak a' you have the morn, are his, and no yours." "Troth, and that's true, Pogy," said Sandy, sitting down with something like composure; "there's nae disgrace in't at least, and that's ae great consolation." The poor family, though divested of all hope of acquiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs. Twenty pounds was the sum for which their stock was to be seized. Of this they had mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the account which had been sought that night arose from a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings, and allow more time, if fifteen pounds were paid. In this their hopes had been disappointed, as we have seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them, it is to be feared, enjoyed that night, Sandy Patterson and his family knelt down, as usual, and thanked their Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time, strength to bear up under the affliction with which it appeared to be His will to visit them. The performance of this act of devotion was not without its effect in composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that whatever might happen to them on earth, there was One whose protection man could not deprive them of.

We now ask the reader's company, while we return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the door of which Sandy Patterson had turned away in sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his visit, the doors of that house once more were opened, not to permit duns, but to permit the gay and fashionable to pass out, after their entertainment was over. It is not with them we have to do, however; therefore let us walk up stairs, and enter the room, now emptied of its visitors, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants of the mansion. Mr Davidson—for such was the name of the host—then remained alone in the drawing room, with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be affected by generous impulses. The income he derived from his profession was ample, and it was rather from a want of system in the management of his household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself listlessly on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the incidents of the party, and among other circumstances to which he alluded, was that ludicrous application of a dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discussion on the merits of Herz's quadrilles. At this allusion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, approached, and, with a tear in her eye, said, "Ah, but, papa, the poor man was obliged to come to night, for his cows are to be sold off tomorrow for his own debts. I heard him tell John so, as I was passing across the lobby. Poor man, he cried as he went away."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his late application, which I only laughed at? Can any one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south side of the town. They did not even know his second name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson, "and find him out myself;" and, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the weather, and accompanied by a servant, set out through the dark and rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search, but in so populous a district, with so imperfect a knowledge of the individual he was in quest of, it is not wonderful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length, from an old woman who kept a small shop, in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned enough to give him the strongest hopes of having discovered the man he sought. The residence of this man, however, was at so great a distance from the spot in which he then was, that Mr Davidson saw the necessity of returning home for the time, to relieve his wife's anxiety. At an early hour he was resolved to resume his enquiries in the quarter to which he was directed. Mrs Davidson and her husband slept but little in the few hours that now intervened between night and morning, so deep was the impression which the incident we have related had made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed, fortunately, to the right quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy Patterson's humble abode; they had refused his request for "a little time," in consequence of his inability to produce the fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting in a corner hopeless, and soon to be, to all appearance, houseless; one of the cows was already brought out from its stall, and stood low-

ing at the door amidst a crowd of intending purchasers. Already was the poor cow "put up," when Mr Davidson arrived, made himself known, and put a stop to the proceedings. Conceiving himself to be in some measure the cause of all their distresses, he was not contented with paying the sum he owed to the poor dairyman, but advanced enough to settle the whole amount of the claims. The worthy Sandy could only speak his gratitude by tears.

This affair was not less an era in this honest family's history, than it was in that of Mr Davidson. This night's experience taught him the lesson, that the whole hopes of a family may be dependent on a sum altogether unimportant to the individual who owes it, and that, in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence is as much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscientiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he and his family, ever after this period, took in the Pattersons, when we mention, that the little girl, to whose accidental presence in her father's lobby the happy issue of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents, no long time afterwards, to dance at the wedding of Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married the William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have observed, at an early part of this *True Story*.

CONDENSED VIEW OF THE LONDON ANNIVERSARIES. MAY, 1837.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION. *Anniversary held 4th May.*

At Capetown, South Africa, there were 13 Sunday schools, 1,233 children. Schools had been formed in New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, South Australia, and the Bahamas. In the United States of America 21 missionaries and agents were employed at a cost of \$9,066. The number of young persons who had united themselves to Christian churches during the past year, as reported by 47 unions, was, 428 teachers and 2037 scholars, besides 428 not enumerated. In Jamaica there were 4,000 children in Sabbath Schools, and Antigua 1333. Pleasing accounts were received from St. Kitts, Nevis, &c. 164 schools had been supplied with libraries. In those, there were 27,633 scholars, of whom 14,440 were able to read the scriptures. The returns from the four London Auxiliary Unions, are, 556 schools, 8,370 teachers, and 82,749 scholars. The subscribers to the library were 150, and the amount of subscriptions £33 9 6; the number of volumes 755. The sales at the Depository during the year amounted to £9,074 11 1, being an increase over the last year of £1,177 2 4. Grants had been made from the building fund to the amount of £192; home grants in books &c. £65 11 9; Colonial grants amounting to £54 17 3. Donations to the general fund amounted to £67 2, and the building fund to £23 13 7. The debts incurred amounted to £5,116 7 10, and the amounts due the Society from country unions and schools, were £38 19. Subscriptions and donations during the year amounted to £124.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY FOR THE SUP- PRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

First Anniversary,—held 23d May.

THE Report of the Society presented a very flattering account of its progress in reclaiming individuals who had been confirmed drunkards. The committee were happy to state that the cause of temperance was making rapid progress throughout the country. They had offered a prize of £100 for the best essay on the mischief, vice, and folly of Intemperance, and the sum thus proposed had been subscribed by the Society in a very short time. The committee concluded the Report by calling on all churches to support the principles upon which the society is founded, by subscribing to its funds. No cash account is given.

BAPTIST UNION.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary,—held 4th May.

No abstract of the Report or funds of this Associa-