

tain to the summit, became narrower and narrower, and the ascent more steep. Rachel had paused at the ruins of the chapel, to admire the magnificent prospect and to take breath, when a lovely boy of four years of age in a kilt and hose, his golden curls flying in the wind, ran at full speed up the steep side of the hill, a panting woman without bonnet or shawl, following hard upon his track shaking her fist at him and vociferating her commands (doubtless for him to retrace his steps) in gaelic. On fled the laughing child, the mother after him; but, as well might a giant pursue a fairy. Rachel followed the path they had taken, and was beginning to enjoy the keen bracing air of the hills, when she happened to cast her eyes below to the far off meadows beneath. Her head grew suddenly dizzy, and she could not divest herself of the idea that one false step would send her down to the plains below. Here was a most ridiculous and unromantic position; she neither dared to advance or retreat, and she stood grasping a ledge of the rocky wall in an agony of cowardice, irresolution, and despair. At this critical moment, the mother of the runaway child returned panting from a higher ledge of the hill, and, perceiving Rachel pale and trembling, very kindly speered what ailed her? Rachel could not refrain from laughing while she confessed her fear, lest she should fall from the narrow footpath on which she stood. The woman seemed highly amused at her distress, but her native kindness of heart, which is the mother of genuine politeness, restrained the outburst of merriment that hovered about her lips.

"Ye are na' accustomed to the hills, if ye dread a hillock like this. Ye suld ha' been born where I was born to know a mountain fra' a mole-hill. There is my bairn, no, I canna keep him fra' the mountain. He will gang awa' to the tap, and only laughs at me when I speer him to come doon. But it is because he was sae weel gotten, an' all his forbears were reared amang the hills."

The good woman sat down upon a piece of loose rock and commenced a long history of herself, of her husband, and of the great clan of Macdonald, to which they belonged, that at last ended in the ignoble discovery that her aristocratic spouse was a common soldier in the highland regiment then stationed in Edinburgh; and that Flora, his wife, washed for the officers of the regiment; that the little Donald, with his wild goat propensities, was their only child, and so attached to the hills that she could not keep him confined to the meadows below, and the moment her eye was off him his great delight was to lead her a dance up the mountain, which as she, by her own account, never

succeeded in catching him, was quite labour in vain. All this, and more, the good-natured woman communicated as she lead the fear-stricken Rachel down the narrow path to the meadow below; and her kindness did not end here, for she walked some way up the road to put her in the right track to regain her lodgings, for Rachel, trusting to the pilotage of Jim, was perfectly ignorant of the locality.

This highland Samaritan indignantly refused the piece of silver Rachel proffered in return for her services.

"Hout, leddy, keep the siller, I would not take ought fra' ye on the sabbath day for a trifling act o' courtesy. Na' na', I come of too guid bluid for that."

There was a noble simplicity about the honest-hearted woman that delighted Rachel. What a fine country, what a fine people! No smooth-tongued flatterers are these Scotch; with them an act of kindness is an act of duty, and they scorn payment for what they give gratuitously, without display and without ostentation. If I were not English, I should like to be a Scot. So thought Rachel, as she presented herself before her Scotch husband, who laughed heartily over her misadventure, and did not cease to tease her about her expedition to the mountain, as long as they remained in Edinburgh.

This did not deter her from taking a long stroll on the sands the next afternoon with James, and delighted with collecting shells and specimens of sea-weed, they wandered on until Rachel remarked that her footprints were filled with water at each step, and the roaring of the sea gave notice of the return of the tide. What a race they had to gain the pier of Leith before they were overtaken by the waves, and how thankful they were that they were safe as the billows chased madly past, over the very ground which a few minutes before they had carelessly and fearlessly trod.

"This is rather worse than the mountain, and might have been more fatal to us both," whispered James, "I think Mr. M—— would scold this time if he knew of our danger."

"Thank God! the baby is safe at home," said Rachel, "I forgot all about the tide; what a mercy we were not both drowned."

"Yes, and no one would have known what had become of us."

"How miserable M—— would have been."

"And the poor baby—but what is this?"—"To sail on the 1st of July, for Quebec and Montreal, the fast sailing brig, the Ann, Captain Rogers; for particulars, inquire at the office of P. Glover, Bank Street, Leith. Hurra, a fig for Captain