

folly, then took its shift and passed it through the smoke of the fire, and put it again with the wrong side out. All this was done not without fear and trembling on the part of Grizzel; but her new found treasure was unchanged, and smiled sweetly in her face as she proceeded in her superstitious operations. Having supplied its little wants, fully assured, she put it to bed with joy and satisfaction, and looked on it till it fell asleep. Scarce had she accomplished this, when William Kerr entered with John Bell, upon whom he had called, and returned from the hill, to aid him with counsel and advice.

Well, Grizzel," said he, "is it a lad or a bairn we hae found; for I am convinced, and I'm nae afraid to say so, that it is nae fairy, but an unchristened wean the elves had been carryin awa from its parents, wha, I hae nae doot, are noo in a state to claim its loss."

"Indeed, guidman," replied Grizzel, "it is nae a lass bairn as ever I saw in my time, and a's richt. It is nae fairy, I'm satisfied, and I'm right glad on't; for she'll be a comfort to us, now that we are getting on in years, if her ain mother doesna come to her to her ain bosom; but o' that I'm nae sure there is little chance; for, by the few words she spoke, it is nae child o' oor land."

William Kerr," said the elder, "if, as your wife proposes, you mean to keep this bairn, there is one duty to perform, both for your sake and your own—and that is, it must be baptized; for there is no doubt this sa'nt has either been withheld or neglected, or the enemy would not have had power to do as he has done. To-morrow I'll go myself to the minister and talk with him; and next Lord's Day you or I must be present, and it to be admitted into the visible church, of which I pray it may be a worthy member. Are you content?"

"Far mair than content," replied the farmer, "I will rejoice and bless God for the bairn as fervently as if she were my ain. I'll be bound to her, and I'll be bound to her; I hae a bit or a beild she shall neither be cold nor unger nor cold."

The parties separated for the night, and the newly-found stranger slept in the bosom of the farmer and his wife. On the following Sabbath it was taken to the church of the parish, to be baptized. The church was

crowded to excess. Every one that could, by any effort, get there, attended to witness the christening of a fairy, all expecting something uncommon to occur. The farmer and his wife, they thought, were too rash to harbour in their house, for it was not chancy to be at feud with "the good people," who, out of revenge, might shoot his cattle; and, verily, during that summer, a good many had already died of elve shots. As the christening party approached the church, every one was anxious to get a peep at the young creature. It was so beautiful that it could not, they said, be a common child; neither was it a changeling, for changelings are weazened, yammering, ill-looking things, that greet night and day, and never grow bigger. Contrary to the expectations of almost all the congregation, when the farmer and his party entered the church, the child neither screamed nor flew off in a flash of fire, but smiled as beautiful as a cherub.—The service went on as usual. The farmer stood up and took the holy vows upon himself, and gave the lovely babe the name of Helen. The girl throve, and became the pride of her foster parents, who loved her as intensely as if she had been their own child; and Colin became, if possible, more beloved by them, as Helen's playfellow.

A few months after the finding of Helen, as Grizzel was one day examinidg the silken dress which she wore when discovered on the muir, and which had never been put on since—being soiled and damp when taken off—she discovered a piece of paper in one of the folds, much creased, as if it had been placed there by some one in a state of great agitation. It was written in French; neither the farmer nor herself could read it; but William, on the first opportunity, took and shewed it to the minister, who translated it as follows:—"Merciful God! protect me and my child from the fury of my husband, who has returned, after his long absence, more gloomy than ever. Alas! in what have I offended him? If I have, without any intention, done so, my dear baby, you cannot have given offence. Good God! there are preparations for a journey making in the court-yard—horse, saddle, and pillion.—Where am I to be carried to? My babe! I will not be parted from you but by death!—His feet are on the stairs. I hear his voice. Alas! I tremble at that sound which was