

his father found it difficult to supply their deficiencies. Trade began to fail, and creditors came importunate and clamorous. A speculation in which a considerable capital was embarked, entirely failed, and a fire breaking out, totally consumed one of his buildings, in which he housed a considerable amount of goods of fortune now frowned upon him, and seemed to forsake him; but, like many persons in similar circumstances, he flattered himself that no danger was near. His inward thought was, that his house should stand through all generations, while it was already tottering upon the brink of destruction. Delay only made his fall more ruinous and terrible. His property was seized; and he was entirely deprived of the means of subsistence. His sons, for the want of proper training in their youthful days, have now mingled with the offscourings of the earth: his wife died with a broken heart; and the poor old man has lately removed to C—, to drag out the remainder of a wretched life, rendered a hundred times more miserable by a retrospection of the past. How truly has it been said, "That he certainly make unto themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle towards heaven," and so on. "They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men; therefore, pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment."

For the Juvenile Entertainer

MR MILNE,

Sir,—I have selected the following interesting story for the *Juvenile Entertainer*, believing you will deem it worthy a place in its pages. It differs considerably from that description of pieces which you generally select, and of which I most heartily approve, as being best calculated to convey lessons of pure morality and religion in a manner most agreeable to the simple mind. But the story of Lady Margaret Leviston is feelingly told, and whilst its perusal interests the young reader it may whisper something in the cause of virtue, that will not be forgotten.

W. M.

LADY MARGARET LEVISTON.

The castle in which dwelt the father of Lady Margaret Leviston stood on the brow of a dark and looked proudly down on the glen in which the parents of William Graham resided, though that cottage was an humble spot, it was sweet in its simple beauty. William Graham had a countenance that was pleasant to look upon, it was so serene and gentle in its expression and almost melancholy expression, and his young brow had a cast of thought beyond his years. On many a summer morning did he and Margaret Leviston meet together in their usual pastimes, and seek no other amusement than to wander along the banks of the stream, or in the green fields, or in the birken woods. It may have been partly owing to the beautiful scenery around them that the boy and girl imbibed a taste for pleasure which seldom contributes to the happiness of childhood. I know not; but often did they seat themselves on some green hill, and spend the summer day in watching the rainbows gleam by the spray of the mountain linn, as the sun danced sparkling in the sun-beams, or in listening to the cushat dove pouring forth her melancholy wailings. They afforded a singular and striking contrast, those happy children,

wandered along the dim and shadowy footpaths of Glencarron. It was indeed a most pleasing sight to look upon the boy's dark and fearless countenance, and his muscular and somewhat ungainful limbs, and then to mark the tenderness with which he guided the steps of that gentle and blooming girl. But year after year wore on, and the heart of the boy began to throb with wild and troubled thoughts when he looked on the fair face of Margaret Leviston; & the bearing of that innocent maiden was losing its wild frankness, and was unconsciously assuming somewhat of womanly reserve. Summer, however, came, and with summer William Graham was to become a sailor; and often in those balmy evenings did Margaret Leviston wander along the sea-shore, and weep, when her young heart scarcely knew the cause of its own sadness; but when William Graham, on the eve of his departure exclaimed, "I love thee, Margaret Leviston, even from our childhood I have loved thee; and many a time, from the door of my father's cottage, I have stood and watched the lights as they gleamed along the casements of Glencarron, that I might but once more behold thy shadow ere I slept. When I tell you this, Margaret, will you let me leave you without once saying you are grieved for the misery you have made?" It was then that Margaret Leviston threw herself on the bosom of the impassioned boy, and vowed, in the sight of heaven, that she would become his wife, and when William looked upon her pale sweet face, and felt the pressure of her slender arm, he swore to his own soul that he would protect and cherish the loving creature as long as his days were spared to him upon the earth. And when he returned from a stormy and unprosperous voyage, Lady Margaret Leviston became his wife, from that hour Lord Glencarron never looked upon his disobedient child.

It was one evening in the summer twilight that I first met with lady Margaret. So soft and shadowy were the lingering remains of light that I could but just trace the fine outline of her figure, without being able to distinguish one feature in her countenance; but when she spoke—when I but once listened to that voice of music, I knew that she must be beautiful; and she was indeed beautiful—most beautiful! Can I ever forget those cloudless eyes, so sweet in their calm serenity—that long golden hair, and that full rich voice issuing from those cherub lips! Never but once have I seen a face of such innocent and childlike beauty. And yet there was an air of majesty in the bearing of Margaret Leviston, and a something of matronlike dignity. But every look was that of purity, and many a time, when I have heard her sing, I could almost have fancied she was not a creature of this world. Her four fair children too, had all the soft and feminine loveliness of their mother—the same calm and majestic brow—the blue eyes—the yellow hair. And her husband—how he idolized her! Yet, when I have seen her hanging on his arm, in all her womanly and confiding love, I have thought that he scarcely deserved his noble and high-born wife. But he was the choice of her young heart, and she worshipped him with all the tenderness of woman. We met in summer, and we parted while the woods were yet clothed in their most luxuriant foliage. It was a sweet picture as I stood that evening at the cottage

door, and saw the fair mother seated under the shade of the embowering rose trees, with her four sweet babies climbing on her lap, and striving for the parting kiss, and then they knelt down, and raised their little hands in prayer. I saw that Margaret's eyes were full, neither were my own quite tearless. At a little distance stood the happy father, and his dark eyes were turned upon his wife with such looks of tenderness and love, that I no longer wondered that he had been the choice even of the high born Margaret Leviston.

Such was the sweet picture on which my eyes rested when I left the cottage of Dellavlate in the spring of 17—. I was at that time on the eve of visiting Germany, where I remained for little more than a year. On returning to my native country, the first place to which I went was the dwelling of my friends. Alas! what a change I found! In that brief period how many sad events had taken place! Lady Margaret had left the sweet cottage in the glen, and with a rich paramour had fled to France—her four fair babies lay in the church-yard of Dellavlate—and her husband, that kind and loving husband, when he had seen his children laid in their young beauty in the grave, fled, in loneliness and misery, from his native land. None ever knew his fate, but he never was again seen by any inhabitant of the glen.

It matters not how, some little time after I had heard this melancholy tale I met with Margaret Leviston. I found her a penitent and dying woman; and miserable, very miserable, is the death bed of the guilty. When I have seen that misguided one raising to heaven her still sweet eyes, with looks of fervent yet almost hopeless intreaty—when I have seen the Bible blistered with her tears, and have heard the voice of melancholy music uttering those earnest, yet scarcely trusting prayers—for fully sensible was she of the weight of her own iniquity—how have I then implored that my death may be that of the righteous! Without pain, and very, very gradual was her decay; but I resolved to remain with her while she yet lived, and to do my utmost to soothe her in her departing hour. It was towards the middle of spring that a visible and rapid change took place in her. All her little strength was gone; and it was painful to look on the feverish beauty of her face, and to witness her oppressed and laboured breathing. I had left her one evening in even an unusual state of hopelessness and languor, and early on the following morning I went to visit her. Bright and balmy was every thing around me at that sweet hour, and the birds were singing their gayest songs among the young green leaves; and I often paused to adore that gracious One who had given to his creatures so fair a world. What a contrast to all this breathing beauty awaited me in Lady Margaret's dwelling! As I opened the door of her chamber she was singing—but what a song—what wild unearthly melody! She was sitting up in bed, and, by the ceaseless movement of her thin white fingers, she seemed to fancy she was weaving flowers. The comb had fallen from her long hair, which was scattered over the pillows like a golden veil; and very terribly did her blue eyes flash on me in the fearful brightness of insanity. For one moment she looked on me, and then, with a shriek, which yet rings in my ears, so wild, so little earthly was that