

returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his own dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung it on the rail to dry. Then turning to the widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her, as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles farther, Sir. I leave the coach six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"

"Yes, Sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way home to my father's house!"

"In affliction, I fear?"

"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly, "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, Sir, while he has strength to labour for us; but he is himself in poverty, and a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H."

At the mention of the nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, Sir,"

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate as far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so your maker is your husband, and the Lord of hosts is his name."

"O! yes, Sir, I bless God, that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel. My husband too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, Sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty

and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you; be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange expressive looks with one another; and at one time the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words, "Methodist Parson," alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; but when we had got about half-way between that town and Glasgow we arrived at a cross road where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant from her arms, and then, along with the guard assisted her to descend. "May God reward you," she said as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day!"

"And may he bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus!"

So saying he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively, I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned round to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast towards him an eloquent and grateful look, clasped her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in a rapid motion toward the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge from the expression of his fine countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and