

"Him that overcometh will I make, a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." No, the believer will have joined the anthems of the upper temple, and will be for ever engaged in ascribing "Salvation to to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

ONESIPHORUS.

### THE SILABBY SURTOUT.

HAD taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. It was in the month of June, a season when travellers of various descriptions flock towards the modern or western countries, as their business or fancy leads. As we rattled along Prince street, I had leisure to survey my fellow travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Bencher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which he puffed away with marvellous self complacency. Beside me sat a comely and modest young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby, indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child, seemed to touch even them, and disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand, so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all

probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not, might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorfine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard, observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly in the centre guard," said one of the dandies. "Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first, a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

The morning being fine at our first setting out, the ride was peculiarly pleasant. The dandies talked of horses and dogs, and fowling pieces, and percussion caps every now and then, mentioning the names of Lord John and Sir Harry, as if their acquaintance lay among the great ones of the land. Once or twice I thought there was an expression of contempt in the countenance of the young man in the surtout, but in this I might be mistaken. His attention was evidently most directed to the mourner beside him, with whom he appeared to wish to get into conversation, but to lack, for a time, a favorable opportunity.

While we were changing horses at the little village of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few halfpence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off Jack," said the one. "Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a hoarse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment and he continued silent.

(To be Continued.)