

"When it lookit up, aye fresh and fair;
And blooming like hersel;
It tell'd me a' gae'd weel wi' her—
But dule I now foretell."

As thus she stood and made her mane,
By her lanely biggin door;
The broken pot and rosie-bush,
She turn'd them o'er and o'er.

And Davie, in his witlessness,
But leugh to see her greet;
When by their came a traveller,
Wandering on weary feet.

In widow weed a' garbed was she,
And pale, pale was her face.
She looked at Mary wistfully,
Then craved to rest a space.

"O guidwife, can you tell me
If, down in yonder ha',
There's ony that remember
The dochter that's awa'?

"If onie now be living there,
Ance held that dochter dear,
Wha gae'd unto the Indies,
And's been sae lang frae here?

"And, think ye they wad welcome her,
If back she came again,
Wi' naething but a breaking heart
O' a' was ance her ain?"

"O, where cam ye frae, woman,
That siccan speerings tell?
It gars me grue to look at ye;
But you canna be hersel!

"The bairn I dawted on my knee—
The beauty in the ha'—
That aye was like a straik of light,
Shining aboon them a'.

"But see ye to that bonny stem,
A' lying crushed and broken:
O' her that gae'd beyone the seas
It was a cherished token.

"As ilka leaf on't had been gowd,
An' a' its dew the pearl,
I lo'd it—a' for her ain sake,
That bonny leddy girl."

She flang her arms round Mary's neck—
She had nae word to speak.
Alace, the dowie prophecy
Was read upon her cheek!

On her return with her husband to Britain, Laura made an early excursion to visit her native vale. Her parents were dead; Rosehall was now in the occupation of strange proprietors: and, leaving her carriage and attendants at the village inn, which was within a short distance of the cottage in which she last saw Mary living, she walked thither alone;

the door was slowly opened by Mary herself—grey-headed, trembling, and unrecognising.

Laura had been living in the habit of viewing the most of time's doings under falsely embellished aspects, and was utterly unprepared for the sad wreck she beheld. When Mary knew her mistress, who shuddered, but weepingly returned, on her withered cheek, the kisses she was feebly imprinting on the one hand she had taken, she pointed to her other one, which hung lifeless by her side, and then to her mouth. She had been stricken with palsy, and was dumb. Daft Davie, who was the only other human inhabitant of the cottage, looked at Laura with glaring eyes, as if ready to resent her intrusion; and her commiseration was deepened, to see her who had lavished upon herself so many tender cares, now, in her withered years and sad circumstances, alone with such an attendant. Mary read her thoughts, and first motioning deprecatingly to Davie, who appeared to understand her signal, and muttered out his customary response, "Weel, weel, guid lassie," she tottered towards the little table, where lay an open Bible. It was open at the 103d psalm. Mary sank heavily upon the cushioned chair which stood before it; passed her hand over the page; then pressed it on her heart, and then on Laura's; whose terror may be imagined when she saw her seized with intense trembling, sudden, violent, universal. The internal agitation of the meeting, which could not find way in words, proved too much for her feeble frame. It was her last. The struggle subsided. A calm came over her distorted features. A bright gleam illuminated, for a moment, her pallid countenance—almost restoring it to former beauty; and with her distressed poor brother murmuring "guid lassie" in her ears, she fell asleep—and, may we not venture to believe awoke to the song of angels!

THE DRUNKARD'S SUNDAY MORNING.

After a few hours, not of sleep, but of a cessation of raving and riot, the drunkard awakens. The gross immoralities, or, it may be, peccadilloes of last night's debauch are dimly before him, and he stares about wildly and rubs his blood-shot eyes to ascertain where he is. The beast has drowned his reason and recollection, and although his bed-post and he are acquaintances of many years' standing, he knows it not! Puzzled in his grog-entailed stupidity, he turns round and sees the companion of his pillow asleep by his side. Poor, unfortunate woman! Her place is a living atlas of sadness, sorrow, and despair. How wan, and haggard, and sorrow-harrowed is that countenance, where erewhile health and happiness delighted to luxuriate! On the farther side, for suppose him a parent, he sees his own child—a child born to sorrow, and a patrimony of indigence and bad fame. The incessant outpouring of the mother's tears is told on the face of infancy; its chubbiness is giving way, and rising melancholy already knows the face it will invade in after years. The drunkard groans and sighs, but it is not for the bitterness of maternal tears, neither is his soul touched for the helplessness of his child. Oh, no! his last groat is gone, and, to use the slang phrase of the fraternity, he is at a loss how "to raise the wind." And this, and this alone, is the sole cause of his uneasiness and despondency; he is in what is technically termed "the horrors;" and unless some scarcely more provident brother chip comes in the way to procure "a hair of the dog that bit him," he puffs an oath that the dissolution of his worthless body and unmanly soul is nigh.