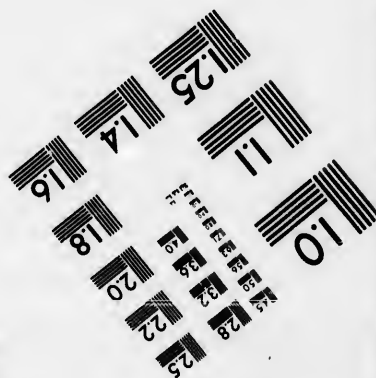
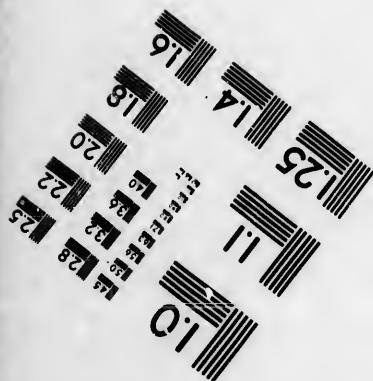
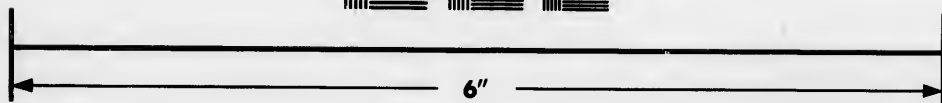
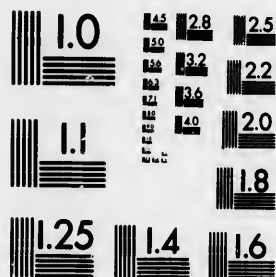


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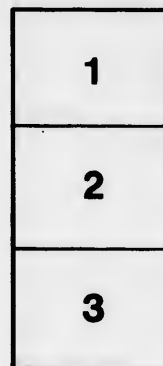
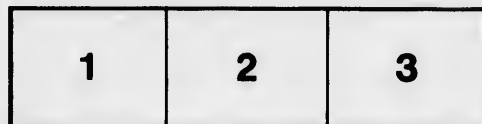
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THE  
WRECK OF THE WHITE BEAR,

EAST INDIAMAN.

BY MRS. ROSS,

AUTHOR OF "VIOLET KEITH."

"The slayer *Death* is everywhere, and many a mask hath he,  
Many and awful are the shapes in which he sways the sea."

McGEE.

THIRD EDITION.

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VOL. I.

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Montreal :  
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*Dedicated*

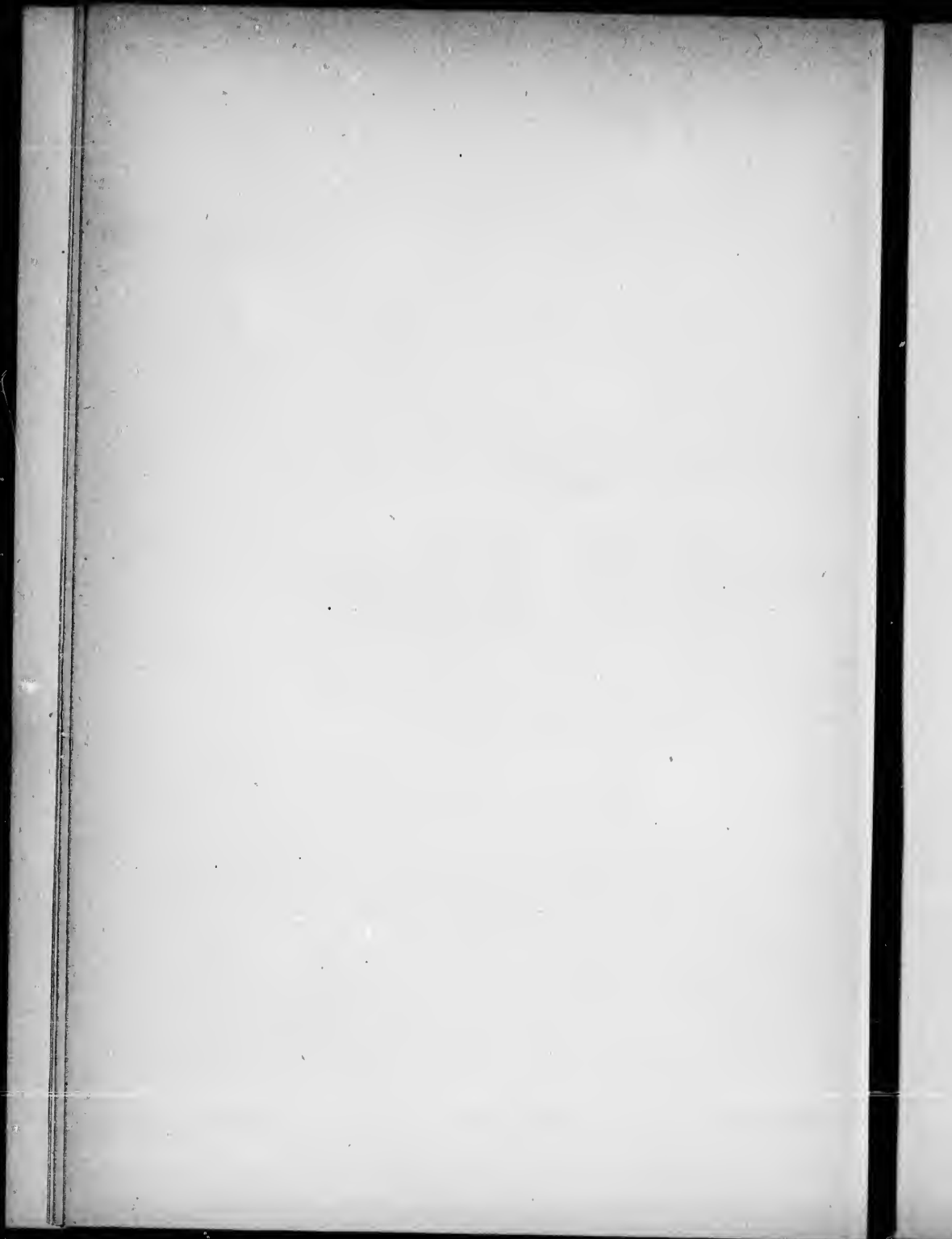
TO THE REVEREND THOMAS GUTHRIE,

OF THE FREE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

Whose strong words of instruction and consolation have been with me in  
storm and sunshine for twenty years, during which time I have  
neither seen his face nor heard his voice.

ELLEN ROSS.





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THE  
WRECK OF THE WHITE BEAR,

EAST INDIAMAN.

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CHAPTER I.

"Alas! how many different ways God's children go to Him."

It was the sixteenth of September.

We were to leave Peterstown in a few days, and we had not yet visited the great rocks called the Elfin Kirk, which tradition had pointed to as the last place in Scotland where the fairies held their yearly meetings on All Soul's Eve; we had proposed going every evening for weeks past, but something had always happened to prevent our doing so. When my father brought his bride to visit his widowed mother at Peterstown fifteen years before, this was his favourite walk. My mother died in Cuba one year afterwards, leaving me a baby of a few days old, to be the plaything and constant companion of my father for seven years; I was brought home to Scotland, to be educated, and then knew my first sorrow in parting with him; clinging to him in my childish agony, and promising that I would never disturb him by speaking while he read or wrote again, so that I might but stay by him and be his little girl still.

Seven years had passed since then; the child of seven was now a girl of fourteen, older in mind than in years, who had never passed a single day in all that time without looking forward with fond expectation to the promised period which was to bring that dear father to seek her in her Scottish home.

Papa had been in Peterstown five weeks, and in a few days we were to leave for Edinburgh, there to remain for a month or so, previous to our going to the Continent, where, on my account, the next three years were to be spent. How my cousins envied me the possession of such a generous rich father, and the handsome dresses which I fear I was too fond of displaying.

My father had several times said he could not leave Peterstown without visiting the old haunt of his happiest days, the Elfin Kirk, and it was decided that that evening should be the time.

"Bring your hat, Innes," said he, looking at his watch, "it is now nearly seven, we will have plenty of time to visit the fairies, and find if they still hold their revels on the table-land above the place of worship which their friends, the giants, must have made for them before they took their departure from the banks and braes of Peterstown. The fairies may be there still, but the giants must have all gone, they are too large to be able to hide themselves as the little fairies can."

"Ah, papa, you will find no fairies, I have been there a hundred times and have never seen one."

"We will at all events be able to gather a handful of sea daisies and primroses, to keep in remembrance of our sea-girt home, and we will have the pleasure of looking by moonlight on the great waves of the German Ocean, as they break in their fury on the haunted Elfin Kirk."

"No papa," replied I, "we will see no waves break on the Elfin Kirk to-night, the tide has turned, it was full tide at six o'clock, and if we wish to see the waves climbing the Elfin Kirk we must wait until four in the morning."

"Ah ha! I see you have been accustoming yourself to exercise habits of observation; how do you know that the tide was full at six o'clock?"

"Because it is only at full tide that we can bathe safely, and I always kept a reckoning of the ebb and flow of the tide, as I had no time to go except in the morning; and before you came home, sea-bathing was my greatest pleasure."

"I hope you have not left off this most healthful of all pleasures since I came; if so, I shall be tempted to regret my having come, until the bathing season was over."

"I bathed this morning."

"Come away then, Miss Activity."

Taking my hand in his, which was the fashion he chose to adopt in his walks with me, we passed through the little shrubbery in front of my aunt's house, but ere we reached the gate, Maida, a large stag hound that had been the companion of my early days, and came with me from my grandmother's cottage on the Hillside when she died some years before, rushed from the other side of the shrubbery, leaping and running to and fro in front of the gate, at one moment jumping up to my father and placing her fore paws on his shoulder, the next with her nose close to the ground as if listening to some distant sound, but in all her gambols, whatever they meant, effectually debarring our exit by the gate.

"Down, Maida, down," said my father, first in gentle tones, at last in anger; but she still continued her frantic efforts to prevent our departure; she was a large powerful animal, and as neither Captain Young, my aunt's husband, or any of his older sons were in the house, my father was quite unable to manage her alone; I tried a device by which I had often succeeded in getting rid of Maida when I wished to go out without her, which, however, was seldom the case; I went into the house calling upon Maida to come also, with a view to shutting her up in the parlour until we had made our escape, but all our attempts to induce her to move from



the gate, either by persuasion or force, were vain ; wearied out, at last we turned away, and she then stretched herself out at full length across the entrance, so as completely to prevent the gate being opened from within or without ; she had made up her mind it was better for us not to go out that evening, and we fancied, for a second or two, that she had gained her point.

“ Wont you take your papa by the baek door and out at the end of the garden, Miss Innes,” suggested Katie, the table-maid, who had been a witness to our fruitless endeavours to coax or drive Maida from the gate, and had assisted us to the best of her ability, although in vain.

“ A very good plan, and one we might have thought of before and saved ourselves all this trouble,” replied my father. And going through the kitchen we quickly left the garden behind, crossed the street, and gained the road leading to the sea braes.

It was an evening in the middle of September, warm for the season of the year, but the air blowing fresh and pleasant as it always does in the evening by the sea-shore. The last rays of the setting sun were sinking in the west, leaving the sky studded with islands of red and gold floating in a sea of purple and grey, without a single cloud, while, in an opposite direction, a pale, almost undefined silvery light, told us that the moon would soon be up in the heavens, telling to the listening stars the “ story of her birth.”

I wore a Leghorn hat, with a broad brim, eight or ten inches in breadth, with which the wind, that had freshened to quite a breeze (as a high wind is termed on the east coast), was playing all sorts of vagaries, lifting the brim from my face until it formed something like an inverted parasol, and blowing my curls with it so that they clung to the edge of the

hat, leaving bare the face they were meant to adorn. I tried in every way I could think of to make my hat do its duty, and not listen to the caressing of the wind but mind its business and obey its mistress; all in vain, my hat was quite as determined to blow off my head now, as Maida was half an hour before to keep watch and ward by the gate, and we within the precincts she guarded; so I untied the strings and let the disobedient hat fall down on my neck, forming a back ground to my head, and there it was pleased to rest in peace.

We took the low road that wound close by the sea-shore, so that we might go inside the Elfin Kirk. I had never been there; although frequently bathing on the beach beside the great black rocks so named, I had not the courage to enter the deep cave-looking recess; now, however, that papa was to be my companion, I was anxious to examine the place I had so often gazed at from a distance with superstitious awe.

We walked along the pebbly beach as close to the mark left by the now retiring tide as we could venture without a risk of wetting our feet, and stood for some time watching each receding wave as it increased the expanse of smooth white sand, pebbles and shells between us and the huge billows with their crests of foam, as they seemed striving to reach us, and yet so impotent in their strength, held by the might of Him "who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

My father spoke of that far-off island from whence he came, every now and then interrupting himself to point out beauties in the restless sea and glowing sky, or calling my attention to a new tone in the many-voiced wind.

I was paying little attention to sea, or sky, or wind, I was thinking of himself and how happy his presence made me, and holding tightly by the hand that held mine, I wondered

if there was any one else in the world so happy as myself, until unable to suppress my feelings, I said, holding up my face to be kissed, as I had said and done a hundred times within the last month:

“I love you so much, papa; oh, papa, I do love you.”

“My darling your love is returned a hundred fold,” said he, as he kissed me fondly, putting back my long fair curls as he spoke; “I have lived and toiled these last fourteen years for you alone, and I am amply repaid; I have found you all that my happiest day dreams pictured.”

I was too much a child to express the love I had for my father, or the pleasure it gave me to hear him speak thus, except in the oft repeated words I had just uttered; I could not then understand, far less tell to another, what a new and higher life his presence had brought with it; every good resolve I had ever formed seemed now to be firmly implanted in my nature, to have become a part of myself, and in looking up to him as perfection, I desired to be all perfect; papa was father and mother, sister and brother, and everybody to me; he was a young man, thirty-six years of age, and younger in manner and in appearance than in age, he was handsomer and more gentlemanly than any one of those by whom I was surrounded; his coming had raised me in one hour, from a half neglected lonely thing, every day either hearing rebuke which I did not always deserve, or at the very least meeting reproof in the eye of old and young, in what was called my home, subjected to the laugh of my school-mates because of my grotesque costume; my dresses, cloaks, even my bonnets, being made from the cast-off clothing of my cousins; all this I had rebelled under rather than suffered for four years, and in one hour it was all changed. Papa walked into the parlour one sultry summer evening, while we were all seated at

tea, the windows thrown wide open to admit the air, which scarcely stirred a leaf on the trees in the shrubbery, and singling out his own child at a glance, pressed to his bosom a girl tall of her age, dressed in a scanty frock, fully six inches too short, the stuff a fabric of silk and worsted in large checks of purple and brown. My cousin Isabella had worn it as an autumn and again as a spring dress, and the waist being too dirty and too ragged even for my use, the skirt after a careful renovation with sponge and iron, was made into a whole dress for me, by the expert fingers of Katie the table-maid. All this was changed as if by magic; the depressed feeling which restrained me from ever opening my lips in the parlour, except in reply, and the fear, foreign to my nature, which made me shrink instinctively to the other side of the staircase, if my aunt and I met there, had all passed away, and in their place a quiet consciousness of perfect security in the love and protection of my father.

An hour after my father's arrival I was kneeling in front of a large trunk, in the room appropriated to him, and taking therefrom silk dresses, fashionably made, clear muslins, and soft French merinos, all so beautiful, fitting to a marvel, the work of an adroit London dressmaker, with only my height and age to guide her as to size, and a curl of fair hair in her choice of colour. I could scarcely believe my eyes; my cousins had no dresses like these, and all my life, even when I lived at the Hillside and was better dressed than I had ever been since, they were my beau ideals of beauty in attire. And together with the dresses were white undershirts, and fine linens, silk stockings, kid slippers, several hats, silk and embroidered muslin caps, everything in short which money could buy, or love suggest to be needful; and last of all, hid in a little morocco case, a gold watch and

chain, the former set in pearls, and both more beautiful than anything I had ever seen. I looked at the watch, turned it in all directions, threw the chain over my neck, took it off again, and replacing it in its case, put my arms round my father, who had been standing by while I unpacked the trunk, enjoying my childish delight and astonishment, pressed my face to his shoulder; kissing it as I did so, as the only way I had of expressing the love and gratitude I felt towards him.

My father desired me to take what I liked best to my own room, dress myself for a walk, and then meet him in the drawing room. I chose then the dress I wore on the night of our visit to the Elfin Kirk, a checked white and blue silk, and having with the assistance of Katie put off all my rags, as I now denominated my former clothes, and arrayed myself in my new dress, kid shoes, embroidered muslin cape, pale coloured gloves, and Leghorn hat, I descended to the drawing room. There must have been a most complete metamorphosis in my outward appearance; when I entered the room where my father was waiting for me, Captain Young, who never by any chance noticed me, except when specially called on by my aunt to aid her in her duty of correction, rose and politely placed a chair, asking me to be seated, and in nearly the same breath, desired Katie (who in her admiration of my appearance had followed me to the drawing room door) "to tell the young ladies they had a visitor," to the infinite amusement of my father, who was prepared for the transformation which a clear coloured new dress had made.

I had another reason for the deep love I bore my father, more powerful than any other, and one that lay deeper in my heart, because the source from which it sprung lies deeper in our human nature; I was not now the lonely little thing I had been for the past four years, and which I had fancied myself

for the past seven, feeling by anticipation what was to come. I had now some one to love and to be loved by, some one who was all my own, who loved me with a very different love from that he entertained for my cousins or my aunt, who deferred to me on all occasions, who said "I will go to walk if Innes wishes to go;" "I will gladly go to the concert this evening if Innes desires it;" and who, during two days, when I had strained my foot and was orderèd to lie on the sofa, lest it should swell, sat by me, and would neither be entreated by my cousins nor scolded by my aunt into taking a walk further than the drive in front of the house, whence as he passed the window he looked in, and chatted to his little one, as he loved to call me. My father—I love to dwell on the subject, even now when all is so changed—was rich, handsome, gentlemanly and accomplished, and he lavished his gifts upon me as the skies of April pour their genial rains upon the bare ground which March with his biting winds has left so parched and dry; but it was not for these qualities I loved him so; my love would have flowed as freely forth had he come back old and decrepit and poor, he would have still been my father, I would still have been his child. There was the true secret of all my love, he was mine—mine. I could look up into his face with the full assurance that my glance would meet an eye beaming with affection, and when the sound of his footstep fell on mine ear, my heart said in firm faith, here he comes who loves me best, who tells me ever I am his star, his darling.

We were met in our walk by Major and Mrs. Denholm, friends of Mrs. Young, at whose house they had met papa several times since his arrival.

"Mr. Dundas," said the lady, "we were speculating as we came along, what new married couple had chosen such a romantic hour and scene for their walk; Miss Innes seems to

have grown a foot, and from a child become quite a young lady since your return."

My father smiled as he replied: "She is certainly a great girl of her age, and you were so far right in your conjecture, as Innes is the only bride I will ever possess; we are to leave Peterstown in a few days, and this is the scene of my boyhood's most daring feats, it is also hallowed by some of the sweetest reminiscences of my life, and so I would not leave my native land without paying it a visit, and bringing my little bride to share in the feelings such a combination of the grand and beautiful in nature is calculated to call forth." As he spoke he waived his arm, taking in, in the half circle so described, the black rocks of the Elfin Kirk, towering to the sky within a few feet of where we stood, their jagged peaks seeming to enter the rosy clouds left by the setting sun; the orb itself being entirely hid by the huge mass of rock at our side, while in front swept the German Ocean with its thousands of white crested billows maintaining the same restless striving to regain their ancient domain which they have ever done since the day on which God bade them be gathered together in one place, and which they will never cease to strive after until the fiat goes forth, "there shall be no more sea." Far to the east above the blue waters, shone one star as the herald of the coming moon; a couple of sea gulls disturbed by our voices, rose from a low rock in our vicinity and flew along the waves, with the harsh scream peculiar to these birds, one wing poised so low as almost to touch the waters in their flight.

"I do not like such scenery," said Mrs. Denholm, "it makes me quite melancholy, and we are hurrying home ere the moon rises to deepen the shadows."

"My little one's life," replied my father, "has passed all

on the sunny side, hence she loves the shadows of nature from the contrast they present, and I myself, thank God, have had more sunshine than shade."

My father lifted his hat as the lady and her husband turned from the beach towards the table-land above, while we rounded the first rock and entered the Elfin Kirk.

The Elfin Kirk consists of two immense rocks several hundreds of feet in height, joined together at the back, the hollow inside of which presents the appearance of a giant chancel, hence its name. At the time of our visit we had still light enough to see the black sides, dotted here and there, wherever a handful of earth, blown down from above had rested, with sea daisies, and long tufted wiry-looking sea grass; and further down where the sea reached at high tide, long trailing green sea weed; and lower still, limpets, wilks and other small shell fish, which were all designated by the common name of buckies, clung tenaciously to the black shelving sides of the rock which formed their home, while cart-loads of what we called sea ware, a coarse description of sea weed used as manure by the farmers in the vicinity, formed a soft although wet carpet at the very back of the cave where it had been dashed by the tide. I felt my blood run cold as I looked up to the black shelving rock whose dripping and in part overhanging sides seemed to shut us in from light and life, all covered with black and green trailing slimy things, except where the few feet of sky above exerted its vivifying influence in calling the green and purple sea-daisies into life.

"You are cold," said my father, "I might have thought of that, the noon day sun never enters here, and at this hour with your light clothing no wonder you shiver."

"It was not cold that made me shake; I was thinking what an awful death it would be were one to fall from that giddy height."



"Awful, indeed," said my father, looking up and shuddering as he spoke, "such a death once took place here, a young girl fell from the table-land above; a little puppy was the companion of her walk, and trying to save him she lost her footing and fell headlong to the bottom of the cave. Come, darling, let us leave the eerie place and go round to the top where we can see the moon rising out of the water."

We left the cave and sought the pathway in the grass leading to the table-land on the top of the rocks; it wound a long way round; and climbing the hill and the length of the walk made us feel quite tired on reaching our destination. The smell of wild thyme, the soft short grassy sward, the azure over head, with the broad moon now high in the heavens, and all above and around the mild fresh air of the autumn night,—what a contrast to the dark wet cave with its slimy sea weed, fishy smell, and cold air down below. A little slope on the soft sward formed a seat on which we could half recline, and we threw ourselves down to watch the clouds passing across the moon's disk, as she rose higher and higher, while the stars came out so quickly we could not at last tell their number.

"Papa," said I, after sitting in silence for a few minutes, enjoying the sweet soothing influence of the hour and scene, "I once did an awful thing, and I want to tell you before we leave Peterstown, but perhaps aunt has told you part of it already, she always threatened she would until you came home, since then she has not done so."

"What is the awful thing, Innes? Your aunt has, I think, told me pretty nearly everything you had it in your power to do, and none of those have seemed other in my eyes than most children would have done situated as you were."

"Papa, I ran away from aunt's, and I tried to do something worse than that; I was away two days."

"Away two days, my child, how was this?" said my father, an expression of pain clouding his face as he spoke.

"I will tell you all, papa. When I came first to live with aunt, I was very miserable, I never was happy there, but it was worse at first. When I went to Miss Davidson's school, she taught me to be patient. Oh! papa, I love Miss Davidson so much."

"Tell me about your running away, Innes, that is a recent thing; let me see, you ran away in June last, was it not?"

"No, papa; I ran away the first month I lived with aunt, and I have been four years there. Oh, I know every month of the time so well, cousin Margaret taught me then; and after I was brought back, aunt sent me to Miss Davidson's school, she said I was too bad for Margaret to teach, and I must be punished by being sent to school; but it was no punishment, that was the only happy time I had."

"Then, Innes, you are sure you did not run away in June or even in May last?"

"My dear papa," said I, laughing, "you cannot suppose a great girl of fourteen could be guilty of such folly, I was not ten when I ran away."

"Innes," said my father, looking earnestly in my face, as if he would read there the effect his words produced, he sat a little higher up on the bank than I, and the moon shone full on my face, bathing my whole figure in a flood of light, so that the least change of countenance would be as easily seen as in the broad day. "Innes," repeated he, "in July last, my sister wrote to me, saying that she wished you to have a governess instead of going to school, and her principal reason for this was, that you had run away, and while you were at school, she could never feel secure of your not repeating the offence; that you were found by Captain Young in a farm

house, one or two miles out of town, where there were several young girls of your own age. To prevent a recurrence of this, Mrs. Young generously offered to board the governess, so that it would not cost me more than paying your school fees, these amounted to eighty guineas a year, and for that sum she undertook to obtain a person competent to instruct you in all the necessary branches of female education, adding that after what had taken place, referring to your having run away, she would not feel easy while you remained at school, at same time saying that it was the fear of punishment from your teacher for badly learned lessons, which induced you to take the step you had done. Mrs. Young cautioned me then, and again since my arrival, not to communicate to you my knowledge of the circumstance having taken place, as you seemed to have sincerely regretted your fault, and she considered it best for yourself, that you should not know I was aware of it. Innes," continued he, "this letter was the reason of my sudden return to Scotland. I had not finished reading it when my resolution was formed, to return at once, remove you from Peterstown, and have your education completed under my own eye, and I did not remain in Cuba one day longer than was necessary to a hurried arrangement of my affairs; it is because of my too precipitate departure that I told you last night I might have to visit Cuba next spring; and now, darling, I wish you to tell me all this story exactly as you recollect it to have happened, what led to your being tempted to take such a step; you will also tell me where you were during those two days, and, as far as you can recollect, every word you heard spoken and every one you saw. I am truly glad you have spoken to me on this subject, it has frequently made me feel uneasy since my return, but owing to my promise to my sister, and the confidence I placed in her

better judgment of the effect it might have on your mind, I dared not broach it myself."

"Well, papa, when I came to live with aunt, after grandmama's death, I was very unhappy from many causes, my aunt seemed so severe and my cousins so ill tempered. I dare say a great deal of this was my own fault; Miss Davidson told me that when I became older I would see that it was so in some measure, and I have done so already; since you came home my cousins have never quarrelled with me once, or my aunt scolded me, and I have thought that the reason is, I am so happy I never feel or look cross, and so it does not make them cross to look at me as it used to do. When I came first I used to cry every day, sitting in my own room, so that I could not learn my lessons or do anything right. Katie you know was the little girl in grandmama's, and aunt took her because she was so quick. Well, Katie used to come up to my room to try to comfort me, but no one could do that, I was too miserable; cousin Margaret used to call me Miss Bleareyes, because my eyes were always red and sore from weeping, and often gave me many hard slaps at once on the head, as she said, to give me cause for crying. One day I had a whole strip of dictionary to learn, I fancied I could not learn it, so I did not try; I well remember now the first three words were centrifugal, centuple, centuriator, (I had to learn it all in several fits of crying afterwards): Miss Margaret called me three times to repeat my lesson, and each time I was sent to my seat in disgrace; the third time she warned me that if I could not repeat the whole in half an hour, she would send for Captain Young to punish me; he had punished me once before, and when she laid her watch upon the table I felt so terrified that I tried to learn as earnestly as I could; but was too much frightened to learn

then, besides my lesson was too long for such a short time, and I had never been accustomed to learn spelling from a dictionary ; the half hour passed, I was called to the table and Miss Margaret asked every word in succession to the bottom of the page, the smaller words I could spell, the others I could scarcely pronounce, when she had gone over them all she asked me if I thought I deserved to be punished. I was shaking with fear and could not answer, but I knew that in school I was a good speller and always kept at the head of the class. I think my silence increased her anger ; she came close to where I stood, and pointing her finger in my face, said ‘ you are the worst tempered, the most ignorant, and obstinate girl I ever knew, you conquered your grandmother, but you will not conquer me ;’ she then rang the bell and returned to her seat ; the servant was sent to the garden for Captain Young, whence he came, very angry to be disturbed from his favourite pursuit.

“ ‘ What’s the matter now,’ said he, hurriedly, looking hot and angry. Miss Margaret repeated all that had taken place, she did not alter anything, just told the simple truth, adding, ‘ Innes Dundas is the most ignorant and obstinate girl I ever met with, and unless her bad temper and laziness are cured she will go to ruin ; I would risk anything on Isabella’s learning that lesson in fifteen minutes.’

My father here interrupted me saying :

“ Isabella Young is your senior by five years, she has often walked in her father’s garden holding by my hand the year before I married, and must have been at the time you speak of fifteen years old ; go on with your story my child.”

“ When Captain Young entered I was sitting in the window recess, again trying to learn my lesson, my head resting in the corner formed by the window frame and the wall.

Captain Young did not speak to me, but coming up to where I sat, gave me a violent blow on the head dashing it against the wall."

Even now, and it is in the far past, many long years ago, I can clearly recall to mind the look of constrained fierceness with which my father bit his lip, while his forehead was suffused with a red glow, conspicuous enough in the bright moonlight, as he again said "go on."

"I flung my book on the floor, and escaping by running below his arm, flew to the other side of the room; I did not utter a word, but I was almost stupid with the blow he gave me.

"'Aye,' said he, looking after me, 'that's not enough is it? you're cantankerous are you? i'cod you shall have it to your heart's content,' and stooping down he lifted up the dictionary, and coming to the corner where I stood as close to the wall as I could possibly squeeze myself, he struck me twice on my head with the dictionary, each blow making the other side come in contact with the wall, and repeating twice as he did so, 'stare at me again, with your wild cat eyes will you.' I think pain and terror made me crazy, I screamed out with all my might, 'my God, my God,' and I wished that God would send His angel to kill Captain Young for striking me so.

"Margaret came up to her father and said, 'that is enough, papa, leave her alone now, perhaps she will be a better girl for the future.'

"It did not make me better then, I hated them both, and I fear I will never be able to love them, although I have promised Miss Davidson offer to try it."

"Go on, tell me how you ran away," said my father, in a voice so different from his usual gentle tone that it made me start; observing this, he drew me towards him and folded me

gently to his breast, saying, "darling, darling, how senseless I was to have left you among them so long; now tell me the rest of your sad story."

"Miss Margaret desired me to go to my room and remain there for two days; I did as I was bid, and when I reached my room I sat down on the floor and cried. In the afternoon Katie came to give out my clothes for the wash, and started at seeing me sitting on the floor, with my face swollen and red. I had ceased crying, but I did not rise from the floor.

"'Miss Innes,' said she, 'whatever are you doing here? I thought you had gone to Norton Lodge with Mrs. Young and the young ladies; they have gone there to spend the day, what is the matter? tell me.'"

"I told her all that had happened; and more, I told her I was so miserable that if I knew how to kill myself I would do so.

"'You are very foolish, Miss Innes,' said Katie, 'your papa is a rich gentleman, much richer than Captain Young, and when your education is finished, he will come and bring you away from this altogether; come here to the window, and I will show you the place whence the ships sail from that go to the West Indies, where your papa lives.'

"Thus summoned I was not long in joining Katie at the window, where she stood looking out.

"'You see the Hill of Barr there, Miss Innes?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, down at the bottom of the Hill of Barr, on the other side, is the harbour where all the West Indian ships sail from, and in a year or two, you will be going over the Hill, and off from the harbour there, in a bigger ship than ever comes to this port, sailing to Cuba to keep your papa's house there.'

" 'Is it far to the Hill of Barr,' I asked.

" 'Yes, very far, but that's nothing, you will go in the mail coach; you remember the coach that goes out every morning by Hillside? we used to watch for it and count the number of people on the top, don't you recollect how the guard used to blow his horn, with his scarlet coat and its great big capes; but I must go and get you something to eat.'

" She brought me some bread and cheese, but my head still ached with the blows I had received, and I had cried too much to feel hungry.

" 'I must go, Miss Innes,' said Katie, 'I have all the silver and knives to clean, but when they are done I will come up again; it is very wicked of Miss Margaret to confine you to your room, it was punishment enough to leave you at home when they have all gone to Norton Lodge; Captain Young is at home or else you might go to the garden now; did you say she is to keep you in all day to-morrow?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well she can't; you always rise at six, and they never leave their beds till nine, so you can go to the garden and play all the morning there, and gather apples and pears, and they will never know anything about it.'

" 'I don't want to go to their nasty garden, and I would not have their apples or pears either.'

" Katie sighed as she left the room, saying 'it's a great pity your grandmama died.'

" At another time this allusion to my grandmother would have made me cry bitterly, but I was thinking then whether I could not walk to the other side of the Hill of Barr, no matter how far off it was; I had been reading the Exiles of Siberia, and when I thought of the many leagues of frozen



snow traversed by Elizabeth, it seemed an easy thing for me to walk along the Hillside road, and through the woods of Barr, where I had been more than once when grandmama took me to spend a day in the country; I knew the way to the cottage where we used to get milk, and the people there would show me the way leading to the road that crossed the Hill; I had heard long ago that the Hill of Barr was twenty miles off, but what was twenty miles? oh, I was determined to go, and when I arrived at the ships I would search for the best tempered looking captain, and I would tell him that my papa was Mr. Dundas, of Havana, Cuba, and then I was sure he would take me out to you; and that you would be very glad when I came, and very angry with Captain Young and Miss Margaret both for being so wicked. The greatest difficulty was in getting out of the house; I formed lots of plans for accomplishing this, and then discarded them, I knew I would be found out.

“In the evening Katie brought me some tea, and bread and butter, taking from her pocket some cakes she had bought for me herself.

“‘They are all come home,’ said she, seating herself on my trunk, while I drank my tea at the toilet table. I was in better spirits now thinking of going off to Cuba, and although my head felt sore to the touch, it did not ache as it had done in the forenoon.

“‘The mistress, and the young ladies, and Mr. George,’ continued she, ‘are all going to a grand pic-nic, at the Gaerstairns Rocks to-morrow, they are going off at nine o’clock, and the family at the Lodge are going too; they are all to return here to tea, and we are to have a grand tea at seven o’clock, to-morrow evening, in the big drawing room; so Miss Innes, I think I will tell Mrs. Young that you are very

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sorry you did not get your lessons, and that you are going to be good now, and then I'll ask her to take you with them.'

" 'No, you needn't, Katie, I wouldn't go, I hate them all, and I'll never go any way with them again.'

" 'Well, Miss Innes, you can go out and play in the garden before breakfast, they'll never hear of it, and you'll be sure to grow sick if you stay here all the time.'

" 'Katie,' said I, thinking of my expedition to Cuba, and that it would be a good way of getting away from the house, to go to the garden in the morning, 'if I go to the garden you wont tell the cook or Jane will you?'

" 'No indeed, Miss Innes, I wont tell anybody, but be sure you come in when you hear eight o'clock strike on the town cloc they will be up early to-morrow, and you know Miss Margaret is very wicked when her orders are disobeyed.'

" 'Well, I'll go out whenever I rise, but I wont stay long in the garden, Katie.'

" I had made up my mind in a few minutes that this was the best way for me to get away from the house.

" Next morning I dressed myself immediately on awaking, and putting on my cape and hat, I took my coral beads and a little china box (given me by grandmama), from my trunk, and put both in my pocket, but there was something else I wanted to take with me that was not so easily managed. I could not think of leaving my doll behind, I had never been allowed to play with her since I came to live with aunt, Miss Margaret said I was too old to trifle my time with dolls. I knew if I was gone poor Gulnare would soon be broken in pieces; the only day I ever took her down stairs, Isabella tore her hair off and nearly broke her arm, she said it was in fun, but I did not like that fun; I rolled her up in two pocket-handkerchiefs, and brought her with me under my cape, and

I put the bread and cheese Katie had brought me the day before in my pocket, and walked down stairs.

“Maida was in the lobby; I called her to me very softly, and we went out by the back door into the garden. It was then I thought for the first time that perhaps the garden door would be locked; I trembled as I thought of it; I went so swiftly and yet so quietly along the gravel walk, not daring even to speak to Maida; when I came to the back gate the key was in the lock, and it was not even turned, only barred in the inside! Oh! I was so happy, my heart beat so quick, I opened the gate, and when Maida and I were outside, closed it behind me very softly. I never turned to look round until we were down Bridge Street, across the green banks and along the bridge. When I found we were safe on the other side I laughed aloud. ‘Come on Maida,’ said I, ‘we shall have a run,’ and off we both started to try a race, as we used to do at Hillside; we ran until we were at the willows beyond the mill; we sat down to rest there and eat our bread and cheese. Maida took a drink from the mill-burn, and I found a spring close by the banks, where a little girl came to draw water; I asked her to show me where the Mill road joined the Hillside road, and she left her bucket by the spring and came a long piece to show me the way; she said she was sorry that her mother was from home, or she would have gone a mile with me; before she went back after bringing me to the Hillside road, I shewed her my doll, and while we rested, she and I undressed Gulnare, and dressed her again, she had never seen a doll that could open and shut her eyes, and she was so astonished. Oh! she is such a nice little girl, she told me that she was Brown the barley miller’s daughter; I would like to go and see her, papa.”

“You will go and see her before we leave Peterstown, and

as she is now too old for a doll, you will bring her any other present you like ; go on with your story, it is getting to be a little more pleasant now."

"After the little girl left us, Maida and I turned once or twice to look back at her, and there she was every time either looking at us or just turning to look ; but a little further on, we came to where the road turns at Lord Frankford's porter lodge, and we could see her no more.

"I found lots of raspberries and brambles, and while I picked them, Maida stood looking at me and wagging her tail so patient ; we walked on a long way, Maida as good as could be, never running off, but keeping close by me, until we came to where the road borders on Lord Frankford's deer park, and there Miss Maida began to prick up her ears and snuff, and hold her head high up as if she was ready to jump over the fence. I was frightened enough you may be sure, so taking her head between my hands, I looked in her eyes and said 'Maida, you must stay with me,' two or three times over. Poor Maida shut her eyes and looked quite submissive, but I still feared lest she would run after the deer, so I took my pocket handkerchief and tying one corner to her collar, I kept the other in my hand, leading her all the way till we were past the park and out of danger.

"I climbed one or two trees and filled my pocket with roddens and maple berries ; Maida ate some, she was getting hungry as well as I.

"We walked a long way past the farm house at the ruins of the old castle of Inch Braken ; I had often been there for a drive with grandmama, the people there used to supply us with butter and eggs. I would have liked to go in to rest, for I was very tired, but I was afraid of doing so, in case they might be in Peterstown, and tell my aunt the way I had gone, ere I could reach the other side of the Hill of Barr.

“So we walked on and on until we came to the other side of Inch Braken and into the Barr woods ; when we had come nearly to the end of the first wood, (the fir wood you know) it was getting very dark ; I did not know what to do, I was afraid to remain in the woods all night, for fear of robbers or wild beasts ; I was so silly ; then I began to think, perhaps, the woods were full of bears and lions, and that they would rush out of their caves at night and devour Maida and I at a mouthful ; then the woods became so dense I could scarcely see the path, and every now and then I heard a strain of music as if it was borne on the wind ; each time we heard it, it seemed to come nearer and nearer. I knew Maida noticed it as well as I, when the music came she stopped and listened. I was terribly frightened, it was so dark now, no moon, not even a star, and the wild music seemed to come nearer with every gust of wind. I thought of the music Beauty’s father heard in Beauty and the Beast, and to banish my own terror, I began to sing as loudly as I could ; an owl hooted in reply, and flew with a flapping noise from one tree to another. I was ready to sink with fear, when a few steps further on, brought us in front of a lattice almost hid in leaves, from whence streamed a glow of ruddy light : I went to the window and looked inside ; there was a wood fire on the hearth from which the light came, as there was no candle in the room ; in front of the fire on the earthen floor stood a pot, from which a girl as big as myself and three younger children were eating potatoes, seasoning their meal with salt, which they took from a spoon placed on a chair beside the pot. I looked at them for a few minutes and then tapped at the window. They all came to the window, and then running out to the outside, they brought Maida and I into the house, and placing a stool for me by the pot offered me some potatoes. I was very glad to

eat, I was so hungry; and one of the children, a little boy, peeled some potatoes for Maida. We had not been there very long when the mother returned from a farm house in the neighbourhood where the girl told me she had gone to buy oatmeal. When the woman came, I told her we had eaten our supper of her potatoes, but I would give her my necklace or the china-box for what we had taken, and I shewed them to her, asking if we might remain there all night; she said she was glad I had taken my supper, they had plenty of potatoes in the field, and that she would not take any of my bonny things, as she called them; that I might stay all night and welcome; she tried the necklace on each of the children in succession, and then returned it to me, bidding me put it in my pocket and take care of it. She asked me where I was going?

“ ‘To the other side of the Hill of Barr to my papa.’

“ ‘You are a clever little woman,’ said she, ‘to go so far alone, but it is only eight miles from this to the other side, and I doubt ye’re come further than that; where do you come from?’

“ ‘From Peterstown.’

“ ‘Did you come from there to-day?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Ye’ve walked well, ye’ll easy get to the other side in good time to-morrow night.’

“ She made me a nice bed by spreading blankets on the top of a chest, and I slept soundly till late the next morning with Gulnare in my arms and Maida stretched on the floor at my side.

“ When I awoke all the children were running about outside and the mother making porridge for their breakfast; she gave me some porridge and milk, and I again wanted her to take

the box or at least some of the beads, but she laughed and would not take them, telling me I would come and see her when I was married and give her something then.

“The woman put a large piece of oaten cake in my pocket and Maida and I set off again. I forgot to tell you that the music we heard was from an Æolian harp that was fastened in the window of the cottage; the little girl shewed it to me hid among the honey suckle, next morning.

“When we left the cottage the children and their mother came all to the door, to bid us goodbye, and stood looking after us. We had only gone a few yards, when the woman called to me to stop, saying she would show me the most direct way through the woods to the other side of the Hill. While bringing me to the mail road between the woods, she asked me what house my papa lived in? Was it a house near the Hill?

“‘No, papa does not live there, I am going to the harbour on the other side of the Hill, where the ships sail from, that go to the West Indies.’

“‘To the harbour!’ said she, as if she were surprised, ‘I never was at the harbour, I did not know there was one, it must be a good ways from the Hill; the river Barr that runs by the Hill, would scarce float a boat let alone a ship, but the harbour maybe is five or six miles from the Hill, where the river joins the sea; you wont get there to-night, so it will be best for you to stay all night at Mr. Scott’s farm house, it is just on the main road, a little bit after you leave the woods; the wood is seven miles long, because the road goes winding round the Hill, and that’ll be far enough for you to go to-night and if you tell Mrs. Scott that the forester’s wife at the Fir-wood bade you go there she’ll be glad to see you.’

“She was such a kind woman, papa, and seemed so anxious

I should not lose my way, and fed Maida so kindly ; I thanked her once or twice, when she turned to leave me after bringing us to the mail road.

“ ‘ You are but a little thing to be so far from home alone,’ said she, when bidding me goodbye, ‘ but you seem very wise and the worst of the way is over now ; you’ll be sure and not go in among the trees again, keep the high road till you come to Mr. Scott’s, the garden gate is just on the road, you can’t miss it ; goodbye my little woman, goodbye doggie.’ ”

“ We kept by the road between the woods, as the woman bid me ; we had such a happy day ; the bread she put in my pocket was quite enough for Maida and me both ; there were lots of berries on each side of the road, and plenty of roddens and maples upon the trees ; the little path at the side of the road was so soft and green, as if it was half moss, and was not often trod on ; such beautiful flowers too, digitales, bluebells, and such heather, some of the stems covered with their tiny little bells to the depth of half my finger ; I gathered a bunch as big as Maida’s head.

“ We only saw two people all that day, two gentlemen who passed on horseback ; I was sitting on the bank dressing Gulnare, with Maida lying at my feet, and they bowed as they passed. Gulnare’s clothes got so rumpled I had to take them off twice, and dress her tidy again ; we did not see the mail coach, it must have passed before we were on the road. I tire you papa.”

“ No, darling, I never was so interested in a story in all my life long : go on.”

“ Well, it was getting dark by the time we came to the farm house, it had a white gate in front, I opened it and went to the house door and tapped ; a boy came to the door and brought me into a large kitchen with a great blazing fire,



where they were all sitting at tea; I said what the woman of the cottage bid me, and Mrs. Scott told me I was very welcome, bidding me put my hat and cape on the bed inside in the inner room, and come beside her to have some tea. What nice tea and fresh butter, and scones and eggs; we never have such nice teas in town. I had Gulnare on my lap, Mrs. Scott looked at her and laughed, bidding me put her to bed as she would be tired; I gave Mrs. Scott my flowers, and she had them put in a tumbler on the table; we sat a long time at tea, they were all so good tempered and pleasant; Mr. Scott was such a jolly big man, he said so many funny things and made us all laugh so much; they had such a dear baby too, so fat and white, it came to me at once and sat on my knee; I never had a baby on my knee before, and when his mother took him to give him his supper of bread and milk, he crowed so loud and laughed with dimples in his fat cheeks. We did not move from table after tea; the girl had just begun to take away the things, I was sitting opposite the window, I heard some one speak outside, I looked up, and there with their faces close to the glass looking in at me, were Captain Young and George! I screamed aloud, and ran to the other side of Mrs. Scott, beseeching her to save me, and holding by her gown. But in a moment they were both inside the house, Captain Young's face red and swollen, as it is when he comes home from a dinner party. With two or three great strides he came and seized me by the arm, calling out so loud, 'Well, madam, I've caught you at last, you've been on the tramp, have you?'

"I was so terror stricken I could do nothing but cling to Mrs. Scott and scream out 'Save me, save me.'

"'I'll save you, you hussy,' said he, and with his clenched hand he gave me such a blow that my head struck against

Mrs. Scott's as I stood clinging to her gown. 'The Lord guide us a'; is the man mad to strike a bairn that gait; cry to your father, Jean,' said Mrs. Scott, but she had scarcely spoken the words when Mr. Scott came in; by this time Captain Young was dragging me by one arm towards the door, while I screamed and held by Mrs. Scott's dress, she endeavouring to stay my progress by holding one of her arms round my waist, the other being occupied with the baby.

"'What's ado now? leave the bairn alane, wha are ye?' said the farmer, all in one breath, laying hold of Captain Young and barring his passage to the door as he spoke

"'Captain Young laid aside his rudeness in a moment and replied in a quiet though determined tone:

"'I am Captain Young from Peterstown; this young lady is my wife's niece, who prefers wandering about the country begging her food, to remaining quietly at school; she is a limb of the devil if ever there was one.'

"'She's no like it,' said the farmer.

"'No,' responded his wife, 'but some ither body is. I never got sic a hard chap in my life as the noo when he struck her head against mine.'

"'Tramp, madam, tramp,' broke in Captain Young, again seizing me by the arm.

"'Oh! save me,' cried I clinging in agony to the farmer who was now close beside me. 'That man nearly killed me the day before yesterday. Oh let me stay with you and papa will pay you anything you like, indeed he will.'

"'Tramp, you lying hussy,' vociferated Captain Young, again laying hold of my arm which the farmer had released from his grasp, 'and for you my man,' continued he turning to Mr. Scott, 'I warn you, I am a justice of the peace,

and if you keep this girl in your house in hopes of getting money you'll find yourself in the county jail in twelve hours hence; three months in jail would help you on with your crops.'

"On hearing this the farmer drew back, but his wife said: 'You're a wicked auld man, whether you're a justice or no.'

"He took no notice of her, but lifting me up notwithstanding my struggles and screams threw me into a carriage that stood at the gate, and in which he had come to the hill, saying as he stepped in after me:—'Curse you; hold your tongue or I'll have you gagged as all liars should be. I nearly killed you did I? i'faith I'll make your words good before you sleep.' The farmer's wife came with my hat and cape, and wished to put them on, saying 'keep up your heart my dear, he dare nae kill ye; he would be hanged if he did.'

"He pulled the things from her, and threw them into the opposite corner of the carriage, calling to the post-boy to drive on, but before the horses moved, Mrs. Scott had time to give me Gulnare, having brought her along with my hat and cape. The moment he saw the doll, he snatched at its head, and threw it to the other side of the road with a great oath; just then he observed Maida for the first time, and calling to George, who was beside me in the carriage, 'collar that young thief,' he was out in the road in a moment, and had possession of the post-boy's whip, trying to whip Maida; but Maida made one bound and was over the ditch and back into the wood, while he stood on the road swearing, and looking at the place where she disappeared.

"He was soon in the carriage again, and as he sat down gave me two great kicks on the ankles, I screamed out more from terror than pain, although the blows from his great thick boot were sore enough; he closed his fist and put it to

my face, pinning my head to the back of the carriage, saying in a low voice that made my flesh quiver :

“ ‘ By the Lord, if I hear another word out of your ugly mug, I’ll dash your brains out.’ ”

“ I was sitting with my back to the horses, and as long as the house was in sight I saw by the light streaming through the open door, the farmer, his wife and children, all standing on the road, outside the gate, looking after the carriage, their faces sympathising with me, which was all the kindness they dare show.

“ I became sick, sitting with my back to the horses ; I always do, and Captain Young knew that, because he often heard my aunt say it was on that account she could never take me to drive, as it was not proper for a little girl to sit in the place her elders should occupy ; so, very soon, I was so sick that I began to reach, I could not help it. Oh, I could not help it, and I did try so hard not to reach. He roared out, with a voice like thunder, to the driver to stop, and taking me by the back of the dress, just below the waist, threw me out in the road ; calling to the man ‘ to lift that abominable spueing thing up with him on the dickey, and to take care he brought her home, alive or dead, no great consequence which.’ ”

My father pressed me closer to his breast, and putting his lips to my forehead, said, “ My God what a life my darling has been leading, while I, poor foolish man that I was, thought that by making money I ensured your happiness and lived for you alone.”

I did not resume my story for a few minutes, I felt so happy, his arm round my waist, my head resting on his shoulder, I hated to speak of that miserable time.

At last papa said, “ Go on, how did my sister receive you ? ”

“When the carriage stopped in front of the door, my aunt and cousins came rushing to the steps. ‘Where did you find her?’ seemed to burst simultaneously from all their lips, but no one replied; George alone came out of the carriage. I thought Captain Young had died of passion, and I felt so glad he could never beat me any more; George lifted me down saying, ‘come along Miss Runaway,’ and placed me on the step beside my aunt.

“‘Where in the world did you go to? what on earth could have tempted you to run away?’ said my aunt, taking hold of my arm, and shaking me as she spoke, ‘you are the most incorrigible child,’ continued she, ‘I ever knew; what will your father say to this conduct when he hears of it?’

“‘I don’t care,’ said I, ‘I wish I was dead, I know papa would never wish me to be beat, and tormented as I am.’

“As I spoke, Captain Young, who had been asleep, and only awoke when the carriage stopped, came towards the door, muttering some imprecation against me. I flew screaming to the shelter of the shrubbery (ere he could reach the steps where my aunt stood), and running a little way back towards the garden, I crouched down behind a thick barberry bush. Captain Young called to George to bring me into the dining room, saying, ‘She told a parcel of lies to the people she was with, and by my faith I’ll make her words good, she sha’nt go tramping round the country black-guarding me and my family for nothing, the lying hussy that she is, I’ll give her what she’ll remember to the last day she has to live.’

“George did not seem to like the job assigned him, as he went into the house at once, and a few minutes after, I heard him open the window of his own room, which was in the third storey, at the end of the house where I lay hid; I knew it was him by his singing.

“My aunt called to Katie and Jane to come and find me ; she and my cousins went into the house.

“The girls searched through the shrubbery once or twice, and every time, passed by the bush in which I was hid ; but it was so thick, and the night, although not very dark, was not light enough for them to discover me in my black frock.

“I heard Katie say to Jane, ‘I will go in for a lantern, we’ll soon find her with it.’

“When I heard them go away, I covered my head with my cape, which George had given with my hat to the driver when his father threw me from the carriage, and putting all my hair inside, I drew the cape round my face, leaving nothing bare except my eyes. Jane and Katie soon came back with the lantern, and peeping out I saw them searching through the shrubbery, going round every bush ; they went several times past the bush I was in, so close I could have touched them ; it is one of the large bushes close to the courthouse wall, I’ll show it to you to-morrow. ‘She’s not here,’ said Katie, ‘I am sure she went round this way, and then back to the gate behind the bushes while we were looking for her ; poor little Miss Innes, its two days to her ; she was made such a pet of by her grandmama.’

“I did not hear Jane’s answer ; they went round by the garden, I was very glad of that ; hearing Katie speak of grandmama made me cry so, I was afraid they would hear me sob. A little afterwards they went into the house, but returned in a few minutes ; when they came out again, my aunt, Miss Young, and Miss Margaret accompanied them, going round the shrubbery a second time with the lantern, beginning at the side opposite to where I was hid. They were all talking loudly but I could not distinguish what they said. I almost shook with fear as they came close by the

bush, and my aunt and cousins sat down on the iron seat, just at my side, I was not a foot from where they sat.

“ ‘ I wish to goodness,’ said my aunt, ‘ she would turn up, I cannot go to bed till I see her inside the house, and I am tired to death, it is past ten.’

“ ‘ I am sure, ma’am,’ said Katie, ‘ she is not in the shrubbery, Jane and I think she went out at the gate.’

“ ‘ Nonsense,’ replied Miss Margaret in an angry tone, ‘ did I not tell you that I kept my eye on the gate all the time, because I suspected she would try to escape that way ; she went past this very seat, and down by the side of the house, to the garden. I should not wonder but she is there now, she can climb fences well, or any other Tom-boy trick ; poor grandmama has much to account for in allowing that girl to grow up as she has done.’

“ ‘ Hush, Margaret,’ said my aunt, ‘ don’t speak of the dead in that way ; your grandmother did not know her, that girl is so full of tricks she would deceive an angel ;’ she then turned to the servants saying, ‘ go to the garden and search every corner, you’ll most likely find her in the summer house.’

“ ‘ My poor dear mother had such a desire to see everyone happy,’ said my aunt, again addressing Margaret, ‘ that by her indulgence she increased the naturally bad disposition of that stubborn girl.’

“ ‘ That will be a poor excuse at the day of judgment,’ replied Miss Margaret, ‘ when we must all give an account of our sins of omission ; although my opinion of that girl’s hereafter is summed up in very few words : “ The thing that dieth let it die.” We know there are vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, and if I have only seen one of these, she is that one.’

“ ‘ She is certainly as like her mother,’ said my aunt, ‘ in

mind as in body, the same colourless hair, the same brickdust complexion, and the same deceitful, mischief-making nature. My brother never was the same to me after his marriage; I am sure I was very glad when I heard of her death, she was never fitted for a wife to my brother, and the sooner that unfortunate girl follows her the better. I wish to goodness she was dead, I have had one trouble after another with her ever since she came into the house. It is really monstrous to think of her being the cause of keeping the whole family out of their beds until this hour of the night, and on such a cold night too, it might be the cause of our death.'

" 'Poor little thing, she must be cold enough,' said Miss Young. 'I am shivering with this thick shawl, and she has only a muslin frock and cape.'

" 'She deserves to feel the effects of her own bad conduct, to think of a brat like that, occasioning all this trouble, it is really too bad.'

" 'Well, mama, it was too bad of papa to beat a little thing like her so hard, you may be sure she is frightened enough before she would stay out on a dark night like this; George says he beat her in the farm house, and that he threw her out of the carriage because she was sick.'

" 'Anne!' said Miss Margaret, speaking in a slow severe tone, 'I am perfectly astonished to hear you speak of your father like that; papa did exactly as he ought to have done, when he corrected her in my presence, and I have no doubt he behaved with equal moderation to-night; it is certainly very annoying for a man at papa's time of life to be obliged to go driving through the country after a little runagate like that; there is no one knows her as I do, and I must say, were it not from a sense of duty, I could not have put up with her perverse ways as I have done, and now, nothing would persuade me to teach her another day.'



“ ‘You are very foolish then,’ said my aunt, ‘it is forty pounds good found money to you, and most people would put up with a good deal of trouble for forty pounds.’

“ ‘As to trouble, I do not object to that; we were sent here to lead active lives, and I have never shrunk from my duty, and never shall, but that girl has been as an evil spirit to me, she has made me commit more sin in the last month than in all my previous life; it is not my duty to expose myself to such evil influences, and I will not do so.’

“ ‘I should like to know,’ said Miss Young, ‘what evil influence a poor little wretched thing like Innes could exert on a strong-minded woman like you, Margaret; I remember well getting a beating from papa when I was a little girl like her, I have forgotten the sin that led to the punishment, long ago, but I never forgot the punishment, and I never loved the punisher too well since.’

“ ‘As Miss Young finished speaking, the girls returned, saying they had searched ineffectually in all parts of the garden, there was no one there,

“ ‘I don’t believe she is here at all,’ said Miss Young, ‘in her light clothes she would be starved to death. She has got out at the gate at one time or another, that is clear, perhaps she is in Miss Davidson’s, where she used to go to school.’

“ ‘Go, Katie, across to Miss Davidson’s,’ said Mrs. Young, ‘if there is light in the windows ask to see Miss Davidson, and inquire of herself if Miss Innes is there.’

“ ‘The girl went as she was desired: and turning to her mother, Miss Margaret said,

“ ‘Come into the house, mama, it won’t bring her one moment sooner that we starve ourselves until midnight out here.’ And rising from the garden chair she went into the

house, followed by Mrs. and Miss Young; Jane, the chambermaid carrying the lantern in front.

“A little after, Katie came back from Miss Davidson’s, went into the house and shut the hall door. I was not cold as Miss Young said I would be, but I felt very much frightened out there in the dark (the night was very dark now), without Maida or Gulnare, or any body; I cried when I thought of Gulnare, I knew Maida would come back, but I knew also I would never see Gulnare again; I thought of what I heard my aunt say when she wished I was dead, and I myself wished the same. The Sunday previous, in the psalms for the day, were these words ‘free among the dead.’ When I heard this read, I wondered what could be the meaning of ‘free among the dead,’ now I thought I knew the meaning well. The dead were free from cold and hunger, no one could frighten or beat them any more, grandmama was with the dead, and if I were with them I would be with her; I did not know much about prayer, but I had been accustomed to repeat the Lord’s prayer, morning and night, and I knew that God heard my prayer and could give me what I prayed for, I was too much afraid to move so as to kneel down, but I clasped my hands together and repeated the Lord’s prayer with my lips, and the prayer of my soul was that God would make me ‘free among the dead.’ The night had been getting darker for some time, and although the air was cold it felt close and oppressive, the way in which I sat crouched on the ground, the bush in front and around me with the high wall behind most likely added to the feeling; I had hardly finished my prayer when a loud peal of thunder almost startled me into a scream; another and another followed, and vivid zigzag lightning flashed around my head. I fancied God had answered my prayer in this way, and expected

every moment what I had heard of as a thunder bolt, would fall from the clouds and consume me; strong fear fell on my heart, not the fear I felt when struck by Captain Young, but a fear mixed with love of the hand that I believed was about to set me free among the dead. A large drop of rain fell on my upturned face, then one or two more, until at last the thunder rolled away, and away, fainter and fainter, dying among the hills in the distance, and the rain poured as if the fountains of the deep had been opened. In the midst of all the rain when it came heaviest and thickest, the shrubby gate opened, and the person who came in ran up the walk, leaving the gate open; the door bell was rung, and in opening it to the summons, I heard Katie say in a tone, loud from surprise, 'Miss Davidson in such a night.'

" 'Katie, has the child come home?'

" 'No, indeed, ma'am.'

" Miss Davidson went inside, but in a few minutes came out again, accompanied by Miss Young and Katie. I saw them all distinctly by the light of the hall lamp, which streamed through the open door, they stood in the portico talking to each other, but in low tones, so that I could scarcely hear what was said, only broken sentences,—'I trust in God she is not out in such a night—she will get her death.' As they spoke some one came in by the gate, and ran towards the portico,—up on the steps, it was Maida, she ran from side to side, her head down, sniffing about, in another moment she was beside me, her head on my lap, and my arms clasped round her; Miss Davidson called out to bring the lantern, 'Katie, the child is there, did you see the dog?'

" In a second or two all three were close beside us, looking down on Maida and me, Katie holding the lantern above our heads.

“‘My poor child, you’ll catch your death of cold,’ said Miss Davidson, trying to lift me up, but my limbs were too stiff with sitting in the cramped position I had been in for several hours, I could not move them.

“‘Lift her up, Katie,’ said Miss Young, ‘poor little thing, she has suffered enough out here in all the thunder and rain we have had to-night.’

“Katie lifted me up and was bringing me to the house, when I turned to Miss Young, beseeching her to let me stay and die where I was, and saying, ‘Captain Young will strike me on the head again with his great hand.’

“‘No, Innes, I will promise you faithfully, he will never strike you again, you will come in like a good child and be warmed and go to bed.’

“Miss Young has a strong will when she chooses to exert it; I do not know what magic she used, but she kept her promise. Captain Young never struck, or scarcely spoke to me again until the evening you came home, when in his surprise at seeing me dressed like other people, and taking me for a stranger he offered me a chair.

“Katie carried me into the house, and up to the attic room which was mine until the evening you came home so suddenly, surprising us all and giving new life to me. I was then put into the carpeted room with its pretty muslin curtained bed, I now occupy.

“When Katie placed me on the floor I could scarcely stand. Miss Young ordered Katie to bring hot water to bathe my feet and a warming pan for the bed.

“While I was seated with my feet in the warm water, Miss Young asked me what I meant to do when I ran away? or if I knew what I meant to do?

“‘I meant to go to papa.’

“ ‘ To your papa, my poor child, how was you to accomplish that feat ? ’

“ ‘ I was to go to the harbour where the West Indian ships sail from.’

“ ‘ And how were you to find it.’

“ ‘ That is very easy, I was very near it.’

“ ‘ Where is it ?’

“ ‘ At the other side of the Hill of Barr.’

“ ‘ What nonsense, Innes.’

“ ‘ Yes ; it is down where the river Barr joins the sea.’

“ ‘ Good gracious ! what could have put that nonsense in your head ? it would be most laughable were it not that it has occasioned so much trouble, and might have cost you your life, if you had remained all night in the shrubbery ; there is no harbour there, and if there were it would only be for fishing boats. Vessels for the West Indies sail from Glasgow more than a hundred miles from this.’

“ ‘ Oh ! Miss Young ; Miss Davidson is that true ? ’

“ ‘ The plain truth my child,’ said the latter.

“ Here were all my hopes of going to the West Indies dashed to pieces at a blow, and putting my arms round Maida’s neck, who stood by my side, I wept bitterly, bitterly. Katie brought me some warm ginger tea and I was put into bed, both the ladies kissed me, bidding me good night ; Miss Young telling me to fear nothing, she would be my friend and no one should ever beat me again. Saying something to Katie about a mattrass they went down stairs. Now that I was left alone I gave full vent to my grief. I knew all hopes of reaching you were gone ; even if I could again make my escape, I did not know the way, and those I asked would be sure to tell and so I would be found out ; Gulnare was lost to me for ever, I had only Maida now, and Captain Young

had sworn while in the carriage, that when she came back he would have her shot. I put out my hand and touched her as she lay by the side of my bed. 'Oh, Maida, you are there now, but to-morrow you will be lying dead in the yard.'

"I put both my hands on my face and cried out aloud in my misery, 'Oh! I wish, I wish I was dead;' the words uttered thus aloud seemed to have brought with them the idea how my wish could be accomplished. I remembered hearing of a woman who had two or three children, they were all starving with hunger, she killed them and afterwards hanged herself with an old ribbon; I had a pale blue sash in my trunk that was all faded and I only kept it because I liked to remember when I had worn it. I determined I would kill myself with the blue sash; Katie had forgotten to take away the lantern, and it made the room light enough for me to see my way to the drawer where the sash lay.

"As I left my bed I put my arms round Maida's neck and kissed her many times. She was very tired after running all that long way, but she rose up and came with me to the drawer looking in as if she wanted to see what I was going to do; I was crying all the time thinking of Maida lying dead in the yard, and when I took out the ribbon I tied it round my neck at once, for fear my courage would fail; I had just tied it tight round when Katie entered with a small mattress in her arms.

"'Whatever are you doing, Miss Innes, out of bed after your warm bath, you'll kill yourself,' said she.

"'That is just what I want to do, Katie,' replied I, 'Captain Young and all of them are too wicked. I want to die and be away from them; he threw away Gulnare, and he's going to shoot Maida to-morrow; I don't want to live alone by myself with such wicked people. If I am dead I'll go to Heaven with grandmama and Maida.'

“ ‘ Well, Miss Innes, I am sure Miss Young is not wicked, see how sorry she was for you to-night, and I heard her say to Miss Margaret not five minutes since when I was in the napery closet at the side of their room, taking out these blankets, that if ever you were ill used again she would write to your papa to take you away.’

“ ‘ But that won’t make Maida alive again, Katie, when Captain Young shoots her to-morrow.’

“ ‘ Captain Young shan’t shoot her, I am going to sleep in your room on this matrass and I’ll take her over to Miss Davidson’s at six in the morning and have her tied up in the stable ; if you like you can go over with her yourself. Captain Young never rises till nine o’clock, and I’ll tell Miss Young before that. I’ll warrant she’ll make it all right ; she and Miss Margaret had a regular stand up fight about you to-night, and Miss Young said it was a real shame the way you were used, and that it was your papa that was keeping up the family. But go to bed now, you’ll get your death of cold with your bare feet on the floor ; and why have you your old sash tied round your neck, have you a sore throat ?’

“ ‘ No, Katie, I was going to kill myself.’

“ ‘ My goodness, gracious me ! Miss Innes, that’s the real height of wickedness ; its only the wickedest people in the world that ever kills themselves ; do you know where the people that kills themselves go to ?’

“ ‘ To Heaven if they are good.’

“ ‘ No,’ replied Katie, with a vehemence I never saw her assume before ; ‘ never, never ; them that kill themselves will never enter heaven. The angels never come for them, but wicked spirits take them into a ship and they sail down to darkness ; and their bodies are buried in a corner of the church-yard among nettles and weeds where the sun never

shines, and the dogs howl as they pass by the place at night. And once every year at midnight, their poor, cold, wet ghosts come to the unblest corner where their bodies are buried and wander over it, weeping and wringing their hands; some with blood streaming from their necks; some that have hanged themselves with their heads hanging to one side, and them that poisoned themselves creeping on their hands and knees blind with the poison; and mind, that's not for one year, but for ever and ever and amen; you would be in nice company, Miss Innes.'

"A doubt of the truth of this horrible story never for a moment crossed my mind. I allowed Katie to take off the ribbon and put me to bed, clinging to her as if she was my guardian angel who had saved me from joining this band of lost ones.

"Next morning I was sent to Miss Davidson's school, and ever afterwards Miss Margaret took no more notice of me than if I was the kitten.

"Now, papa, I have told you all. I wished to do so from the first day you came, but some how I could not summon courage; I thought aunt had told you about my running away, although she assured me she had not done so, and only yesterday said that if ever you came to know it you would not have me to live with you; but I felt I could not be happy like that; it was so deceitful, it was better for me to brave all and tell you what I had done; I knew my aunt could not tell you about my trying to kill myself, no one knew that but Katie, and I was sure Katie had never told and never would."

"And now, Innes, you have told me all?"

"Yes, papa, all;" and as I said so I felt uncertain how he would look upon me now, a little afraid, my heart beat



quick, I could not read his face it seemed like a sheet of blank paper ; yet with all, a hardness in his lip and eye ; was that hardness for me ? My aunt had warned me he was of a stern unforgiving nature—I added, “ perhaps, papa, now you know all this it may make you feel differently towards me, but even if it should, it is better that you do know all, I could not live with the black shadow of that secret always above my head ; I was very little, and lonely, and friendless when I ran away. If Miss Young had been as kind to me before, as she has been since, I do not think I would have gone.”

“ Innes,” said my father “ you are dearer to me if possible than you were before ; but the revelation you have made has opened up a leaf in my own history as well as in yours that until now I have been reading in the dark and with the eyes of another ; my sister for years held the place in my heart next to your mother and yourself, I knew there was little softness in her disposition, but I believed her as honest as steel, and her letters led me to believe she looked upon you as her own child, even before you were intrusted to her care ; what a dupe I have been ; six years since, I bought and made her a present of the house they live in ; for five years back, I regularly sent her a hundred a year, and since my mother’s death I have paid a like sum for your board independent of your school fees, clothes and books, which have always amounted to another hundred ; and in doing this, I believed I was repaying her in some slight degree for the love and care which she lavished on you ; you have passed through a trying ordeal my child and you have come through it purified, and with a mind enlarged and elevated far above what most girls of your age possess ; I trust your future path will be as smooth and bright as your past has been rugged and dark ; but there is no phase in human life in which we are

exempt from trial, and when such assail you, you will then know the value of the strength and truth of mind you have acquired, although learned in so hard a school."

We both sat silent for a few minutes; what my father's thoughts were I could not divine, my own were all sunshine, my path on the uplands over daisied hillock and mossy fell, the warm air all around, with springs of crystal water giving back hill and dale in their clearness, no cloud in the sky, gold and grey in the east, purple and crimson in the west; the companion of my life one whose love was my earliest dream, with whom I was about to visit the classic ground of Europe; where martyrs bled and heroes fell; I was to be led by one whose mind was rich in all storied lore; the galleries of the continent where rest the glorious works in sculptor and painting of the masters who are, as well as of those who have passed away, were all to be opened to my gaze; my ear, so keenly alive to the luxury of sweet sound, was to listen to the strains of Gotschaff and Blumenthal in the music halls of their own land. And I, who for years back never had a sixpence of my own, who could only share my frugal lunch of bread and cheese, carried in a piece of newspaper to school, with the little shivering hungry thing, who day by day stood at the corner of the shrubby railing, that she might receive the morsel which by long use she claimed as her own, and a month ago when I gave her a shilling stared in mute surprise. I could now give as I pleased; he who supplied my purse gave as he loved, lavishly; I was so secure in my happiness, he who had brought all this flood of blessing was my own father, the one in whose life I was the lily and the rose; who in all the long years of absence that were past, had been toiling for me, ever looking forward with fond hope to the time when he would once more clasp me to his breast; the

only shadow on my path had passed away in bright sunshine. I had unfolded my dread secret, laid my life and heart in the past and present open to his gaze; and was assured in reply, not only that his love was unchanged, but that it was increased a hundred fold: this was my present; my future spoke of deeper draughts of joy, happiness yet untasted; and the end,—I thought not of that.

“Innes,” said my Father, at last breaking the silence, “I will go from Peterstown to-morrow by the mail that leaves for the south at five in the morning; I drew a hundred pounds to-day that you might buy watches for your cousins, and owing to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas from Lellery I was prevented from taking you out for the purpose; I will use that money for our journey, and on our arrival in Edinburgh you will send a handsomer watch to Miss Young than could be obtained here; you will request her to accept that from you as a slight mark of your gratitude, and when we reach London my lawyer shall remit her a more substantial token of my undying regard. The reason of my hurried departure is this, I could not with the knowledge I now possess of his character, persuade myself under almost any circumstances to sleep under the roof or eat at the table of Captain Young; and I do not wish to give food for village gossip by going to an hotel. On our return to the house you will desire Katie to pack your trunks and her own; his habit of going early to rest will fortunately spare me the necessity of a parting interview with Captain Young, which would have been a most unpleasant one for us both. I will see and bid good bye to my sister and her children; the rest of the night must be devoted to writing business letters, for which I had in my mind’s eye laid aside part of to-morrow and next day.”

Looking at his watch he added, “it is now within twenty

minutes to eleven, your story and the beauty of the night have between them beguiled me into late hours ; I will now pick a handful of sea daisies and we shall go." The broad full moon was now sailing in her quiet beauty high above our heads, the clear grey of the sky around her and to the west interspersed by heavy black clouds behind one of which every now and then the bonny lady moon would retire for a few minutes, as if to make us the more grateful and admire her the more when she again shone forth, shedding her silvery light on restless moaning sea, black rocks, and green table land.

" I will go nearer the edge of the cliff and find my daisies," said my father, as he rose, " but you must not rise from here, the freaks of the moon, as she plays hide and seek among those dark clouds make the top of the Elfin Kirk any thing but secure playground for your little feet."

" Kiss me then, papa, before you go," said I detaining him, and stooping down he pressed me to his breast and kissed my cheek ; I put my arms round his neck keeping him from moving, and said :

" I do not want you to go for these daisies, papa."

" Why, little fool ? "

" I do not know why, but I don't want you to go for them, I wish to go home," and I shuddered as we sometimes involuntarily do without any cause.

" My little one is cold ; we have sat too long by the seaside, and the air begins to feel chill ; sit down I will be back in a moment."

He went towards the edge of the cliff, picked a few daisies which he held up for me to see and again stooped down in search of others, the moon entered a cloud, her light a little shaded at first, and then very dark ; the shadow resting on the top of the cliff ; I looked up to the sky, she had but a

little way to go ere she would again emerge from the cloud, into the grey clear azure ; what is that ?—I started to my feet in dread unutterable,—a human voice—a single cry in agony of soul—a heavy body, falling, falling, over the jagged rocks—the table land is as light as day—merciful God ! my father is nowhere to be seen—he has fallen hundreds of feet over those dread rocks into the horrible abyss of the Elfin Kirk !

the cloud,  
to my feet  
in agony of  
red rocks—  
my father  
feet over  
n Kirk!

## CHAPTER II.

"Out and in by Aberdeen,  
It's fifty fathoms deep,  
And there fair Margaret sleeping lies  
Wi' the Scotch Lords at her feet."

WHETHER in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth, I remember neither sight nor sound, I saw no more, sea or sky, rocky height or pebbly beach, until I was sitting on the wet sea ware in the darkest nook of the Elfin Kirk, my father's head and shoulders clasped in my arms and resting on my lap.

How I came there, I knew not then, I know not now, whether I descended the rugged sides of the great rock or went a mile round by the path, I know not; wild as the thought is, I have ever believed the former, I could climb any tree, I was reckless in my despair, and my mind has an impression, as if of a flash from a wild dream, of hanging from one point of rock until my feet touched another. I know not the truth, and it matters not. I know very little of how I passed that dread night, I only know I shed no tear, I had none to shed.

I sat watching as well as the darkness would permit for the least movement of head or hand; once I fancied his fingers pressed mine just a little, and shortly after, I again thought I heard a faint sigh and that a slight breath passed over my cheek which lay by his. I replied to both as clearly as ever I repeated my lesson in school, and I spoke in his ear, words that I meant to be words of love and comfort, and I did so without an effort. God who knew the trial I was passing

through, hardened my heart that I might do His will. The town clock of Peterstown struck twelve, I counted each stroke of the bell, and wondered I could hear it there, so far away!

There was no sound or motion now save that of the waves as they came nearer and nearer, and dashed up the face of the rocks behind me in front of the Elfin Kirk; I knew that the great and wide sea was there, wherein were creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts, and I feared it not, if it came it would sweep us both, the dead and the living, into its great bosom, there we would sleep well, and together enter the land so very far off where there is no parting. I knew also that He who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, had set them their bounds which they could not pass.

The moon was sinking behind the rock, it was getting very dark, some creature came into the cave by the side on which we had entered it the evening before, it came towards us with a heavy step panting with every tread of its foot. I thought it must be some great sea monster, yet I scarcely feared it, death in any shape was preferable to life, I had only one duty to perform, one post to fill—I would never leave it—I was living on and resting in the strength sent me from on high, and He who helped me to enter the Elfin Kirk, enabled me to bear on. The creature came nearer and nearer, I thought of wild stories I had heard in my childhood, of sea wolves who rise from their green slimy homes under the great deep, and come borne on the top of the billows, to eat the flesh of dead men thrown from wrecked vessels on to the sea beach, and I shuddered, not for myself, but for the beloved one who lay in my lap. The creature was now at my side, close by me, I felt its touch, it was too dark to see anything now, it put its head close by mine, I knew then it was Maida! poor Maida

had sought me out, and come that she might watch my dead with me. The revulsion of feeling from that great fear to perfect safety was almost joy, one of my arms was under my father's head supporting it, the other lay across his shoulder, with the latter I clasped Maida round the neck and kissed her again and again.

She walked once or twice from my father's feet to where I sat, and back again, and then she lay down at full length close to papa, as if she would try to impart warmth to his dead limbs.

The waves were coming nearer, I was very conscious of that, although with my back to the sea I could perceive nothing, but the sound of the breakers as they dashed against the rocks outside the Kirk, was now much closer than when Maida entered the cave.

Maida rose and went to the entrance of the Kirk, I turned my head, following her with my eye; a faint streak or two of light in the east marked the approach of dawn. The sea was washing the rocks that formed the entrance of the Kirk; in one hour the cave would be full of water to the furthest nook, and by four o'clock we would be both washed out to sea. I feared it not, every hope in life had perished with him whose head lay so heavy and cold on my knee.

On reaching the outlet of the cave, Maida turned her head up to the eastern sky where the day was breaking, and howled piteously one long, loud, piercing cry, as if invoking the aid of some unseen one, and then coming swiftly back, she pulled me by the dress, and in every possible way evinced her desire to make me leave the cave, at last putting her nose under me and trying to raise me to my feet. The dawn had advanced rapidly, and the light from the front and top of the Kirk was sufficient for me to look in Maida's eyes, and so



holding her head in my hand, I looked in her eyes and said twice, "No, Maida, no." She did not wait a moment more, but bounding from my side and out of the cave, swam round the rocks nearest to the Links where the sea was deepest.

As she left me, I turned with a shudder from the fast encroaching sea that lay behind to what was my world, the face of my dead father lying in my lap in its still beauty.

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Two miles from Peterstown, a mile from the Elfin Kirk, where the sea comes in smooth as glass over the white sandy beach, and at high tide, almost touches the green links, there are three cottages such as belong to fishermen, each having a shed to draw the boat beneath when it wanted mending or chalking, or when the sea was too high and rough to trust it on the beach below. Two of them had fallen almost into ruins, their tenants left them years before, no one cared to be the neighbour of old John MacBeth; there were strange stories of a jewelled portrait which more than one had seen long ago, but they were old men, most of them dead now, and of late years no one seemed to know aught about it, and the young folk laughed and said it was a myth.

But the old fisher folk when they gathered round their peat fires of a wintry evening, the wild winds raving in fitful gusts above the cottage roof, and the waves roaring on the beach below, filling men's hearts with fear, spoke in low constrained tones, and with solemn faces, of the awful night on which thirty years before, the White Bear, East Indiaman, was wrecked on the Bar, and all on board perished in the sight of strong men, who were utterly unable to save them from that wild sea. And in lower whispers still they spoke of a young girl who more than one had seen (by the aid of a spy glass)

lowered down into John MacBeth's boat, but who never came to land. They could not be mistaken, they saw her well, in her white night garments. The boat was manned by John and his eldest son, Lewis, the father a strong man, not forty years of age then, for all he is so weak and bent and grey now; and the son though but a slight stripling was the handsomest fisher lad in all the seatown. Soon after they built those two cottages now almost in ruins, a little nearer to the Black Pots than the one John himself lived in. He had a wife and nine children then, handsome lads and bonnie lasses; but they are all gone—some in the deep sea, some in the green graveyard, but all gone from the old man's cottage home, which they were wont to make glad with their smiles and songs.

The cottage nearest to his own, he gave to that handsome son who manned the boat with him on the night the East Indian was wrecked. And Lewis brought there a gentle girl to be his helpmate; she was the daughter of a Dane, who in his youth found a wife in the seatown and settled down among her people; his child inherited the blue eyes and fair hair of his race, and the fisher folk called her Thaniel Mainie's bonny Mary. Soon there were two little boys in Lewis' cottage, making it ring with their mirth. The boys had the black curly hair and dark eyes of their father; their fair young mother used to laugh and call them her black boys, as she fondly kissed the father in each little face.

But this happiness did not last long; five years from the time when the White Bear was lost, on the very night, Lewis MacBeth and three of his brothers went down close by the Bar in the sight of the old man. And the young wife (as the fisher folk expressed it) never did good after, but sat at the cottage door, looking out on the sea that had taken from her, her young and handsome lover. One morning she was found

by her father-in-law cold and dead, sitting by the door, her large blue eyes wide open, as if they still looked on the sea. Thaniel Mainie came and took away her two boys, his wife was dead, and bonnie Mary was his only child, so he took his grand-children and returned to his own land, and John MacBeth saw them no more.

But long ere this sad tragedy was consummated, John had given his other cottage to his eldest daughter and her husband, a handsome fisher lad from the other side of the bay. Harry Watson was the luckiest fisher in all the seatown, he never lost his nets and they were always full; John made a grand wedding for his daughter; she had a silk dress, and gum flowers in her hair, and her bonnet, the like was never seen on a fisher girl before; and folks said, (they will be envious and talk) that all the money John MacBeth spent so freely on his children, had never come by selling fish, but for all that, those who spoke most, went with the rest to the wedding, ate of the good things, danced to their heart's content, and in claret wine that had never paid duty drank long life and happiness to the bonnie bride and her handsome bridegroom.

Time went on, and Nellie MacBeth had three little ones round her hearthstone, healthy fine children. Nellie herself was hearty and strong, full of life and happiness, she had the best and bravest husband in all the Links, one who never in all his life had lifted a glass of whiskey to his lips, who on the night of his wedding feast, when wine, and rum, and brandy flowed like water, would neither taste the soul poison (as he called it) himself, or allow his new-made wife to do so; and the fisher folk laughed when they heard that Nellie MacBeth had promised Harry Watson never to taste whiskey herself, or keep it in her house; for all the neighbours knew that John

MacBeth loved his glass, and so did his sons, and they did not spare to say that Janet, John's wife, could take a glass herself when she liked, and when the men folk were from home, as well as any wife in the seatown; and the young lasses shook their heads and said that Nellie MacBeth would never keep her promise; but she did keep it, and there was more mirth and song in Harry Watson's cottage than in any fisher house on the links.

Two years after Thaniel Mainie had taken away his grand-children, and strangers had gone to the other cottage and left it, (the fisher folk thought it an unlucky house, folk didna thrive there) and it was empty, Nellie went down to the sandy beach to bathe her three children. The two boys were sturdy fellows, and could bathe themselves, and she herself would put off her shoes and stockings and go in with the baby. The sea was as clear as glass, scarce a ripple came from the retreating tide, it was true the tide was going back but Nellie thought there was no danger, she would not allow them to go farther in than up to their knees. There they are, the chubby strong fellows, up and down and even over the head they go. John MacBeth laughs with joy to see them sporting there in the sunny sea; as he stands smoking his pipe in his own cottage door, how they splash the water into each others faces, run about and duck down in the warm smooth sea. Ha! Johnny is trying to swim, and Alec too, the brave little fellows, won't they be fine fishermen yet?

Nellie looks up from the baby whom she has just been dipping over head, and laughs at their first attempts, calling to their grandfather to observe them; the delighted old man nods in reply; she'll make them swim like that to-morrow when their father comes home, won't he be surprised when he sees them trying to swim? The big boys, they don't look

like boys of four and six, but like six and eight. She wonders what their grandfather thinks as he stands in the door, his eyes never for one moment removed from the little bit of sea where they plunge, about as if they were half fishes. He takes his pipe from his mouth, and puts his head inside the door.

“Come here, Janet, and see this, ye never saw the like o’t. Johnny and Alec are swimmin’ maist as weel as mony a grown man can do.”

Janet obeys the summons. “They are cannie little chaps,” she says, as she shades her eyes with her hand to enable her to look on the bright sunny sea;—“Weel, that is it! They’re rowan about like twa buckies.”

“The Lord preserve us!” they both exclaim with one breath, as they run with frantic speed down to the beach. The boys have been drawn out by the retreating wave, and their mother is hurrying after them! John MacBeth throws his fisher’s coat on the sand, and rushes in frenzied haste after his offspring, he will save them, he is a strong man, and a famous swimmer, and Nellie has known the sea all her life, and is strong and brave; vain strength, vain endeavour, he swims as never man swam for his life, vain haste—they are all, children and mother, a mile out at sea by this time; when they come back, if they ever come, they will be cast upon the beach, dead, dead.

The passers by came, and one told another that Harry Watson’s wife was drowned, and all her children, her gude-man would come home at night wi’ the boat, and the cottage would be large and empty, who among them would meet him with the news; who, indeed! some one must go for the minister; he can best tell the tale and give consolation, such as it is.

The neighbours tried to win John MacBeth and his wife home to their own fireside. The old man would not be comforted because his children were not. Janet shed no tear, heaved no sigh, but when they had brought her home, and she sat in her own house, she said with compressed lip, and eye fixed on vacancy :

“ We are a doomed race. The sea maun hae her ain ; we need na strive against her, they maun a' gang.”

She made the food, and swept the house as usual, but the third morning when John rose from his bed, he found her dead by his side.

Lizzie MacBeth came home from the school, and kept her father's house and helped to mend the nets, and tried to fill her mother's place, but it was work she was unaccustomed to, and the girl was delicate, ere the spring came round she could hardly sit up, and then little Bell came to give what help she could, but the house, or the work, was not minded as they were in the old time ; it was so lonesome for Lizzie when she was alone, and now that she was sick, it was even more lonesome for poor Bell. In the month of May, they laid Lizzie by her mother ; Bell wrought on all the summer, but ere the spring came again, she was not, for God took her. Their mother always said they needed care and watching ; so they did, but other eyes saw it not, and when their mother went away, they followed her. And the two boys who were all that were left now of nine, what became of them ? They went to the whale fishing, and never came home, boys or ship. Poor lonely old man !

John MacBeth is nearly seventy years old now, he is grey and bent, he still lives in the old cottage on the Links, and Jean Guibran cleans the house and sells the fish.

But the house is empty, it is full of echoes. The light has

passed from the old man's dwelling ; his dreams are filled with images of the past—his wife and children, and his children's children—are all with him then, he hears each well-known silvery voice, joyous and clear ; each kindly dark eye is there as they used to be in the bright sunlight of the olden time, but in the soft eyes there are warning looks, and in the home voices, undertones which say : " It is but a dream."

And a fair young face comes with the rest ; the face of one who has been sleeping for thirty years under the blue sea, one who was neither kith nor kin to him, yet that face comes oftener than any other, and the older he grows the oftener it comes ; he remembers well the first and last time he saw it ; that was the day the " Lord Nelson " came home from her two years' whaling ; the mate and two of the hands were in the house. They were all drinking, the three sailors, Lewie and himself, when the cry came that there was a ship struck on the Bar. The sea was running mountains high, and the folk said, no one could go to their aid, no one could live on that wild sea. John MacBeth could not stand that, he had a strong arm then, and knew not fear.

" If there is another man in the seatown who will help to man the boat, I'll go."

" I'll go with you, father."

" You !" said several voices at once, " you're too young to help to man a boat with only one other, in such a night, and such a sea."

But no other offered. One held his breath as if in fear, and another turned away, and the women said, that men's lives were too precious to be thrown away like that ; whoever went to that doomed ship would never come home.

There was little time to lose. The breakers were dashing over the ship from stem to stern. The father and the son

went—the strong man and the stripling—with only these two to man her, the boat was launched on that wild raging sea.

With many a pull and strain they reached the side of the “White Bear,” the rope they threw on board was caught, a moment more and a young girl was in the bottom of the boat, the rope is snapped, and they are tossed fathoms away on the crest of a wave; well for them—had they been there but a second longer they would have been overwhelmed in the lurch of the great ship, which denuded of its masts, was now almost keel upwards. Their frail boat was tossed like a cockle-shell, now on the top of a mountain wave, again deep in its hollow bed. In one of those fearful descents, the girl and the stripling were thrown from the boat, the strong man kept his hold; he stretched out his hand to save one, both were within reach, but nature’s voice is strong—he pulled the boy into the boat; when he turned for the girl, she was gone, down, down, beneath the stormy waves, to rise no more, until that day, when the sea gives up her dead.

From that day out John MacBeth was a changed man. Before then his was the loudest voice, and the heartiest laugh in the Links; but ever after, he walked softly, and when alone, he would stare with a vacant gaze, and repeat over and over “Lewie might have swam.”

When the boat was cleaned out next morning, there was found in a fissure of one of the planks a jewelled portrait, which had been hung round the wearer’s neck by a white ribbon. It was Janet who found and brought it to her husband; that portrait was the skeleton in his house, but for it he might have forgotten the fair face that slept so soundly under the waves of the German ocean. He had been a sailor in his youth; for fifteen years he sailed in one of the East India company’s vessels, between Britain and Calcutta, bringing



home his wages regularly, to be cared for and saved by a thrifty wife, who all the while, unknown to him, supported herself and her children by selling the overplus fish brought home by the neighbours. It was thus the money was gained that built the three cottages, and made John MacBeth a rich man.

But John could not live thus always, his fathers for generations back were all fishers. His folk used to say, with a laugh, they were fishers since the time of Noah; a fisher's was the happiest life in all the world. No evenings so pleasant as those when all the boats set off together, their nets clean and whole, and the white sails set, with the wives and sweethearts on the broad green Links, watching to see them pass. And then the great thoughts of God; His power and His immensity that come to the fisher's soul, out in his little craft on the wide blue sea: under the firmament of Heaven, which He who created all things, placed there when He divided the waters from the waters—who so happy as the fisherman, when the night's toil o'er he returns with his scaly freight, to a clean swept house, a cheerful fire, and a smiling wife. John would rather be a fisherman than be the king.

The portrait,—aye, but for it, he might have thought no more of the drowned girl. Her's was not the only fair face he had seen sink into that fathomless grave; that was not the first time he had to save one, and leave one to perish; before he was twenty years old, he was trying to swim from a sinking ship with a mother and her child—his strength was failing, one must go, he let the child drop. When the mother found she had lost her only son, she was wild in her despair—her frantic words and reproachful looks were felt to be unjust, and soon forgotten.

But there, in the drawer in which he kept his money, lay

the portrait, the beseeching blue eyes and long fair hair, ever calling to mind the fair face seen distinctly once, and only once, by the lightning's flash, whose imploring gaze was turned up to his own, as he seized his son's arm and left her to perish, and looking on that pictured face, he repeats over, again and again, "Lewie might have swam, Lewie might have swam."

And now in his loneliness when he wanders round the deserted cottage, which once rang with Nellie's voice of song, and the joyous shouts of her boys, and passes by the other to where Lewie brought the bonniest bride in the seatown, and then thinks of the morning when Lewie and Johnny, and Sandy and Harry went down at the Bar, and seventeen other fisher lads—the best in the seatown—with them. And last of all, lives over again the weary time, when they cleaned the room and aired the clothes, for Willie and Robbie, the last and best loved, because they were the last, and there were none to love now but them, and how often the clothes were aired at the fireside, one week after another, till weeks went into months, and months wore into years, and hope was dead and they never came home. The old man wrings his hands in his misery as he says: "I gave another's to the sea, and so doing gave the sea power over mine, and she has taken all, every one of them who ventured near her; none were too good or young or fair for her. That was the last chance she gave me to save a life; woe's me, I would not, and she never gave me another."

It was the sixteenth of September; this day thirty years ago the "White Bear" was wrecked. What a night of storm that was; the sea and the wind striving with each other as if they struggled for the mastery. The lightning's flash, the sea and her waves roaring—men's hearts failing them for fear; the wild wars of the elements, ever and anon interrupted by

the booming of the guns, fired by the doomed ship, in hopes to bring some one to her aid.

What a contrast it was to-night. John MacBeth stood by his cottage door, and looked towards sea and sky, how deeply calm the one, how high and clear the other; the round moon rising from the sea making the pebbly shore, black rocks, wide Links, and table land, as clearly seen as in the broad daylight.

On the braes at the top of the Elfin Kirk, between him and the sky, sat two people; John thought, "doubtless some young man and his sweetheart;" he observed that the girl had her hat tied at the back of her head, not on it. A crowd of sweet memories rush upon the old man's heart as he looks at them, many a moonlight night he wandered on those very braes, with one who has lain dead in her grave for twenty years. And many a sunny Sabbath morning he passed over them, with her and her nine children, a proud, happy husband and father. All gone now, and only three graves to look at.

John turned with a woeful heart to seek his lonely bed, and as he went ben the house, he called to Jean Guibran "to look out and see the nicht, it is sae clear, ye could see twa folk sittin on the tap o' the Elfin Kirk." Hours after, John was aroused from his sleep, by one of his usual wild dreams; a girl was perishing in the waves, his hand was stretched to save her, but she sank when almost in his grasp.

He again tried to sleep, but his troubled dream had called up thoughts alike inimical to sleep or rest, it was long ere the old man's eyes closed, and scarcely had he begun to doze, when a loud tap at the window again awoke him, and a man's voice rung in his ear in loud clear tones,

"John MacBeth, there's a young girl drowning in the Elfin Kirk."

John was on his feet and at the window in a moment. "Praised be the Lord, he has sent me another chance." He looked out, there was no one at the window, no one about, but in the grey light of the morning, the man might have passed unsoen. He was sure it was a man's voice, and of the words there could be no mistake; and he hurried on his clothes, at same time calling out to Jean Guibran,

"Rise, Jean, rise, there's a young lassie drownin' in the Elfin Kirk, and I'm gaun roun wi' the little boat to save her." Jean was butt the house in a few seconds.

"Lord guide us, Pilot, what havers are ye at noo; there has na been as muckle wind for aught days, as wad coup ower a coble; an there wasna a sail on the sea last nicht; whare think ye wad the lassie come frae at ye say is drownin' in the Elfin Kirk? an gin there was, ye could na man the little boat alane, nae mair than I could; sae ye'll jist gang back to ye're bed, there's nae body i' the Elfin Kirk, lass or lad."

"Look, Jean, at that," said the old man, who had never stopped for a moment in making preparations for his departure, and was now at the outside of the door, "look at that dog." There was indeed a dog running at full speed from the beach to the cottage.

"That's Captain Young o' Peterstown's stag hound, an' this is the second time he's been at our house sine I raise. Its some o' their folk at's i' the Elfin Kirk, and its some o' them at's been on the braes last nicht."

"Na, weel than, John MacBeth, ye'er clean wud. Gin ony body fell ower the Elfin Kirk last nicht, dee ye think they wad be livin the noo? or wad they live five minutes think ye? The dog's been sleepin, an tint his master on the braes last nicht, an he's waked up an seekin him the noo. Its him 'at made the noise at the window, an ye're ain thoughts did the rest."

“ I tell ye, woman, a man’s voice spoke thae words to me at the window, as plain as I tell’t them to you, an gin it war nae sae, I’ll gang and see.”

“ Weel, Pilot, tak ye’re ain mind on’t, a wilfu man maun hae his way; ilk ane maun dree their ain wierd, but gin ye gang roun wi’ the boat ye’re lane to the Elfin Kirk, ye’ll never win hame.”

“ Even sae, I’ll gang,” replied the old man; “ I’ve been ower lang here; we canna dee but ance; an, Jean, gin I never come back, gie that key to Harry Watson, he kens what to dae wi’ a’ thing; but I’ll be back again mysel,” said he, speaking more firmly, “ an Jean, pit some o’ Lizzie’s claes to the fire side, the lassie will be cauld an weet baeth or we win back; Lord safe us, I’m ower lang here; the water ’ill be twa feet deep i’ the Kirk or I won there.”

Jean stood at the door with folded arms until she saw her master untie the rope to which the boat was attached, from the post on the beach, and coiling it round his arm as he went along, enter the boat, which, with the incoming tide, was almost afloat; and with stronger sweeps of the oar than she thought he was capable of, make his way to the east in the direction of the Elfin Kirk; preceded by the dog.

“ The Lord’s will be done,” said she, as boat and man lessened to her view, and at last entirely disappeared, behind the rock forming the nearer side of the cave he had gone to explore. “ I’m sair feart that’s the last sicht I’ll get o’ John MacBeth; he was an honest man an’ a decent, and I’ll dae his last bidden though its idle folks’ wark.”

With sad heart and heavy step she returned to the house and entered the room in which the old man slept, and where the chest of drawers containing his dead children’s clothes formed part of the furniture. In her hand was the key he

had given her to be delivered to his son-in-law, in the event of his non-return; she knew that this key was the open sesame to the drawer where he kept his money, and in which she suspected that mysterious portrait, of which she had heard so often, was stored. The temptation was too much; Jean put the key in the lock of the little top drawer, to the left, the only thing in the house that boasted lock or key; in a moment the drawer was open, shewing in one compartment, piles of golden guineas; in another, shillings, half crowns, and crowns, and apart from all else the object of her search, a small parcel not more than half a finger long, wrapped up in a bit of an old newspaper and fastened with a grey worsted thread; the thread was untied, the paper unfolded, disclosing the pictured image of a fair young face adorned with long curls of pale brown hair almost flaxen with a dash of gold.

"Weel its rale bonnie," said the old woman speaking to herself, as she held the picture on the other side of the candle that she might the better see the face she had heard spoken of since her early womanhood, and had half believed in, half looked upon as a myth; "but whether she was drowned or no, John MacBeth never did it. Hech, sirs! its an auld warld story noo, an lookin' at it I'm forgettin' the last thing he bade me dae, and, I'm sair feart, the last words I'll ever hear him speak."

Replacing the portrait in its paper cover as she had found it, she locked the drawer, and taking from another a red cotton pocket handkerchief, she carefully rolled it round the key in many folds, putting both into the drawer containing John's Sabbath clothes; saying, as she did so, "Lie ye there till Harry Watson comes for ye: the auld man's fingers 'ill never touch ye mair."

This done she removed from the drawers, sacred to the use of the dead, a printed cotton dress and suit of under-clothing, which had not been used for eighteen years, stockings, shoes, everything needed were there; and Jean took care that this last behest of her master, as she believed it to be, would be most scrupulously fulfilled.

“His een will never see them,” she said, as she laid out each article one above the other on the back of a chair by the kitchen fire; “but nae maitter for that, I’ll pit them a’ there jist as gin he wad.”

The day had now dawned, the fire was lit, and the kettle hung in the crook. The house was eerie in the early morning, with no one to speak to; even the cat was not about as she used to be, and Boatswain, who Harry Watson had brought from Newfoundland to be a companion to his old father-in-law in the empty house, had died of old age three days before.

“It was a bad sign,” Jean said to herself, “the puir dog deein like that, it was a’ nonsense his deein o’ auld age, I hae kent dogs twenty year auld, an Boatswain was only fourteen. It was a sign at the head o’ the house was to be taen awa’; and I muckle fear that sign’s fulfilled or noo. An’ I wadna wonder but some ane’s fa’en o’er the Elfin Kirk; the puir tyke howl’d wi’ his face to the Kirk ilka nicht for ten days afore he deet.”

Jean went to the door, there was more company there, than in the lonely house, which spoke of so many she had known in her young days, and whom she would never see again. And the shadow her master left when he went out to dree his wierd, as she believed he had done, was there, black and heavy, meeting her eye first, wherever she turned. The fresh morning air had its usual inspiriting influence; she began to think that perhaps some of the earlier boats would be

returning, and if any of them saw a boat with a man enter the Elfin Kirk they would be sure to make for it, "may be the auld man 'ill come hame yet." A lark flew from her nest among some tufted grass and soared singing high in the heavens, a couple of swallows came chirping from the eaves. God spoke by His creatures, the woman was comforted, and said in her soul: "The Lord who careth for them, will have his everlasting arms around the Pilot."

While she stood looking at the sea in the direction of the Elfin Kirk, all at once she was startled by a loud laugh close to her ear, and turning round, beheld between her and the door, three women from the seatown.

"What brought ye here, at this hour in the mornin'?"

"What took you frae ye're bed?" was the reply.

"The Pilot is aff his leifae lane, wi' the little coble, to seek a lassie 'at he says is drownin' in the Elfin Kirk!"

"Lord guide us a', he'll never win hame!" said the first speaker, a strong built, healthy looking young woman who seemed more able to manage a boat than two such frail old men as John MacBeth.

"It's a neep tide, it wad tak twa strong men to fess a boat out o' the Elfin Kirk the noo."

She stood for a second or two, her arms akimbo, looking with an earnest eye on the sea as if in deep thought; and then hastily added:

"Hae ye anither boat about han'?"

"Aye," was the answer, "the ither boat's there on the sands, joukin' up and down wi' the tide."

"Come, Elsie," said the woman, in a hearty determined tone, addressing one of the others; "we'll man the boat an' fess hame the Pilot; nae fear o' us, we'll draw an oar wi' the best man in the seatown;" and, turning to Jean, added, "pit



in the kettle Jean, an mak' a gude cup o' tea, we'll be hame wi' the Pilot or lang."

The two women ran down to the beach, kilted up their petticoats, unfastened the boat, and were rowing towards the Elfin Kirk, within five minutes after their arrival on the Links.

After watching the boat as it departed, and giving one or two hearty cheers for success, to the brave women who plied the oars so well, Jean re-entered the house accompanied by the third woman, a young girl, sister to one of those who had gone in search of John MacBeth.

Jean swept the hearth, put some peats on the fire, and then sitting down in front, employed herself in blowing it into a flame : while so doing she improved the time and amused herself by questioning the girl.

"Wha's that lass that gaed i' the boat wi' Eppey?"

"She's nae a lass, did ye no ken her? that's Jamie's wife."

"Jamie's wife! whan was Jamie marrit? an wha is she?"

"Hout, woman, ye dinna ken muckle, gin ye dinna ken at Jamie's marrit; he's marrit twa month syne. Elsie's a dochter o' John Donaldson, 'at was lost lang syne i' the Skillie Skipper out at the Baltic."

"John Donaldson's dochter, is she; she'll never mak' a fisher's wife; she's been aye biden in Provest Robb's in Peterstown; what kens she about fisher folks' wark? She could na' ma'ntain a man."

"Could na' she tho!" said the girl in an offended tone, "there's nae a wife i' the seatown at can ma'ntain a man better or carry a heavier creel fu' o' fish or yet fess hame mair siller. The Provest's folk an' mony mair o' the gentry buys a' their fish frae her; an she's nae sweart either. Twa days 'at Jamie's boat was nae out, 'cause his fit was strained, she took Eppey's fish to Peterstown, an' got mair siller for

them than Eppey wad hae gotten hersel; an a' the fisher wives ca Eppey rale gude at makin' a bargain."

"Whare ware ye this mornin'?" asked Jean.

"Eppey's man an' Sandy are baith aff on a voyage to the Baltic and we gade to see the ship sail."

"What for did they gang?"

"They've gotten rale gude wages; they'll mak mair in a week on board than they wad makin twa at the fishin; the han's on board ship are unco scarce the noo, an' they're gi'en maist ony thing 'at the men seek."

"We'll gang to the door, Annie, I weary terrible i' the house. The Lord grant at they'll fess the Pilot hame wi' them."

"Folk says 'at he'll be drooned, 'at he'll never dee in his bed," said the girl.

"Wha tell't them that?" inquired Jean with a look of dire displeasure.

"I dinna ken," returned the girl a little frightened.

"Weel I'll tell ye; their ain bad hearts an' the enemy o' souls, 'at aye likes folk to speak an think ill o' ane anither; but my lassie lat me tell you ae thing, John Mac-Beth's a God fearin' man; ane 'at does little ill, and a' the gude 'at he can; an' whether he's drooned or no, gin he gangs a grey gate after he's dead, may the Lord hae pity on you an' me. Hech! sirs, its a waefu' thing 'at the fisher folk, at see sae muckle o' God's wonders on the mighty deep, an' should ken better, wonna halt, but peril their precious souls for clashes and clavers: St. James the Apostle says i' the Buke 'at the tongue is a fire, a world o' iniquity, but gin he'd been a while amang our fisher folk up in the seatown o' Peterstown, I'm thinkin' he wadna hae likened it to the world, but to some place farrer doon."

“ I am sure,” said the girl with a grieved look, “ I did na say’t for nae ill, Jean.”

“ I weel believe that, lassie, an’ I’m sure ye did na ; but that’s what ’ill condemn the warld an a’ ’at does the like ; naebody sins jist for sin ; and it’s only the warst o’ folk ’at commits sin to do ill to their neebours ; the maist o’ us sin for pleasure, as ye did the noo, when ye thought, if ye did na speak evil o’ godly John MacBeth, jist to hae a whiles claverin wi’ his servin’ lass. The man ’at ye spoke about, an’ ’at I’m feart is droonin’ the noo, wadna lat a crocket word o’ young or auld, rich or poor, be clinkit ower at his fire side, but the Lord was worshipit there mornin an’ nicht, an’ mony a holy psalm sung forbye ; waes me its a changed warld i’ this auld house, its sometimes like to pit me stupit, me at’s neither kith nor kin to them, when I think o’ the crowd o’ young bonnie faces, ’at sung the psalms on ilka days, and followt their feyther to the kirk on Sabbath ; I hae seen them a’, the hale nine o’ them, gaen up that road, out an’ in among the braes after their feyther ; an’ their mither, a proud happy woman, carryin her red bounded Bible in ae han’, wi’ a napkin as white as the snaw rowlt roun the middle o’t for fear her het fingers wad fill’t, an’ in the ither little Robby ; och, hone ! she’s dead an gaen, an Robby’s wi’ the rest i’ the green sea, an the red Bible is safe an clean in the drawer.”

“ Thae’s twa unco like sailor lads at’s comin’ down the braes carryin’ their bundles on their sticks o’er their shouthers,” said Jean, looking in the direction of which she spoke ; “ saw ye ony strange ship i’ the harbour, whan ye was there ?”

“ No, there was na ane but the ship at our folk gaed wi’ an’ she’s aff ; I’m thinkin’ thae men’s comin down here, maybe their wantin’ quarters.”

"Weel, gin he was here at's awa, they wad be sure o' quarters i' this house. Ilka ane 'at needs't gets a' drap an a sup here, but thae men is nae like as they war puir folk, their weel pitten on, an' their twa strappin lads tae. There's nae mony sailors wons up to be as big men as thae twa; Lewie MacBeth was as big as they are, bit he was na bred to the mast, altho' he sail't twa or three times to the Baltic. The fisher lads for ordiner are big men, an' the sailors are crined, they gang through ower muckle hard usage whan they're young, an' that stints their growth; deed thae lads are jist comin' down here."

As she spoke, the men were within hearing, and in a few minutes were close by the door.

"Is John MacBeth within?"

"Na, nae the noo."

"Where is he?"

"He's nae far off; what are ye wantin' wi' him?"

"Yell hear that whan he comes."

"Yere unco short."

"Aye, to be sae lang," was the reply, and the men laughed at their own wit, as they walked unbidden into the cottage and seated themselves, one on each side of the fire, gazing about the house as if they were counting each pewter plate on the dresser shelves, and examining into the cleanliness of each brightly scoured brass pan and tin cover that hung on the walls, all the while talking to each other, in what was to Jean an unknown tongue.

"Ye're makin' ye'resels very muckle at hame, lads," said Jean, who together with the girl, Annie, had followed them into the house.

"We would like to do that," was the curt reply.

“Deed that’s no ill to see, but maybe John MacBeth wonna like it sae well whan he comes hame.”

“Were no feart o’ John MacBeth.”

“I well believe that,” said Jean, her anger rising at their cool impudence, “he’s an auld man noo, an’ doubtless ye ken that or ye wadna sit in his house without faed or favour as ye’re dae’in, but whan he comes hame there’s folk comin’ wi’ him at ’ill pit ye baith out ower the door, faster than ye came in, gin he only lifts his little finger.”

“But he wonna lift his little finger for nae sic thing,” said both men in a breath, and rising from their chairs they walked coolly into the room on the other side of the door, Jean following in the rear.

The men stood in the middle of the room, looking in succession at each of the coarse Scripture prints which hung on the wall, and then at the four posted bed with its blue striped curtains and patchwork quilt, still speaking the same strange language. And then most daring of all, opened the door and walked into the inner room where stood John MacBeth’s bed, and the two chests of drawers besides the chest containing the clothes which had belonged to Willie and Robby. One of them threw himself down on a seat fastened into the recess formed by the window, and placing his elbows on his knees, bent down his head between his hands; the other stood opposite to the bed, his back turned to his companion, examining the patchwork counterpane, as if he had never seen anything like it before. It was a pretty quilt, perhaps that was what attracted his attention, one wrought by Lizzie and Bell during the winter they spent at home so wearily after their mother’s death. The girls seemed to have had a presage that it would be their last work, they took so much pains in its construction; small stars of Turkey red on a white ground. Tired of

looking at the bed cover, he turned to his companion, who still sat with his head bent between his hands, and going quickly up to where he was seated, touched him with his foot, saying:

“Such nonsense, Bill, get up man.”

The other gave a gesture of impatience and drew his bonnet over his face.

His companion left him and going to the chest where the boys' clothes were kept, opened it, calling to the other, “Come here, Bill, come and see this.”

Bill got up and stood looking into the open chest, but not touching anything.

Jean could bear it no longer, and seizing one of them by the arm, exclaimed in wrathful tones:

“Ye're no blate ane o' ye; was ever the like seen or heard tell o' afore! To come intil a decent man's house whan his back was turned, and into the vera kist amang his bairns' claes. Ye'll better nae meddle wi' thae claes, there in dead men's aught, mony a year sine.”

Having thus given vent to part of her anger, she went between them and the chest, shutting down the lid with a heavy bang, and saying as she did so: “Ye'll gang oot o' the house this minet, or else I'll sen that lassie to the ither side o' the Links for them at 'ill pit ye oot.”

The young men laughed a short dry laugh, and the one who had all along been the spokesman, said, “Jean Guibran, dae ye nae ken us?”

“I ken naething about ye, an' I dinna care, an' its nane o' my business an' that's mair; but gin ye wanna gang out wi' fair means, my certie ye'll gang wi' fule, ye ware gay clever gatherin' up my name i' the seatown afore ye came down the braes, but that's nae to say at ye ken me either.”

Jean, like many of her sex, exhausted her anger in words,

and seeing that they did not attempt to go near the chest again, added in a less excited tone :

“ Ye’ll better gang awa wi’ quaetness, afore the gude man comes hame.”

“ Where is my father, Jean ?” asked the one who had been sitting on the window settle, while the other added almost in the same breath, both throwing off their bonnets : “ Its hard enough to be put out o’ the house and winna lat us see our father, or gie’s our ain claes after biding sae lang awa, and comin’ sae far.”

“ Your father !” repeated Jean, almost speechless, with surprise, half in doubt, half in terror, as she looked first in the face of one tall lad, and then in the other. “ The Lord in Heaven guide us, wha are ye ? Ye’re nae little Robby an’ Willie ?”

“ But we are little Robby and Willie,” said the latter, “ or at ony rate, we were that ten years syne, an’ last nicht we war baith Robby and Willie MacBeth, but I’m beginning to think we maun be some ither folk noo, when Jean Guibran, at never said a wrang word till’s afore, is gane to pit us oot o’ oor father’s house, an’ winna lat’s tak our ain claes either.”

Jean was not given to the melting mood in general, she had little sympathy with those she denominated tear-eyed maidens, but her own tears were now falling fast, faster than she could wipe them off with the corner of her checked apron.

“ His name be praised, His name be praised for this day,” said or rather sobbed Jean, “ the departed glory has returned, the Lord in his mercy grant that the Pilot may come safe hame.”

“ Whar’s father, Jean ?”

“ He’s awa, twa hours syne, wi’ the little coble to the Elfin Kirk, to seek a lassie ’at he says is drownin’ there ; an’ Eppy Strachan, an’ little Elsie Donaldson (she’s a stout lass

noo, an' married to Jamie Strachan), are baith aff wi' the ither boat seekin' him. The Lord sen' him hame to see this day."

The two lads, followed by Jean, had gone to the door while she was yet speaking, and there, out on the blue sea, sparkling in the beams of the morning sun, was the boat coming smoothly and swiftly over the billows, the coble tied to her, and following in her wake,—the deer-hound swimming close by; and most surcly four people in the boat! The Pilot and one of the women at the oars, the other supporting a girl, who seemed to be half lying, in the stern of the boat.

"Blessed be His name for ever," said Jean, lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven in gratitude, as she saw the boat containing her master approaching the shore. After advancing a few yards towards the beach, she stopped, retraced her steps, and entering the house, occupied herself in making breakfast. The lads slouched their bonnets over their brows, as they had worn them on their arrival at the cottage, and proceeding to the beach, awaited the coming of the boat. As it approached close to the shore, John MacBeth called to the two lads:

"Lend a hand here, my men," and throwing them the rope, the boat was soon high enough on the beach for all to disembark without danger. The two women stared at the strangers. John seemed not to have observed who or what they were, all his attention being given to the girl, who was dripping wet, and seemed unwilling to leave the boat.

"Come here, lads," said he, addressing the strangers a second time, "here's the body o' a gentleman 'at fell fac the Elfin Kirk last nicht, and this young lassie sat in the cave a' nicht wi' his head in her lap. It's a mercy 'at the Lord kept her judgment (but He can do that an' mair); wakin



the dead alane there would hae frightened the wits out o' mony a strong man, forbye a bairn."

Addressing the child, who sat with her father's head on her lap, he said: "Let the lads lift his shoulders, my bairn; we'll pit him in the best bed in the house."

The young men looked at the girl with serious, pitiful faces, and lifting up the body as tenderly as if it had been that of their dearest friend, waited for the child to disembark ere they moved a foot from the boatside;—their own deep-seated love of kindred telling them, intuitively, how best to comfort the bereaved one.

She walked steadily by the side of her father's body, holding one cold hand in her own; and when they reached the cottage, and he was borne into John MacBeth's room, and laid on his bed, she offered no resistance to the women, who had so materially aided in bringing him home, when they removed his wet clothes, and dressed his body in the fine linen shirt which had (according to the custom of the country) been prepared for years as the burial clothes of the Pilot, and when the body was laid out and covered reverently with a white cloth, and sheets replacing the blue striped curtains round the bed, and upon the table, chest of drawers, and settle, she went quietly aside with the women and changed her blue silk dress and fine under-clothing, which were wet to the waist, for Lizzie's warm dry printed frock and stuff petticoats, taken from before the kitchen fire. And to please those kind humble strangers, she essayed to taste the tea so eagerly pressed upon her, but it could not be; she twice put the cup to her lips, and twice it was again laid on the table, the last time with an appealing look and sad smile, as if she would say, "Spare me, I cannot;" and she would have said so, but her tongue had lost its cunning; word or sigh never

escaped her lips. The simple kind-hearted women looked one to another, and they knew that they had never tasted of the bitterness of her cup; that which she was now draining to the dregs. They had never known sorrow like her sorrow. She had indeed passed through the terrors of the shadow of death. They knew that any words of theirs to smooth the rugged path she was treading would be worse than vain,—that God himself would comfort her,—and they held their peace. And when she went into the room where her dead father lay, and sat by the bedside, and laid her fair young living head, by the side of his that was so cold and dead, they looked on in silence, and one of them sat by her, that she might keep her company in her watch by the dead.

When the two lads had performed the task set them by John MacBeth, of carrying the dead body into the house, they returned to the boat in order that they might wash it out and fill it with sea-ware. The fishermen are a superstitious people in their simplicity, and after a boat has been polluted, as they say it always is by carrying a dead body, unless it be cleaned out and filled with sea-ware for four-and-twenty hours afterwards, they believe that the sea has power over the boat and all who enter it, and will take her choice of its living freight when it next goes out to sea.

Having performed this necessary work they returned to the house, where they found the Pilot and the three women waiting their coming to begin breakfast.

A good breakfast Jean had made them. Tea, flour scones, thin oaten cakes, fresh butter, honey, and kippered salmon, all laid out on a cloth of fine linen white as snow.

“Whar do thae lads ’at war doun at the boat come fae, Jean?” asked the old man.

“I dinna ken, gude man, far they come frae.”

"What way did they come here?"

"They car' on their feet, Pilot," was the response, and Jean smiled at her own wit, while the women laughed little quiet laughs of sympathy.

"I ken that weel enough, Jean; but I'm spearin' for what cam' they to the Links?"

"Mercy on's, gudeman, you wad hae me to ken a' thing the day," replied Jean, who had been forewarned by the lads not to say to their father who they were. "But," added she, as they both entered, "there's them, they'll tell ye themsels."

John turned his head in the direction of the door and said, addressing the new comers,

"Come awa ben, lads; I'm muckle obleeged to ye for this morning's wark; sit down, and tak' pot luck wi's."

The lads sat down, but did not speak or remove their bonnets, which they wore slouched over their brows as before.

John stood up to ask a blessing, and reverently laying aside his bonnet, waited for the strangers to do the same. After waiting for a second or two he said:

"We aye ask the blessing o' the Lord here on the meat He gives us, and we aye stand before Him uncovered."

The young men thus admonished stood up and threw off their bonnets. They both stood exactly in front of their father, and his eye was fixed on them. He gazed, as if in painful astonishment, for a few seconds, and then, leaning on the table with both hands, his frame bent forward and trembling, so as to shake the stout oaken table on which he leant, he said, in a voice almost choked and scarce audible with emotion, his eyes still riveted on the lads,

"In the name o' the Holy One wha are ye? an' whar do ye come frae? Hath the sea gi'en back her dead?"

The youngest lad moved to his side, and putting his hand on his father's shoulder, said :

" Father, do ye no ken your ain Robbie and Willie at gaed awa to the whale fisheries ten year sine ?"

The old man sunk into his arm-chair, his sons kneeling by his side. He put a hand on each handsome young head, and raising his eyes to heaven, said, in accents that those sons or the women beside them never forgot :

" All praise forever to the God of Israel, who, in one day, hath given me my soul for a ransom, and restored me my sons, who were dead and are alive again, were lost and are found."

### CHAPTER III.

“Break

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”

I MUST have awoke very early that morning, the dawn was just breaking when I opened my eyes for the second or third time, each previous essay I made to look around and collect my scattered thoughts being followed by disappointment; my eyelids were now less heavy, and I succeeded in keeping them open.

I saw that I was in my own little garret, not in the second best bed-room as I had fancied in part of that awful dream, which even now, that my eyes were wide open made my heart flutter, flutter, like a wounded bird with a broken wing; making me feel so weak, and foolish, that I was unable to realize the present, or remember what had happened yesterday; that terrible dream, coming between all, and seeming to assert its right to be reality, obliterating the events of yesterday, and yet giving me no defined memory in its place. Oh, yes, it must have been a dream, I am still in my little attic, where I have slept every night for four years; except the two nights when I ran away. There are all my old frocks hanging on the wall, the blue merino with the two square tears, darned with cotton thread, that faded in the washing, the pink calico, and Isabella's old frock, with the brown and purple checks that I hate so much. Oh, dear, that painful fluttering again. That frock was in my dream, oh, I cannot bear the horrible thoughts it seems to call up in my imagina

tion ; I will rise and shake off this oppression that lies on my heart ; it must be what I have heard people speak of as nightmare.

I tried to sit up but found I was too weak and my lower limbs entirely powerless. Ah ! I know now, I have had a fever ; as I had one in grandmama's house at Hillside ; I have been ill for a week, and have dreamt all the time, or perhaps the fever has gone to my head and made me fancy the sea and the black rocks, and the moon, and everything. Oh, yes, that is just what is the matter, there are two medicine bottles on the toilet table, and a cup and saucer, and there is Katie sleeping on the little mattress in the corner ; of course I have been ill, what would make her sleep there unless I had ; and there is Maida stretched by the side of my bed. Katie would never allow her to come to my room unless I had been ill. Oh ! I am so glad, papa never came home, he is in Cuba still.

Katie came by the bed side, and looking over me, seemed surprised and pleased to see my eyes open ; perhaps glad to see me again look with intelligence in her face.

" You are better, Miss Innes ? "

" I don't know, Katie ; was I ill ? "

" Well, you was just real ill. "

" Have I been ill for a week, Katie ? "

" 'Deed you have and more. "

" Was it a fever I had ? did I fancy things ? "

" Yes, it was a fever ; and you were all the time so frightened like, and shivered when any one came near you but me. "

On hearing her say these words, I felt as if I had lain in a cold dark grave, and was suddenly transported into the sunshine.

“ Oh! Katie, I am so glad you told me ; all the time I have had such terrible dreams, it seemed like one long dream, oh I can't bear to think of it even now that I know it is a dream ; I dreamt papa came home, and I had the second best bedroom to myself, and—

“ You must'nt speak much, Miss Innes, I am sure it would make you worse.”

“ Well I won't, Katie, I'll do everything I'm bid, and I'll try to like Miss Margaret and Captain Young, and never sulk again, now that I know papa is well and in Cuba.”

Katie did not reply but looked very grave and even sad. If I had not promised to be silent, I would have asked her why she looked so.

By and bye she brought me a little weak tea with a piece of bread soaked in it ; after drinking the tea I felt refreshed ; but on trying to draw up my limbs I found I could not use them, each limb was perfectly powerless from the hip downwards.

“ Katie, I can't move my legs ; was it the fever that did that ? ”

She did not answer, but busied herself in arranging a cupboard which was in the room ; there was a printed lilac dress hanging inside the cupboard door ; I had never seen the dress before, and yet looking at it made my heart flutter as before—it seemed part of the broken memory of my dream.

“ Katie, is that your frock ? ”

“ No, Miss Innes.”

“ Why is it there ? whose dress is it ? ”

“ Its another girl's, it was me that put it there, and I should not have done it. I must take it downstairs.” So saying she took the dress from the nail and folded it up preparatory to

taking it away ; as she did so I could not take my eyes off the frock, in some vague way it recalled my dream, I seemed to remember the pattern, (a small rose leaf of dark lilac on a pale ground,) as if I had looked upon it for a long time, and as if it was mixed up in that wild dream.

A tap at the door, the doctor came in, Doctor Brown ; I knew him well, he used to call every week at grandma's, not because any one was ill, but as a friend.

" Ah, ha ! " said he in a cheerful tone as he came by the bed side, " my little girl is going to get well again. " As he said " my little girl " some of my dream fancies returned and my heart beat fast and sore.

" What ! you are not going to put on your sad face again ? your hand is nice and cool. "

" I can't walk, doctor. "

" No, not now, but we'll try and make you walk by and bye. "

" What made me lose the use of my limbs, doctor ? "

" Why, my child, it was your being so long in the cold and wet. "

" What cold and wet ? "

By this time Katie was by the side of the bed and had caught the doctor's eye ; I saw her give him a warning look ; he turned to the toilet table without answering, and gave Katie some directions about the medicine.

The words " cold and wet " recalled the most vivid as well as the most painful phase in my dream, and the fluttering restless feeling came back as intensely as when I first awoke.

" Doctor, when was I cold and wet, " I asked ; and while I spoke my face must have told the anguish I was suffering, as he came to my bed side and said :

" You must not excite yourself, my dear, or you will bring







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back the fever, and be worse than ever ; keep quiet, and you will soon be well and running about again." He was gone, but he had left those terrible words " cold and wet " behind him.

" Katie, dear Katie, do tell me why the doctor said I was cold and wet."

" You know, Miss Innes, doctors always blame some one when people don't get well soon, but you have never taken cold that I know of, since you were ill, and if you have, I'm sure it wasn't my fault."

" But the wet, Katie ?"

" Well, you couldn't be put into a warm bath every day without being wet, and you were never left longer in than his own orders ; but you know, Miss Innes, its no use speaking, doctors are so unreasonable, you could never please them."

She saw that her explanation did not suffice, and she added :

" I am sure you know, Miss Innes, that nobody could take better care of you than I would."

I did not answer, my thoughts were away back to the dream, trying to convince myself it was only a dream, yet oppressed with terror, lest it should be the shadowy memory of reality. I closed my eyes, so that by shutting out external things, I might the better remember the dread past, that I would have fain banished out of my life, into my dreams, and yet with a strange perversity my thoughts would dwell upon it, arrange and re-arrange themselves as if to form a reality. Some one entered and approached the bed.

" Poor little Innes, how worn and emaciated she is. Is she asleep, Katie ?"

It was Miss Young who spoke, I could not answer or open

my eyes I felt so weak. Katie came and leant over me so close that I felt her breath on my cheek.

"Yes, ma'am, she's asleep, she's been awake since eight in the morning; she's quite collected, and the doctor has ordered her some beef tea: while you and Miss Davidson are here, I'll go and see if the cook is getting it ready; she must have some at twelve if she wakes up, and it is now eleven."

Before leaving the room, Katie placed a chair by the bedside, for Miss Young, and the latter said:

"Take the arm-chair, Miss Davidson," adding, "what a terrible trial for a child like that to have undergone."

"Terrible, indeed," was the reply; "it is a wonder she did not lose her senses. Does the doctor think she will recover the use of her limbs?"

"Yes, in time. I saw him this morning, he said she was getting on well.—Oh! Miss Davidson, it is shocking how callous mama is to that poor thing's sufferings; and how carelessly she spoke of the future in her presence when she was first brought in."

"As to that, it was of no consequence, I do not believe she understood a word that was said, or knew a face she saw, either when she came in, or during all those long hours she sat by the bed."

"Oh, yes! she was conscious enough then; do you not remember how she clung to the mattress when we tried to remove her, and when papa went to look at the face, she gave such a piercing scream?"

"I do. She had one idea, but only one, and any attempt to remove her drew it out. When your papa came into the room, he went so close to her, in bending over the bed, that she of course thought that he meant to take her away, and this joined to the fear she always has of him made her scream;

but I feel perfectly sure she knew no one ; when I spoke to her she answered not a word, she did not seem even to hear ; I spoke to her many times during that long night and morning ; and watched for my answer in the least movement of her eye, or the muscles of her face ; but none ever came. It was very wrong to leave her there so long, the struggle could have been no more at first than it was at the last, and that long watch from two o'clock in one day, until twelve the next, was enough to have killed her body and ruined her mind, without any of the previous suffering she passed through."

Katie entered the room with the beef-tea. I was looking at and listening to Miss Young and Miss Davidson, and wondering what their conversation meant, it did not trouble me, there was nothing they spoke of in my dream. Perhaps I had mistaken them at the beginning, and that they were speaking of some one else and not me.

"Will you try and take this beef-tea, Miss Innes?"

"Is she awake?" asked Miss Young, and as she made the inquiry, she and Miss Davidson looked at each other with faces full of grave meaning.

"I thought, Katie," observed the latter, "you said Miss Innes was asleep?"

"So she was when I left the room."

"No, Katie, I was not asleep ; I merely closed my eyes trying to think what the doctor said."

"The doctor thinks you are much better, my dear," said Miss Young, patting my hand caressingly as she spoke, "and so you are—you will soon be well again."

"The doctor said I was 'cold and wet,' and that is why I cannot use my limbs, when was I 'cold and wet?'" Miss Davidson had been talking with Katie, she came and bent over me, put her arm across the pillow just at the top of my head, and kissed me, saying as she did so—

"Did you hear Miss Young and I talking, Innes, dear?"

"Yes, you were speaking of some one who had suffered a great trial; who was it?"

"One as young as you, whom I love very dearly, Innes, one who has passed through the fiery furnace of affliction; but God was with her in it all, and saved her by a miracle from sundry kinds of death; and He is now saving you, darling, out of this sad sickness, you will praise Him for His past mercies, and leaving every other love far behind, strive to love Him best and to trust in Him alone, with firm faith that when thou passest through the fire He will be with thee; that in all your afflictions He is afflicted, and that He is a friend, who sticketh closer than a brother."

She was leaning on the arm which pressed my pillow, her face almost touching mine, and as she finished speaking she pressed her lips to my forehead. I loved her dearly then. I love her now.

Miss Davidson took the cup from Katie, and fed me with the beef-tea; how nice it tasted, so salt and pleasant; after I had taken it she smoothed my pillows and laid me down so comfortable. The tea made me feel strong and sleepy, at the same time, and Miss Davidson's words seemed to have soothed me into forgetfulness of my dream; I was soon asleep. They all sat silent, and the last sounds I was conscious of, were the ticking of a watch on the table, and the rain beating against the window pane.

Later in the day, quite towards evening, I was put into a warm bath; all the next day I felt uneasy and restless, my dream becoming more and more vivid, and like reality. As I looked at the brown frock, the last day I had it on came before me with the startling sharpness of truth; papa's coming home,—his handsome dark face and black hair,—but I could

recall no word he had spoken, the power of memory did not extend so far. I saw my blue dress, as distinctly as I did the first time I had it on. I knew it had two waists, one high to the throat for the forenoon, the other low for dress, and the gimp trimming and lace frill round the neck. The blue dress brought thoughts of the time I last wore it; the top of the cliff—the rocks—the sea—the moon—came all rushing together, and my heart was so full of agony that I moaned in very misery; my nature is not demonstrative, but it seemed as if my heart must break but for that moan

I slept, a long troubled sleep, and dreamt of a wild and black sky, a sea, with billows hideous in their immensity, that came dashing on a rocky shore, but emitted no sound; lightning flashed in zig-zag giant forks of intense brightness, but no thunder peal came to relieve the dread silence; flash after flash, each for a moment lightened up the surging sea, and black sky, and displayed, out on those wild billows, a sinking ship full of mariners; and guns were fired for the help they were never to obtain; the light from each, streaming along the heaving surf, but it came in silence, no booming noise from these guns; a great sea bird, perched on the point of a low rock, flapped its heavy wings, and opened its curved beak as if crying for the carrion it loved to feed on, but the dread silence was unbroken, the bird was dumb. The rain poured in torrents, but was only seen and felt; a fierce whirlwind came forth as from a desert place, and tore up the sand and stones of the beach, and the dark column rose higher and higher, until it entered the black clouds above, but the whirlwind also was dumb, sound was gone, silence reigned for ever more!

I awoke with hot cheek and throbbing brow, the dream which ever haunted my waking thoughts was more horrible,



but not so wild as this last. It was twilight, and a faint light emitted by some half dying embers in the grate, strove with the fading light of day for the mastery. It was an eerie time for a fevered child to awake from a frightful dream in that lone attic room. I saw that Katie was not with me, and I drew the counterpane over my head to shut out the faint shadows, which as the light from the sky died slowly away, were lengthening upon the bare whitewashed walls, and I shivered in vague terror dreading some mysterious thing, I knew not what. Footsteps on the stair case; how glad I felt, I pulled the quilt from my eyes leaving the rest of my face covered. The door opened; and I, accustomed to the half darkness, recognized my aunt and Captain Young's sister, Miss Betsey Young, enter.

Miss Betsey was a good tempered, very poor old maid, who thought my aunt as near perfection, in mind and body, as it is possible for our poor human nature to be; and certainly Mrs. Young was very kind to Miss Betsey, giving her a share of everything shareable in the house when she paid her regular visits.

"Goodness!" exclaimed my aunt, "how dark the room is; I fancy Katie has gone downstairs to take her tea."

"Well, there is no harm," replied Miss Betsey, "I dare say poor Miss Innes is asleep, and we don't need light to see to sleep by; is she better?"

"I think she looks thinner and thinner every day," replied my aunt, "I don't believe she'll ever recover, and I'm sure it would be much better, she would not; she was never remarkable for sense, but it's my opinion that if she does get better, she'll be an idiot."

"Oh, gracious! do you really think so?"

"I see no other prospect, and she'll most certainly be a

cripple ; there's no chance of her recovering the use of her limbs."

" Anne says the Doctor thinks she will."

" Of course, he'll say so ; if he were to say, ' she'll never recover the use of either mind or body,' there would be no occasion for him coming here twice a day, running up a long bill for nothing, but no one need tell me that after lying in that bed for nearly five weeks without ever putting a foot under her, or speaking a sensible word, she'll recover now ; no, no, the sooner she's in her grave, poor thing, the better for herself and us both, she's a burden to everyone in the house ; as for myself I must confess I'm sick and tired of having my house like an hospital ; nothing but beef-tea, and hot water, carrying up stairs from morning to night."

" Well it is tiresome, but one great mercy there's plenty to pay for it."

" We don't know that, till we hear from George."

" You ought to have a letter soon now, he's been gone more than a month."

" That's true, but you forget the distance, why it will take him a month to get there, and my brother's man of business was from home when he reached London, so that detained him for some days ; no, at the earliest we do not expect to have a letter before six weeks."

" Do you think there is a testament ?"

" I have no idea ; most likely not, and then I, and I hope my children, come all in as heirs' portioners."

" Well I'm sure I hope he didn't make one," said Miss Betsey, in her brisk pleasant way, " wouldn't it be nice if the dear girls had all a certainty."

" Whether there's a testament or not, it 'ill be all theirs very soon, that's sure."

Miss Betsey did not reply, but got up, and taking the poker broke the few remaining coals that were in the grate, thereby making a blaze which lightened up the room; and turning in the direction of the bed, the poker still in her hand, she asked my aunt if she thought I was still asleep.

"It's impossible to say whether she is or not, there she lies, like a log, from morn to night, and from night to morn again; the breath is in her body and that's all you can say; its just eight days to day since I was in this room before; and there she lay as she lies now."

"Poor thing! its no wonder when we think of all she went through."

"Do you know, Betsey, she didn't feel half the sorrow that Margaret and Isabella did."

"Is that possible!"

"I am sorry to say it is; its not sorrow that made her lose her wits; its the fright she got."

"Indeed its very likely, it was enough to kill her, poor little thing."

"I don't believe she cared one straw; all she cared for was the finery she got. If you had seen her, Betsey, she walked in, holding his hand, as unconcerned as you would have done."

"Me! I could'nt have done it: I can scarcely bear to look on a dead person's face, besides taking their hand."

"Few can; but she did, as bold as a man, and not a tear in her eye; and what is more she never shed a tear, from that day to this day; oh, the unfeeling thing. I've no patience with her, many a tear *I've* shed for him."

And as she said so, Mrs. Young blew her nose and breathed hard, as if she was crying; Miss Betsey tried to comfort her, saying, "she would make herself ill, and that she should be very thankful that it was not Captain Young, or one of the children."

“That’s very true, Betsey, and so I am thankful, but its my nature to feel deeply; I sink under every thing, and my children are just the same; Isabella, the darling pet, frightened us all; she went into the most terrible fit of hysterics whenever she saw him; she was a great pet of his before that unfortunate marriage, and was much more attached to him than ever his wife or his sulky daughter were: and Margaret; you know what a mind she has, Betsey, and how she conceals her feelings; that girl’s life is one long sacrifice to duty; she went straight up to her own room and barred the door, and never left it until dinner time, we had a late dinner that day (six o’clock), and I made Jane take lunch up to her room; but she would not open the door; next day she told me, that she read the whole burial service over out aloud in her own room; there is not one girl in twenty would have thought of such a thing.”

“Indeed, I dare say not,” sighed Miss Betsey.

“You may take my word on that,” said my aunt, “but we are all fitted for the place destined for us, and its very evident to me that she’s going to be a minister’s wife.”

“Mr. Barclay?” said Miss Betsey, inquiringly.

“Well, you are her aunt; I need not conceal it from you; don’t speak of it, Betsey, but I think its a settled thing; he has been twice a week here, in the forenoon, during the last month; his excuse is to visit Innes, any thing will do for an excuse when we want one; and one day he asked her how she liked the new parsonage! that was coming to pretty close quarters, and although Margaret has not said so (you know she’s very reserved,) I know she looks every day for the declaration.”

“I’m sure I’m very glad to hear it, she’ll be an excellent wife for a minister; she teaches in his Sabbath school, doesn’t she?”

"Oh! yes. She has taught in it for nearly a year. Mr. Barclay was not inducted into the charge above six months when she took the class she has now; he's no fool, he knows well what a help she'll be to him."

"That she will there's no doubt; but do you know, your news surprises me a little, for I thought it was little Miss MacDonald that he was looking after; he's forever there; not a day passes but he calls."

"That may be; but do you think any one in their seven senses would put Lily MacDonald in comparison with Margaret Young? Nô, nô."

"Well, she's a pretty little thing, Lily MacDonald, but she has neither the bearing or the figure of Margaret," was Miss Betsey's reply.

"No, or never will, and they are as poor as church mice. They have nothing, except what her mother gains by keeping school."

"That's true, not a penny, but you see if they are fond of each other, want of means wouldn't stand much in the way; you know the old song 'muckle lighter is the load when love gangs wi' the creel.'

"But she doesn't carry the creel that his love goes with," was Mrs. Young's reply. "He just goes there to address her mother about the school, as it's his duty to do; when he gets Margaret she can do all that kind of work for him."

"Indeed she can," replied Miss Betsey heartily, "she has as long a head as ever I saw on young shoulders, I wish them both joy with all my heart."

"I'm sure you do, Betsey, but don't speak about it to any one until it's all settled, and then it's proper that people should hear of it. I intend, whenever they have made up their own minds, to have the marriage as soon as the preparations can

be made, and its Margaret's desire that it should be so ; you know she's so sensitive she hates to be made a gazing stock of ; there's no use for waiting. ' Happy's the wooing that's not long of doing.' ”

I do not know what impressed this conversation on my mind ; but it was most likely owing to my own partiality for Mr. Barclay, in whose Sabbath school class I was, and I felt sorry when I heard he was to marry Miss Margaret, and wished I could make him change his fancy in favour of Miss Young.

Katie brought in a lamp, placed it on the toilet, put on coals and swept the hearth ; after which Mrs. Young told her she might go down stairs for an hour, as Miss Betsey and she were to remain in the room ; I could not imagine what the first part of their conversation meant, afterwards it all appeared plain enough, but I could not understand it then ; the allusion to the testament puzzled me more than any thing else, I fancied they spoke of a Bible. As Katie left the room, Miss Betsey asked if there was no money in the bank ? “ Yes, several hundred pounds,” said my aunt, and I found some money in the house, which I just kept quietly to myself ; you know, Betsey, how hard it is to get a sixpence out of John's hand, that once gets into it ; so I put that money in my own pocket, and said nothing about it.”

“ You did quite right,” replied Miss Betsey approvingly, “ it was your own, who had a better title to it than you ? if he could speak, he would have bid you do as you did.”

“ Indeed he would,” said my aunt impressively and with a deep sigh, adding after a pause of a second or two : “ I'll give you five pounds of it, to pay your half year's rent, Betsey.”

“ May the Lord bless you and yours,” said Miss Betsey fervently, “ you've been a good sister to me, what would I have done without you many a day ; many's the useful pound you've

given to me; when I came home last night the first question I asked myself was, where that rent was to come out of; its been staring me in the face for three months back, ever since I lost that ten pounds with the Mortimers. It was surely a deed of darkness, to come and get the lend of such a sum of money from a poor lone woman like me, and then deny that ever they got a penny. Think of Mrs. Mortimer to say in my face, standing on her own parlour floor, 'I don't believe, Miss Young, you ever had ten pounds that you could lend to any body, and if you had you would have taken good care to get a receipt for it.' "

"The only thing that took me to Bytown," continued Miss Betsey, "and kept me so long there, was in hopes Sarah would be able to lend me a pound or two, but the minister is as close as John any day, and not half so easily outwitted. She can scarcely get decent clothes for herself and the girls, and you know they are all very dressy if they could."

"How do the girls look since they came from Edinburgh?" asked my aunt.

"They're much improved. Frances is a handsome girl, and they have both learned to play on the piano, although I don't see what great use they're to make of music, in the country.

"Do they look as well as Isabella and Margaret?"

"Oh! fie, no; between you and me, there's few like Isabella and Margaret."

"Indeed, Betsey, I dare say that's the plain truth, there is no one in Peterstown like them at any rate."

"Deed no; by the time Isabella is twenty, she'll be your image."

My aunt gave a little cough, a gratified and deprecatory cough as she replied:

"I think she is like what I was ; both of them are as superior in looks to the common run of girls, as they are in mind ; and that is one reason that makes me regret their having so little advantage in dress."

"Well," replied Miss Betsey, in a cheerful tone of voice, "its a long lane that has no turning ; I hope it will be all different now ; what will you do with her clothes ? Isabella was telling me that he brought her everything finer than another, what will you do with them ? she'll not need them, poor thing, for many a day. I think Isabella would like to get them ; she says she's sure they would fit her."

"I am sure they will, with a little alteration in the waist. Isabella is more shapely than she is, but its easy letting out the bodies, and the skirts are quite long enough ; poor thing, she was very tall of her age ; so she might grow tall and stout both, she was well taken care of. She had a beautiful pale blue checked silk that would have been so becoming to Bella and would have made her a lovely dress for morning visits ; but unfortunately, she had it on, and its quite ruined with the sea water."

I listened with breathless attention now. The blue dress, the sea water, formed part of my dream, could it be my clothes they were talking of?"

"Could it not be dyed ?" asked Miss Betsey.

"It could have been ; but that old fool, Jean Guibran, who keeps MacBeth's house, washed it, if you please, and run it all, its not worth a penny : however, there are plenty more ; if ever she gets well, (which I'm very sure she never will,) she'll have to go into mourning for two years ; but I won't allow Isabella to wear it longer than six months." After a pause she added : "Its impossible she could recover after being so long in the cold and wet."



My dream, my dream, I could bear it no longer, and with a piercing shrill scream, that startled myself, I called out :  
"Aunt!"

"Protect me! what a start you gave me; what do you want?"

"When was I cold and wet?"

"What a question; why, when you were sitting in the Elfin Kirk, with the sea up to your waist."

The dream was gone; but in its place the recollection clear as the lightning's flash, and sharp as a barbed arrow, of my father's return—my time of joy—the bright moonlight—the shadow—that piercing cry, the moon and myself alone on the mountain cliff, the sad long hours with my beloved dead, in darkness, cold and wet.

I tried to leap from my bed: tossed my arms above my head; and in one wild shriek, gave utterance to the agony, so long pent up.

## CHAPTER IV.

" Oft times I hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel."

WHEN I next awoke to consciousness, I was lying close to the edge of the bed, Katie holding a basin under my arm, from which trickled down a red line not thicker than a thread.

With consciousness came the knowledge of all I had loved and lost. I was not only now the same lonely, unloved, uncared-for thing, I had been six months before, but woe, woe, I was without hope; my father had come; that was a thing of the past; no more looking forward to his coming; no more letters—no more day dreams of going to Cuba; all that had formed my future, all that from early childhood my thoughts had loved to dwell upon, was at an end forever, and in its place, what?—a grave.

The doctor looked at me as I opened my eyes, and put his finger on his lip, as a sign that I was not to speak. It was a needless caution, I had no desire ever to speak again; ever to move; ever to rise from that bed, but to pass from thence into the silent land.

Some one kissed my forehead, and the lip that pressed my temples rested there for a second or two. I looked up and saw Miss Davidson leaning on my pillow, exactly in the position she occupied the first evening I was conscious of her presence. The doctor bound up my arm, laid it in an easy position, and then gave some directions to Katie about the

medicine I was to take. When he was gone, Katie arranged her mattress for the night, and asking Miss Davidson to awake her at twelve, that she might give me my medicine, lay down to sleep.

Miss Davidson parted my hair on my forehead, arranged the sheet, and then put the hand which had thus been employed, on my bandaged arm. She had not yet spoken, but even though I could not see her eye to read in it, her silence, and the touch of her hand, was eloquence to me.

Katie had been long asleep; when Miss Davidson said: "Innes, darling, when I was last here, I told you of a little girl of your own age, who had suffered in a few days more than most people have to suffer in a long lifetime; when I spoke of her, I meant you; all that terrible dream you went through, every phase of it—and yet you were not alone. The angel of the covenant was with you—the Lord watched you from His holy Heaven, and twice the angel of His presence saved you from a death the most horrible. If few have suffered as you have, few have been favoured as you. The time was come for your father's entrance into the better land, and to lift *you* from earth to Heaven, God permitted him to come home, that *you* might have the strong consolation of knowing that in his last hours his soul was soothed by the voice of his best beloved; he pressed no lingering bed of pain, tended by hired hands, but passed in health to the high Heavens, his head leaning on your bosom, until his soul had gained the shining shore."

These words were spoken in short sentences, with long pauses between each—her silent prayer was answered—my tears flowed fast—my senses were saved. To her as God's messenger, I owe more than life.

Miss Davidson gave me the medicine, which the doctor said

was to be given at twelve o'clock, then she lay down in my bed, and remained with me all that long, long night. The medicine I took was an opiate, it did not make me sleep, but it made my misery less miserable; and the tears I shed, while under its influence, were not the bitter scalding tears which seem to come hot from a burning brain, but tears whose mission was to relieve the overcharged heart they flowed from.

In all that dreary night, each time I opened my eyes, I found Miss Davidson's gaze fixed on my face, and she answered my look by words from the Lord's word, comforting my soul as the dew which falleth on the parched ground. I have forgotten but few words she spoke that night, most of them were graven on my soul in letters of gold: "Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee."—"He shall give thee to drink of the brook by the way."—"In His presence is fulness of joy."—"At His right hand are pleasures for evermore."

When that great trial was a thing of the past, I knew that night was between Friday and Saturday. For two days Miss Davidson never left me for an hour, and for a month she shared with me my little bed. The Great All-Father hath sent such women as Miss Davidson to be His ministering angels.

She left me on Monday morning to attend to the duties of her school, promising to return in the evening, but before she went the Lord had answered her prayer, and sent me strength proportioned to my day.

I recovered my health by degrees, but for many months I had no use of my limbs; wherever I was carried I must remain until some good Samaritan came to move me. I was treated with more kindness and consideration than formerly by all in the house, with the exception of Captain Young; his dislike to me must have amounted to detestation; he was

perfectly unable to restrain himself, in passing the window seat in the parlour, where I used to be placed, when brought downstairs in the morning, and where I usually remained until night, my meals being brought to me by the servant who waited table; he would usually give utterance to his feelings in some such word as worm, serpent, or the like.

I generally kept the window curtains, which were of fawn-coloured merino, pinned together, the window being one of three, and in a corner. I was allowed to consider it my own property. I often fell asleep there, in the grey twilight when I could not see to read, and remained sleeping until Katie came to bring me to bed.

One evening while sitting asleep in my window corner, I was aroused by Miss Betsey's laugh as she joked and congratulated Miss Margaret on her conquest of the Minister, as she termed Mr. Barclay.

Miss Margaret who did not seem to take it in good part, said: "People were always spreading reports on subjects they knew nothing about. She had a very happy home—she did not wish to marry," &c., &c. She was evidently in bad humour, and Miss Betsey, seeing her pleasantry was not acceptable, made no reply. Miss Margaret rang the bell with a strong pull, stirred the fire, and broke the coals with the poker, giving the blows heartily as if she was angry and must vent her spleen on something.

The servant was sent to inform Mrs. Young that Miss Betsey was in the parlour, and in a few minutes they were joined by that lady. She entered the room in her usual demonstrative way, shutting the door with a bang and speaking from the moment she entered:

"What kept you, Betsey? I thought you would never come."

"I was a little bit in the country to-day, it is not more than ten minutes since I came home; whenever Nellie told me your message I came straight here without putting off my things; I hope there's nothing particular the matter?"

"Particular enough, goodness knows;" said Mrs. Young with a very demonstrative sigh which sounded through the whole room, seating herself at same time in an easy chair on the opposite side of the fire place to where Miss Betsey sat, and leaning back with clasped hands, employed herself in making her thumbs revolve rapidly round each other as she spoke. There was a slight opening in the curtains where they joined together, the ladies were seated in the line of light thus given and consequently were full in my view.

"We've had George's letter at long and at last, Betsey, and a serious letter it is. Goodness knows what tempted my poor brother, but he's left every farthing of his hard won money to that poor cripple."

"Oh! Mary, its not possible!" said Miss Betsey, who never called Mrs. Young by her Christian name unless she was, as in the present case, startled into doing so.

"But it is possible, and proveable both; oh, Betsey, isn't this a deceitful world? to think of that man's coming home and pretending to be so fond of me, and my children; and knowing all the time that he had cut us off with a shilling."

"I never heard the like in all my life," said Miss Betsey, "its most unnatural; what can be the meaning of it? but are you sure its true?"

"As sure as a copy of the will on black and white can make us," replied Miss Margaret energetically; "but it does not surprise me, my uncle was a man I never liked; when I was a child I didn't like him, and when he came home last, I saw through him like a glass; he had just his daughter's deceitful nature, with a stronger will."

‘ Oh, fie, Margaret,’ said her mother warmly, ‘ don’t say that ; you know well enough, that until now, he was the best brother that could be ; I never wrote to him that we were in difficulties that he didn’t send me money by the first mail : what possessed him to do such a cruel, unnatural thing, as to leave his only sister and her children destitute, to enrich a little brat like that, who he really didn’t know ; goodness knows, *I can’t fathom it.*’

‘ And even if she were dead to-morrow,’ broke in Miss Margaret, ‘ we would not get a halfpenny of the money.’

‘ How is that ? ’ asked Miss Betsey in tones of indignation, ‘ who would it go to but to you ? there’s no other heirs ; ’ and turning to my aunt : ‘ There were only you two, my dear ? you had no brother or sister but him ? ’

‘ Not one,’ replied my aunt in a slow solemn tone, ‘ and no brother ever adored a sister as he did me, until he married that wicked woman, with her smooth tongue. Do you remember, Betsey, how I cried the day we got the news of his marriage ? so I might, it was the beginning of all the evil that has happened in the family ; and what a cunning little thing she was ; how she got round my poor mother, with her mealy mouthed ways ; when I think of her, and all the mischief she brought first and last, her and hers, it is enough to put me crazy ; what a happy family we would have been but for her ; and that girl of her’s is the mother to a T ; see how she imposed on her father, she could twist him about her little finger ; and its the same with Miss Davidson. Miss Davidson thinks her an angel of light.’

‘ Miss Davidson thinks no such thing, she is as cunning as Innes is ; ’ said Miss Margaret, ‘ she knew well enough on which side her bread was buttered, when she was coming here night after night, acting sicknurse for a month or more ; no one need tell me that she or any other body

would do that for nothing; I wouldn't, and I know I'm more self denying than ever she was; but its my private opinion that Miss Innes, with all her pretended childishness, knew pretty well how the will was made, and let Miss Davidson be a partaker of her knowledge. They were not together so many nights, and had such long conversations for nothing. O! she's a deep one, and I knew that, from the first day she put her foot in this house; I wouldn't be surprised if its yet found out that her lies have been the means of getting this precious will made in the way it has been done, by writing private letters to my uncle."

"Indeed its very likely;" said her mother, with a look and voice alike vehement, as if a new light had broken in on her; "it would be just like her, writing letters on the sly; I now see through her great anxiety to improve in writing and composition; you've hit the nail on the right head, Margaret, its the very thing; oh! to think of the viper that I have been nourishing in my bosom; sitting down in my own house, and writing letters against me to my own brother; the ungrateful wretch that she is;" and in her excitement at the picture her imagination had conjured up she sat bolt up right, and struck her clenched hand on the elbow of the chair.

When they spoke so unkindly of Miss Davidson, and now that they accused me so unjustly, I would have denied both charges, but nearly all my old fear had returned; and I trembled lest I should be discovered, and beaten, for having listened to their conversation.

"Oh! gracious;" said Miss Betsey, "she surely couldn't be wicked enough for that; but what's to be done with the money if she dies? and I suppose there's little prospect of her living."



“Her die! indeed she won't; no fear of that,” replied my aunt, “there is not one in the house who eats a heartier meal, or is more anxious to get it than she is; she eats double what Isabella does, and——”

Here Margaret interrupted her mother with, “I'll tell you, aunt Betsey, what's to be done with the money; she is to get it all; every sixpence of it; except some trifling sums to charities, and small legacies to old servants. From the day she is sixteen, she has the power of choosing whether she will remain with mama, or go to a boarding school; and if she is not contented with one school, she can go to another, it is to be *just* as Miss pleases; (these last words Miss Margaret pronounced in a bitter mocking tone.) At twenty-one years of age, she is to have full power over the interest of thirty thousand pounds; if she lives until she is thirty years of age, she can will the money to whom she likes; but if she dies previous to that, the whole goes to endow and build an orphan asylum in Peterstown! was there ever such a will heard of? if you read of such a thing in a novel, you would say the author had little knowledge of human nature; it just seems as if the man who made it had dropped from the skies, and had no relation in the world but her. That will of itself would be sufficient to convince me that there has been underhand work going on for a long time, before it was made; however Mr. Dundas' conduct, has been most unpardonable; he was as much in fault to receive those letters, as she was to write them.”

“And your hundred pounds a year that he has given you so long,” inquired Miss Betsey with a face and voice of great anxiety, “I hope in goodness, that's not to be cut off?”

“That taken off!” exclaimed Miss Margaret almost fiercely, with a contemptuous sneer, and tossing her short curls back

from her face as she spoke ; " if he had done such a grossly unjust thing as that, every honest man in Peterstown would have pointed the finger of contempt at him, or rather spit upon his memory, as he is not here to point at."

" Oh, no, Betsey," said my aunt, in the tone of an injured martyr submitting with resignation to her fate, " I'm to have my hundred pounds, and little enough goodness knows for all the trouble and anxiety we had with him and his ; but its the way of the world, those who get forget, and those who give think on ; and he was so much in the habit of seeing me and mine sacrifice ourselves for him and his, that at last he thought nothing of it, but I don't blame him, Betsey, that is, not altogether, it took two to make that will."

" There's no doubt there was some joukry pawkry in it," said Miss Betsey.

" There was an unjust, unfeeling man, who could unhesitatingly sacrifice his only sister, at the instigation of an unprincipled girl, and that is the long and the short of it." Miss Margaret gave utterance to these words in a loud tone, and with more passion than I had ever known her betrayed into using before ; in general she maintained a dignified composure, however much provoked, and evidently annoyed with herself for having given reins to her temper, she rose hastily and left the room.

When she was gone Miss Betsey resumed the subject of the money.

" I suppose he is still to allow the hundred a year for her board ?"

" Oh, yes, he has made provision for two hundred a year being paid to whoever she boards with until she is twenty-one, he has taken care that if money can buy care and attention she'll not want either."

"Well," said Miss Betsey in a comforting voice, "you'll have that two hundred a year at any rate for a good while, let me see, she's fourteen, you'll have it for seven years."

"Indeed we won't; don't you see, when she is sixteen, in two years, she can go where she pleases, not that we mean to tell her that part of the will, but if she finds it out, you may take your oath she won't stay here; no, no, she'll go where she'll be left more to the freedom of her own will. It is most likely all arranged that she is to live with Miss Davidson, look how Margaret saw through that at a glance, what a wise head that girl has; I never suspected anything, but I always judge of others by myself; and what I would scorn to do, I never accuse other people of; but Margaret has a clearer head than ever I had."

I would have spoken out of my hiding place, and told my aunt that I would stay as long as she wished me to do, and that after I was thirty I would give her a share of the money. Although I did not love my aunt, she was my only relative. I felt myself a poor friendless creature and clung to her as the only living thing I had a right to cling to, besides, since Miss Young's marriage, which took place while I was confined to my bed, my aunt was the only one who ever took the trouble to speak above two words at a time to me; she would at rare intervals stroke my head and tell me I was getting well, and would soon be strong again. I made an effort to rise that I might go to her and tell her she should share my money with me, but trying to move recalled me to my helplessness, and I wept, as I thought of myself, a poor crippled thing, unable to go or do, except as those around me willed, one who most likely would never see twenty, far less thirty years of age.

"You never said a truer word, my dear," replied Miss Betsey

in answer to my aunt's praise of Margaret, "and I'm glad of it for the minister's sake as well as her own, her bread is baked at any rate; when is the marriage to come off?"

"Well, Betsy," said my aunt lowering her voice and speaking in a confidential tone, "that's more than I can tell you, he seems very shilly shally about it, and that's a part of his character I don't like; when a man has a fancy for a girl, he should say so at once, and not be coming about the house twice every week, and never saying a word that one can take a hold of. Since the day he spoke of the parsonage, he has never said a word good or bad on the subject."

"That's very curious!"

"Its the case though."

"If I were you, I would make John ask his intentions."

"We can't do that; he has taken good care, he never asked to see Margaret; all his visits are ostensibly paid to Innes."

"Well, Mary, I don't like that, and since you told me first about him coming after Margaret, I've watched him pretty well; he's once every day except Saturday in Mrs. MacDonald's, and when he goes in an evening, he stays two or three hours. One day that I was calling for Mrs. MacDonald, I said just in an overly way that I heard Mr. Barclay was going to be married to one of his Sabbath school teachers, and you know Lily is not one; her mama gave me some answer, I don't know what, for I was watching Lily, her face got like scarlet, and she got up and left the room."

"Perhaps she may be fond of him," said my aunt abstractedly, "and he care nothing for her, we have heard of such things before, but I trust it will be all right between

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him and Margaret, if it should go back now, after all that  
 has come and gone, she is such a high spirited girl I would  
 not wonder but it would put her to her cold grave."

"The Lord forbid! that would be a costly price to pay  
 for himself, besides for the loss of him, and if she doesn't  
 get him, she'll get a better," said Miss Betsey in a manner  
 she meant to be very stately."

"I dare say she would, indeed there's no doubt about it,"  
 replied my aunt, "but you see she has set her mind on  
 this, and her under-clothes are all nearly made, and she's  
 working the crochet and tatting for them with her own  
 hands; it would be a great mortification for such a girl as  
 Margaret Young, to be jilted you may say almost at the  
 altar, for a poor milk-and-water thing like Lily MacDonald."

The door opened, "supper waits," was announced by Jane;  
 away the ladies went, Mrs. Young first carefully extinguishing  
 the lights. Jane lingered in the room for a second or  
 two, when she was joined by Katie, who she was evidently  
 waiting for to assist in carrying me upstairs. Katie came  
 up to the window where I sat, in a hurried nervous manner.

"Oh, Miss Innes, are you asleep? what a mercy Mrs.  
 Young did not find out you were here, she would kill me,  
 if she knew I had neglected to put you to bed." Jane  
 and Katie lifted me up by placing me upon their four hands  
 joined together to form a kind of seat which they called a  
 King's cradle. I put an arm round each of the girls, and  
 thus exalted, was borne upstairs to my attic.

In general, the girls had a good deal of half suppressed  
 laughing and talking in carrying me up the two flights of  
 stairs, but that night there was not a word spoken, or scarce  
 a footfall heard, and as soon as I was placed in my easy  
 chair by the bedside, from which Katie could easily lift me

into bed herself, Jane left the room as quietly as they had entered it, Katie closing the door slowly and gently, as if she feared they would hear her down stairs in the dining room.

“ Why are you so afraid of making a noise, Katie ? ”

“ Because it is past ten o'clock, Miss Innes. ”

“ And why did you not come to put me to bed before ? ”

“ Well, I'll tell you ; I just ran down to the Links after tea to see Jean Guibran, she was so kind at the time of the trouble, and sends Robby MacBeth so often to ask how you are getting on ; he comes three or four times every week, Miss Innes, and I always promised I would go down for half an hour some evening to see her ; so to-night when Jane was sent for Miss Betsey, I knew the mistress would not miss me for half an hour, when she had her for a deverter, so I ran as hard as my feet would carry me, intending to be back by eight o'clock, to put you to bed. When I went there, reason or none, Jean would make tea for the supper, and I must stay and take a cup ; they had flour scones, and honey, and fresh butter, and yellow haddocks ; and the old man's so funny, he kept us laughing all the evening ; and after supper he would not let me home alone, Robby had to come with me, and when we had started, Robby was afraid to come the low road because the tide was not long back and my shoes were thin, so whether I would or not, I had to come by the braes, and they're two miles round ; I can tell, my heart gave a stoun, when I heard the town clock strike ten just as I knocked at the kitchen window, for Jane to let me in ; wasn't I thankful, when she told me that Miss Betsey and the mistress was in the parlour, and they hadn't got their supper. Jane's a good creature, she just left it on purpose, and let Captain Young

sleep on in his chair, and the mistress and Miss Betsey are so great, they would speak till midnight."

"Is it a nice place, John MacBeth's cottage, Katie?" I had not the least recollection of ever having seen John MacBeth's cottage, except from the braes above, in passing to the Links beyond, when going to bathe. I knew that John MacBeth was the fisherman who came into the Elfin Kirk, and helped me in my misery, but my memory went no further; I had no remembrance of being in the boat, or the cottage, of seeing man or woman save John MacBeth, and of him I only knew I had seen him, he had helped and comforted me, but how, I could not tell; I did not ask Katie, and she was desired by the doctor to speak as little on the subject as possible. What I have written, of the cottage and its inhabitants, was told me by Jean Guibran, in after years, when the sores in my heart were all healed up, and there were only scars to mark the spots, where the wounds had been. The question that I put was one partly dictated by curiosity, partly by a wish to chat for half an hour, with her who in these long lonely days, was the only one in the house who would take the trouble to talk with me.

"Oh, yes, its such a nice place, Miss Innes, so clean and neat (just like Saunders Dunkin's out at Hillside), and they have such beautiful furniture; they have four beautiful chests of drawers, and an eight day clock, and three beautiful four posted beds, and for patched counterpanes, I never saw the like of them; on the head of one of the chests of drawers they have a piece of white coral all branching out like great leaves, bigger than the big atlas in the boys' school-room, and a corner press with glass doors for the best tea dishes. Old John MacBeth is such a funny man, he said he hoped soon to see me pouring out the tea out of the china tea

cups, and Jean Guibran and the two lads laughed. My face got as hot as fire, I didn't know where to look; when the old man saw that, he bade them be quiet, and bring the books, and we all read verse about, and he prayed like any minister. I was telling them how poorly you were, and so lonesome, always sitting in the window with no one to speak to, and Robby said, if Mrs. Young would buy a hand carriage for you, that he would come often up in the forenoon, and take you out when he wasn't at the fishing; wouldn't it be nice to have one, Miss Innes?"

"I should like very much, Katie, and I dare say I can have one if I ask for it."

Katie looked incredulous, but did not answer.

I told her the way in which Papa made his will.

"And did they tell you?" without waiting for a reply she added, "they're not so bad as I thought they were, or they would have kept 't to themselves. You'll get a carriage now sure enough, or anything else you like to ask; did I not tell you, Miss Innes, you would be a rich lady yet?"

I burst into tears as she spoke; all the riches in the world was a small matter in my eyes in comparison to the priceless love I had lost, riches could not restore me that, could not make me other than the unloved, lonely cripple I felt myself to be.

"Don't cry, Miss Innes," said Katie coaxingly, "I'm going to tell you what John MacBeth said to me about you; he says that as long as you bathe in warm water, and have your limbs bandaged up, you will never get the use of them, but if you were to bathe in cold water, and wear no bandages, you would soon get the use of your feet again; he says that he has known many people lose the use of their limbs, who were ship-wrecked and long at sea in an open boat with wet clothes, and they were all cured by bathing in cold water; we could easily try



it for a week or two without telling any one ; will we try, Miss Innes ?”

“ Yes, I'll try.”

“ Will we begin to-night ?”

“ Yes.”

I was bathed in cold water that night, and every night and morning afterwards until Katie left me ; in six weeks I could walk with crutches ; but there were no crutches for the sorrow which pressed on my soul, making the bright sunshine feel cold and chill. We do not always outlive a great sorrow ; that is to say, let it slip from us like a temporary burden, and leave us the same that we were before. No, God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it ; if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human bliss, the same feeble sense of that unknown towards which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love.

## CHAPTER V.

One hope that warmed me in the days,  
While still I yearn'd for human praise."

WITH my returning strength came a loathing of the idle listless life I was leading. My own store of books was a very small one, consisting mostly of those purchased for me during my residence at Hillside ; and the books which pleased a child of ten years of age were insipid and uninteresting to a girl of fourteen ; I had read and re-read them all ; Mr. Barclay and Miss Davidson both supplied me liberally with reading matter, but the books they thought the most profitable for my perusal were entirely of a religious character, and my inactivity of body seemed to act as an incentive to activity of brain ; my intellect, too, seemed to have become brighter from the long rest it had when I lay alike helpless in mind and body.

I occasionally read a few pages from books left on the parlour table by Captain Young ; these treated of men and things which were mysteries to me, and I longed for the key that I might know what these things meant ; I remembered the long conversations with my father, when he told me of the great and good who had passed from time but still lived in the works they had left here or in the memory of the good deeds they had done. I had also learned while at school enough to excite my curiosity and little more ; I knew the names by which science is called and the meanings attached to these names, this was about all ; my soul thirsted for knowledge as I had never thirsted for a draught of water.

I asked my aunt if I might go to school now that I was able to walk on crutches ; she stared with unfeigned astonishment at the request.

"What will you ask next, Innes ? you could not walk there alone, and you know well the servants have no time for additional work ; attending to you nearly occupies Katie's time already."

"I would try to walk alone, aunt ; I am so tired of doing nothing all day, and I can see no one from the back windows in the parlour."

"Where would you like to sit ? surely not in the drawing room, where you would be exposed to the mortification of seeing visitors ; and as to looking at people passing, I don't know what amusement you could find in that. Mr. Barclay would be very much surprised were I to tell him that you wished to spend your time in gazing from the window at the street."

"I should like to go to school that I might resume my lessons ; I will forget all I have learned."

"As to going to school there is no use talking of that ; you would be the laughing stock of the whole school with your dot-and-go-one crutches, and if you are callous to that, I am not ; I don't choose that my niece should be the town talk."

"And if my limbs never get strong, am I never to learn more."

"I can't see into the future ; but if you don't recover the use of your legs, and its better to tell you at once there's no chance of your doing so, I cannot see what great good learning is to do you ; and even if you do get better, you will have a large fortune, and people with money seldom trouble themselves about anything else."

"But, aunt, I am so fond of reading Biography and His-

tory, and when I see books of that kind here I don't understand the half I read, because there are always allusions to people and things I have never heard of."

"That is greatly your own fault, Innes; you had a good opportunity of learning when you came here, but by your negligence and bad temper you threw it away; if Margaret had taught you until now, you would probably know as much as Isabella; she is constantly reading, and you never hear of her being at a loss to understand what she reads."

I did not reply to this; both my father and Miss Davidson had warned me against reading the novels which Isabella was constantly poring over, and which the former characterized as the vagaries and effervescings of brains nearly as weak as those of their readers. My father had given me one or two novels of his own choosing, but those Isabella denominated dry stuff, nearly as bad as sermons, and would not look at; knowing this I did not wonder that the young lady was independent of help in the elucidation of her studies such as they were; but even were it otherwise and that Isabella was all that her mother believed her to be, and I could become equally learned and wise by studying under Miss Margaret, the effort would have been too great for me; I could not overcome the dislike I had to my cousin so far as to enable me to profit by her instructions.

"When I am older I will have a man to teach me," said I thinking aloud rather than speaking, and half unconscious that I was giving utterance to my thoughts.

"You can have that now, Innes, if you like," replied my aunt in a lively tone, as if my words had relieved her spirit of a great weight, "you can have Dominie Sampson to teach you, and there is not a more learned or painstaking teacher

in the country ; that was a bright thought of yours, Innes ; shall I tell him to give you a lesson this afternoon ? ”

“ Oh do aunt, I will be so glad.”

Dominie Sampson was a name Isabella had given to Mr. Tytler, the tutor of my cousins, Frank and Tom, boys of fifteen and seventeen ; he was a man of at least twenty-five years of age, whose services Captain Young had obtained at a small salary in consideration of his being obliged to attend the theological college in Edinburgh during several months in the year. He was considered an excellent teacher, and I heard Captain Young tell my father that the boys had made more progress in three months under his tuition, than they had done in the previous year, with their former tutor. But he was awkward in appearance, shy and odd in his manners ; he was a tall man, fully six feet high, stooped from the shoulders and neck both, wore his trowsers several inches too short, thick shoes, and collars which reached halfway up his cheeks, in consequence of which article of dress, Isabella had given him the additional cognomen of “ collars.” This last name no one used except the young lady herself, but by that of Dominie Sampson he was known throughout the house better than by his own, the very servants calling him Dominie.

“ When the Laird lightlies the Lady,  
The Varlet's jeer is aye ready.”

And as their betters in the parlour thought proper to call Mr. Tytler, Dominie Sampson, the young ladies in the kitchen considered it their privilege to do so also.

This, then, was the gentleman who was to be my instructor for the next two years, from whom, as Miss Isabella informed a young lady friend (in my presence), who received the information with shouts of laughter, I was to receive instructions in the living and dead languages, English literature, dancing

on stilts, and the other graceful accomplishments necessary for a young lady of my fortune.

Be it so, Isabella ; I soon wiped the tears and forgot the bitter feeling occasioned by the allusion to my lameness, but I have not yet forgot the lessons ; and I never shall, the benefit I received with those lessons, from awkward, conscientious Dominie Sampson.

Yes, verily, Dominie Sampson was for nearly two years my kind indulgent guide and counsellor, not only in lessons, but in my life and heart ; it was he who led me " from nature up to nature's God," who taught me " the love of God which is in Christ Jesus," and taught me to desire more than aught else to cast aside every weight and the sin that most easily beset me, and " to press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Dominie Sampson was moreover my protector ; by degrees he installed himself in that office until it was tacitly allowed him ; and although to himself, little or no difference was shown, yet in his presence I was safe from taunt or reproof.

Previous to becoming his pupil, I frequently received little kindnesses from him, such as lifting me out on the balcony where Miss Young's flowers were kept, and which was entered from the window allotted to me, and having placed me there, the good man would return at the end of an hour or fifteen minutes as the case might be, take me in and replace me on my seat ; at other times he would bring me an apple or an orange, rare luxury to me in those days when not being considered fit to sit at table by reason of my infirmity, I had no dessert ; once or twice when Katie wished to bring me some she was snubbed by my aunt for what was termed her impudence in presuming to dictate what I should have for my dinner.

I had been taking lessons from Dominie Sampson for several months, when one forenoon the ladies having gone out, Katie brought up the letters she had just received from the postman, and placing them on the table in the parlour where I was being taught my Latin lesson, said, "Miss Innes, the postman says that's a letter from Cuba for you," pointing at same time to one of two, a large square letter.

I looked at, but did not dare to open it; I had never been allowed to see my father's letters (and he was my only correspondent) until Mrs. Young had first perused them, neither was I permitted to pen a reply unless under the supervision of one or other of the young ladies, hence when the letters were put on the table, I thought I would almost be committing a breach of trust in opening them. I lifted up the square letter, examined the address and then the seal, and lastly looked in my teacher's face as if I would read there whether or not I ought to open it; this was the first opportunity that ever offered itself of having it in my power to break the seal of a letter addressed to myself, and I was certainly very anxious to improve it.

"If you wish to open your letters do so, I can wait," was the answer to my look.

"But perhaps my aunt will be angry if I do."

"Why should she?"

"I don't know, but she never gives me my letters until she has first read them herself."

"Do as you please, were I in your place I should read my own letters."

Thus encouraged I opened the important looking missive, and found therein a copy of my father's will; the accompanying letter was from New York, written by Mr. Bowman, my father's agent there, who referred to former letters, and in-

formed me that he had ordered a copy of the will to be sent from Cuba. He was in Europe attending one of the German Spas when the intelligence of my father's death reached Cuba, and had addressed me as soon after his return to New York as it was possible for him to arrange about a copy of the will being sent. My father's agent in Cuba informed him that a copy of the will had been handed over to George Young for transmission to his parents. Mr. Bowman went on to state that he, conjunctly with Mr. Rogers, my father's partner, were left executors of the will; he begged of me to write to him unreservedly, as I had done to my father, regretted that my illness had hitherto prevented me from replying to his letters, and concluded by saying that in a year or eighteen months at farthest he would be in Britain, and would then come to Peterstown on purpose to see and arrange with me as to my future home, if I wished to leave my aunt's residence.

The will was written on parchment, with a large seal—probably the seal of some court in Cuba—attached to it; its purport was exactly what I had heard Mrs. Young tell Miss Betsey, with this difference, that my aunt was during her lifetime to have the interest of two thousand pounds, the principal at her death to go to whichever of her children she thought fit.

From the time of my father's death up to the present, I had never thought of leaving Peterstown or Mrs. Young's house. Where was I to go to? I knew no other home; Miss Davidson's had been suggested by my aunt in her conversation with Miss Betsey as the place I was sure to choose, but I knew that ere I was at liberty to leave my present abode Miss Davidson would have left Peterstown to fill her place of wife and mother to her brother, and his orphan children.

The prospect of living and dying in this to me dreary home



was cheerless enough, and in my melancholy hours used to force tears from my eyes; it had formerly appeared to me irremediable, and I bowed submissively under what I believed was my fate. But now with my father's will before my eyes, in which my taking such a step was not only contemplated but recommended as desirable, and a distinct proviso made that I should to a certain extent choose my own home; and in addition, Mr. Bowman's letter in which he talked of arranging about my new home when he came to Britain, I began to think of leaving my aunt's house and even Peterstown, at first as possible, by and bye as probable, and in a few minutes more as a reality that I looked forward too and which would assuredly take place; Katie was to have gone with my father and me, and now I resolved, if possible, that when I went she should go also; but where we were to go never once entered my head; there was a long time to think about that, it was enough for me to know that I would go. I was startled from a long reverie by the voice of my teacher.

"Have you quite finished reading your letter? If so, we will continue your Latin lesson."

We had again resumed our interrupted studies and were immersed in the mysteries of nouns and their declensions, when my aunt entered the room in full visiting costume. Throwing her muff on the table and herself into an arm chair she declared that she hated paying morning visits, and only did so from a sense of duty. Scarcely was she seated a second, when her eye lighting on the letters she started up and stretching across the table past the tutor to where the will and letter lay by my side, almost snatched them from before me, exclaiming as she did so, her face red with anger:

"Who had the audacity to open these letters?"

There was a pause of several seconds, Dominie Sampson,

looked in my face, a strange inquiring look, as if he were watching to see whether I would hold fast to mine integrity; I felt cold as death, and a shiver of fear ran down to my fingers' ends, and then I heard my father's words as distinctly uttered as I did when he spoke them months before, not in anger, but for instruction, when he lived and breathed beside me: "In the formation of a perfect character there is nothing so beautiful, nothing so necessary as a fearless adherence to truth, while a lie, a prevarication, anywhere, for any purpose, is a clinging curse."

With these words ringing in my ears I raised my eyes to my aunt's face, and said in tones firm and clear, yet my heart beating almost audible the while:

"It was I."

The sound of the last word had not died on my lips e'er Dominie Sampson, inhaling a long breath as if relieved from some great dread, rejoined hastily:

"I desired her."

"You!" my aunt exclaimed, addressing me and assuming a fierceness of voice and manner such as I had never seen her exhibit before, then turning to the tutor she added, "and you desired her, did you? very pretty conduct for my own niece to be encouraged in, under my own roof; you are a most unprincipled man, Captain Young must settle this affair," and she hurried from the room banging the door as she went out. When she was gone Dominie Sampson put his great hand on my head, saying "You are a good girl, you have stood on God's side and kept His truth unsullied in temptation. It is uncertain if you and I shall ever meet again; it is most likely I shall leave this house to-night; even so, let it be, I shall leave it in the firm faith that you will walk on in truth nothing doubting, never halting between two opinions, never

for a moment forgetting that the great eye of God is upon you, that His angels are waiting to come and minister unto you, when you have once said 'Get thee behind me Satan;' never letting the knowledge that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost depart from your memory for one moment, lest you should use your tongue for unrighteousness or stretch out your hands to do evil; farewell, my child, may the Lord keep thy foot in this thine evil day, and at the last make all His goodness to pass before thee."

In a moment more he was gone. All this passed so rapidly that at first I felt bewildered, I was so frightened by my own audacity, as my aunt termed it, and its probable consequence, which might be to bring Captain Young to settle matters in his usual summary way, namely, the first word a blow, that for the time I was oblivious to aught else; however, as several minutes passed and at last half an hour had been marked by the time, piece without Captain Young making his appearance, I felt sure from former experience he would not come, and relieved from this fear, I now began to think over the words of farewell my good teacher had addressed to me; what could they mean? Surely he would not leave the house for the few rude words my aunt had said; her manner was more excited than usual, but I had heard her use words far more harsh to Mr. Bethune, the former tutor, and he took no notice of them; could he have meant that perhaps Captain Young would send him away; I knew well he would not. I had too often heard him chuckle over the low salary he paid Dominie Sampson, and the advantage his sons had from the instructions of their present tutor, to entertain for a moment the idea that he would allow his wife's temper to sway him where his purse was concerned; no, it must be his own purpose to go, and little as I was calculated to judge of character at the time,

both from my age and the few opportunities I enjoyed of observing the conduct of any except those comprising the household of my aunt, I felt that a resolution once formed by such a man would be fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and with this conviction came the knowledge that when he went, he would carry with him all that made life endurable to me; my hours of study were my hours of recreation. This silent Presbyterian man, with his awkward half shy manners, stooping gait, coarse clothes and large hands, had acquired an ascendancy over me which no one else with the exception of my father ever possessed; that I might win the scanty meed of praise he was pleased to bestow I was content to substitute study for any little pleasure which came in my way, such as a chat with Frank or Tom. He took more pains to teach me than any one of my former teachers had done; he made my studies interesting so that I always longed for the hour appointed for my lessons. Although sparing of his words, the few he uttered were words of kindness and encouragement; with the exception of Katie, he was the only one in the house who ever manifested the least anxiety to see me pleased, or who tried to win my heart from the sad thoughts which oppressed it; and that he, in his own silent way did try to make me exchange the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise, there was no better proof than the way in which the memory of his last words fell like winter on my heart.

As I sat one large tear and then another fell upon my lap, and I took my crutches to essay the ascent of the stair case, that I might give vent to my sorrow in my own room.

I had never tried to ascend the stair case alone and it was a dangerous experiment, but I knew it would be useless to ask Jane and Katie to leave their work in the forenoon, so by dint of putting in force all my little strength, and waiting a

second or two on each step, I at last reached the last but one on the first landing ; here I was met by my cousin Tom, a great rough boy, who to have sport for himself, as he termed it, and not from unkindness, always tormented me when he found me alone.

"Well done, dot-and-go-one," said he "how you do hop about, when it suits your convenience, aren't you a lazy puss to make Katie and Jane carry you up and down every morning and night, when you can go linking like that yourself? Now," said he, placing his back against the bannister of the stair case, and stretching his leg across the top step so that his foot rested against the wall, thus effectually debarring my further progress, "you will pay toll before you pass."

"I have nothing to give Tom, let me pass."

"Yes you have, didn't I see Dominie Sampson give you an apple yesterday?"

"I ate it all."

"You ate it *all* did you," said he pretending to be surprised, "what a greedy thing you are ; so you ate a whole apple, you deserve to be punished for your selfishness, and therefore I install myself judge and jury on your conduct, and condemn you to hop down these six last steps and hop them up again ; charge, commence."

"I can't, Tom, it hurts me very much to go up stairs, let me pass, I'm very tired already, and I have to ascend the other staircase."

"That's a good one, you're too tired to go up and down six steps to pay your lawful debts' and yet you intend hopping up all the way to the garret ; your name should be jumping Judas instead of dot-and-go-one.

"Let me go up, or I'll call to aunt ;" said I, my tears almost choking me.

“Call away, and I’ll be the echo. She’s in full conclave with Pa and Mag in the dining-room, and won’t hear you, which I’m glad of, as she loves you so dearly it would make her have the headache to see you suffer under the laws of your countrymen.”

I did not know what to do, I was so tired leaning on my crutches, I could scarcely stand. I knew Tom was most unrelenting when he took a thing in his head, and would stand there an hour if need be, and I was just debating with myself if it would not be better to go up and down the six steps than stand there until he tired; it was so painful for me to stand that I was on the point of beginning my task, when the door of the school-room, which was on the first landing, opened, and Dominic Sampson emerged therefrom. Tom’s foot was withdrawn in a moment.

“What are you doing, Tom? not teasing your cousin, I hope.”

“I love her too well for that. I’d as soon go a fishing on a bright summer morning as torment her.”

“Yes, he was,” said I, sure now of having a protector, “he has kept me a long time here, because I would not go up and down six steps, and I’m so tired standing I feel like to fall, and he called me ‘dot-and-go-one’ and ‘jumping Judas.’”

“Oh! Tom, Tom.”

“Well, everybody calls her ‘dot-and-go-one,’ and she is a jumping Judas, and a deceitful crying thing; there was no sign of tears until she saw you, and then she thought she’d get me into a scrape.”

“Tom,” said his tutor, looking severely in the boy’s face, “you should have more manliness than to torment a poor lame child like that;” and giving him a note, added: “take this to your father, and bring me an answer,—tell him a verbal one will suffice.”

Tom was down stairs by two steps at a time, in a moment, evidently glad at getting off so easily. Taking my crutches from me, while he put one arm around my waist to support me in their stead, Dominie Sampson lifted me up as if I had been a child of two years old, carried me up stairs, and on my pointing out my room walked in and placed me on a seat.

Oh!" said I, seizing both his hands as he was about to leave me, "if you are going away take me with you. Katie will go too, and I'll never give any trouble."

"My child, where would I take you to?"

"To your own home. I'll do everything your wife bids me if you'll only let me stay with you."

"I have no wife, Innes."

"Katie said she was sure you had a wife, and children, because you always gave money to beggar women with children; take me to your home where your mother stays."

"My fair child I have no home; when I leave this house I must seek another abode in the house of a stranger; but if I had, your guardians would not allow you to live with me. You must remain here until your guardian comes from America; pray to God and He will give you patience, and before I leave this house, I think I can promise you Captain Young will have consented to send you to Miss Davidson's school."

Placing his hand on my head, as he had done in the parlour, he said: "May God give thee grace, and keep thy soul and body and spirit blameless, until the coming of the Lord." So saying he left the room, shutting the door upon the poor cripple whom his absence would make so desolate.

## CHAPTER VI.

*"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions match'd with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."*

I REMAINED where I had asked Dominie Sampson to place me, sitting on my trunk at the foot of my bed, my crutches lying on the floor by my side, and I wept there until my head ached and my eyes were red and swollen, wondering if there was any one in all the world so unfortunate as me, everyone I loved was sure to leave me, grandmama, papa, and now Dominie Sampson, and I trembled lest he should not only leave the house, but die like the rest and I should never see him more. By degrees my thoughts assumed a brighter phase. I was considering whether it was not possible that he would marry me when I was sixteen, I would have plenty of money, and then he could have a home of his own and not require to live in other people's houses and teach bad boys like Tom.

I cannot help smiling as I think of the many hours I sat thinking over this good plan of mine for my own happiness. I do not think it entered into my calculations to enquire whether it would augment his or not, although I feared my being lame might be an objection. Poor, silly child, Dominie Sampson would have as soon thought of marrying the cat, if his thoughts had ever strayed to the subject of marriage with any one, a question which I much doubt.

My day dream was interrupted by Katie's entrance, she came almost breathless into the room, and in her haste was at the door of the cupboard, when she observed me.



"Miss Innes, how in the world did you ever get here?— I never missed you till about ten minutes ago. I have been out all the afternoon. Miss Margaret sent me a message all the way out to Mrs. Gardiner's, beyond Hillside, and Jane waited dinner in my place. When I came home about ten minutes since, I asked Jane if you had eaten your dinner well, and she told me she had forgot all about you. I brought some up to the parlour, and when I found you were not there, I searched in every direction, but the bird had flown and was no where to be found; so I came up to take the parasol out of the press Miss Davidson left here, intending to go over with it and then speak about you to the girl, and if you was there naturally she would say you was. Why did you come up here just now, and how in the world did you come?"

"I was lonely in the parlour, and I came up the first staircase myself, and Dominie Sampson carried me up the rest."

"Wasn't that kind of him, poor man; well, I must go and bring you some dinner."

"No, Katie, don't. I'm nothungry—I can't eat anything."

"Well, you just will eat whether you are hungry or not," was her reply, as she left the room.

She soon returned bringing me some sago pudding and stewed apples, neither of which luxuries I had tasted since I was unable to dine at the table. I ate both heartily, although if I had been given only my usual dose of beef or mutton and potatoes, I am sure I could have tasted nothing.

"Its a long lane that has no turning," said Katie, as she stood by me while I was eating. "Mrs. Young gave me those for you when I told her you had had no dinner to-day."

Katie saw I had been crying; but she took no notice of it, she knew by experience that condoling with me did no good. Seating herself on the floor at my feet she said: "I have a

long story to tell you Miss Innes, there was a great stramash in the house to-day. Just before I went the message, I was in the pantry off the dining room wiping up the silver, when Miss Margaret and Captain Young came in from visiting. Miss Margaret sat down without putting off her things, and commenced playing the devil's tatoo with her foot as she always does when she's plotting mischief; Captain Young sat swinging himself backwards and forwards on the two hind legs of his chair, whistling half below his breath his own tune of 'Lang un Kent,' when in came the Mistress in the most awful fury with your two letters in her hand; she threw them both on the table, her eyes glancing at the master like fiery coals as if she was going to eat him up, and crying out as loud: 'Look at that; your hypocritical psalm singing tutor has been advising Mistress Innes to open her own letters, and she has obeyed his conscientious instructions; there's a pretty person to have charge of young people! goodness knows what evil he's been putting in the minds of the boys; you must take the affair into your own hands, Captain Young, I'll have nothing to say to it, only he and I shan't sleep another night in the same house?'

"O, you should have seen Captain Young; he got up from his seat, and stamped and swore, saying he would kick the infernal scoundrel out on the street this moment; and had his hand on the lock of the door going out when Miss Margaret called out in her pernickity, slow, old-maidish way that she always speaks in when there's a row in the house, 'Stop!' and then said, 'have you read these letters, mama?' 'How could I read them,' says the Mistress, 'there was no time.' 'You had better do so, before papa speaks to Mr. Tytler; I suppose by this time he's too deeply versed in your secrets to be made an enemy of with safety; and my opinion of him is, that he would

not be very scrupulous about the use he would make of the knowledge he has so meanly obtained.'

" 'Read you the letters, Margaret,' says the Mistress, 'I have neither nerves nor patience to do so;' and indeed whether she had nerves or not, it was easily seen she had no patience; she walked up and down the room cracking the joints of her fingers, like as she was putting out her ill nature on her own hands. After Miss Margaret had read the letter she said quite stiff and old-maidish like as she always speaks:

" 'You see, he has you completely in his power; and if you turn him away he'll make you the sufferers; I do not think you can afford to lose two hundred a year, and as sure as he goes, it goes. I am very seldom mistaken in the opinion I first form of any one, and my opinion of him from first to last has been a very bad one; you know, papa, I advised you to part with him the first month he was in the house, when I heard him so daringly declare that King Charles the martyr was a man whose word could not be trusted; just as if his poor pitiful judgment was to be set up in opposition to that of Priests and Bishops, men whose learning formed part of the age they lived in, while his knowledge, poor man, is necessarily merely on the surface.'

" She said a great deal more that I can't recollect; but it was all against Dominie Sampson, how bad *he* was, and how good and wise *she* was; in the middle of her story in came master Tom with a note from the very man they were speaking about. Miss Margaret took it from him and read it out aloud; it was telling Captain Young that he could not stay in the house any longer, and that if Captain Young could provide himself with a tutor he would like to go at once.

" Oh! Miss Margaret was mad, she got as white as a sheet; after a minute or two she said:

“ ‘ He must be kept at any sacrifice, I know he has no regard for truth and would not hesitate to write the most atrocious falsehoods to Mr. Bowman ; I think you had better let me speak to him, papa, I can say that you have got a headache and have lain down, but that you desired me to say, so and so ; I will of course be directed as to what *I say*, exactly by the view I see he takes of the affair, and will hear what he has to say in order to ascertain what that view is. He is a great hypocrite and will no doubt pretend an interest in Innes he has no right to, and that he never felt except for her money ; he has very likely an intense interest in that. Go up stairs Tom and tell him that papa is in bed, but that I wish to see him in the drawing room. How I hate the system of deception which an intercourse with false people of his stamp always entails on the upright.’ ”

Katie repeated Miss Margaret's speech with a pursed-up mouth, sanctimonious air and harsh voice, altogether such a true, yet exaggerated, and ludicrous imitation of the object of her mimicry, that forgetting my sorrow, and indeed pretty much relieved of it by knowing Miss Margaret's determination not to allow Dominie Sampson to leave the house, I burst into a hearty laugh, the first I had indulged in for many months ; Katie did not see her own wit in the same laughable light as it struck me, but she seemed greatly pleased to witness its effect on my risible faculties. Miss Margaret was no favourite with Katie, whom she continually snubbed, as she said, “ to keep her in her proper place ; ” and when my laughter had worn itself out she added, with some asperity :

“ What a cracker that was of Miss Margaret's, and its not the first I've heard her tell ; and before night I wouldn't wonder but she'll be giving us a lecture on 'falsehood the besetting sin of servants', as she calls it, and bragging that

she never told a lie in all her life. Oh!" continued Katie, with a gesture of impatience, "she's what she is, Miss Margaret; if ever I sell fish I'll bring the rotten ones to her door."

"But you'll never sell fish, Katie; what would make you sell fish?"

"If I marry a fisher lad I must sell fish."

"But I'm sure you wouldn't marry a fisher, Katie."

"But I'm no sure o' ony such thing; may be I would marry a fisher lad, and be very glad to get him; a' oor folk was fisher folk. There's bannier lads in the seatown than ever therewas among the masons and wheelwrights up in the town here, that always smell o' clay an' coffins; an' the fisher lads have aye a fresh caller smell o' the sea."

Katie seldom spoke in her native vernacular; she had lost both her father and mother when quite a little girl, and had then been taken into my grandmother's house, where she was employed principally in sewing and doing little jobs upstairs; after my arrival at Hillside her duty was to wait upon me, make up my room, dress and undress, bring me to and from school, &c., and she naturally adopted the phraseology of those she lived among; however I observed lately that in describing her visits to Jean Guibran at the cottage on the Links, she fell back to the use of her mother tongue, and the accents of that tongue flowed smoothly and sweetly from Katie's pretty lips and soft voice.

"If you would only get that long promised carriage of yours, Miss Innes, I would get Robby MacBeth to draw you down any day to the Links, and you would then see what nice clean houses the fisher folk keep; but I'm thinking you'll be able to walk before you get the carriage; and that Mrs. Young 'll wait for spring before she gives you your winter.

cloak and bonnet." I sighed in reply, I was not at all sanguine now of getting the carriage which at first my aunt promised so readily ; since then I had frequently spoken of both it and my winter clothing for out of doors, but was put off first with one excuse then another, until latterly the mention of either occasioned so much irritation that I had given up all thoughts of carriage or new clothes until spring at all events.

Katie left me to prepare tea, which was part of her duty. I took my lesson book and sat down to study with an anxious heart, uncertain how the interview between Dominie Sampson and Miss Margaret had terminated or if I should ever repeat my lessons to him again, and yet feeling as if it would be some consolation to me to study earnestly when he was gone and so become good and wise, as he would have made me if his power had been equal to his will.

Katie came back in less than half an hour, accompanied by Jane, the former in high spirits.

" You're up a step in the ladder to-night, Miss Innes ; Mrs. Young desired me say she was waiting tea for you."

" For me ! " I exclaimed in surprise, doubting whether I heard aright or not.

" Yes, Miss Innes, for you ; and there's a grand tea to-night, buns and cake and marmalade and jam, I don't know for what, Miss Betsey's at tea, but I don't think we would have all that for Miss Betsey."

She smoothed my hair, put on my watch and chain, as she said to make me a little dressed, and with the assistance of Jane brought me to the drawing room door ; they were all seated as I entered, and to my great delight Dominie Sampson among the rest.

" Come here, Innes, and sit by me," said my aunt in such

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a kind tone that it quite startled me ; I did not know which to feel most surprised at, the request or the tone in which it was uttered.

I took the chair pointed out by my aunt, and she heaped my plate with every nicety there was on the table, as she used to do when papa was present. I noticed also that she was particularly gracious to Dominie Sampson, who in general she scarcely deigned to notice ; when leaving the room after tea my good teacher bid Katie call him when I wished to go upstairs as he would carry me, and he did so that night, and every night and morning afterwards, until God gave me strength again and I was able to walk myself.

What passed at the interview between Miss Margaret and the tutor I know not, but he did not leave the house then nor for more than a year and a half after ; next day a music teacher came to give me lessons, and a week from the time I received Mr. Bowman's letter and the will, I had a French and drawing master ; my long promised carriage was bought, as also comfortable winter clothing, and a large plaid for wrapping round my limbs in the carriage, and last though not least, Katie had two hours a day set apart for accompanying me, when I went out, with old Johnny Pierson the gardener to draw my carriage.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Of what we wish, and fondly hope is true,  
The veriest trifle seems a confirmation."

MISS MARGARET had a busy winter, she was never to be seen without her crochet needle or tatting shuttle, and many yards of both had been the result. As a Christmas gift her mama had given her a piece of fine linen, and that and much more had been made into under clothing; she had worked a petticoat in a pattern of little holes that reached to the knee; and now she was occupied embroidering a dress which was the wonder and admiration of all who were permitted to see it, and various were the surmises which this feat of needle work called forth; one was of opinion that Miss Margaret was going to Cuba to keep her brother's house there, and wished to astonish the Spanish ladies by the beauty of the dress as well as her own skill and industry in making it, while those who seemed to know best and were most intimate in the house said with arch looks Miss Margaret was to be married and that soon.

One day Isabella took me into her sister's room and shewed me all her fine clothes; very fine and beautiful they were; after displaying the whole to my admiring gaze, she told me that Miss Margaret would be married soon after Easter, and the happy man was Mr. Barclay.

Easter was at hand, and in one of Miss Betsey's visits she announced the astounding fact that Mrs. and Miss MacDonald were to spend the Easter holidays in Edinburgh. This was a piece of extravagance which the gossips of Peterstown did



not understand, and highly disapproved of. But Miss Margaret took a higher stand point from which to view the unprecedented conduct of Mrs. MacDonald and her daughter. She could not and did not try to conceal her indignation. "Aunt Betsey you surely must be mistaken; a teacher of youth leave her own home and church at the most holy time of the year. She would not dare to do such a thing."

"Nevertheless its all true. Mrs. MacDonald told me herself this morning, and I can assure you Lily has got a very nice little outfit for the occasion. She has an uncle in Edinburgh who lives in great style, and it is to visit his family that they are going, so Mrs. MacDonald has done her best to rig out Lily that she may look a little like her cousins."

"There would be no harm in that," said Miss Margaret with a severely religious look, "provided they are not dressing above their means, and the visit was made in midsummer; but nothing can excuse her leaving her Sabbath school class at this season, and I shall consider it my duty to call Mr. Barclay's attention to the fact."

"For any sake, Margaret, don't speak about it, or at any rate don't mention my name. I have always been good friends with the MacDonalds, and I would not for anything they should think I was going about telling tales to their detriment. It would be ill my part; last winter when I was so ill with inflammation, and the weather so bad that none of you could get out to see me, Lily MacDonald and her Mother took night about to sleep on the sofa beside my bed, and they never had any little nicety in the house that they did not bring a share of to me. Take you my word for it the minister knows all their motions, he's there every day mostly."

"Yes," said Miss Margaret, her mouth even more pursed

up than before, "I believe he is often there; he takes a deep interest in the education of youth; if every clergyman in Scotland did his duty in visiting schools as he does, there would be less heresy in the land. I will not say who told me, Aunt Betsey, but I could not conscientiously be silent on the subject. Mr. Barclay expects more help in his ministerial duties from me, then he would be willing to accept from another, and I must not allow any private feeling to interfere with the sacred duty he has imposed upon me."

"You have a longer head than ever I had, Margaret, and no doubt know what's best, but if its to speak about the school he goes there, dressed up to the nines with a clean white choker every night in the week but Saturday and Sunday, he's more taken up about the schools, than he is about the Kirk."

Miss Margaret rose from her seat her face scarlet with anger, and saying in her most determined tone, "Aunt Betsey, I cannot listen to scandalous stories against my clergyman," swept from the room with what the astonished Miss Betsey called the air of the Queen of Sheba.

On Thursday before Easter, Mr. Barclay called; he always asked to see me even now that I was almost quite well again; he spoke of my music and French lessons and seemed pleased at the interest I took in my studies; he came, he said, more on business than to pay a visit; the woman who had charge of cleaning the church was ill and he came to inquire the address of a person Mrs. Young had said some time since wanted work. Miss Margaret wrote the address on a little slip of paper which she folded up into the size of half an inch square; and Mr. Barclay, taking out his purse, said it was such a tiny scrap he would put it there for safety.

Miss Margaret looked highly gratified, and took the purse

(one made of steel beads) from his hand that she might examine it; in handing it back again it fell on the carpet, and its contents were spilled; these consisted of several shillings, sixpences, and a small gold ring set with a single pearl; Miss Margaret lifted up the whole, replaced the money in the purse, put the ring on her little finger and smiling held it up to Mr. Barclay.

"Does it fit you?" asked he, smiling in his turn.

"Only my little finger, it would be too small for the other," was her reply; she tried it on her third finger but found it would not pass the middle joint; she held up her hand a second time, then, taking off the ring, replaced it in the purse and returned it to Mr. Barclay with the happiest face I ever saw her wear.

When he took his leave she accompanied him down stairs to the door; on her return her face was flushed with joy.

"Mama, what do you think of that scene?" her eyes sparkling and (rare occurrence) her whole face lighted up with good humour; "I don't think there could be any thing more definite."

"It was the most decided thing I ever saw done," replied her mother.

"But, mama, was it not curious to behave like that before you and Innes?" and turning to me she said good temperedly:

"You must take care, Innes, not to tell my secrets."

I laughed, and Mrs. Young answering her daughter's question said, "It was curious, but I think he's very eccentric, he certainly does not make love like other people, I think it is now high time to let your father know a little of what's going on. It would have a good effect two ways, it would naturally make him more anxious to go to church (much need; he went

about twice a year), and in the next place Mr. Barclay would not dare to draw back if he thought your father was in the secret; if you say the word I'll explain all to him."

"No, mama, not for the world, papa is so brusque, and has so little consideration for people of fine feelings like Mr. Barclay that I am certain he would come out with some of his coarse jokes on the subject and spoil all."

Miss Margaret was sitting on a foot stool placed close to the tender with her back to the fire, her mother in a large arm chair at one side, while I sat drawing in a window recess at the other end of the room; surely they had forgotten my presence.

Miss Margaret had scarcely finished the last sentence when Miss Davidson was announced; how happy I felt as Katie pronounced her name, we hardly ever saw her now; she came regularly to see me for many weeks after I was able to be taken down stairs to the parlour; but was at last obliged to discontinue her visits from the pointed rudeness of my aunt and cousins, who told her plainly (at least Miss Margaret did) that her motive in being so kind to me was to obtain a profitable boarder.

I went towards Miss Davidson as she entered, and took her offered hand in both mine, she kissed me fondly; how long the sweet sensation produced by that kiss rested on my cheek, I feel it distinctly now; words may prove empty sounds, appearances may deceive, but there are certain simple signs and actions, which pure affection alone can produce and which no skill can counterfeit.

Mrs. and Miss Young said a freezing, "How do you do?" touching her fingers with the points of theirs; Miss Davidson took no notice of their rudeness but turning to me said:

"I came to bid you good-bye, Innes dear, I leave Peters-

town to-morrow, and if Mrs. Young will allow you to take tea with me on this my last evening it will give me great pleasure." Miss Margaret answered very sharply, "I am surprised, Miss Davidson, you could think of asking Miss Dundas to visit in passion week."

"I am not going to give a ball," was the reply, "Miss Dundas will only meet Isabella Smith and her old friend Hester Janeson; Hester goes with me to reside in my brother's house, and is equally anxious as I am to have Innes with us on our last evening in Peterstown."

"It is quite impossible," was the decided answer of Miss Margaret, "I could not think of such a thing; we must either hold to our church or not, and dreadful as I believe the fate of all heretics to be, I would rather attach myself to a methodist or any other such ranting sect who hold all days equal, than sit under the teaching of such a man as Mr. Barclay and disobey the strict commands of the church which he together with all the fathers, declare to be holy, catholic and apostolic; no, when I leave this house, which will be at no distant day, Innes will I fear be left pretty much to her own will in these matters, but while I remain here, she visits not in passion week."

There was a pause, no one spoke for a few seconds, at last Miss Margaret added: "It would be very inconsistent in us to allow a member of our family to pay visits in passion week, when we all felt so much shocked by Mrs. MacDonald and her daughter going a junketing to Edinburgh at the time given us by our church for retirement and prayer; I was so impressed with the indiscretion of their conduct, that I considered it my duty to inform Mr. Barclay."

I fancied I saw a peculiar slight smile on Miss Davidson's face as she asked, "What was his answer?"

"He made no reply ; I fancy he was too much astonished, and annoyed both, to be able to give vent to his feelings in words."

"Mrs. and Miss MacDonald have not gone a junketing to Edinburgh, they have gone there that Lily's marriage may be solemnized in the house of her uncle."

"Lily MacDonald to be married ! I'm very glad," said my aunt.

"So am I very glad indeed," rejoined Miss Margaret.

Both ladies looked indeed highly pleased, and during the rest of Miss Davidson's stay treated her with warmth and kindness.

"I suppose she is to be married to an Edinburgh gentleman," said Mrs. Young, inquiringly ?

"Her husband to be was born and brought up in Edinburgh and they first met there when Lily was at school in our Metropolis, she spent both vacations with his sister and the acquaintance commenced then, ripened into love, which I hope in a week or two will end in a marriage equally fortunate for both."

I parted with Miss Davidson with many tears, but they were not of long duration ; I was beginning to feel healthy and strong ; hope which was strongly developed in my nature soon got the ascendant of sorrow in thinking that by and bye I would be able to choose my own home, and if impossible to live with Dominie Sampson at first, I could, perhaps, as Hester Janeson was to do, live in Miss Davidson's brother's house until Dominie Sampson had a home of his own.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"The Minister's a canny man;  
An' he wiles out a bonny wife,  
As weel as ony ither man."

PASSION week and Easter both passed away; and on Friday morning, the second week after Easter, as we were seated at breakfast, Captain Young reading the newspaper as usual, he exclaimed:

"Hey! There's our parson got spliced. Is this Widow MacDonald's daughter he has married. She's a clever old woman that. She married the ablest man in the town herself, and now her daughter has done the same. Hear this:

"At St. John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the twentieth ultimo, by the Dean of the Diocese, the Reverend Edmund Barclay, incumbent of St. Luke's, Peterstoun, to Lily Jane, only daughter of the late Alexander MacDonald, Cashier of the Bank of Scotland in Peterstoun."

What the ladies thought or felt it was impossible to say. I myself felt as if I had been stunned; Isabella giggled, as she always did, when anything happened to annoy the others; while Miss Margaret and her mother both got up and left the table.

Captain Young looked up over his spectacles as the ladies left the room, seemed surprised but made no comment, and a few minutes after gave us our dismissal from the breakfast table in the usual form, which here consisted of the words "Tom, say the grace." Tom having performed the duty which was always imposed on him, we each sought our respec-

tive tasks for the day, Tom and Frank to study with their tutor until one o'clock, and I to receive my music lesson and wait with anything but exemplary patience for the hour after lunch, which was the time I studied with Dominie Sampson.

My lessons were understood to occupy two hours, Mr. Tytler's engagement with Captain Young being that the afternoon and evening, from four o'clock, was his own. On rainy days, however, and on many other days, my lessons were lengthened out until five and even six o'clock. These were my white days. The few words of praise which my teacher never failed to give, fell on my starved heart like the dew of Hermon, and I fondly loved the sound of the uncouth tutor's voice, when he called me his dear child, and the touch of his great hand, as he sometimes placed it on my head in bidding me goodbye at the end of a long lesson.

Mrs. Young appeared at dinner, but scarcely deigned to speak, except to administer reproof; snubbed Isabella for speaking too much, until the young lady left the table in tears; scolded Katie for making a clatter with the plates which no one heard or seemed to have noticed except herself, and altogether manifested such symptoms of more than usual irritation as to make Captain Young lay down his knife and fork, and lean forward with an enquiring and not pleasant eye to the head of the table.

Dinner over, Johnny Pierson was ordered to take me out and drive my carriage in the direction of Miss Betsey Young's domicile, I to request that lady to visit her anxious sister-in-law immediately, as something of importance had occurred. Our mission fulfilled, Miss Betsey's maid of all work, a girl of fifteen years old, informed us that her mistress had not been at home since the morning, or she would have delivered the first message, but instantly on her return, she,



Miss Betsey, would be sure to go to Bridge street ; the damsel enquiring if any of the family were ill.

Miss Betsey did not arrive until after tea. Mrs. Young met her in the passage, and both entered the parlour together. I was alone there, learning my lessons ; my evenings were always spent there ; the other members of the family sitting in the drawing room, unless when Miss Betsey came for a special consultation with Mrs. Young, which always took place in the parlour. They were scarcely seated when Mrs. Young began :

“ You’ve heard the news, Betsey ? ”

“ No, what news ? ”

“ Our pretty minister is married to Lily MacDonald, and its in the newspaper to-day, with a great flourish of trumpets.”

“ Good gracious ! I thought you said last week it was all settled between him and Margaret.”

“ So it was, as much settled as would have bound any honourable man neck and heel, but not enough for Mr. Barclay ; he had two strings to his bow, and I suppose he thought Lily MacDonald had better expectations through her uncle than Margaret had. As his love was light enough to be caught by mercenary motives we are well quit of him, and I would be very thankful were it not that Margaret takes it so much to heart.

Miss Betsey hemmed, and observed : “ There’s a drop in the bucket,” glancing towards where I sat as she spoke.

“ Oh ! I know Innes is here, returned my aunt, but there’s no use concealing anything about it from her ; she heard and saw enough the last time he was here to condemn him in any court of justice, and should we sue him for breach of promise (which we won’t) she would be one of our principal witnesses.

Is it not an unaccountable thing that he was so unguarded ?”

“The man was surely mad. What did he say ?”

“You’ll hear that when Margaret comes down. Its better to let her tell her own story.”

Here Katie entered, to say Miss Margaret wished Mrs. Young and Miss Betsey to come up to her room.

Away they went, and in less than ten minutes I was sent for by the young lady, to make my appearance there also.

During the five years I had passed in the house, I had never been nearer Miss Margaret’s room than the closet attached to it, where I was brought by Isabella in order to shew me the marriage things. I knew from Katie’s description that it was the most comfortable as well as the best furnished room in the house, and that her toilet was, as Katie said, “elegant,” covered with everything, like a “bazaar,” but until that night the room was to me as much a mystery as the locked room in Blue Beard’s Castle was to Mrs. Blue Beard.

A very pretty comfortable room it was, blue moreen and white lace curtains on bed and windows, a large sofa in front of a bright fire, on which Miss Margaret lay at full length, in the dress she had worn in the morning, her eyes and face bearing unmistakeable traces of weeping ; she looked in what Frank called one of her “awful bad humours.” Mrs. Young was seated at one side of the fire, leaning back in an easy chair, Miss Betsey, in like comfortable circumstances, at the other. As I entered, Miss Margaret turned her head towards me with what she evidently meant to be a kind look, saying, “Come, Innes dear, and take a seat by me on the sofa,” making room for me at same time, by putting her feet quite to the back of the lounge.

If she had slapped me in the face I would not have been

half so much astonished as I was by her put-on kindness; however it was quite lost on me, I appreciated it at exactly what it was worth.

When I was seated, Miss Margaret took from a table at the back of the sofa, a paper containing candies and presented me with quite a large handful, which I laid on the sofa pillow by my side. In those days I had no pocket money, no one ever gave me candies, and I, like all others of my age, was very fond of them, but notwithstanding I could not have ate one of Miss Margaret's had they lain beside me for a year; when I left the room the candies remained on the sofa pillow.

For some minutes no one spoke, Mrs. Young was busy with the usual employment of her leisure hours, making her thumbs rotate round each other. Miss Betsey was gazing at the fire, the flames leaping and dancing like living creatures in their joy; her countenance wore a sad enough expression, whether in sympathy with Miss Margaret's misfortune or some reminiscence of her own early days and perhaps slighted love, called up from the depths of her heart where she had buried it long ago, and now only remembered because some hidden chord had been struck which vibrated with a tone heard in the old time, the poor lonely old maid herself alone knew. If the last, she deserved a better fate; under Miss Betsey's large featured wrinkled face beat a kindly true heart such as might have made the sunshine in a happy home for some good man who perhaps chose instead a fair face, like the apples of Sodom, covering a heart full of bitterness and ashes.

The silence was broken by Miss Margaret asking me if I remembered seeing Mr. Barclay the last time he called at the house, and if I thought I could recollect what then passed between that gentleman and herself.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then, Innes, when I had the ring on my finger, what did Mr. Barclay say? now take time, be careful you repeat his very words if possible, do you think you can?"

"Yes, he said 'Does it fit you?'"

"You hear, aunt Betsey? now, Innes dear, what was my reply? no, wait," said she, hastily holding up her finger lest I should speak, "first say what I did with the ring."

"You put it on your little finger and shewed it to Mr. Barclay."

"Aunt Betsey you hear," said she with distended nostrils and compressed lips, at same time holding up her hand as if to insure silence. Miss Betsey answered by a look the interpretation of which would have been anything but flattering to Mr. Barclay, accompanied by two or three little nods of the head.

"Now, Innes, what did I say?"

"You said 'Only my little finger, it would be too small for the other.'"

Miss Margaret again held up her forefinger with an expressive look as if to entreat her aunt's silence, Miss Betsey in answer giving three little slow nods of compliance.

"And what did I do with the ring then, Innes?"

"You put it on your third finger."

"Stop, Innes, of which hand?"

"Your left hand."

"Go on, when I put it on the third finger of my left hand what did I do then?"

"You held it up a second time to shew Mr. Barclay that it would not pass the middle joint."

Miss Betsey's impatience was reaching a climax but Miss Margaret's first finger was again raised with a solemn warning air.

"What then became of the ring, Innes?"

"You put it in his purse, and returned the purse to him."

"Aunt, will you mark that?"

"I have marked it all, and I thank my goodness I never heard of such conduct in my life; it would be shameful enough in an ordinary person, but in a minister its perfectly scandalous, its past speaking about, and I'm sorry, sorry I did not know all that three weeks ago; if I had known what was doing here and what was doing there, I would have warned Mrs. MacDonald; poor Lily has got a bad bargain and its a great pity. She is a good little girl and deserves a better husband than ever he'll make."

"As to that," broke in Mrs. Young, "let them drink the ale they've brewed for themselves; any woman who runs after a man as she did, asking him to her house five nights out of the seven must have been in a great hurry to get rid of her daughter, and determined she should sail with the first fair wind; if they had respected themselves they would never have done as they did."

"If I were in your place, Mary, I would tell John; and minister or no minister make him pay sweetly for his impudence."

"So would I if I had my will, but Margaret won't hear of it."

"No," said Miss Margaret very decidedly, and with a good deal of her old dignity, which seemed to have deserted her in her sorrow for the loss of Mr. Barclay, and her eagerness to convince her aunt of his perfidy. "No, I will never have my name bandied about in any such way, these breach of promise cases have always been my utter abhorrence. I am neither old or ugly, I have no fear but I can find a husband who will be fully Mr. Barclay's equal in manners

and appearance ; if I do not find one his superior in upright-ness of conduct I will never marry ; as to him, I leave him to his own conscience, if it acquits him, so do I."

" As to your getting as good, and better than him there is no fear of that ; the very last time you were in my house Mr. Morrison, our new minister, was coming in as you were going out ; he asked me who that fine-looking young lady was, and when I told him you were my niece, he said ' You ought to be proud of her, she is the handsomest girl in Peterstown. ' "

" Is Mr. Morrison a good preacher, aunt ? " inquired Miss Margaret with a languid yet interested air.

" Oh ! my dear, he's one of our great guns, and was sent here because Methodism was on the decline in Peterstown ; we used to have three hundred sitters, and lately, until he came we had only about two hundred and twenty, but in the six weeks he has been here, he has raised the number to three hundred ; what do you think of that ? and some of your own people too ; Mr. Mitchell's family have come to our church, you know they left Mr. Barclay's owing to some misunderstanding about the pew rent. They have got one of our best square seats ; I was joking Mr. Morrison about Emma Mitchell, but it was no go, I could see she was not the kind he would like for a wife. I can see through a millstone as soon as a miller, and Mr. Morrison is none of your twopenny parsons, he's very rich, he has rented Captain Drummond's house in the high street and he's not pleased with it and not going to furnish until he gets a house to suit him ; its not his salary that does that, and beside he gave a hundred pounds to our mission, since he came here."

" Have you a good seat aunt ? "

" I have one of the square seats ; I used to let five sittings (it holds six) to the Milnes, but you know they left town

about two months ago, and since Mr. Morrison came and the chapel began to fill I have let them put strangers into my seat; Mr. Morrison says it is better to let the setting of the seats alone until the church is filled."

"He is quite right there, aunt; I am glad your seat is not let, I will go with you next Sunday to hear Mr. Morrison; whether the rest of the family go or not, I for ones shall never put my foot into Mr. Barclay's church again."

"I am very glad of that and I cannot wish you better luck than to make a conquest of our minister," replied Miss Betsey with a smile and a nod.

"As to that I never thought of such a thing, but I wish to sit under the ministrations of a clergyman whom I can respect, and one whom I believe to be a Christian; I am sorry to say I know Mr. Barclay too well to have the slightest respect for him; any man holding his position who can, to the neglect of his duty, run after a heedless silly girl like Lily MacDonald five nights in the week, must be ill fitted indeed for such an office; as for my own part I think I have made a great escape; and were it not that I wrote to Anne by the last Indian mail telling her of my intended marriage, I would be thankful that it is all over."

Miss Young had married soon after my father's death and was now in India with her husband, and Miss Margaret had most likely written a letter triumphing in her own good fortune; there was never much love lost between the two sisters, and the young lady no doubt dreaded the laugh which would be raised at her expense when the same mail which brought her letter would also bring the newspaper containing the account of Mr. Barclay's marriage with her pretty young rival.

Miss Margaret went to the Methodist chapel next Sunday, and in three weeks the whole family, with the exception of

Captain Young, were installed as regular sitters in Miss Betsey's pew; prayer books were banished and hymn books took their place.

Mr. Barclay's marriage cards were returned, enclosed in an envelope addressed to himself by Mrs. Young; he called once and was told that the ladies were not at home, although he saw them sitting at the open window in the drawing room as he walked up the drive towards the house; and so ended all connection with Mr. Barclay, who a few months before was considered as a demi-god. It often occurred to me as extremely probable that Mr. Barclay, innocent man, had not the slightest idea what his offence against my aunt's family was, or whether he had been guilty of any such, and that he had no part whatever in the change they had made from Episcopacy to Methodism; be this as it may, I must say I have no recollection of ever seeing Mr. Barclay look with an eye of love on Miss Margaret, although I have often seen him wear an air of assumed patience, and occasionally one of impatience, when detained too long in listening to the young lady's account of the efforts she was making for the improvement of her Sunday School class, or, favourite theme, the beauties of his last discourse. Alas, alas, what throwing away of pearls.



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## CHAPTER IX.

"Thou listenest to the closing door,  
And life is darkened in the brain."

DOMINIE SAMPSON had not attended the classes in Edinburgh for two years ; what the reason of this was no one could tell ; when he made his engagement with Captain Young it was with the distinct proviso that he should have six months for the furtherance of his own studies, but when the time came round he went not. Mrs. Young said she was sure he was too poor ; she knew from the perusal of two open letters from his father which she had found in the school room that he had to support his only parent and that the old man was sickly ; whatever was the cause it was late in the second winter after my father's death ere the tutor claimed his right to a few months' exemption from his toils.

He left Peterstown with the intention of returning in six months, but scarcely two had elapsed when Captain Young received a letter from him to say he was to return no more.

The day he went something seemed to tell me I was to lose him ; that when spring came round again the leaves and flowers would come but Dominie Sampson would not be here to see them, the early violets would blossom under their green leaves as of yore, but the one for whom I used to gather them would be far away.

The mail for the south started at halfpast twelve at night, and with Katie's connivance I sat up that I might see him go. I did not expect, or wish to speak to him ; in Peterstown half-

past nine was a late hour for going to bed, and it would have been thought quite unbecoming for a big girl like me to wish to speak to the tutor before his departure, particularly at such an hour of the night.

Katie and I slipped down to the drawing room after ten o'clock ; the lights were out ; and all in bed, with the exception of ourselves and the one who was to leave at midnight. The gas was not quite turned off in the hall, just enough of light to discover objects and that was all. There was his trunk corded and addressed close by the door ; I stooped down and read the address wondering if I would ever see it come back again ; something told me no. We went into the drawing room, leaving the door open, so that we might see him pass out ; Katie threw herself on one of the sofas and was soon fast asleep, while I sat in the window recess opposite to the door looking out into the dark night. The house was still as death, the swaying of the trees backwards and forwards as they were rocked to and fro by the wind forming at first the only sound, but as it became later in the night, the wind came in sudden gusts shaking the windows and making the old trees bend and groan in the blast ; I shivered with a fear of, I scarcely knew what, a peep from behind the curtain, some undefined shadowy thing. I tried to awaken Katie but she had worked too hard, and had remained awake an hour longer than usual ; all my efforts were useless, she slept as if she meant never to awaken again. I wondered she could sleep so ; I, myself, was never more wide awake, never needed sleep less. At last the hall clock struck twelve, Dominie Sampson's room door opened, he came down the staircase and across the hall ; he was trying to walk lightly but his large frame was too heavy and his tread sounded firm and strong like himself. Since I had felt the misery of weakness, how much I valued everything betoken-

ing strength. He observed that the drawing room door was open and looked in as he passed ; I was hid by the curtain and the darkness of the room and he saw me not ; I felt I had been guilty of an indiscretion in being there, and I held my breath lest it should betray me. He opened the hall door, a wild gust of wind and rain came in making the gas quiver inside the glass globe ; he looked up at the gas, and taking his trunk by the cord as if it had been a work box, turned out the light which had been left lit that he might see his way down stairs ; it was now pitch dark, the wind and rain careering in the hall. He said half aloud, " What a wild night," went out, and closed the door.

The sound of the door latch falling into its place had not died on my ear, when a feeling I could no more have restrained than I could have chained the wind or driven back the billows of the wild ocean, prompted me to rush after him that I might touch his hand and tell him how much I loved him for all the kind words and looks he had given me in my loneliness, that I would never, never, forget him, but try with my whole heart to meet him in Heaven.

I had to put my hand flat on the door to feel for the lock it was so dark, but I found it quickly ; the door was open and I outside, just as he was opening the shrubbery gate ; I heard the click of the latch as it rose beneath his touch, the night was too dark, to see anything, the gate was on a straight line with the hall door and I ran swiftly as I used to do when a child before my limbs were weak, but I feared he would be gone into the street and the gate shut ere I could reach him and I called out, " Oh ! stop, and speak to me."

In a moment more, I was close' by him, my arms round his waist as far as they would reach.

" Innes, where did you come from ? how could you think of this ? the cold and rain will kill you."

"I have been in the drawing room since ten o'clock watching to see you go. I came to kiss you, and tell you how much I love you, and that I'll try to go to Heaven, because you'll be there."

He stooped down, I put my arms round his neck and kissed him many times; he lifted me in his arms as he used to do when I was lame and carried me into the Hall, the door of which I had left open; placing me in the door-way of the drawing room, he said, in tones of love and tenderness such as I was totally unaccustomed to hear,

"Good bye, Innes, be a good girl, say and do everything as conscious that God sees you, study hard every day; I will be back in six months if I live."

He kissed me twice and was gone. I heard the door first, and then the gate shut, and I felt that they were as mountains of iron, and a sea of brass between me and the one I loved best.

## CHAPTER X.

"While I rose up against my doom,  
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,  
To bare the eternal Heavens again."

I CAME out into the passage and stood close by the door, my ear intent on listening to the sound of my teacher's retreating footsteps, as they fell on the stone pavement in the still midnight, first firm and loud, then fainter and fainter until they were lost in the distance, and the wind and rain alone broke the silence.

I then returned to the drawing room, where Katie still slept soundly, and sitting down on the carpet close by the sofa I pleased myself by trying to repeat every word I had heard my teacher say during the past day, and picturing the happy time when I should again see him. My waking dream was put an unpleasant stop to by the entrance of Miss Margaret, carrying in one hand a lighted wax taper which she used for sealing letters, while the other was employed in shading its light; she looked at me with more than her usual sternness for a second or two and then said in a low severe voice:

"Innes, where have you been until this hour of the night?"

"Nowhere," was my reply.

"Falsehood will avail you nothing; I not only know you were not in the house since nine o'clock, the time at which I myself locked the outer door, but I also know that you returned in company with a man who entered the house with you, and bade you good bye in accents of affection which would be disgusting to a refined mind, and with a coarseness

of voice which does not belong to a gentleman ; I was not able to understand what he said, but I learned enough to know that MacBeth, the fisher's son, was the companion of your midnight wanderings."

"I was not wandering, and I never saw any of MacBeth's sons except the one who is to be married to Katie."

"I do not believe that you never spoke to MacBeth's son," replied Miss Margaret in the same affected, low and constrained tone of voice as before ; I do not believe you, because I know you have told me a lie when you denied being out. It is a pity that the evil spirit who helped you to go out, and then aided you in concocting lies to hide your shameless deeds, did not suggest to you the propriety of wiping the rain from your hair and the mud from your shoes."

I involuntarily put my hand to my head, my curls were wet enough ; and by the light of the taper I saw that my shoes, the soles of which were exposed to view owing to the position I sat on the floor, were covered with mud.

"I was out in the shrubbery but no further, and I went to bid goodbye to Dominie Sampson."

"You bad girl," said she, speaking quicker than before and with an angry scornful sneer, "what lie will you invent next ? If you had time to reflect on what you are saying, you would never have resorted to that falsehood ; in the first place Mr. Tytler left the house fully ten minutes before your return, and he left the door open when he went, but for which you could not have entered, and I would not have known you were out ; in the next place it is against all precedent that a girl of your age and thoughtless disposition should sit up until midnight for the purpose of bidding goodbye to a man of his age, who has neither attractions of mind nor body for older people ; one too, whom you had ample

opportunity of saying farewell to at six o'clock; you are a bad, deceitful girl, as you always were, and I sincerely hope some accident will occur to deprive you of the money which I fear to *you* has been ill-gotten gains; and which I am very sure you will make a bad use of, by inducing some low fellow to marry you; if indeed any one can be found de-based enough to marry a girl who spends her nights in wandering about the town with fishermen."

"I'm not a bad girl, not half so bad as yourself; it's a lie that I was wandering about the town with fishermen, and Jane and Katie, and every body knows that you tell lies, and I'll write to Dominie Sampson to-morrow to come back and tell that it was him I was speaking to."

I said this not in my usual tone; but with a fierceness of voice and gesture I had never felt inclined to use before, nor do I think if I had felt the inclination I would have had the courage to do so; all at once I recollected Katie asleep beside me, the best witness as to the truth of my story I could have; and I shook her up with the same vehemence as I had denied Miss Margaret's false accusation.

"Katie, Katie, I say wake up, wake up, won't you;"—one or two good shakes—"Katie wake up, do you hear?"—and I pulled her from the sofa to the ground.

"Jane, what are you at, leave us alone;" said the girl only half awake—I administered another shake even rougher than before; opening her eyes, she exclaimed, sitting upon the floor,

"Oh, Miss Innes, I forgot all about being here; is your beau gone?" this was a name Katie had given Dominie Sampson when speaking of him to me, ever since he had installed himself my bearer up and down stairs.

"Yes, her beau is gone; and you were awake to confirm

the lies she has told concerning him, instead of which your half-sleeping words have given unconscious witness to the truth ; you were doubtless left here, not to sleep but to open the door for Miss Dundas when her midnight meeting with *your* low-born friend was over ; you are a wicked girl, worse if possible than herself, and you may reckon surely on leaving this house to-morrow morning ;” turning to me she added, “ *you* will lose your bosom friend the chamber-maid, and your lover the fisherman, both in one day ; depend upon it there will be an end from henceforth to your night walks.”

I was almost mad with rage, and screamed to Katie, who was now standing transfixed with astonishment wondering what all this could mean.

“ Katie, tell this moment if it was not to see Dominie Sampson go away that we came here, and that it is he you call my beau ; and that I never saw any of the MacBeths except the one you are to marry.”

Miss Margaret would not permit her to answer ; Katie was only half awake ; and stupefied by my violence, could not understand the angry looks and words of Miss Margaret and myself ; she was ordered down stairs to bed, and I to my own room ; Katie at once obeyed ; but so did not I.

“ I won’t go to the garret you have given me to sleep in until I please ;” said I, mad with rage, at the injustice of her accusations ; “ you have two hundred a year for my board, and I have the worst room in the house to sleep in ; you have been cruel and unjust to me all my life ; when I was a little helpless thing so small and lonely that even that might have made you have some pity, you treated me worse than other people treat their dogs, and brought your brutal father to beat me six times in one month, until I ran away from the house from fear of him and you together ; and now to crown



your wickedness, you tell lies and accuse me of being out at night with fishermen and making a companion of the servant; no wonder if I should make a companion of her, I was never allowed to have another friend, never had a companion like other girls, but was treated as if I was living on your charity; but I won't submit to it any longer; I will write to Mr. Bowman to-morrow and tell him to take me from this hateful prison."

My rage, if it did not convince Miss Margaret, calmed her down. She probably thought it most likely I would put my threat in execution, which I most assuredly meant to do; and she knew, what I did not, that since my father's death they had drawn nearly five hundred a year for my expenses, and that it would not be convenient to lose this. She also knew that if it were really the case (which I am sure she believed it to be at the time), that I had been out at night with a lover, Mr. Bowman might consider this the strongest reason for removing me from Peterstown. Whatever were her thoughts, she laid down her taper upon the drawing room table, and sought the solitude of her own room, there to meditate on the excitement of the last ten minutes.

I remained in the drawing room fully half an hour after Miss Margaret had taken her departure, more to shew her that I would not obey, than for any wish to sit amid darkness visible, alone in a cold room, until tired of punishing myself, I took up the taper and ascended the staircase.

Miss Margaret's door was open, the gas lit, and she seated opposite to and near the door, reading a little fat edition of the Methodist hymn book. I walked very slowly past, repeating in a loud clear voice, looking in her face the while,

"When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is Thine."

These words were borrowed from Katie, and were a quotation from an Independent hymn, of which sect she was a member, and indulged herself in repeating, when suffering under the lash of a scolding from Miss Margaret. The latter took no notice of my impertinence, did not raise her eyes from the book she was reading or move a muscle of her face, but sat there as if she was a stone statue, with a stone book.

Having vented my spleen in this way, I felt more at ease, and on reaching the precincts of my own room undressed and went to bed ; lying down, not to sleep but to frame such a letter to Mr. Bowman as would induce him to remove me from a house which, now that Dominie Sampson was gone, was to me empty and deserted. When Katie went, which would be soon, even if she did not go on the morrow, which would be very probable, my life while in it would be spent without one to speak a kind word or even give me an approving look.

I was up next morning with the lark, and busy writing to Mr. Bowman. I had already told him that I wished to leave my aunt's house ; that I was very unhappy, and that I should like to live with Miss Davidson, when I recollected the important fact that I did not know Miss Davidson's address, or where to find it. Had it been yesterday, Dominie Sampson could have given it to me. I had more than once seen letters addressed to her brother by him during my lesson hours ; I was equally ignorant of the tutor's address, and was occupied in thinking what I was to do in this dilemma, when Jane, not Katie, came to call me to breakfast.

"Where is Katie," asked I, fearing she was already gone.

"She is down stairs, but the mistress desired me to call you."

"Why did she not come to fasten my dress this morning?"

"Miss Margaret would not let her. Katie was coming up early in the morning, but Miss Margaret was sitting reading with her door open, and turned her back."

"Tell my aunt I do not want breakfast."

"Nonsense, Miss Innes, why wouldn't you take breakfast? I am sure you pay well for it; come down, Miss Innes."

"Will you give my message," said I, pettishly, in answer to the kind girl's remonstrances against my self punishment. Jane left me, and as she went I looked round the little white-washed attic which was called my room, with one chair and my own trunk for seats, blue striped cotton bed curtains and bit of faded carpet, contrasting it in my mind's eye with Miss Margaret's handsome room, or even Isabella's, which, although an attic like my own, was twice the size, had a pretty white curtained bed, scarlet carpet, cushioned chairs, wardrobe and couch, while her toilet table was laid out with little bagatelles, resembling her sister's; altogether a very nice room; mine, on the contrary, differing in nothing from the one occupied by the servants, except in position, theirs being in the lower flat next to the kitchen, mine in the attic. This mental survey was made with a considerable amount of bitterness; I had never thought of this before, but since Miss Margaret's false accusation, I had passed in a few hours into comparative womanhood; and the injustice and neglect I had suffered uncomplainingly, with no very defined sense of its being injustice, appeared now in vivid colours, as if since last night some one had explained to me the right and the wrong side of the question.

In a few minutes my aunt came into my room, puffing with the exertion of ascending the staircase ; seating herself on the bed as if she expected to have a conversation of some length, she demanded " Are you ill, Innes ?"

" No."

" What is the matter with you then ?"

" Nothing."

" If there is nothing the matter, why don't you come down to breakfast ?"

" Because I don't wish to eat with people who call me a liar, and accuse me of things I never thought of."

" You allude to the quarrel between Margaret and yourself last night. You know, Innes, it was very natural for Margaret to correct you for being out. I know, because I questioned Katie this morning, that you came down, as you said, to bid goodbye to Dominie Sampson, but you should not have done so, it was very improper, and I would not be doing my duty if I did not correct you for it. If you wished to bid goodbye to your tutor, you should have done so after tea along with the boys, and not have gone out to the dark wet shrubbery."

" I don't care whether it was proper or not but I know that I love Dominie Sampson better than any one in the house, or any one else in the world ; he was the only one who was kind to me, and I wanted to bid him goodbye, and tell him I loved him, and thank him for all his kindness. I did not mean to speak to him when we went down stairs, but only to look at him when he went out ; but when I heard the door closed I could not help running out to tell him all I felt, for fear I should never see him again ; and I'm glad I did so, no one ever gave me an apple or a bit of candy except him ; when I was lame and used to sit all day alone in the parlour crying most of the time, he was the only one who ever sat

half an hour with me, or asked me why I cried ; and long ago, when Tom killed my kitten, the only living thing I had of my own, you all laughed and excused him, saying it was so natural for boys to hate cats ; but Dominie Sampson gave Tom a good scolding, and took my dead kitten from my work-box, where I had laid it wrapped in a pocket handkerchief, and put it in a box of his own and buried it in the garden. I don't want to stay here now he's gone. I want to go away and I'm writing to Mr. Bowman to send me to school."

"How much better or happier would you be at school?" asked my aunt, her face pale as ashes; "do you imagine they keep apples and candies in public schools on purpose to give to discontented children? I am sure if you had asked me to give you apples and candies I would have done so, but I always thought you did not care for apples; you know, Innes, you used to have an apple for your lunch when you went to Miss Davidson's school, and I myself saw you, morning after morning, give it to the little beggar girl, who always waited at the shrubbery railing for you."

"Yes, I know I did, and I never had good fruit to give her, it was always a little decayed; but its not for what I have to eat that I care, I want to go where I'll have some body to love; and some one who cares for me."

"Don't you know its impossible for you to force those you live among to love you; you must first deserve to be loved, and then the love will soon follow; we cannot buy love."

"No, I know we can't, or if we could, you would have loved me and not Dominie Sampson, who never was paid a farthing for all the lessons he taught me."

"There is no use speaking about who was paid, or who was not, Dominie Sampson was very well paid indeed, whatever he may have said to the contrary."

“He never spoke to me on the subject, but I heard Captain Young say to Mr. Lessely, that he made him teach me for the same sum as he used to teach the boys alone.”

“And a very good thing he made of it, as a proof of which he not only kept himself in good black clothes (the most expensive colour he could wear) but every half year sent a large sum to his father, who was some old beggar that must have starved, probably, but for the money he got every six months out of this house. Take my word for it,” continued she, with a sneer, “Dominie Sampson was not the man to remain one hour longer than he was paid for; and his only motive in giving you candies and apples was to get a slice of your money when you come into it. He was one of the most greedy of a notoriously greedy class, and would stickle for a penny more than another would for a pound; and whether you believe me or not you’ll find my words true when you are among strangers, that all the kindness you meet with from them is wholly for self interest, whereas our conduct towards you has been dictated by feelings of affection for a relative. What do you imagine could make Margaret go down stairs without shoes in the middle of the night except to save a cousin whom we all love from falling into what she fancied a gulf of sin and misery; had you been a mere boarder in the house, do you think she would have taken that trouble? no indeed.”

Mrs. Young was fast talking me over to her own side of the question, being loved had such a charm for me that even the shadow of it was attractive; she saw her advantage and followed it up.

“Now, Innes, you must tell me what you want to make you comfortable, and if it is in my power your wishes will be gratified; you are, next to my own children, the dearest to me in this world indeed, said she, (taking her handkerchief from

her pocket, while the tears actually fell from her eyes,) I have often asked myself if I did not love you better than my own children, as being the only thing left to me now of my beloved brother. Now my child you will tell me what you want."

I did not believe her, when she professed so much love for me, even her tears had not the effect which she intended they should produce, and yet strange to say I felt a certain gratification in hearing her talk as she did, and I answered less pettishly than before,

"I want to be used like other people, I have the worst room in the house."

"Why, Innes, my dear child," said she in a tone of surprise looking round the bare walls of the little attic as if she was examining and at same time admiring their various good points, "I think you have a very nice little room."

"It is just the same size as Jane and Katie's, and the furniture is the same, only their room is better because it has a large window looking to the garden, and my window is only a sky light, from which I can see nothing unless a crow happens to perch on it."

"Well, Innes, I thought you had a better taste than to prefer a window looking out on a black muddy court yard with hens and turkeys wandering about in it, to a window from which you see every blue and grey cloud that passes by day, and where lying in your bed at night you see the bright stars and the moon above your head; however, you can either have Anne's room or the one you had when your papa was here, you might have had it all the time, but I thought you would like your own comfortable little room best; however, now that is all settled, come down with me and have your breakfast."

"No, I won't go down; I don't care for breakfast."

“ Well I'll send Katie up with some.”

My aunt had grown wonderfully complacent all of a sudden ; yesterday if I had not gone down for my breakfast, most assuredly I should have had none, now, on the contrary, a few minutes had scarcely elapsed ere Katie appeared with a breakfast good enough for Miss Margaret in her most fastidious mood. An hour afterwards I was called downstairs to speak to my aunt in Miss Young's room, and on entering, found my books and work box (which Katie had taken downstairs unknown to me while I ate my breakfast) arranged on a round table in the middle of the room and a nice clear fire in the grate, the whole apartment so different from my own bare garret that in my eye it looked quite grand ; that was a stroke of good policy on the part of my aunt. As I surveyed the brightly carpeted room with its white muslin window curtains, and walls covered with coloured drawings, the work of Miss Young's pencil, I began to think that my present home was not so bad after all.

“ This will be your room for the future, Innes,” said my aunt who had been superintending the alterations made for my accommodation and was closely watching my face to see the effect my change of room would produce, “ while you remain under my roof you will tell your wants and wishes to me ; you know I have not second sight and therefore cannot divine what you like or dislike, but I am most anxious that the time you spend in my house, be it long or short, should be passed happily ; so that in years to come when you have left me and gone to live among strangers, you may have pleasant reminiscences of the time you have spent here, and should misfortune come upon you as it may to us all, that then you will look to my house as a home, where you will always find a mother ready to receive you with open arms.”



Whether my aunt felt what she said is not even doubtful ; towards evening I heard her talking to Miss Margaret in the next room, calling me a troublesome baggage whom she would not keep in her house one hour if she could help it ; but the change to a cheerful, well furnished room, and the kind words and looks which met me there, had the effect then of making me heartily ashamed of my own rudeness and bad temper ; my thoughts flashed quickly back to the promise I had made my tutor the evening before, when we sat in the parlour after my lessons were over, that I would be patient, upright and true, speaking and acting as conscious that the eye of God was upon me, doing as I would be done by ; it was only fifteen hours since I had made the promise ; how had I kept my word ?

I knew that what my aunt said in regard to my own conduct was very true ; I had never complained of having an attic assigned me as my room, or indeed of anything else ; I had been discontented, but too much afraid hitherto to complain. My aunt was not of a loving nature ; although she frequently praised her children for good qualities they did not really possess, and was always most indulgent towards them, I never recollect hearing her address any of them by an endearing epithet ; as to me I was always kept at what she herself called "the staff's end," and even now while her first kind words yet lingered in my ears, I could not, to her, give expression to my feelings by either word or look ; but turned to the one who had been my ready sympathiser for nearly nine years, answering with a smile Katie's praise of my beautiful room as she called it.

My aunt left me ; I wrote to Mr. Bowman a very different letter from what I had intended it to be. I asked him to give me pocket money so that I might buy my own clothes ; I wished for a piano, and that he would write to my aunt

desiring that I might open my own letters. This done I brought my letter for my aunt's inspection without which it could not be sent, I being totally ignorant of Mr. Bowman's address other than New York.

Mrs. Young did not seem at all pleased with my letter, said I was a great deal too young to buy my own dresses, that it would only bring me into trouble ; she approved of my having a new piano, saying I should have lessons on the harp and then I might have a harp, concluding by desiring me to leave my letter with her and she would address it as usual ; this I refused to do, and fancied then, what I am sure of now, that she only yielded to me because she considered it politic to do so. In due course I received an answer to my request for pocket money, inclosing a draft for fifty pounds, and the pleasant information that a piano worth a hundred guineas had been ordered from Broadwood's to be sent by the first steam vessel from London to Peterstown.

Soon after the arrival of my piano, which was quite an episode in Peterstown, my faithful Katie took her place in John MacBeth's cottage as Robby MacBeth's wife. Some time previous I wrote to my guardian telling him of Katie's intended marriage ; that she had been my attendant ever since I came to Scotland, and during my time of lameness had for months carried me up and down stairs in her arms. That it was decided previous to my father's death that she should accompany me to the continent and remain with us during our sojourn there, and for this purpose she had been liberally supplied with an outfit by my father ; I concluded by saying that nothing would afford me greater gratification than giving her a marriage gift in money ; if he approved of my doing so, I would leave it to himself to fix the sum, and lastly, I wished the draft drawn out in favour of Katie herself.

My letter found a ready response ; Mr. Bowman expressed himself highly pleased with my wish to reward an attached domestic for her long and faithful services, enclosing a draft in Katie's name for one hundred pounds.

I shall never forget the look Katie gave me when I presented her with the draft and made her understand what it was, or the hurried way in which she ran down stairs without speaking a word, that she might relieve a heart too full for utterance.

I bought with part of my own pocket money her marriage dress and shawl. On her marriage day the fisher people said that Eric Goodbrand's orphan Katie was the richest and best dressed bride that had been seen in the seatown since Nelly MacBeth's marriage day, and the old folk who had known her father and mother and how she was left an orphan with no one to care for or help her, praised God for His mercy that faileth never, and each according to their fisher fashion, wished her good luck in the name of the Lord.

I well remember the last letter I received from Mr. Bowman, it was one enclosing my next six months' pocket money. The kind old man made a host of inquiries as to whether I was happy, if I improved in my musical studies, &c., desiring me if I wished for money to draw at Coutts' Bank in London at sight, and my draft would be honoured at once ; would I had done so for a thousand pounds.

## CHAPTER XI.

"On that last night before we went  
From out the doors where I was bred,  
I dreamed a vision of the dead,"

WE had many parties that winter, large evening parties of forty people, dinner parties of twelve, at least once a week ; at all of which Mr. Morrison, the Methodist minister, was the most honoured guest ; of course no dancing or cards could be admitted within the precincts of the drawing room ; but Captain Young formed a great whist party for himself and three of his choice friends in the parlour, where they had supper and toddy for themselves, Mr. Morrison taking Captain Young's place at the bottom of the supper table.

It was an understood thing that Miss Margaret was to be Mrs. Morrison, and no born Methodist was ever more prim and precise than she. Her husband to be was a good looking intelligent man, by no means so sanctimonious as his lady love, (by the bye he did not appear to be very deeply in love.) He was fond of profane music, as Miss Margaret termed it, while she would neither play nor listen to any other than hymn tunes, a Te Deum being nearly as profane as a waltz.

Isabella did not like these parties, but was kept in good humour by her mother's assurance that after Margaret's marriage every thing should resume its old sway and then she should have dancing parties again.

It was the night of a large party, and a weary one it must have been to their guests from seven o'clock until ten, wandering from table to table examining prints, shells and geo-

logical specimens which they had examined, wondered at, and admired at least twenty times before, or worse still, listening to hymns, badly sung, which they heard well sung every Sunday; then last of all Mr. Morrison reading and expounding a chapter from the Bible, which he did ably and well, this constituting the only interesting part of the evening. Fortunately doing justice to the tea at seven and the supper at ten o'clock occupied a great part of the time, otherwise I fear Miss Margaret would have found her parties ill attended. The eatables were in profusion and the best Peterstown could produce, and with many of the guests this was ample compensation for the dull hours intervening.

I was terribly tired and caught myself yawning several times. When at last I reached the pure air of my own room, I was too weary even to enjoy that first of blessings which we had been voluntarily depriving ourselves of for the last three or four hours down stairs.

When I slept, the pressure of the dull evening I had spent must still have exerted its influence on my spirit. I fancied myself wandering in a wide sandy desert, which yet was not deserted; there were many there, although none near me, nor did I see any one whom I had ever known. The sky was grey and dull, the air hot and oppressive; no two went together, each one as he passed took his own way separate from the others. I wandered on and on, not knowing why I went or where, when suddenly one with a fairer face and a loftier mien than I had ever seen, came and looked lovingly in my eyes, and touched my hand; he did not speak, but at once my soul seemed to cleave to him and I felt there was an affinity between us. The sky above our heads became clear and blue, the air soft and balmy, but this change was only around my companion and me, the rest of the desert

was grey and cold as before. Speaking with a voice sweet and gentle he offered to bring me far away from the sandy wilderness, and from the strange men and women with their busy feet that never rested, and care-worn brows that knew no peace, and to shew me the green valley where the sparkling rivulet flowed to the sea singing as it went over the white pebbles and golden gravel, out and in among the long grasses and willows that grew on its banks, and bent down their heads as if to kiss the trout and minnows under the clear water; his voice and words were like strange sweet music in mine ear. I put my right hand in his and we turned from the wilderness into a narrow green lane, with red and pink hawthorne, blossoming in rich sweet profusion on the hedge row, at either side, a little bird came chirping out from the green leaves, and looking there we saw it nest with the little callow young; we were at the end of the lane, and about to descend into the valley, when my companion's face and voice changed and he seemed of gigantic height, as with sardonic smile he thrust me down the black abyss of the Elfin Kirk. I awoke with a scream of horror, scarcely believing I was lying in my own warm bed and not falling among the black wet rocks.

Next morning my aunt had an intimation of Mr Bowman's death. In less than a month afterwards a letter from George informed us of the death of Mr. Rogers, my father's sole surviving partner, and worst of all the failure of the house of Dundas and Rogers; the creditors had seized on every thing, and George, who had not held a situation in the house, was left without a penny in a strange land.

We were at breakfast when the letter arrived, and eager to hear the news from Cuba interesting to all; it was handed to Miss Margaret to read aloud. I shall ever remember

the consternation exhibited in the faces of my aunt and Miss Margaret when the latter had finished reading her brother's letter.

Captain Young hemmed, walked leisurely to the sideboard, and poured himself out a second morning dram; Isabella giggled, my aunt and Margaret were pale as ashes, the one seemed paralyzed, the other as if turned to stone.

The usual comforter, Miss Betsey, was sent for, and then I heard that the failure of Dundas and Rogers was to them perfect ruin. How such a thing came about it would be difficult to say; but, although drawing nearly four hundred a year for my various expenses, one-fifth of which certainly was never disbursed for me, my aunt declared they were upwards of a thousand pounds in debt! a sum which she had intended to begin paying as soon as Miss Margaret's marriage was over.

My aunt did not rise from her bed, or I think cease weeping, for three days. Two of the servants were parted with at once, and shortly after the other became ill, and when she went her place was left unfilled.

Poor Miss Betsey, unselfish as ever, gave up her own house and came to live with us, that, as she herself said, she might help with the work, and her forty pounds a year would do a little towards keeping the house warm. Good, kind Miss Betsey, God grant thee the happy home in heaven thou wouldst so willingly have sacrificed thine own comfort and ease to purchase for others on this weary earth.

My allotted portion of help was to go messages, peel the potatoes, which latter duty Miss Betsey would insist on performing for me, wash the dishes and sweep the carpets. Isabella was excused from working on account of an imagined delicacy of constitution, and Miss Margaret had too much to occupy her in church matters to be able to spare an hour.

I was determined not to remain a burden on my aunt, who really had scarcely enough to keep her own family in food. I had many conversations with Miss Betsey on the subject; I was anxious to obtain a situation as governess to children under ten years of age, I thought I might be able to manage that; if this could not be obtained, I would take a situation as nursery governess, anything rather than eat the bitter bread of charity. My aunt and cousins were almost frantic at the proposal of such a thing.

“What, a cousin of theirs a nursery governess! or any kind of governess, only one remove from a servant; no, not if they should starve.”

“What was I to do?”

“They knew nothing about that; but if I was contented to herd with servants I must not disgrace them.”

It was now that the loose honesty of my aunt appeared in the advantage she took of little things, which another would have scorned from their very littleness. One day I was sent to the grocer's shop to purchase a pound of tea, some sugar, rice, and several lesser articles; on giving the passbook to my aunt that she might look over the charges made, she found that the tea was not entered, and turning to me, exclaimed in angry accents:

“You are surely a fool; you have not brought the tea although I told you to hurry because I was waiting to infuse it.”

Without answering I brought her the basket containing the various articles and shewed it was there; her anger was at once appeased, and taking up both the tea and the passbook she was about to leave the room.

“Give me the book aunt, I will go and have it entered.”

“Indeed, you will do no such thing, it was paid for long



ago ; many a long pound of profit he has got out of my purse !”

When the evil news of the failure reached us, I had my last six months' allowance almost untouched, I gave all to my aunt with the exception of five pounds, which I kept, that I might have money to pay my passage to whatever place I might be fortunate enough in finding a situation. In talking of the likelihood of my finding something of the kind, my aunt asked me where I was to find the money to pay for my travelling expenses, adding, “ You need not look to me for it, I have done my part, heaven knows ; more than I ought to do in justice to my own family.”

I told her of the five pounds which were still in my desk. She held up her finger and shook her head, looking very gravely in my face the while, as she said :

“ Oh ! you poor deceitful thing, are you not ashamed to confess that you hid that money from the only friend you have in the world, from her who gives you every bit you put in your mouth ?”

“ You know, aunt, I gave you thirty pounds.”

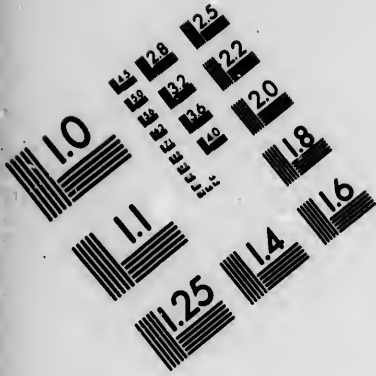
“ Did you, indeed ! a very large sum. How long do you think thirty pounds will last to buy food and clothes for a great girl like you ?”

I had no idea of the value of money then, and could not answer her question even in my own mind. I could now ; in Peterstown thirty pounds might have sufficed for my individual wants for a year and a half.

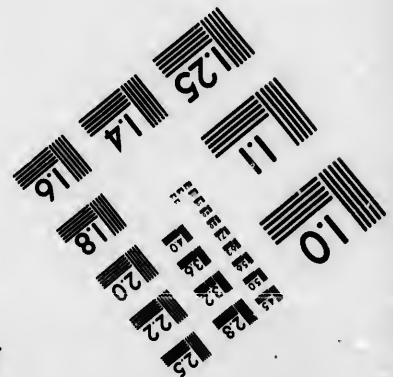
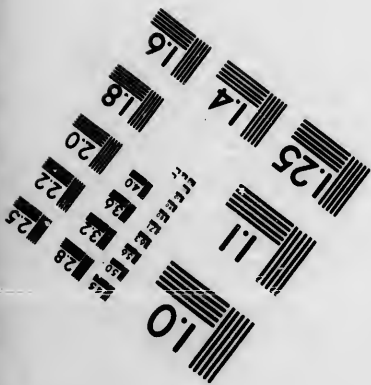
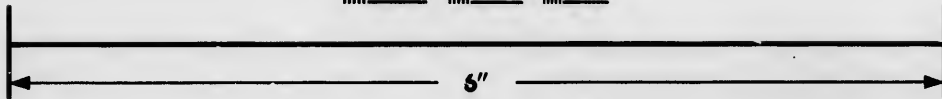
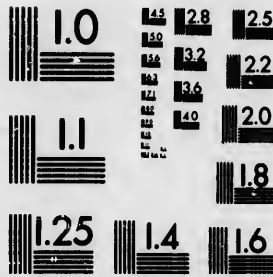
Two days afterwards I found my desk open and the money gone !

My aunt soon became very tired of my being in the house ; she very wisely saw that I was not of the same use as a servant ; and, besides, they all dreaded its becoming known that





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there was no servant in the house ; that they did their own work would have been considered degrading in the extreme. Miss Margaret talked of the quantity of work she did, and liked to be thought a painstaking busy bee, often declaring that she was nearly dead with fatigue ; but then, hers was work which was neither to save money nor to make it ; work for which she could in no way secure any pecuniary advantage. It is in this, that the work is necessary to your own or your family's comfort or well-being, and that you do it because you cannot afford hired help, that the disgrace of working consists, in the eyes of certain people who are tacitly allowed to constitute themselves judges as to what is, and what is not *genteel* for their acquaintances to do ; you may work day and night for a fancy fair, but you must on no account make your own gown, or your father's shirt ; you may make tea, hand it round, and wash up the teacups at the said fancy fair, for three days running if it please you, but you must on no account perform such a menial office in your own home, for your own or your father's guests ; it would be vastly *ungenteel* ; and if it is found that you are obliged by poverty to allow your hands and head do the work God made them for, by and bye your genteel acquaintances will drop off one by one.

In the present state of society, it needs more than an ordinary share of self-respect and dignity of character, bravely and calmly to bear these little mortifications of our every-day life, and to rise superior to the sarcasms and slights, not the less bitter, perhaps the more so, because they are inflicted upon us, as a general rule, by those we hold in least esteem. It needs a refined discernment and elevation of mind, which do not yet belong to the common herd, rightly to appreciate the dignity of labour in woman. Cheer up, sisters in house-

hold and other useful toil, it will not be always thus, there is a long golden streak in the east, the day is breaking, there is a good time coming.

We had all, every one in the house, herself among the number, much to bear from my aunt's increased asperity of temper; on me it fell heaviest, my work came more immediately under her eye, that work very differently performed than when done by a strong woman experienced in its ways. There is a right and wrong way of doing everything, and in nothing is the right way more necessary to be observed than in cooking a dinner, or sweeping a house.

My aunt was sadly tired, both of me and my ill done work, and many a hard cuff on the head and shoulders, and many a bitter taunt I had to endure in those most miserable days; more miserable far than even my childhood's dark days had been; because the blows and bitter words sunk deeper down in the heart of the girl of sixteen, than in that of the child of ten, and that her blows were given with a hearty good will, evidence one morning after breakfast. My aunt was in a more than usually bad humour, the butcher having refused to send any more meat until his bill was paid; his bill amounted to twenty pounds! little hope of paying that now. I had brushed out the parlour and was engaged in spreading the crumb-cloth; it was too large for me to do alone; Miss Betsey was out, and I knew it would be vain to ask either of my cousins to assist me; Jane and Katie used to spread it together in the old time, I tried again and again to make it lie even, but no, it would go awry, until at last wearied out with many unsuccessful efforts, I rolled the table above the cloth leaving it awry. Just as I had finished, my aunt came in, her brow dark as night, perhaps poor woman half crazed by the thought that that day her family could have no dinner. I did

not think of that then, I only knew that misfortune had not subdued or softened my aunt's temper, but on the contrary, hardened and made it more irritable. I was conscious my work was ill done, and endeavoured to escape from the room as she entered.

"Innes Dundas, was it you who laid that crumb-cloth?" asked she fiercely, as she pushed the table which was on castors, and made it run to the other side of the room.

"I could not do it better, I tried and it would not go right."

I had a low necked dress on, it was the fashion of the time for young girls to wear their dresses so; she, although not above the middle height was a large-built unwieldy woman, but she almost flew towards me as I was leaving the room, and seizing me by the arm gave me several hard slaps on my bare shoulders.

"You could not do it better; don't answer me like that, mistress impudence; take that for your pains, you lazy idle hussy," and saying so, she slapped me until I staggered. "You can't work, but you can eat; if you can't work here, go and try if you can find a place where they'll keep you for nothing; you was ready enough to leave the house six months ago, why don't you go now? We don't want you here; God knows we have enough of mouths to feed without you."

I felt every word she uttered to my heart's core, and I knew that the last sentence was but too true.

I made my escape to my own room, which now was shared by Miss Betsey, vowing in my heart that if there was any one to be found in wide Scotland, who would allow me teach their children for my food, I would gladly go and do my best for a time at least.

Miss Betsey had returned from her mission, and was laying aside her bonnet and shawl as I entered the room.

"Have mercy on me, lassie, what's the matter with your back?" said she.

I turned round and looking in the glass, saw the flesh of my shoulders one swollen red mass in long raised strips, the impress of my aunt's hand.

That day we had potatoes and herring for dinner; my heart was full to bursting, I could not swallow a mouthful, Miss Margaret said, because they could not buy beef for me.

At night when we went to bed, I unfolded my sorrows to Miss Betsey, the kind, good heart that sympathized with all, telling her I was determined to seek out a place as a nursery governess, no matter whether I was paid or not.

She told me in the gentlest way, what she had been told in the coarsest, namely, that I knew nothing; that as to my talents for acquiring or imparting information, I was an escape from a fool, nothing more; no one would give me my food for what I could teach; and the good simple soul added, if you could, they would not let you. Your aunt has all her life associated with the best people in the country, and she could not brook that it should be said her niece was little better than a servant. This then was the secret, I could not teach, because they would not that I should. For many nights in succession, Miss Betsey and I sat up by the dying embers of our fire, devising first one plan and then another, discarding each as it was made as being wholly impracticable. At last Miss Betsey as if by inspiration, seemed to have hit upon the right one.

"Why not sell your fine piano? It cost a hundred pounds, the maker will surely give you fifty for it, fifty pounds will keep you at school for a year, you can go to some school in the south where the family are not known, by the time your year is out, if you are attentive to your lessons you will be able to teach, and the lady whose school you attend will find you a place."



“Happy thought, of course, I will. I shall write to Broadwood to-morrow, and I will be out of this as soon as I get the money.”

We settled it all, the school I was to go to, one at Melrose, kept by an old friend of Miss Betsey's, they had been at school together in Edinburgh thirty years before. Miss Murdock did not know Mrs. Young's maiden name, and she was not to be made aware of my relationship to that lady. We arranged all, and ere we slept, by dint of raking the dying embers together we succeeded in making sufficient light to write pencil scrolls of both the letter to Broadwood and Miss Murdock. All this was suggested by Miss Betsey; it would never have occurred to me.

Now I had only to ask my aunt's consent; this, I was sure, would be a mere ceremony. I knew that my aunt would be so glad to get rid of me that I fancied she would hail the proposition with delight, particularly as her own piano, a very good one, was still in the house.

I had reckoned without my host, my aunt's rage was almost ungovernable at the proposal of selling the piano which she said was *hers* not mine; it was bought for my use doubtless, but only while I was an inmate of her house.

“Sell the furniture out of my house,” exclaimed she, her face scarlet with rage. “In the name of all that's gracious what will you propose next. Oh, you're your precious mother's child to the teeth, little would you care if I had not a stick of furniture, or a house over my head to-morrow, so that you could feather your own nest.”

We were in the parlour, and she called out to Captain Young and Miss Margaret, who were in the room opposite.

“Come here, papa, come here, Margaret, and hear this; there's insolence lined with confidence for you;” her audience

having come to the parlour at her call, she related what was termed my attempt to pillage the house, adding with tears in her eyes: "There's a return for all the care and anxiety I have bestowed on that most troublesome ungrateful girl, during nine years in my mother's house and my own; I verily believe if she could she would harry me out of house and home."

"Compose yourself, mama," said Miss Margaret, "she is not worthy of a single thought, her conduct does not surprise me in the least, nor would it affect you so, did you know her inherent wickedness as I do, I have found her obstinately evil from childhood upwards, and she is certainly not, soul and body together, worth one of those tears which her unnatural conduct makes you shed; it gives me more pain to see you in tears, than it would give me to see her in her shroud."

Captain Young, was walking up and down the room taking a snuff and tapping his snuff box by turns, and when Miss Margaret had finished speaking, he said with a chuckle as if he rather enjoyed the whole scene: "Sell the piano! why not, or anything else she can bully you out of; e'cod she would sell the bed from under you if she dared; I'll engage she'll sell her own clothes and run naked on the streets yet."

As he said this he spat in the direction where I stood, I don't know that he intended to spit upon me, but the spit rested on the skirt of my frock; he was an inveterate spitter, but with this single exception I never saw him spit except in his handkerchief or in the fire.

While we were cooking dinner, I told Miss Betsey of my distress; the good woman promised that after our toil was over, she would go and consult Mr. Morrison on the subject, in whom she had all faith. The result of this consultation was that he proposed I should go to Edinburgh and learn dress-making in the house of Miss Murray, of George street, a par-

ticular friend of his, to whom he would give me an introduction, promising to do his best to win over Miss Margaret to approve of my going; it was likely he could do this, he was all powerful with her; she, with her mother; besides it was not at all likely that any of their friends in Peterstown would ever hear who were the girls in Miss Murray's work-room. By binding myself for three years, I would be boarded for nothing, if I left Miss Murray's before the end of that time I forfeited ten pounds.

"You have plenty of clothes," said Miss Betsey, encouragingly, "we don't wear our clothes much sitting sewing, and I'll try to slip you the price of a pair of shoes now and then."

"But the fare to Edinburgh, that must be paid, how is this to be got?"

"Why not sell your gold chain? Your watch is useful, but the chain is of no use at all; and I'll dispose of it for you."

"And my aunt, will you speak to my aunt?"

"Well, I'm telling you Mr. Morrison was to speak to Margaret, indeed its done already, she will offer no objections; but do you like to go yourself? how do you think you will like the dress-making?"

The old woman looked inquiringly in my face as she spoke; if she could read there, she must have seen anything but a wish to learn dress-making.

"I don't like sewing, I cannot sew well, and I would not go if I could help it, but I have no where else to go, I'd rather go to the plainest farm people in the country, and teach their children."

"But you won't be sewing all day, and at any rate its only for a time; perhaps too, you may see your old friend Dominie Sampson there; it was to Edinburgh College he went when he left this."

This was a view of the matter I had not taken before, to see Dominie Sampson, to live near him, in the same town, where I could see him every Sunday, perhaps oftener, I would have gone to Edinburgh on any terms.

"Edinburgh is a large place, do you think I will be able to find Dominie Sampson? he told me there were more people in one street in Edinburgh, than in Peterstown, seatown, and all."

"So there are, and the houses there are like castles, sometimes six and eight families living in one house. It was there I spent my last year at school, and I never saw the like of it before or since; you'll doubtless have a little trouble in finding him out, but friends will meet when the hills won't; may be he'll preach his first sermon there, and if so, you'll be sure to hear of that; when a minister preaches his first sermon, every body in the town hears of it, and at any rate you're more likely to see him there than here."

That was true; and with this hope I said firmly, "I'll go." Mr. Morrison made the application, Miss Murray accepted of my services, my chain was sold, my passage taken to Edinburgh on the Duke of Richmond steamer, my trunks packed, and an arrangement made with Katie that her husband would take my trunks to the wharf, myself and them to the steam vessel in his own boat, all before the following Friday, the day or rather the night, when the Duke would wait an hour out in the bay for freight and passengers going to Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER XII.

" I never saw my mother's face,  
I never knew that best  
That hollest home in all the world,  
A living mother's breast."

FRIDAY morning arrived, my aunt was in great good humour, and more gracious to me than she had been since the failure of Dundas & Rogers.

On the previous Tuesday she had engaged a girl from the country, who for the sum of thirty shillings was to be maid of all work during the next six months, a strong healthy looking girl, who would wash, cook, make up the rooms, do everything, and as my aunt sapiently observed to myself, " this was much better and cheaper than having me to clothe ; and give a shilling a week to a charwoman for washing," besides the humiliation of its being known that she had no servant, which in a small place like Peterstown it very soon would. The girl was expected at ten o'clock, and I was spurred on to sweep up the dining room, and have the breakfast things washed before her arrival, so that she might take a lesson therefrom, and have her morning work accomplished in time ; Miss Betsey was from home, gone to attend her sister, the minister's wife, who had one of her periodical sick fits, and thus the work fell upon me alone.

Ten o'clock came, the sweeping and dusting all over, every tea cup in its place, but no sign of the girl ; my aunt was very angry,—" she did not like dilly dallying." " It was always a bad sign." " She liked a servant to be punctual to the hour." " She had a great mind to send her back when she did come." " She would threaten it at any rate."

Twelve, one, two o'clock ; but no girl,—my aunt became perfectly restless. "Such conduct was unbearable, it augured very ill for her turning out a good servant." The dinner hour was past, the plates washed, no girl yet ; three, four, five o'clock, no girl ; it was now dark, my aunt was now very angry, I myself most uneasy ; I was equally anxious with Mrs. Young, that the girl should come. I had a foreboding it would be ill with me, if she did not. We were at tea, my aunt desired Margaret to pour it out, saying she had no patience to do anything. "She would never have any confidence in the girl now, even if she came." "Which she was sure she would not." "It was the most impudent thing she ever heard of ; to engage in a family like theirs and not come to fulfil her engagement." Mrs. Young rose, and going to the window opened it, putting out her hand she exclaimed :

"My goodness its raining hard ! a drizzling thick rain, was there ever anything so provoking. She won't come now that's certain."

Returning to the table she added : "If she does'nt come you can't go, that's one thing very clear," and looking me full in the face she said hastily as if she feared some opposition on my part, "I'm not going to do all the work of this house alone, I can assure you."

I did not reply, I scarcely knew what to say, my passage money was paid ; of the five pounds Miss Betsey got for my chain, three pounds ten shillings went to pay my fare to Edinburgh ; if I did not go to-night that money was forfeited ; by next week, I well knew a servant would be procured, but where was the money to come from to pay my passage a second time ? My aunt had no money to give, and if she had, would she part with it for me ? no ; my watch would have to go for the purpose, and this I could not bear to think of. The

night papa came home, he taught me how to wind my watch before bidding me good-night, and in returning it said :

“ My little girl will never part with this watch. It was a present made to the first Innes when she became my wife, and she wore it every day she bore my name ; it was my hand that took it from below the pillow where her fair head lay when the angels had borne her spirit from me, and I would not that hands less dear than yours should touch it.”

I promised then I would never part with it, and that promise seemed so sacred now.

Two days before, my aunt proposed that I should give my watch as a marriage gift to Margaret who she said would soon be Mrs. Morrison. I refused, and told her of the promise I had made to my father, but she did not seem to look upon it in the light in which I did ; saying that these promises were always understood to be words of course, and meant nothing, but I was firm to my trust, telling her with a decision which astonished myself that nothing in the world could tempt me to part with it.

“ Keep it,” returned she warmly. “ Selfish and unnatural to the last, I hope your greed will meet its just punishment, and that your necessities will yet oblige you to sell it to those who will give you no thanks for it.” Ominous words !

I thought of all this, as she said I must not go unless the girl came ; I knew by experience that no argument which I could use would induce her one iota to alter her resolution, and I sat cogitating in my own mind was there no other way of obtaining the money, I had still thirty shillings, but where was the other two pounds to come from ? I was roused from my reverie by Mrs. Young asking Margaret if she intended going out in such a bad night ?—the young lady having laid her bonnet and shawl on the sofa before tea, for the purpose.

"Mama, what a question! surely you know that Friday night is the time of my class meeting."

"Oh! so it is, its queer I should have forgot."

"No, mama," replied the young lady with the sanctimonious air she could so well assume; "it is not queer, there is not a single person in this house goes to class meeting except myself and aunt Betsey; the religion of the other members of the family seems to be mere profession without life or vitality."

"You know, Margaret," answered her mother, with more patience than her daughter's words or manner deserved: "I joined the Methodists to please you, but it is not an easy matter for a woman at my time of life who has gone to the Episcopal chapel all her days to attend or remember all your love feasts or class meetings, and—"

"My dear mama," broke in Miss Margaret, "I beg of you to consider how I am situated; and how painful it must be for me to hear my own mother say what seems almost like blasphemy in my ears."

A stop was put to the conversation by the gate of the shrubbery opening, some one entered and going round knocked at the back door.

"There is the girl now," said my aunt, "and high time."

I did not wait to be told to go to the door, but lifting one of the candles, ran quickly down stairs. On opening the kitchen door, Katie's bright face and not the new girl's appeared emerging from the misty rain and darkness without.

"Miss Innes, is that you?" said she as she entered, disencumbering herself of her dripping garments. "The steamer is expected in the Bay at eleven, and Robby is coming at ten for your trunks, so I thought you might want me to pack or do something else before then."

In reply I told her of the non-arrival of the girl



and my fear that I would not be allowed to go until next week ; when suddenly my aunt's voice was heard in anything but gentle tones at the top of the kitchen staircase.

“ What are you whispering to the girl there for ? you're not long of striking up an acquaintance ; tell her to come up here directly.”

Katie laughed, knowing well my aunt's suspicious disposition, and replying in my stead ; said :

“ Its not the new girl, ma'am, its Katie.”

“ Oh its you Katie is it (in a softer key), come up stairs.”

On going up to the dining room Katie commenced at once taking away the tea things and removing the crumbs from the carpet, saying as she did so .

“ I suppose I'll need to come up all day for a few days till you get a girl, as Miss Betsey and Miss Innes will both be gone ; I think I could do more work than both of them.”

Mrs. Young looked very much pleased with this proposition, and was about to reply when a thundering rap at the front door arrested her words. The door being opened, to my great joy the long expected girl made her entree soaking wet ; notwithstanding which her broad good-tempered looking face was lightened by a smile, which extended from ear to ear ; Mrs. Young forgot all her threatened scoldings and said good humoredly :

“ Come away in lassie, what kept you ? ”

“ I was waitin a' day to see gin the rain would halt ; an' whan I saw that better wadna be, I cam' aff whether my mither wad or no' ; an' it rainin' cats and dogs.”

Katie brought her down stairs that she might change her wet clothes, and then bustled about washing the tea cups, tidying up the kitchen, and shewing the girl what work she was to do in the morning, seeming to take pleasure in re-

suming her old place for an hour, telling the girl that she had been "six years in Mrs. Young's house, and eight in auld Mrs. Donaldson's. Captain Young's house was a' the hame she had, afore she gaed to her ain house. She was aye brought up among the gentles."

Her kitchen duties over, and having made the new girl feel a little more at home, Katie ascended to my room to assist me in cording my trunks. She was not pleased with the way in which they were packed, and insisted on re-arranging them. While we were thus occupied my aunt passed my room on her way to bed. I was watching that I might bid her goodbye, and present her with a toilet pincushion I had contrived to embroider with scarlet worsted, by sitting up almost half the night since Monday, the day it was finally decided I was to go to Edinburgh; now was my time, taking up the pincushion, I went after her to the door of her own room, and presenting my offering said:

"Dear Aunt, I have made this for your toilet."

She took it from my hand and I fancied looked pleased.

"Goodbye aunt, will you let me kiss you?"

"Goodbye," said she giving me her hand, but averting her face with a look of dislike as she repeated, "goodbye, Innes, try to be a better girl and conciliate strangers more than you have ever done your own flesh and blood."

My voice was almost choked with emotion as I replied:

"Dear Aunt, perhaps you did not think so, but indeed I always tried to please you the best I could."

"As a proof of which you refused the last request I will probably ever make to you, namely, to give a trumpery old watch that you have no use for, to your cousin who really requires it, and instead you present me with a pincushion, value sixpence!"

As she spoke she held up the pincushion by one of the tassels between her finger and thumb, surveying it with a look of contempt as she added,

“ Deeds not words are my motto.”

“ But, Aunt, you know I promised papa never to part with the watch and it is the only thing I have which belonged to mama.”

“ Innes, Innes, I have no patience with you ; how can you be such a hypocrite, pretending to keep the watch for the sake of a woman you never saw ; however keep it and much good may it do you.”

“ May I write to you Aunt when I arrive ?”

Her brow clouded in an instant. “ What on earth would you write for ? we will hear of your safe arrival through Mr. Morrison, and Heaven knows we’ve little need to spend money on postage, ninepence is not such a trifle.”

My lip quivered and my eyes filled as she spoke ; observing this she added : “ You will often have an opportunity of sending a letter by people coming here, and when such occurs, write and let me know how you are getting on. I will always be glad to hear you are doing well ; goodbye.”

So saying she walked into her own room and shut the door. I ran down stairs and went into the drawing room that Katie might not see my tears. Presently the new girl and Katie brought down my trunks and placed them in the lobby, the latter calling out, “ Miss Innes, where are you ?”

“ I’m here, Katie,” said I, answering from the drawing room.

“ Preserve us what are you doing there in the dark, Miss Innes ? your hat and cloak are on the bed upstairs, you had better go and put them on, I’m going for Robby to take awa the trunks ; he’s waiting down in Baker Watts ; we’ll be here in twa or three minutes, an’ its better for

you to go when we come, there's no use waiting here, and them all in bed."

Katie had been an eye and ear witness to my last interview with Mrs. Young, but had more wisdom and womanly feeling than to notice the emotion it gave rise to, knowing that sympathy would only deepen the wound. As she opened the door to go in search of her husband, Miss Margaret, accompanied by Mr. Morrison, appeared on the steps returning from the class meeting. I had dried my tears and was in the passage beside Katie as they entered.

"Miss Innes," said Mr. Morrison in a friendly kind voice, glancing at the trunks as he spoke: "I see you are preparing to set off on your journey, if you will accept of my company I shall wait and see you to the wharf."

"Indeed you shall do no such thing," broke in Miss Margaret rather snappishly, "it was with great reluctance I persuaded myself to allow you to accompany me home, in such a rainy night, altho' the distance from chapel is so short; and as to your going all the way down to the wharf and getting yourself soaked through, I could not think of allowing any such absurdity; besides there is no necessity for your exposing yourself to the risk of catching cold, by walking a mile in the rain. Mama has arranged with an old servant of ours and her husband, in whom we have every confidence, to see Innes safely on board the boat."

Mr. Morrison now observed Katie, who since her marriage was a member of his congregation (as indeed almost all the fisher people were) and shaking hands with her observed:

"You are bidding goodbye to Miss Dundas, I see."

"No sir, I'm not bidding her goodbye," said Katie rather sharply, indignant no doubt at the cool way in which Miss Margaret spoke of an arrangement having been made with

an old servant to see me off; the truth being, that it was the spontaneous offer of Katie herself and no arrangement of my aunt's: "I was Miss Dundas' maid since she was seven year old till I married, and the gudeman and me is baith gaen down to see her on board the steamer. I would hae gaid to Edinburgh wi' her, gin we had kent in time that she was gaen; but there is nae body at hame to do the wark the noo. Jean Guibran's off to Colaiche on Monday last to see her ain folk, an she wonna be back for amonth; its far awa Colaiche; it takes twa days to gae there; if it had been nearer hame the gudeman or Willie would hae gaen to seek her, an let me awa wi' Miss Innes."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. MacBeth," returned the minister.

"Oh no, sir, its no kindness at all; Miss Innes was very gude to me when she was my mistress, and its a real pleasure to me and the gudeman baith to serve her now, and aye will be."

Mr. Morrison and Katie departed together, and before I shut the door I stood looking at them as they disappeared in the darkness; when I turned round Miss Margaret was gone; I followed her quickly up stairs, but she was in her mother's room and the door shut ere I reached the landing. Since the memorable day when she discovered her mistake with regard to Mr. Barclay, Miss Margaret had scarcely ever spoken to, or even noticed me, except in the presence of strangers, yet I felt sorry I had lost the opportunity of bidding her goodbye.

I went into my own room, put on my cloak and hat, and then kneeling by my bed, my hands and knees trembling with ill-suppressed emotion, and my face pressed close to the bed, I prayed my sorrow and loneliness in sobs and half-

expressed words; when they failed, my tears had their sway. I rose from my knees comforted, as all do, young and old, who bring their sorrows to the great All Father who heareth the young ravens when they cry unto Him. I hurried from the room not trusting myself again to look round on what was all I had known of home, and going down stairs seated myself on one of my trunks in the lobby, to await Katie's return, when to my surprise, Miss Margaret came from the drawing room in her dressing gown and slippers, with a lighted candle in her hand. She passed close by where I sat without taking the slightest notice of my being there but walked straight up stairs to her mother's room.

In the course of a few minutes she and Mrs. Young both came down, the latter talking in angry tones, as she descended the stair case.

"Innes," said my aunt in the hurried brusque tone she always used when in anger, "where is the solitaire board?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know; when did you see it last?"

"I don't remember, I have not played solitaire for a long time."

"There is no use mincing the matter, Innes, Isabella had the solitaire before she went from home this morning, I myself saw her sitting on the drawing room sofa playing with it, now it is nowhere to be found. Margaret suspected you was about no good when she saw you coming out of the drawing room on her return from church, and after undressing went down to discover if anything was amissing; the solitaire was gone, and she has spent the last quarter of an hour in searching every corner of the room to no purpose; there is only one conclusion for us to come to, which is that you have appropriated it to yourself; you are

perfectly aware that although from your being in the drawing room when Major Denholm brought it to my mother, and he put it into your hand, as he would have put it into that of a servant or any one else who might have been present, he never meant it for you: no, it was brought from India as a present for my mother, it is one of the few things I have that belonged to her, and one which I will never part with."

The solitaire board in question was a rare and beautiful one of ebony, with a border of perforated ivory, the balls each a curiosity in itself, being perforated ivory, each ball containing a second inside the perforated one. It was given to me in my grandmother's life time, by an old school mate of papa's, and had always been called mine, even long after I became an inmate of Captain Young's house, but as to my appropriating it to myself as my aunt termed it, such a thing would never have entered my head, I knew better, I dared not, I therefore replied quite coolly:

"I never thought of taking the solitaire board, or any thing else out of the house."

My aunt was very angry, very much excited, and said with violence of both voice and gesture:

"There is no use telling a parcel of lies to conceal the theft, unpack your boxes this moment. I will have my property; your cool impudence is that of a practiced thief, I know now where all my loose money has been going to, you jail bird."

I waited to hear no more, but flew rather than ran to the sideboard, from whence returning with a carving knife, I cut in several places the cords with which my trunks were bound, and then unlocking both, threw their contents on the floor, making the things by armfuls from the boxes.

As I was lifting the last parcel of clothing, Katie rapped

at the door, which was opened by Miss Margaret ; staring in mute astonishment at the confusion around her, she exclaimed :

“ Miss Innes ! what can you mean ? After I packed your things so nice ; everything tumbled and crushed,—why didn't you wait till I came ? what is it you want ? I'll get it for you.”

“ I want nothing, but aunt says I stole the solitaire board, and bid me empty my trunks to give it her, and she says I'm a thief and a jail bird ;” unable to control myself longer I burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

“ What a shame, Mrs. Young !” said Katie, not understanding how matters stood. “ The solitaire board is her own, I can testify to that ; and Major Denholm is not far off, I'll go up to Castle street for him, and he can tell himself who he gave it to.”

She already held her hand on the lock of the door, to put her threat of bringing Major Denholm to decide the dispute, when I screamed out :

“ Katie, Katie, I have not the solitaire ; I never touched it, I don't know where it is. I never thought of taking it away : it is only mislaid, things are often mislaid here ; aunt says Isabella had it this morning.”

“ Don't cry, Miss Innes, if Miss Isabella had it to-day I'll lay my life its in her room ; its an old trick of hers when she was set to sew, or do anything she did not care much about, to take the solitaire board or a pack of cards to her own room, and sit for hours trying her fortune with the cards, or wishing on the number of balls left on the solitaire board.”

While Katie was speaking Miss Margaret went up stairs and in a second or two was heard at the top of the staircase calling—

‘ Dear mama, come up to bed,—the solitaire is in Isabella's room.’”



Katie now busied herself in repacking my trunks, and in doing so an open envelope was seen lying on the floor, containing something that looked very like paper money. My aunt darted forward, and seizing it exclaimed, almost breathless from passion:

“ Well done, Innes Dundas! No wonder though I lost my money. Margaret come here!”

It was evident Miss Margaret had not left her post on the top of the staircase, as she replied to her mother's call, by descending ere the words had well left Mrs. Young's lips, the envelope was given into her hands, while her mother demanded of me, in her most peremptory manner:

“ Where did you get that money? Answer me at once and tell me the truth, or it will be worse for you.”

“ I don't know anything about it; I never saw it before.”

“ What a liar!” said Miss Margaret, raising her eyes to the ceiling with a stony look and voice, worse by far to bear than my aunt's passion.

“ No, she is not a liar,” said Katie now fairly roused, “ and it would be good for every one in the house if they were as true as she is; and those that can tell such a long experience of spiritual exercise in one week, should be better able to rule their tongue than to call other folk liars.” This was all said to, or rather at, Miss Margaret, and turning to Mrs. Young, she said:

“ Miss Innes never saw that money; it was me that put it in her trunk. There's ten one pound notes, and a line that says the money is part of Miss Innes' own, returned to her by her humble servant, Katie; as to the money you've lost, mem,” and Katie's voice softened as she spoke; perhaps from the knowledge that her words would leave a life-long pain, “ its long since ye lost money, though when it was more plenty,

maybe ye didna miss it as ye do now when its scarce ; and I ken well enough wha's ta'en it, and they are far sibber to you than ever Miss Innes was or will be ; and if you like to bid me, I'll tell you their name the morn when ye're your lane ; its ill-gotten siller to them that's ta'en it, and its waur spent ; gin ye had been openin' your ain door late at nicht, since Dominie Sampson gaed awa, as I've done, ye wad whiles hae seen a sicht that wad gar your heart loup to your mou'."

When Katie was excited, her lip would go back to her mother tongue, and she now spoke with an earnest truthful look, and with a quickness and force which almost took away her breath. Her words had a strange effect upon her two listeners, Miss Margaret's usually pale face became suffused with crimson from forehead to chin, giving her light blue eyes a whitish green unearthly hue, while my aunt's face, even her lips, became white as ashes ; they both turned away and walked upstairs without saying a word.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The proud are risen against me,  
O turn thou unto me, shew me a token for good.

KATIE now applied herself to the task of re-packing and cording my trunks. I in vain refused to allow her to replace the envelope containing her money in my trunk. She would not hear me speak and pushed me away in real anger, as I endeavoured to prevent its being again put in its old place; while she was completing her task, the door of the dining room was quietly opened, and Tom's face peeped out; seeing Katie and me alone, he came into the hall as silently as if his feet were those of a cat. He had on his best clothes, over these his great coat, and on his head, instead of his own hat, a cap his father used to wear in the garden. He came close up to Katie, where she knelt packing my trunk, and bending down with his clenched hand close to her ear, said in a suppressed voice and speaking between his teeth:

"Confound you, you she devil, if I catch you coming here telling tales of me, I'll let you hear it on the deafest side of your head."

"Take you care that the Bank of Scotland's wine vaults winna let you hear't on the deafest side of the your ain head," was the reply.

Tom started as if stung by an adder, and said hastily and with an unsteady voice, still speaking under his breath, "What do you know about that, Katie?"

"I know enough to warn you to stay at home, if ye would be a free man much longer."

Tom threw the cap he wore on the table, and with his handkerchief wiped the perspiration from his forehead and began taking off his great coat.

"Ye're a wise man," said Katie, "to take your feet out of the trap before it goes off."

Some one whistled in the shrubbery; Tom drew his half-released arm again into his coat sleeve, threw the cap on his head, opened the door, and was gone into the dark night in a second.

"Where is Tom gone so late at night, Katie?"

"It wadna be easy to tell that, but he's about no good, an' I'm feared all the auld wives in Peterstown will ken that or long; but if I live till the morn, I'll come up an' make a clean breast to the mistress."

The trunks were once more corded, and we sat down to wait for Robby MacBeth, who had not been able to find a wheelbarrow large enough to carry both my trunks, and had gone in search of a cart.

Now that I had nothing to occupy my attention, and that silence was once more around, the feeling of desolation which pressed on me so heavily in my own room an hour before, came back with redoubled force, and unable to suppress my tears, I wept bitterly. I was leaving a home which had never been a happy one, but it was all the home I had. I was going among strangers to learn to earn my bread in a way the most uncongenial that could have been chosen. I was to leave the station I had been born and brought up in, and descend to a mode of life, and people, I had in the pride and folly that surrounded me been taught to despise. All my aspirations after knowledge, so deeply seated in my nature were to be hushed, every opportunity for the improvement of my mind gone, perhaps for ever. I had little cause to love

my aunt or cousins, but they were all I had to cling to as my own, and by them I had been cast off in the coldest, most cruel manner, virtually forbidden even to correspond with them; as I thought of all this my sobs came unbidden, and my tears fell like rain.

Poor Katie tried her best to console me, but she knew not the thoughts that lay like lead on my soul. She fancied I wept because of the unjust accusations of my aunt, and her words of comfort fell like water spilt on the ground.

"Oh! Katie," said I, "I wish I could go far away into some thick wood and lie down with my face in the moss and die."

"Miss Innes, don't speak that way."

"No one cares for me, Katie. Aunt desired me not to write, because the postage was too dear, every one has some one to love them but me."

"'Deed, Miss Innes, plenty people loves you; see how Mr. Morrison wanted to go down to the wharf with you."

"Yes, for Miss Margaret's sake; she is to be married to him soon."

"Married to her!" exclaimed Katie, bursting into a fit of laughter, "the Kirk is no bigget yet that they'll be married in; wha told you that news?"

"My aunt."

"O goodness me! the man's marrit already. How can people be so stupid? there's no one in the Chapel that does na see that he's sick of her; she is courtin' him gay thrang, there's nae doubt o' that, but its a' on her ain side; mony a gaunt he gies when she tells her spiritual experience in the class meeting wi' her een turned up till you see naething but the white, and a face as lang as my arm."

Seeing my tears still flowing, Katie added:

"Dominie Sampson was na her sweetheart at ony rate, she wadna hae him, and I'm *rael sure* the Dominie wadna hae her, muckle as she thinks o' hersel; and he was as fond o' you as gin ye'd been his ain bairn. I mind weel the day he gaed awa', you had a lang lesson that day and it was mostly dark when I went into the parlour for the tea cups, and after you gathered up your books and went up the stairs, he sat wi' his elbow resting on the table and his head atween his hands, looking down at the sheet o' paper that you wrote your lesson on. I stood in the press looking at him, there was a big drap o' water fell fao his een on the hard paper and sounded through the room; he rose in the minute an' folded the bit paper and put it in his waistcoat, and then he gaed to the window an' stood there looking out at the rain, wi' his twa hands in his trowsers' pockets, and said out loud to himsel, (he didna think that I was in the press,) 'What a foolish man I am? What a foolish man I am?' But 'deed I thought him a rael good man; and may be ye'll meet him in Edinburgh, and he'll be a friend to you wherever you meet, that's sure enough."

"Perhaps he's not in Edinburgh; perhaps I'll never see him again."

"That ye-will; if ye don't see him when ye go to Edinburgh, he'll be here in the summer after he's ordained. They a' preach round about after they are ordained afore they get a Kirk o' their ain. (This was a new idea of Katie's own, but I believed it as if it were gospel truth.) And when he comes to Peterstown he'll be certain to come to the Links, for I told him I was to be married wi' Robby MacBeth, and he said he would come to see me gin I thought my gudeman would na be jealous."

Katie laughed a little laugh as she repeated this speech of the Dominie's, saying slyly :

"To think of a weel faurt lad like Robby MacBeth being jealous o' the big Dominie wi' his short trowsers and white stockings ;" then adding, "when he comes, I'll be sure to tell him where you are and all about you, a' thae Presbyterian ministers gang to Edinburgh every year to the General Assembly, so if you dinna see him now, you're sure to see him then."

Katie had touched a chord that had all my sympathy ; reassured by her words, I felt happy in the certainty with which she had inspired me of seeing my tutor at no very distant date.

It had been arranged that Katie was to take charge of Maida, and I kept her locked up all day in case she might be missing when I was going off. The cart had now arrived and by and bye Katie and I were seated on one of my trunks therein, and Maida walking alongside ; we had scarcely started when Willie MacBeth came to tell us that the steamer was not in sight and would not arrive until one in the morning. It was therefore proposed that I should go to MacBeth's cottage on the Links from the windows of which we could see the steamer's light many miles off. I gladly agreed to do so ; I would rather have waited the arrival of the vessel on the wharf than have gone back to the cold house I had left with its sleeping inmates.

The rain had ceased, and the night was now clear with a light wind, our drive in the fresh pleasant air was fast restoring my spirits to their wonted elasticity, and with Katie's merry talk so quickly did the time pass that we had gone through the seatown, down the cart road by the braes, and were at the cottage door on the Links while yet I wished our drive was only beginning.

On hearing the cart approach, the old man came to the door and gave us a cheery welcome ; the house was redolent of light and warmth, the great peat and coal fire on the hearth giving quite as much light as the lamp which hung by the mantel shelf close to the old man's chair, placed so that the light might fall on his book, for John MacBeth, like many of his craft, was a great reader.

Katie bustled about, boiling the kettle and putting cups on the table, in a few minutes giving us a supper fit for a prince ; to my great delight Maida seemed quite at home sitting upright in front of the bright fire gazing into it, and perhaps building castles therein.

While Katie made her preparations for supper, I sat with the old man and Maida by the fire, the former regarding me with a half sad absent air, as if his thoughts were away into the far past while his eyes never for a moment relaxed their gaze from my face ; at last he rose and coming towards me laid his hard hand on my head saying as it rested there, "Ye're a bonnie bairn, may the Lord keep ye're feet fae sliding in the great town ye're gaen to amang sae mony strange folk ;" he then went into the room beyond and returning put into my hands a portrait set with red stones, which in after years I found were precious rubies. I started as I looked at it, I never saw my own face in the glass more distinctly mirrored than in that portrait ; the old man must have noted my surprise, as he said in the same sad tone as before :

"Weel may ye look as gin ye kent that face ; the first time I ever saw yours, I kent ye was sib to it ; keep it my bairn, its mair yours than mine ; I hae nae call to it, an it 'ill maybe help you to find your ain folk in a time o' need." I looked in his face as he spoke with a strange sort of awe, and taking the portrait from his hand without speaking a word,



hung it round my neck by the faded white ribbon attached to it as if it had been my own for years.

We had nearly finished supper before Willie MacBeth came in; he had, he said, gone to the braes to look for the steamer, when he encountered two policemen in hot pursuit after a man whom they said had escaped from their hands and gone in the direction of the Black pots; the Bank of Scotland had been robbed and it was suspected that three young men belonging to the most respectable families in Peterstown were the robbers; Mr. Lettey, the banker, was in his office when it was done and they gagged and tied him to his chair; the alarm was given by a servant girl who was walking about the house unable to sleep from toothache, and hearing a scuffling noise in the bank, entered by the private entrance connected with the house which was unfastened owing to the banker being in his office. The young men were seen and noted although they effected their escape for the time; they had traced one of them as far as the road to Black pots, and seeing Willie on the braes, at first thought it was he. Willie assured them that they were on the wrong track as he had been about the braes since eleven o'clock watching for the steamer and had seen no one; on hearing this the men set off in the direction of Black pots. "I think one of the thieves is about our place," added he, "as I came close by the door I saw a man with a great coat running at full speed past the house and into the shed, I'll lay my life he is there now."

"If he is, let him rest," said the pilot, "he'll no steal ony o' our siller, he's gotten a gude warnin' an gin he maks his escape he'll maybe turn ower a new leaf; at ony rate we wonna file our fingers wi' catchin' a thief. Puir man wha ever he is he has brewed an ill brewst for himsel, its a sair hank roun some folks' necks, the sin o' coveteousness, that gars

them risk leavin' house and hame, kith and kin for ill-gotten gear at wonna bide wi' them, and that's like a burnin' coal in their heart and pouch when they hae it, and folk too that, gin they would only mak a gude use o' the sense the Lord has pittin in their heads, and the strength he's gien them in their hands, could win gowd wi' honesty 'at wad mak sponnable men o' them."

## CHAPTER XIV.

So is this great and wide sea; there go the ships: there is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon Thee.

It was one o'clock in the morning ere the steamer hove in sight; Katie and the two lads accompanied me, not only in the shore boat, but on board the steam vessel.

When we came on deck Katie touched my arm, motioning me to look over the side of the ship. I did so, and there was Maida leisurely walking up the rope ladder by which we had gained the deck; and when my other friends had left me neither persuasion nor force would induce Maida to depart from my side.

Next day we had wet squally weather, and in consequence I did not venture on deck until late in the evening, when the rain having ceased, I gladly went upstairs to bathe my hot face in the pure sea air. With the exception of a sailor occasionally passing, I had the deck all to myself and Maida, the other passengers being either too sick to leave their cabins or busy amusing themselves in the saloon, which most people would have considered a more wise way of spending their time, than pacing the wet deck on a cold blustering dark night. To me the scene and time was a source of great enjoyment. The black waves below and around scarce seen, save when their white crests shone for a moment in the light from the lamp which swung above the deck, falling in a long narrow line, now upon the great white edge of the billow as it curled up the side of the ship, and again upon the dark bed it rose

from, while above in the sky, immense masses of grey and black clouds were driven before the wind, now hiding, then revealing, a watery, pale-looking, scarcely seen moon, whose light was so wan as hardly to fringe with its sickly ray the cloud passing over its disk. My old friend the wind was there, strong enough to force me to exert all my strength. It was just the company Maida and I enjoyed; she walking up and down by my side and striving with the wind which blew against her strong chest and upturned head, and seeming to grow stronger and taller as she strove.

We had nearly tired ourselves out, when in what I intended to be my last turn to the sailors' quarter, a head was raised from an opening in the deck I had not seen before, or at least not noticed, and as I was passing attracted my attention by pronouncing the word "dot" in a low yet distinct tone, almost close to my feet.

The word was familiar enough, this was the name given me by Isabella when I was lame, "Dot-and-go-one," by degrees diminished into plain "Dot." I fancied I was called by some one, and terrified I scarce knew why, flew to the other side of the deck and down the companion ladder leading to the ladies' cabin. So ended my first and last venture on deck during the voyage.

We arrived at Granton pier about ten o'clock. The mate, into whose care Robert Macbeth had given me, placed myself and trunks safely in a cab, Maida leaped in after me, occupying with her great length the entire bottom of the cab. We were about to start, when Tom Young, dressed exactly as I had seen him on Friday night, in the large overcoat and his father's garden cap, put his head into the cab, saying :-

"Innes, I want to go to Edinburgh with you."

And signing to the coachman, before I had sufficiently

recovered from my surprise to agree to or dissent from his proposal, he was seated opposite to me. I was then informed, without much ceremony, that having left Peterstown rather hurriedly he was without the means of paying for even a night's lodging; and as he had heard Katie say she put an envelope with ten pounds in my trunk, he wanted me to give it all to him, summing up the whole by saying—"You know you have no earthly use for it, and what is of more consequence I cannot live without it; so you'll just have to make up your mind to fork, without loss of time, when we arrive at old thread-the-needle's, that your going to."

I was not very much inclined to part with my money, but I always feared Tom, and sitting alone with him in such a small compass that there was no possibility of escaping out of his clutches should he determine to punish me for being obstinate, as he had often done, I saw no alternative, and making a merit of necessity, at once promised he should have the money on our arrival in George Street.

When the cab stopped, Tom was in the street as soon as the cabman, and preventing him from ringing the door-bell, seized the trunk which I had indicated as the one containing the coveted envelope, and placing it in the cab desired me to "stand and deliver," which in plain English meant to open the trunk and give him the money. The moment the envelope was in his hands he wheeled round and strode down the street in the direction we had come, saying as he departed: "You are not so bad as they called you, after all, Dot."

His was the voice that frightened me so much on board the steam vessel. The marvel was how he got there. Miss Murray's door was opened as if by magic to the summons of the cabman, at the first touch of the knocker, and peering from behind the door which she only held half open, was a

tall thin girl who looked in dress scarcely a lady, and yet certainly no servant, and whose face of thirty summers exhibited anything but summer weather. The cabman preceded me, carrying my trunks, him she let pass with a fretted look, but when I made my appearance she saluted me in accents far from mild.

"You are come at last, are you? What on earth kept you, the boat is never so late as this. We've been sitting up waiting for you since ten, and its now nearly twelve."

I was about to account for the unusual detention of the steamer, but having thus relieved herself of a little of her spleen, she left me abruptly by the open door, and descending a staircase at the further end of the hall, I saw her no more.

I felt rather awkward standing alone in the half-lighted hall, and was cogitating with myself whether I should follow the girl down the staircase, which I had already ascertained was quite dark, or remain where I was until any other member of the quiet household who might be out of bed would chance to discover my dilemma. I was not long in doubt, a side door opened, and a short, brisk-looking, black-haired, black-eyed woman issued therefrom; coming towards me with a smile meant to be condescending, she enquired "If I was the young person from Peterstown?" Being answered, as she knew she would be, in the affirmative, she ushered me into the room she had just left.

Observing Maida, for whose welfare I trembled, and going towards her, she exclaimed—

"Oh! the beautiful creature! where did he come from? whose can he be?"

"She's mine," replied I, half relieved by her manner towards the dog, whose head she was patting. "She followed me on board the steamer in defiance of all efforts to detain her."

Miss Murray listened with a bland smile, her little black eyes twinkling with pleasure as I spoke, and cut my explanation short by saying :

“ The dear creature—how glad I am,—she must be so affectionate,—see how fond she is of me already—it will be quite grand to have such a magnificent dog in the house. You must let her be mine while you are here.”

I gladly assented ; eventually, Maida had an established right, as Miss Murray’s stag hound, to enter every room in the house from drawing-room to kitchen.

Miss Murray desired me put my cloak and hat on the sofa, and come by the fire. I gladly obeyed her behest, and would have willingly put my feet on the fender, had I not been repelled by the polite smiling face opposite, the possessor of which had the art of appearing excessively kind, and yet at the same time keeping those she considered her inferiors at such a distance as to preclude the possibility of their taking such a liberty as to warm their feet in her presence.

I had some bread and butter for my supper, and after satisfying my hunger, I was catechised for a full half hour as to why I, a niece of Captain Young, should be sent to learn dressmaking ? What sort of house the said Captain Young lived in, if he had marriageable daughters, whether Mr. Morrison visited often there, if the latter gentleman was popular as a preacher, &c. About one in the morning Miss Murray proposed we should go to bed, saying I should occupy a little sofa-bed in her own room for the night, as she was sure Miss Janes, whose room and bed I was to share, would be so ill-tempered from having had to sit up on purpose to open the door for me, that she would be quite unbearable.

I lay down to rest full of hope that on the morrow my good angel would bring my feet to the church where Dominic Samp-

son worshipped, and pleased myself by thinking of the joy it would give me when I had found him out to go close up to him, and without speaking take one of his big hands in both my own. In fancy I saw my good master looking down to see who it was that made herself so familiar, and then the start of surprise and the kindly smile that was sure to follow.

I lay thinking over the meeting I had thus pictured to myself, until the sound of the last carriage wheel had died away in the street, and Miss Murray's deep breathing was the only thing heard in the silent house. I made myself quite sure I would see Dominic Sampson on the morrow, and the excitement of anticipation banished sleep from my eyes until, harbinger of day, the lights were one by one extinguished in the street.

Alas! next morning was wet and blustering; as the morning, so was the day. Miss Murray would not go to church herself neither would she allow me to go, as she said, to lose myself in the large unknown streets. Strange fit of care for my welfare; it was the first and last time I ever heard her express the least interest in the Sunday doings of me or any other.

I nearly cried from vexation. What did I care for the rain, and as to the wind, the more it blew the better I liked it. The wind was my old friend ever since I used to climb the brae at Hillside in the windy autumn evenings, striving to run faster than my companion Maida, and to climb to its wooded top, in spite of the loud wild wind that blew in our faces wishing to have all the fun to itself, and at last when we did gain the hill top, and retraced our steps, how the good old wind blew us home, sometimes making a balloon of my frock, blowing it quite over my head, and sending me home almost breathless, with tossed hair and crimson cheek, to tell my grandmother of the famous blow we had from the top of the brae

I was an inhabitant of the dining-room all that day, how



little did I appreciate the privilege then, and yet, little as I thought of being allowed to spend my Sunday in looking from the window there instead of gazing at the white-washed walls or frosted windows of the work-room among the other girls who lived in the house, many a time in after days I made a stolen visit of five minutes in company with two or three others, that we might have the rare treat of seeing the busy street and its passers by, these being unlawful sights for us except on Sunday, and even on Sunday these sights must be enjoyed from the street, any room in the house with a front window was forbidden ground to us.

All day long, from after breakfast until dinner, and from dinner-time to dark, I sat at the window, scarcely daring to turn my head in the direction of the room, lest while so doing the object of my watch should pass unnoticed ; how eagerly my eyes flitted from one to another of the crowds of men in black who passed, in going to, and returning from the church, and how anxiously I scanned any who might be taller than the rest or a little bent, or more awkward ; I can smile now when I remember the beating heart and hot cheek with which I strained my eyes in looking at a tall gaunt man whose trowsers were short enough to display his white worsted stockings, and who stood talking to one or two others, a little way up on the opposite side of the street. I was sure it was Dominic Sampson. Yes, it was he, the very way he wore his hat, and when, to make assurance doubly sure, he put his thumbs into the armholes of his vest and drew up his head, which he always did when he stood in that position, my heart fluttered with hope and joy. I could restrain myself no longer, but threw up the window that I might be ready to call out to him as he passed, which I knew he would do when he parted with the others ; he was coming in the direction of Miss Mur-

ray's house when he met them ; I even thought of crossing over to where he stood, lest he should turn and go with his friends, or, it might be, not hear me call. But I dismissed all thoughts of leaving my post, when I recollected that while I was putting on my bonnet he might be gone. At last they parted, he crossed the street and came towards the open window where I stood, his head bent down as he always kept it when walking alone. The evening was getting very dark, but I was sure he had seen me. I stood, my clenched hands trembling with excitement, my head and shoulders quite outside the window sash, the drizzling rain falling unheeded on my hair and dress. On he came—I could scarce restrain my joy—he was close to the pavement—

“Dominie Sampson !” I called aloud. The man raised his head, not five yards from where I stood, and looked me full in the face ; his was fat, greyish white, and marked with the small-pox.

I stood looking after the man in utter dismay, when suddenly I felt myself pulled rather roughly into the room, the window pushed down with a loud bang, and heard Miss Murray asking me if I was mad ? all in a second ; I seated myself without making any reply or even listening to what she said, although she spoke for full five minutes on the impropriety of my conduct ; I was oblivious to every thing, save my own terrible disappointment.

Next morning, I was brought into the work-room by Miss Murray, and delivered by that lady to Miss Janes whose pupil I was to become.

Miss Janes sat at the top of a long table on which was placed work in all stages, waists half made, trimmed and untrimmed, silk and worsted skirts, &c., &c. On each side of the table were ranged three girls, seated on forms without any

back, on one of which I was told by Miss Janes to take my place. The girls who occupied the same form with me were three sisters, one of whom was lame, and who were learning dressmaking with a view of commencing business for themselves at some future period. The three opposite were Jessie Walker, a mulatto, who was intended for a lady's maid, Louisa Cunninghame, a pretty, fat, fair girl nearly my own age. She had received a good education as far as it went, but her father's death having prevented its completion, she was sent as an improver to the dressmaking establishment of Miss Murray, there to remain for three years if she had strength and spirit to live through the time, and then, if sufficiently qualified, she would obtain a situation in Miss Murray's or some other house where she would be expected to consider herself fortunate in the receipt of twenty or twenty-five pounds a year; and in return for this handsome sum would be required to sew every working hour from seven o'clock on Monday morning until nine o'clock on Saturday night, without ever putting head or foot into the fresh air, except on Sunday; living all day in an unwholesome damp work-room under the level of the street, and all night, most likely sleeping in a room containing three beds and six girls, looking to a court yard, not larger than the room itself, and built round with the backs of out-houses, so as most effectually to prevent either air or sunshine ever reaching it. The third girl, Miss Pettillo, the daughter of a country school-master, was sent to Edinburgh for six months (fortunate girl) to learn dressmaking by way of finishing her education, and enabling her for the time to come to make her own and sisters' dresses.

A similar table was placed at the other-side-of the room, where Miss Sophia Black, the milliner-in-chief to the establishment, sat making caps and bonnets, talking scandal of

all who came in her way, and as a little piquant sauce giving an account of the various conquests she had made. She was a little grey wizened-looking thing, with hair much the same shade as her face, from which a long residence of at least thirty years in the cellar atmosphere of a work-room, had extracted every particle of colour other than the grey skin itself would have possessed had it been dried up and stretched over the doll's head on which she fashioned her millinery. All the hours of extra unneeded labour that so often were added to those really necessary, were attributed (and rightly so,) to her wicked advice, she representing to Miss Murray that if she (Miss Murray) did not keep the work going as they termed it, at least three nights in the week until one o'clock in the morning, it would soon be bruited about that her establishment was not so thriving as those of her sisters in the business, a thing Miss Murray dreaded of all others the most, perhaps the more so from its being but too true; the business in George street was evidently dying a natural death, she being obliged, in order to keep her improvers in work, to pick to pieces old dress gowns of her own, and have them made up again the most elaborate way possible. I remember a yellow gauze dress being made up from two others, and in order to prolong the work, it was flounced from hem to waist; however, there were times when work came in plentiful enough; and much need. Years after the time of which I write, poor Miss Murray failed for a large amount, not from any extravagance of her own, but from the fact of those calling themselves ladies running up long bills with her, which if paid at all was only once in so many years, and taking their ready money to cash shops where of course they could purchase to more advantage.

Were those who are guilty of such petty meanness to ask

themselves what they would think of others indulging in such dishonesty, for by no other term can we describe such conduct whether practiced upon linen draper, tailor, or dress-maker, it would be a good standard by which to view themselves and probably go a far way in working a reformation much needed.

The first day of my installation as an improver in George street, we "put past," as laying aside the work for the night is called, at eleven o'clock; this was considered an early hour, yet to me the time was long and weary, and I felt as if half dead with fatigue.

I was to share Miss Janes' room, and on retiring for the night I found our sleeping apartment consisted of a room in the basement little larger than a closet, not nearly the size of my aunt's pantry in Peterstown. It contained a bed without curtains, of very small dimensions, considering it was intended to accommodate two persons, my own trunks, the one placed above the other, a basin stand and toilet table, the latter covered with a white cloth almost in rags spotted with large marks of iron mould. The window was large and painted like those of the work-room, two of the lower panes broken, the glass almost entirely gone and its place supplied by rabbit skins, nailed to the window frame, above this was tied a short muslin curtain which was supposed to hide the rabbit skins and give a gay dressy look to the window besides.

I was nervous from sitting sewing all day, a thing I was quite unaccustomed to, and inhaling the bad air of that unwholesome cellar room for sixteen hours, and when I looked at the miserable place I was to inhabit for the next three years and compared it with the attic I had despised so much in my aunt's house, I burst into tears. Miss Janes, who was not at all the ill-tempered thing I had fancied from her behaviour

on the night of my arrival, tried to comfort me the best way she could, and at last succeeded in making me laugh, assuring me that the decorations of the white cloth and curtains had been put on for my especial benefit, bidding me cheer up, there were worse places in the world than "Rabbit Skin Hall."

A few days after I commenced my new phase of life, Miss Janes was called up to the first flat to try on some dresses; scarcely had the door closed behind her, when Miss Black in a loud voice called to Hester, the mulatto girl, "Hook," and turning to the eldest of the three sisters said in an equally significant tone "Thimble." The first named young lady ran to the door, and taking from her pocket a long nail inserted it in a hole in the floor so as to prevent the door from being opened. Miss Brown produced from her keeping a wooden thimble nearly the size of an egg cup, while the milliner on her part disbursed from one of two capacious pockets which she always wore, a soda water bottle from which she filled the thimble, first drinking its contents herself and then refilling it for all in the room in succession, each young girl drinking with apparent relish; this was twice repeated, then coming up to where I sat Miss Black filled the thimble and presenting it desired me to take a "horn." I refused, doubtless with the abhorrence I felt in my heart expressed in my face; I knew it was whiskey by the smell, I had been warned by Mr. Morrison that such doings as I had just been witness to, existed, and also counselled in the kindest manner never to allow myself to touch or taste the soul poison, although he believed Miss Murray's house so intensely respectable, I was not likely to come in contact with any thing of the kind there; in declining her proffered kindness I did so with civility.

"Ah, ha," said she, with a determined look, "that won't do; you shan't sit here to be a spy on us, you'll take your horn and pay your footing too."

As she ceased speaking she gave the mulatto girl a significant look, winking with one eye. This was answered by a coarse laugh, which seemed to be echoed by all in the room. In a moment my head was between the mulatto's cold clammy hands, my arms pinioned down by Miss Brown, who seated herself on my knee so as to have the complete mastery over me; the milliner now opened my mouth and inserting between my teeth one of her fingers, shielded by a thimble, immediately poured the contents of the wooden one down my throat, keeping my head firmly fixed until I had swallowed it. I was exasperated beyond measure, and determined not to bear it quietly; and on being able to speak, which I was not for the first few minutes, the strong whiskey having made me almost breathless, I told them I would inform Miss Murray of their conduct.

"Ay, do," cried Miss Black with a loud laugh, in which she was joined by several of the girls, "run quick, and don't forget to come back and tell what the punishment is to be, and mind, tell her it was me, Miss Sophia Black, who committed the crime, and for fear Fat Tom should be taken from me, I'll have another horn and drink success to the 'clash pyat clash' before I lose him."

She then took a third thimblefull herself, replaced the bottle, returned the thimble to its hiding-place, and resuming her seat, called out in an authoritative tone, "Hook," which command was followed by Hester's removing the nail from the door and carefully replacing it in her pocket.

When Miss Janes returned she gave a quick glance round the room, smelling audibly, and said in a loud angry tone—

“ There’s a smell of whiskey in the room, you’ve been drinking.”

With the exception of Miss Cunninghame and myself, all indignantly denied the accusation, Miss Black singing very loud to shew the contempt in which she held Miss Janes. The latter came up to me, saying she wished to smell my breath. I told her she need not take the trouble, and repeated what had occurred as far as it concerned myself, adding that I should take care to inform Miss Murray.

Miss Black did not allow Miss Janes time to reply, but immediately took a high tone, declared the girls were overwrought, half-killed with bad air and confinement, and that it was impossible for them to live without more nourishment than could be obtained from lean beef and potatoes, and that for her part she would not remain in a situation where she could not take what was good for her, she never took more, but she would have what was necessary for her health.

Miss Janes left the room without deigning a reply, returning, however, in a few minutes, with an evident accession of bad humour.

Miss Black was sent for by Miss Murray, with whom she remained fully half an hour, and on her return, entered singing with a triumphant air, “ We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet for auld lang syne.” And to shew her contempt for Miss Janes’ authority, she talked and laughed with the eldest Brown during the rest of the afternoon, occasionally enlivening their conversation by snatches of bacchanalian songs.

I had no opportunity of speaking to Miss Murray during the day, and when we retired for the night Miss Janes told me “ it would be useless to talk to Miss Murray on the subject of my quarrel with the milliner. She had promised that neither I nor any other girl should be forced to drink again,



and this," continued Miss Janes, "is all she is able to effect at present. Poor Miss Murray condemns such conduct as much as I do, but she is perfectly helpless in Miss Black's hands; the latter has let her money accumulate until it is now a sum Miss Murray could not pay on a day's notice, or perhaps at all unaided; the friends who used to help her in pecuniary emergencies hitherto, are now on the other side of the Atlantic. Miss Black knows all this, and that in consequence Miss Murray must keep her, on her own terms. She is a wicked girl in every way. I wish you had never come here to be under the influence of her example."

I was never asked to drink again, except in good humour, and then told it was my part of the money they wanted. At the time I became an inmate of Miss Murray's work-room, the girls used to have "a horn" twice or at most three times a week; before I left George Street it was a dull miserable day when they had none, a day marked by yawns, bad humour and little work.

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## CHAPTER XV.

" Do thine own part, in silence wait:  
God in His time will work His will. "

MISS JANES was a Presbyterian, and on my telling her that I thought my teacher was in Edinburgh, that he was a Presbyterian minister, and that I wished to go to that church to try and find him, she offered to bring me to the one she attended, telling me there were many churches of that as well as of every other denomination in Edinburgh; and that as we went along she would show me others I might go to alone, although she expressed great doubts of my being able to find the object of my search without a better clue to him than I possessed.

We went to church together in the morning; I alone to another in the afternoon, and again to a third in the evening, all with equal success; no Dominie Sampson was to be seen.

Every Sunday for six months I went three times a day to one Presbyterian church or another, each time with high hopes that ere evening closed in I should see and speak to my tutor, but each week as it came round found me weary and disappointed, yet resolved on the following Sunday to renew my search. I counted each day, nay, towards the end of the week, the very hours, until Sunday would come again, that I might renew my search, watching with anxious heart and restless eye each head that rose above the others, but no head like Dominie Sampson's ever gladdened my sight.

However, if I did not find him, I had found an object,

something to look forward to, without which my life of confinement and constant toil would have been unbearable.

One Sunday I was a little late, the church I had decided on going to was one fully three miles from where I lived, but it was a favourite with me ; I had gone there so often that now an old lady in whose seat I sat once or twice unbidden, regularly opened the pew door for me when she observed me enter the aisle, and welcomed me with a smile as if I had a right to enter. On the morning in question, our breakfast was not served until past ten, a thing not uncommon on Sundays, and although I walked fast the first psalm was begun ere I arrived at my usual seat ; it was the first from the door ; I chose it because I could see all the people before me.

I had occupied my time during the psalm in the usual way, that is, I had gone over with my eye each male head on either side of the aisle, when the words " Let us Pray," arrested both eye and ear ; it was my custom not to pursue my search during the prayer, but to shut my eyes and try to think of Him the clergyman was speaking to. But this day there was an old familiar tone in the voice which pronounced these words that went straight to my inmost heart. I looked up at the preacher that I might see the one who spoke so like my dear tutor, and there in the pulpit, dressed in a Geneva gown and bands, stood Dominic Sampson ! Yes it was he, Dominic Sampson, himself ; my sight became faint and thick, and my reeling heart grew sick with very happiness.

I could not shut my eyes and bow my head during that prayer ; neither could I stand as usual, my knees bent under me. I could only sit and gaze on the dear head reverently bowed in fervent prayer to the God he so earnestly desired to serve and worship, and listen to the voice which stirred

my soul as never voice had done before. The text he preached from was, "Turn to the stronghold ye prisoners of hope." He was not shy and awkward there as he had been in Peterstown. He spoke fearlessly to the listening crowd, and simply and earnestly impressed to old and young the message God had sent him to deliver.

The moment the blessing was pronounced I left the church and went to the vestry door, there to await his coming out. I fancied he would leave the church by the vestry, and waited patiently until every one of that great crowd had passed by. I heard with a beating heart words of commendation expressed by many, of the discourse they had been listening to; a group stood by my side for a few minutes, an elderly man said: "It is a great sermon to be his first, but he is not a young man, he has studied long."

"Yes," replied one of the others, "he has studied long indeed, he has had much to struggle with, poor man, his father has been blind and helpless for many a day, and he has also a lame brother to support; the wonder is, how he could help them and pay his own college fees on teaching, it is so ill paid."

They separated going on their way, and I listened to words of approval from more than one passer-by with greedy ears, drinking in all I heard until each had sought his own home, and I found myself alone by the vestry door. The beadle came out and prepared to shut it up from the outside, and I asked where the minister was who had preached that forenoon?

"What do ye want wi' the minister?" was his reply.

"I want to speak to him."

"Do ye tho'?" answered he in a dry sarcastic tone. "An think ye has the minister naething else ado than speak to the

like o' you atween sermons? Gang awa hame my lassie, an' speak to yer ain equals, and lat the minister alane wi' his?"

"But," urged I, "he is an old acquaintance of mine, he lived in our house."

"What did he do in your house? Wha is your father?"

"It was in my uncle's house; he was tutor there, and I have been trying to see him since ever I came to Edinburgh."

On hearing this the old man's countenance assumed a more civil expression, and he replied in a somewhat modified tone,

"Gin that be sae, its a' thegither anither thing; what ca ye him, an' whare does he come frae?"

I had been so little accustomed to hear Mr. Tytler spoken of as other than Dominie Sampson, it was Dominie Sampson I always thought of, never of Mr. Tytler, and for the moment I could recollect no other name. I tried to think, but no, in my flutter at not being able to recollect it instantly, and the fear I had of being thought an impostor even by the old beadle, I became quite stupefied, and in my confusion I felt my face burning to the very roots of my hair.

"Aye," said he, with a grim look, resuming his former sarcastic tone of voice, "I thought ye kent a great deal about him; gae awa wi' ye."

"I do know him," replied I, "and he lived in Peterstown."

"In Peterstown!" repeated he, with a mocking short laugh. "Na, weel than, but that coos a', a man wi' a south-country tongue like that come frae Peterstown. I might hae believed ye gin I was nae frae Peterstown mysel; gang awa' ye bare-faced cutty wi' your lees; there's a wheen young queens like you, aye rinnin after the young ministers, lattin' on 'at they're jist been converted the day. I hae nae

skill o' thae conversions, I wad rather hear o' yer bein converted under auld Dr. Murison than wi' the preachin o' a young unmarrit lad like yon."

"But I'm not converted," pleaded I, "and I never said I was."

"Deed ye need na; nae body wad believe ye gin ye did, but its a pity to see a young decent-like young lassie gaen about on sic a glaket errand; gang awa hame to yer mither and when ye come to the Kirk come to hear the word o' God, an nae to seek sweethearts."

As he said this he took the key from the vestry door and walked quickly down the street leaving me standing there staring after him, dumb with disappointment.

I looked at the locked door, inside which I fancied Dominie Sampson must still be, as I had not seen him come out, and I knew he had not time to have gone before I came round; I scarcely took a minute in coming. I then thought that the vestry being locked he must leave the building by one of the great doors, and quick as lightning I turned round and visited each of the church doors in succession, alas! all were shut as fast as the vestry and not a creature to be seen in the vicinity, all had departed while I was watching the vestry door.

I returned to my first post and tried in vain to look through the windows in order to discover whether my teacher was not still within, but alas! the windows were placed so high in the building that it was impossible to see anything save the opposite wall. I determined on not going home to dinner, but to remain and attend the afternoon service in this church; I felt almost certain that Dominie Sampson was still within and would preach the second sermon.

The morning had been cold and raw with little gusts of rain, my feet and hands were bitterly cold; I tried to warm my

fingers a little by putting each hand alternately to my mouth and breathing upon it, but my poor feet felt quite numb, notwithstanding my exercising them by walking constantly from the great door to the vestry, and back again.

Now the rain fell in a continued drizzle, and to save myself from being wet through I had to resign my watch of the vestry and take refuge in the porch of the great door; the hour of interval seemed as if it would never end. Several people passed by and looked at me as I stood within the shelter of the porch; a poorly dressed girl offered me a share of her umbrella, telling me the direction in which she lived; I thanked her, no, I intended waiting for the second service.

"It will be very cold," said she, "your clothes are wet, come and sit in our house, it is not far off."

"I am waiting for a friend, I must remain here."

She left me, it was very cold, and the time seemed so long I almost regretted not having gone with her. Two o'clock at last; the door was opened from the inside by the same old man who had reproved me so sharply an hour before; he stared with unfeigned surprise at seeing me so early, exclaiming:

"Weel, my lady, ye was nae lang eatin' your dinner, or else ye bide near the Kirk."

I did not reply, but walked into the old lady's seat; by and bye one of the men who always stood in charge of the plate at the door came from the vestry, and as he passed up the aisle I mustered courage to ask him if the minister who preached in the forenoon would hold the second service

"No, the Doctor 'ill preach himsel'."

"Where will the other minister preach?"

"I canna tell," with a peculiar smile, and a shake of the head not very flattering.

In a moment I had left the church and was hurrying down the wet street in the pelting rain as fast as my feet could carry me towards the nearest Presbyterian church, but the same minister preached there as I had heard in the same place on my former visits.

After service, home again, to take tea alone in the cold damp cellar room, called the girls' dining room; all my Sundays were spent there alone, each of the other girls having some place where they were made welcome to pass the day. That Sunday I was not alone, I had my happy hopeful thoughts to keep me company, and eating my meal as quickly as possible I again sallied forth to try another church; but Dominie Sampson did not preach nor was he in the church; I was disappointed but not cast down, I knew now he was in Edinburgh and we were sure to meet soon; next Sunday would not be long in coming round.

The following Monday morning it was my duty to arrange the work-room tables; the girls took this work in rotation. I was a little early and in consequence had to wait until the fire was lit in case the dust should injure the work. The cook who lit the fire was a girl from Peterstown and did me many little kindnesses from having seen me in my better days as she called them; this morning immediately on my entrance she said:

"Oh, Miss Dundas, I have strange news for you, Captain Young's auld tutor preached in our Kirk twice yesterday."

"Oh, Jannet, what church do you go to?"

"Dr. Murison's; he preached in the morning and I gart my uncle speir at the beadle gin he would preach there again, for I thought you would like to hear him, an when I heard at he was to preach at six o'clock I came home at dinner time to tell you; you see when its my Sabbath out I aye tak my



dinner wi' my uncle's folk, and when you did na come hame to your dinner I bade Annie be sure to tell you at tea time, an' I was rale mad when I came hame at nicht an' she told me she forget all about it."

"Perhaps he'll preach there next Sunday, Jannet."

"I dinna ken, but my uncle could easy find out by the beadle."

"Oh, Jannet, would you ask your uncle?"

"I'll see about it; the folks thought hantles o' his preaching, I heard say 'at he's gotten a call to a kirk in Dumfriesshire."

"Jannet, won't you try and find out if he's to preach in Dr. Murison's next Sunday? I wonder where he stays, I would give anything to know."

I said this so earnestly, clasping my hands together as I spoke that the girl stared at me in amazement.

"Ye're vera fond o' him, Miss Dundas; I heard Katie Goodbrand say that he was real good to ye and carriet ye up and down the stairs when ye was a' cripple, its a sign 'at ye hae a good heart, an dinna forget them 'at's kind to ye."

"I like him better than any one else in the world; and Jannet," added I quickly, a happy thought striking me, "if you'll find out about him for me, I'll give you one of my white embroidered petticoats."

The girl laughed heartily, as she answered "Na, weel than; ye wad hire me gey and dear for sic a sma' service. I wad na gang out on the streets o' Edinburgh wi a flowered muslin petticoat for something; folk wad think I had na gotten't in a vera gude way gin they saw a lady's flowered coat aneath my wincey gown; but rest ye content; I'll try and get word where he's to preach an' where he bides baith, afore Wednesday night, that's my nicht out, an' I'll nae let the

grass grow aneath my feet till I ken the Kirk he'll preach in an' wha he bides wi."

Jannet had finished lighting the fire, and now retired to her own domicile leaving me overwhelmed with vain regrets because I did not return to dinner the previous day, and hear Jannet's news myself, instead of wandering about the doors of an empty church in the rain.

Now that I had a sort of clue to my tutor, I found it impossible to rest, I could not eat my breakfast, I could not sew, I could not even sit steady on my seat. Miss Janes asked what was the matter? She knew of my anxiety to find Dominic Sampson, and I told her in under tones all that had occurred yesterday, together with the information obtained from Jannet.

She looked at me in surprise, and asked with a smile if I was a fool?

"Why do you ask that?"

"Why! because a moment's reflection would have told you that he must either lunch or dine, and that most probably he would do so at the house of the man he preached for; ministers are of course only one degree below the angels, but while they are inhabitants of this lower earth they must eat as well as other men, and my experience leads me to think they are quite as sensible of creature comforts; you ought to have gone to Dr. Murison's house and asked to see Mr. Tytler instead of installing yourself door-keeper to an empty church; now, however, the best thing you can do is to seek Miss Murray, and ask her if you may go out for the forenoon. Having obtained her permission, put on your bonnet, go to the nearest bookseller's, and look in the directory for Dr. Murison's address; if you arrive there before they have finished breakfast, you will see your Dominic."

In less than five minutes I was making the best of my way to Grant's in Princes street, Maida bounding by my side in great glee, this being her first walk with me in Edinburgh. By dint of asking my way, I found Grant's and was at once furnished with the object of my search.

I had now to direct my steps to Leith walk ; the morning was lovely, frosty, cold and clear, Maida and I both in high spirits, the world was a world of light and love for us.

As I came near my goal, I consulted my watch, it still wanted twenty minutes to nine o'clock ; yes, I will be sure to find him at breakfast, how he will stare, and how glad he will be to see me.

I had no very well-defined idea of the future that was to be mine, but one thing I had resolved on, if Dominie Sampson had a church, I would if possible go with him, and only return to Miss Murray's to obtain possession of my trunks ; at all events Jannet had spoken of his preaching as being very popular, it would not be long until he got a church, and I could wait with patience now that I had found him.

It never occurred to me that there might be pecuniary difficulties in the way to form an obstacle to my taking such a step ; and there were words of my teacher's graven on my heart making me sure of his willingness to acquiesce in the arrangement.

Ha ! while I am building my castles in the air, here I am in front of Dr. Murison's house, there is his name on the brass plate fixed to the gate : what a handsome cottage in the middle of a garden, a thick holly hedge rich in shining green leaves and scarlet berries, leading from the gate to the house door, and under the south window the gum-cistus and china rose in full blossom ; some day Dominie Sampson will have a cottage like this.

I knocked at the door, sure that ere the next two minutes had followed their sisters of the morning into the eternal land I would be sitting by my teacher's side with one of his great hands in both mine, and making him laugh, by telling him of all my wanderings in search of him and of the ill-tempered beadle's impertinence yesterday. Perhaps Dr. Murison will scold him for it, he deserves it well, ha! the door is opening.

"Is Mr. Tytler here?"

"No, he has left."

"When?"

"At seven this morning, by the mail."

"Do you know where he went to?"

"I think he went to the parish where he has got a call, I heard them speaking of it at breakfast."

"Where is the parish?"

"I don't know."

"Will you ask Dr. Murison?"

"Both he and Mrs. Murison have gone up to Edinburgh."

How that girl's words changed the face of all nature, the day was no longer fine, the air bracing, the sky clear blue, the light wind was now cold and chill; the hard earth hurt my feet, the sun dazzled my eyes and I drew down my veil to shut out his light; even the roses and the holly had lost all their beauty. Dominic Sampson had gone, he was miles off by this time; what was there in all wide Edinburgh for me to see.

## CHAPTER XVI.

There shall be false teachers among you; and many shall follow their pernicious ways: calling evil good, and good evil.

MISS MURRAY had given me the day to myself, it was well she had, if not I must have disobeyed her orders. I could not have gone back to that hot room with its ceaseless hum of chit chat, and perhaps smelling strongly of a "thimble round," as they called their dram. No, the only way I could escape from vain regrets at my own stupidity, and calm down the sore feeling of disappointment which came so suddenly, crushing the hope that brought me down to Leith road, was to walk fast and far in the clear frosty air and away from my present home.

I had been walking for fully an hour, and had no idea of stopping or turning, feeling no more fatigue than Maida did, who bounded by my side in gleeful short excursions to the other side of the way and in front, making the most of the liberty she so seldom enjoyed, when I heard myself called by my Christian name, and looking up saw two young gentlemen coming towards me from the opposite side of the road.

Both were strangers to me; they were rather above the middle size; slight and gentlemanly looking; one very dark, black whiskers and moustache, the other fair and the handsomest of the two; although both were more than ordinarily so. The tallest, who was also the darkest, came towards me with a smiling air as if he had been an old acquaintance, holding out his hand as he placed himself in front of my path. I wished

to pass on saying that he must be mistaken in supposing he knew me, but he stopped, intercepting my way, saying as he did so—

“Innes, won't you speak to cousin Tom? See how Maida acknowledges her old friend.”

Maida seemed indeed to know him, rubbing her nose against his outstretched hand, and showing much doggish pleasure in being recognised. I looked at him hardly knowing which to believe, the evidence of my eyes or my ears, the voice was Tom's but the face,—no, it couldn't be,—Tom was fair, freckled, hair approaching to red, and when I saw him last not the least sign of either moustache or beard, while this gentleman's skin was nearly as dark as an Indian's.

“I had letters from Peterstown, yesterday,” continued he, “and my mother scolds me for not having gone to see you ere now, and commissions me to find out how you like school.”

I now knew it was Tom, although I could not account for the change in his appearance, but I would not allow his companion fancy what was evidently his wish, that I was a young lady at boarding school, while in reality I was only a dress-maker's girl; and I replied:

“If I were at school, I am sure I would like it very much, but I dislike learning dressmaking, as I knew I would before I came to Edinburgh.”

Tom bit his lip and gave me a fierce look, while his companion, who seemed as amiable as he was handsome, and evidently desired to restore Tom's good humour, requested to be introduced to me, and then proposed that they should, with my permission, join me in my walk. Tom set off in front with Maida, leaving me with his companion, who was apparently as different in temper as he was in outward appearance from my wayward cousin.

Mr. Laud asked me how long I had been in Edinburgh? and on what street I lived, and on receiving my answer, enquired whether I had been to see Holyrood Palace, Arthur's Seat, the Castle, and other places of interest. I told him how I lived sewing from morn till night, and that I had only obtained leave to spend this day without working, because I had expected to meet a friend.

"You have not already paid your visit, thus early?"

I related my disappointment, and he sympathised so kindly and entered so warmly into my feelings that he quite won my confidence.

We had now entered Leith, and Mr. Laud stopping in front of a confectionery shop, the windows of which were filled with confectionery, more beautiful than any I had ever seen, or could have conceived possible to be made from sugar, called Tom to come back, proposing that we should enter and rest.

To this I readily assented, I was fatigued, my companion was gentlemanly and interesting, and the hour I had passed in his society was the most pleasant I had spent since coming to Edinburgh, and so happy was the day with its varied enjoyments, that at its close I was startled to find how seldom my thoughts had followed the mail that was carrying Dominie Sampson from Edinburgh.

It was now proposed that we should visit Holyrood House, the drive in a handsome carriage luxuriously cushioned being no small gratification. How handsome and graceful Mr. Laud looked, and how beautifully, and with what fine feeling he talked of her who was once the morning star of the old faded apartments he led me through. He had, he said, in his early boyhood, which was passed in France, loved to wander in the old convent garden where Mary and her four Maries spent the calmest if not the happiest of their troubled days; his handsome

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face becoming more beautiful in the stern look it wore as it expressed the indignation he felt while speaking of false Darnley and rough Bothwell.

As we climbed the heights and sat on Arthur's Seat he had a new tale to tell me of one who, in modern times, had been wooed and won in the fresh beauty of her life's spring-tide by a lover all unworthy of the name; who followed her as her shadow; whose voice in addressing her would ever take a softer tone until her heart was all his own, and then she found that another had his vows, and seeking the heights of Arthur's Seat, she dwelt there alone, the cold dew and summer's sun alike falling on her poor crazed brain until the weary heart had ceased to beat.

The moon was replacing the fading light of day as we descended the hill. How delicately and gently he aided my steps in descending, lest I should slip by the uncertain light. The drive back to Edinburgh through the Queen's park, and again through the lighted streets, all seemed like the many phases of a bright dream.

Mr. Laud spoke to Tom in a low voice, and immediately Tom invited me to dine at his rooms. Handsome rooms they were, mirrored walls, softly cushioned sofas, gaily flowered carpets in which the foot sank; the table laid with such a display of plate as I had never seen; all fairyland to me. The very servant who waited table seemed half a gentleman.

By eight o'clock I was back in George street, punctual to the time I had promised to return, by the firmness and consideration of him to whom I owed the happiness of this pleasant day; and who, when Tom proposed that we should go to a concert and so finish the evening, gave a decided negative in my name, saying with the true feeling which had marked every word he spoke:



“No, Miss Dundas has promised to return by eight o'clock. I am satisfied nothing could tempt her to break her word.”

I thought over these words of his and repeated them to myself with a strange pleasure when seated in my own little room with the rabbit skin window. When parting with me at Miss Murray's door, Mr. Laud promised that he would call at Dr. Murison's and ascertain where Mr. Tytler was, and when there was a prospect of his being in Edinburgh.

Two days afterwards he came to see me in George street to tell of the success of his mission. Dr. and Mrs. Murison had left town and would not return for some weeks, but he had found out in which church there was most likelihood of Mr. Tytler's preaching on his return to Edinburgh, and he kindly offered to bring me there next Sunday.

I was very glad to see him; to me a visitor was nearly as much an episode in my life as the day I spent so happily with Tom and him on Monday, but Jannet who opened the door for Mr. Laud, said she was ashamed to take such a grand looking gentleman down to the girls' eating room (the place appointed for their visitors) and had shewn him into the drawing room; this was clearly against all rule, and I knew that Miss Murray would both feel and look aghast at what she would deem my assurance should she come into the drawing room and find my visitor seated on what she called her pale-blue damask sofa.

I suppose my fears were visibly impressed on my face, as, with the consideration which seemed intuitively a part of his nature, he did not remain over five minutes. In bidding me goodbye he requested my acceptance of a book he carried in his hand, it was a copy of Shelley's poems with my name written on the title page.

Sunday came, and with it Mr. Laud he brought me to a

church in the very opposite direction to where I had been accustomed to go in my own wanderings, a long way from George street, and when we at last reached it, it turned out to be not a Presbyterian church, but a Methodist chapel! This was a disappointment, but Mr. Laud was so annoyed, at what he called his own miserable stupidity, that it made me feel more concern for his chagrin than my own, particularly as I felt sure Dominie Sampson would not be in Edinburgh that Sunday, but most likely preaching in the parish to which he had been called. In the evening my kind friend again came and brought me to the church we ought to have gone to in the morning; by that time he had found out that Mr. Tytler had made a promise to preach there the first time he came to town; this at any rate was a step towards finding him.

The suburb in which this church was placed was as I have before said far from George street, and evidently in a very low, poor locality, so that I would have almost feared to go there alone, but of this there was no need, Mr. Laud came to bring me every Sunday and made inquiry at the end of the service whether a stranger was to preach in the evening, a question which was always answered in the negative, thereby obviating the necessity for my going.

My Sunday walks with Mr. Laud to church in the forenoon and to the King's park or the Baird Hills in the afternoon, together with his five minutes' visits to supply me with books, which always occurred twice a week, had become the oasis in my life. These books were of an order I was a stranger to, and thus opened up to me a source of pleasure wholly unknown in my previous life; there was but little work to be done in general, and provided we worked well when it was necessary, Miss Janes did not object to those who wished to do so, keeping an open book in their lap. I availed myself

of this privilege to the fullest extent, and I was liberally supplied with books which were carefully selected as far as regards literary talent. These weekly visits were the white days in my life, and Mr. Laud with his handsome face, gentlemanly manners and unvarying kindness, was becoming dearer to me than I would willingly admit even to myself. And where were my thoughts of Dominie Sampson all this time? did I never think of him? yes, surely, often, and often, every day; every morning as my eyes unclosed my first thoughts were of Dominie Sampson; but it was not as I had thought of him in months past, it was not with the confidence I had once felt, that which had proved an anchor to my soul amid the hard work, constant scolding and frequent blows I received from my aunt in Peterstown after his departure; or with the hope which had sustained me and been my guiding star during the first year I spent in Edinburgh, making me pass my Sundays in churches searching for him and my spare hours studying the lessons he had laid out for me, in preference to visiting the houses of the other girls where latterly I had been invited; no, when I now thought of him, and I did think of and long to see him, these thoughts came with an uneasy fluttering of the heart. Mr. Laud had found out that Dominie Sampson was married; that he was married in Dr. Murison's house the last time he was in Edinburgh, that the day I listened to his preaching his bride also listened, doubtless drinking in as eagerly as I did the words of her beloved; that while I wandered alone under the rain around the walls of the empty church, vainly fancying he was within, Mr. Tytler, accompanied by his new-made wife, was dining with the Reverend Mr. Eveytalk.

My love for my tutor knew no change or wavering, but I could not hide from myself that he had now some one ever

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with him he loved better than me, one who had pushed me from my place in his heart; and when I thought of this my own would swell almost to bursting; all my day dreams since the time I parted with him in the dark midnight had been of one day living with him, caring for all his wants, bringing him his book, walking with noiseless step through his study, stirring his fire and drawing his curtains in the winter evening; and gathering fresh flowers and fruit to place on his breakfast table in the early summer morning, that I might earn his smile of approval, and that he might put his hand on my head in the old way and tell me I was a good girl; and this would have formed my greatest happiness; but now, for me, wherever his home was, there was a great shadow; his wife, the one he loved best on earth, was by his side and I was nothing.

A few days before he left my aunt's, I could not repeat my lessons, I had learned them, but I could not recollect a single sentence, when I came to repeat them to my tutor, he did not say one angry word, but he seemed much annoyed and asked: "How is this? you have not learned any of your lessons."

"Yes, I did, I learned them all," said I, bursting into tears, "but I cannot recollect one word of what I have learned. I am too miserable, I can never be happy when you are away."

"Are you sure of that, Innes?"

"Yes, I am, sure, sure of it; I'd rather be dead than live where you are not."

"Well, Innes, listen to me, it may be a long time ere I have a house of my own, such a one as you can live in, but when I have, I'll ask you to share it with me."

He had a house now, and he did not think of me, and if he had, could I bear to see him prefer his wife to me? Oh, no, it were better far I should never see him again than that;

but I would see him again, I would see him when he preached in that church, and I would go and speak to him, and tell him I loved him still, and ever would, but I would not live with him now. Oh, no.

One short week from the time I was first aware of my tutor's marriage, Mr. Laud brought me a missionary paper which told that Mr. Tytler and his wife had gone to Benares on a mission; my face must have too truly told the anguish I felt when I found that most likely in this world I should never see Dominie Sampson again.

Coming towards me, Mr. Laud said in a voice replete with sympathy, and taking one of my hands in both his:

"Dearest Innes, I am so sorry I told you."

I disengaged my hand and hurrying from the room left him there.

The following day I received a note from Mr. Laud, lamenting the pain he had given me so unwittingly, and then he told me I was dearer to him than life, and could he but hope to win my love, no exertion on his part would be deemed too great for such a prize. When next we met he told me that he had no relation, no one to love, or to be loved by, save one sister, and she was almost unknown to him, she was his elder by ten years, and had gone with her husband to India, while he was yet a child. That from comparative wealth he was two years ago left penniless, and now earned his board and eighty pounds a year, as a clerk in a mercantile house in Leith; but it would not be always thus; since he had known me, he had an incentive to exertion; as he became more useful his salary would be raised. Nor was he without hopes of recovering his fortune; indeed, it was almost a certainty, and when he had a home worth offering he would lay it where his heart was, at my feet.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

"When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;  
I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed."

THREE months from the time Dominie Sampson left Britain for Benares, I became the wife of Mr. Laud; we were married by the Methodist clergyman of the church where we had first gone expecting to hear Dominie Sampson preach. Mr. Laud said that was the beginning of his happy days, and he wished to be married there. My cousin Tom and Miss Janes were the only persons either of us knew; they were witnesses to the ceremony, and afterwards took tea with us in the humble yet neat and comfortable lodging we were for the first year to call our home.

Mr. Laud's employer had given him a fortnight as holidays, happy pleasant days they were; every morning we went out on some ramble after breakfast, only seeking our home warned by the waning light; but they were soon over, my husband could not come home through the day, as he boarded with his employers, and after an early breakfast I saw him no more till night. On Sunday he was with me all day; how I did long for and enjoy these happy Sundays.

I proposed that we should take a lodging in Leith near his office, so that he might not have such a distance to walk, and have more time to spend at home, when I was told that if it was known he was a married man he could not hold his situation an hour!

Three months after our marriage, the house in which Mr.

Laud was employed became involved, there was a general retrenchment, several of the clerks were dismissed, and while the duties of the others were increased, their salaries were reduced a fourth. Mr. Laud now received sixty pounds a year instead of eighty, and out of this he had to clothe himself; his seat was in the head office, and consequently it was necessary that he should constantly be well dressed. The apartments we occupied cost ten shillings a week. I knew that the rooms to the back of the house which were a little smaller, and the furniture old and shabby, cost only half that sum, I therefore proposed to exchange our rooms for those, and with a heavy sigh, Mr. Laud consented to my doing so. We had been over a year married, my health was poor and I was not able to take long walks as I used to do; my husband's temper was soured by the ill-treatment he had received in having his work augmented while his salary was reduced to a mere pittance, and I found that his home (if home it might be called, where he only came at intervals, his employer having insisted latterly on his occupying a bed on the premises) and she who once made its light, were becoming gradually more and more distasteful to him.

One day he came in the afternoon, a circumstance which had not occurred for six months previous; his face looked haggard and bore evident marks of distress. I begged of him to tell me what troubled him so, and at last after much persuasion, I was informed that an hour before he was offered his choice of a salary of twenty pounds per annum or to leave the establishment altogether! I was in bed at the time very ill, and on hearing of this fresh misfortune, I closed my eyes wishing that they would only open in that world where there is no oppression. I knew Mr. Laud would give me every penny of the money, he had said he would, and that he would

wear his old clothes until a better situation could be found, but what was I to do with so little, it would not buy food for myself alone, and there would soon be another to provide for.

"You are ill and fevered, Innes," said he, "and my evil tidings has made you worse."

I made no reply, I could not speak, this last misfortune seemed harder in anticipation than others had been to endure.

"I shall go and bring you some medicine."

He was gone and did not return for a couple of hours; he brought me a small bottle of medicine which he wished me to swallow; I had all my life an unconquerable dislike to medicine and he could not prevail upon me to take it, but in order to get rid of his importunity, I promised faithfully I would take it before going to rest for the night; that evening he bade me goodbye with more tokens of affection than he had bestowed upon me for many a long day.

Towards night I became so ill owing to the excitement I had suffered during the day, that the landlady of the house who was a kind, good woman, and to whom I owed much in all that troubled time, feared to leave me alone, and brought in a sick nurse to remain with me during the night. The latter on examining my pulse said she would give me an opiate, and I, recollecting the bottle of medicine my husband had put below my pillow, shewed it to her, asking if it was an opiate.

She smelt it, and answering in the negative, asked where I procured the bottle, remarking at same time that it had no label.

I replied that Mr. Laud had brought it for me that afternoon and that he had it made up for myself.

The two women looked at each other, a disagreeable mysterious look that fretted me. I disliked them both for it, and had



I not been so weak as to fear being left alone, I would have told them to leave the room. The nurse put the bottle in her pocket and left the house in search of an opiate ; Mrs. Wilson went down stairs and brought up her knitting. She then tidied the room a little and sat down by my bedside.

I told her the sad news Mr. Laud had brought me, asking her what I was to do, I never could pay the rent out of five pounds a quarter !

She was a kind-hearted woman, but very poor, having nothing to depend on except the rent of her lodgings. She seemed lost in thought ; at last seeing my eyes anxiously fixed on her face as if I would read there the answer to my question, she said in a cheerful tone :

“ Five pounds a quarter is not much for you, but many a decent family is brought up on very little more ; ye'll no be out much for the next three months and you can just take the little bedroom up stairs, it is only half a crown, you can easy pay that and feed yourself too, and if the rent should lie over for a while it will be the better for me, it 'ill all come in a lump when it comes ; three months will soon pass over, and or they are passed by, something is sure to cast up.”

I was very weak and weary, and satisfied that Mrs. Wilson knew better how far money would go than myself, I was willing to believe her ; my mind felt easier and I soon fell into a gentle slumber from which I was awoke by the nurse opening the room door.

“ Hush !” said my landlady, “ she's sleeping.”

“ That's good,” returned the other, “ a natural sleep is worth gold. I'm tired enough, I can tell you,” added she, sitting down and placing a hand on each knee as she did so.

“ What kept you so long ?” inquired Mrs. Wilson in a whisper.

"Ye may ask that ; it is later than ye think ; Dr. Senna's shop was shut, and so were the other two between this and the bridge, so I had to go all the way up to Blestrums. I let him see the vial ; its just what I dreaded, gin she had swallowed that, she wad hae had a good chance never to leave her bed ; and sure enough there would have been little trouble seeking a nurse for the baby."

Mrs. Wilson laid down her knitting and taking the bottle from the nurse held it up to the candle saying as she looked at it : " Oh ! the great rascal ; he deserves to be transported, an' what do you think she told me when you was out ? he, s only to gie her five pounds in the quarter to live on now. Lord help her, she'll no grow fat on that."

" What can be his meaning for that ?"

" He wants to guide his siller ; he told her that his master had taen down his wages."

" An' think ye is that true ?"

" True ! nae ae word o't ; he has nae maister in Leith mair than I have, or onywhare else ; nae body but her wad believe 'at he was a clerk, and she's so simple you could make her believe the moon was made o' green cheese if ye liket to try ; him a clerk ; there's few o' the maisters sae like a gentleman as he is, but for that maitter, she's as much a lady or I'm much mista'en."

" Are ye sure their married ?"

" I'm sure enough o' that ; they came here the day they were married, and some friend of his and I'm thinkin' her aunt with them, and that's the last company I've seen wi' him or her either ; he was very fond like for a while, but it soon deid a natural death ; puir thing her lot's a broken heart an' an early grave, as sure as ever woman's was ; but I'll be ga'en to my bed, its gettin' gey far into the nicht an' as she's sleepin

ye can tak a nap in the big chair; here's the bottle at I've had in my hand a' the time we maunna leave it here, what 'll be deen wi't!"

"Throw it' in the fire, that's the best place for it or the like o't, I'm neither prophet or prophetess, but mind ye my words, he'll tak her life yet; I've seen twa or three turns in my time, and I never saw them try tricks o' that kind, that did na end wi' warse; the villain, I could bear to see him hingin on the high street."

Mrs. Wilson went to the fire place and threw the bottle into the middle of the fire, and as she did so she said, "I'll come ower't some day to her poor thing, she wad need to be warned, and yet its a ticklish tale to tell o' a man to his ain wife; but gin ony thing war to happen to her here, it wad be a terrible word on a decent house like mine, 'at ' the man at was hanget the day kilt his wife in Mrs. Wilson's lodgings;' the Lord preserve us fae sic' a thing, the rooms wad never let to decent folk after that."

"No readily," replied the nurse with a grim smile, adding sarcastically "only I daresay ye could mak a gude hanfu' o' siller lattin folk see the room it was deen in for a penny a head."

Their gossip had given me food for reflection during the long lonely night, and worst of all I felt that every word they had said was truth; he was tired enough that was evident, I did not need to be told that, the conviction had long since forced itself on my heart with many a scalding tear, and the medicine, aye that was true too, I needed no evidence of the truth of that either, with what lightning sharpness that woman's words seemed traced, like the handwriting on the wall, "he will take her life yet." Oh, God, would that I were with my father in the green forest grave yard upon the mountain.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*As round about Jerusalem the mountains stand allway;  
The Lord encompasseth his folk, from henceforth and for aye.*

My new room was an attic about the size of the one I slept in for so many years in Peterstown; in one corner was a clean flock bed without curtains; a basin stand, narrow table and strip of faded carpet in front of the bed, completed the furniture; to this Mrs. Wilson added a fender and a couple of chairs, as she said to make it look comfortable. I had only been two days in my attic when I had a visit from Tom; this was the first time I had seen him for many months; Mrs. Wilson put him into her own parlour.

On my entering he shook my hand heartily in his rough demonstrative way, exclaiming:

"Why you are as hearty as a cricket, Laud made me believe I would find you half dead; he's been sick and regularly used up; and sent for me that I might come and see if you were still in the land of the living; the silly fellow was blubbering like a child."

I could believe that, the tears stood in his eyes as he kissed my hand and coaxed me to take the medicine he had procured for me with so much trouble on the evening of his last visit.

I bid Tom tell him I was well, and that I had not taken the medicine he brought for me. I don't know why I said that, I had no particular reason for doing so. I was thinking of it. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

A week after Tom's visit I was sitting by my little attic fire, the candle unlit, although it was past seven o'clock. I had been sewing all day, I was wearied out and sought rest by leaning my head on the back of my chair. Some one entered the room, I fancied it was Mrs. Wilson; since I had been ill, she often came and chatted with me for a few minutes; the one who entered came behind my chair and leaning over kissed my cheek softly, saying "Dear Innes," in tones I knew too well. He sat by my side, pressed my hand, and talked as he used to do when I first came to live in the best parlour down-stairs.

"You are better now, dearest?"

"Yes, quite well."

"I have been very ill myself, almost dead." He did not look as if he had been ailing, and instead of answering, I said in as indifferent a tone as I could assume—

"I did not take the medicine you brought me!"

"So Young told me; no matter you got well without it."

"Do you know what medicine it was?"

"Yes, I desired the man to give me a soothing draft."

The fire was burning brightly, and its light shone full on his face. I looked in his eyes, they answered mine with a look of perfect truth and fond affection; how guilty I felt, while all the stories I had ever heard of mistakes made by chemists rushed on my memory.

We sat thus for a long time, and he talked of bright days to come when his affairs were arranged as they were now likely to be; it was to tell me this good news he came, although tired out with a hard day's work; we spoke of Switzerland, we would go there to that land he loved so well—where his boyhood was spent—of which he had talked to me so often; we would spend a year in Interlachen, to him the

dearest spot on all the earth, where his father and mother had lived for the last five years of their lives, and where first one and then the other sickened and died; he buried them there, how utterly alone he had felt since then, until he found me, and a new life in my love.

How happily those two hours passed away; it was now ten o'clock, he must go. We walked to the window, the moon was sailing high up in her pale beauty, large and bright, but the sky was full of black clouds, as if a storm was brooding, yet the night was lovely, warm and still.

"Innes, get your bonnet and shawl, I must have you out to enjoy the fresh breath of heaven under that lovely moon and those grand clouds, it will do you good; I can easily return with you, and be back soon enough, goodness knows, in the den called my bedroom at Leith."

"It is very late," said I, "they have all gone to bed."

"I hope they may sleep soundly; you will enjoy your walk, and to me it will seem like the old happy time, bringing you home again; I have a talisman which will open the door without disturbing good old Mrs. Wilson from her dreams," and he shewed me a door key Mrs. Wilson had given him months before.

It was indeed a lovely night, and I did enjoy my walk up in the broad streets of the new town half enveloped in shade, half bathed in light almost as bright as day. We wandered far away across one of the bridges—away—and away—until we entered a part of the town I had never been in. I felt very tired and would fain have rested, but he hurried me on with a fierce restless haste which made me shrink almost in terror.

"Take me home; Oh take me home," I begged, "I am so tired, and I do not like to be in this place."

"We are going home," was his answer, expressed in a fierce surly tone I had never heard him use before. On we went, and I felt almost sure that every step we took was carrying us further off; we were in a poor part of the town, the streets and houses dirty, many of the lower windows broken and stuffed with wearing apparel; it must have been very late; there was not a soul abroad but ourselves, and once or twice a poor drunken man staggering past.

The clouds were becoming thicker and darker, and the moon only shot out slight gleams at long intervals; the street was narrow, the houses high and old, while here and there as we passed along, I observed a wide arched entrance leading to a court; I felt some rain drops on my face.

"The rain is coming; in my thin dress, I will be wet through."

"The rain does not fall more heavily on you than on me," was his answer.

In a few minutes it fell heavily enough everywhere; he held me tightly by the wrist, I fancied lest I should escape from him; I was terror stricken, something seemed to tell me he was hurrying me on to my doom; I thought of the nurse's words, "He will take her life yet." I was powerless to help myself, not a soul was abroad, we were alone, hurrying on between those high houses in the dark narrow street. He would stop for a second in front of each of those dark courts as we passed and look into its depths, and then walk swiftly on holding by my wrist as before; he was evidently searching for some place, of the exact locality of which he was not very certain; at last he seemed to have found what he sought for, and placing me in a doorway as a shelter from the rain, bid me wait there until he would bring a coach, and immediately disappeared in a dark court close to the door in which I stood.

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He had scarcely gone when a man who was evidently very tipsy crossed the street from a house opposite, and rang the door bell by which I stood ; simultaneously with his ring the door opened as if some one had been waiting inside for the summons ; impelled by fear of Mr. Laud, I entered the house along with the man, (who was too stupid to notice me) the door closing instantly behind us with a pulley ; the man staggered up stairs and entered a room on the first flat ; almost immediately I heard a window opened in the lobby above and two persons speaking whose voices seemed to be those of young girls.

"Is Kennedy there, Agnes?"

"No," was the reply, "there is no one on the street."

"He was there this minute, I heard him speak to John before he rang."

"That's the way he did last time, he'll be here in a little when he thinks John has got the money."

"Lift the tub with me," said the first speaker, "we'll put it on the window sill to be ready when he comes ;" adding in a lower tone, "here he is, and another man with him ; have you unhooked the bell?"

"Yes."

"See if the room door is shut."

"I shut it when John went in."

An effort was made from without to pull the bell ; the wire moved, but no bell rang. The girls laughed overhead a quiet, low laugh ; again the wire was pulled, and with the same effect ; one of the girls now called from the window in a constrained voice :

"What do you want, Kennedy!"

"I am not Kennedy, and I want a girl who must have come in here," answered Mr. Laud.



"There is no girl here that you have any business with."

"There is, I heard her talking to you."

"Is it Kennedy, do you think?" asked the girl I had first heard speak, now talking in a low tone as if fearful of being overheard.

"Yes, of course its him;" was the reply, "he always denies that its him, but its easy knowing his cursed English tongue."

While the girls spoke, the men were talking to each other outside; they again tried to ring the bell, and Mr. Laud called out a second time:

"A young woman went in by this door a few minutes since, I am waiting to bring her home, you must positively open the door."

"Good night, Kennedy," said both the girls speaking at once, here's your young woman to you."

A heavy splash of water followed, which must have told well on those it was intended for, as it was received with a volley of oaths, stamping of feet and shaking of clothes as if they were endeavouring to free themselves from a portion of the water which had been poured on them.

The girls were almost convulsed with laughter, which they evidently were endeavouring to suppress, and in the intervals of which each would say to the other "Lash!" as if fearful of being heard by some one in the house.

"Shut the window, Agnes."

The window was almost immediately shut or rather let fall with a loud bang, the girl who did so saying in a low tone expressive of great horror, "My God!"

"Agnes, why did you let the window fall and make that noise? what has frightened you? what's the matter? Agnes, tell me;" said the girl speaking low and hurriedly. The one

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she addressed was breathing audibly as if with her mouth open and under the influence of great fear.

"Sit down on the step here," continued the first speaker, "preserve us all, what is it? what did you see?"

The girl drew a long breath, and then said in a low, unsteady voice as if her heart was beating wildly:

"Mary, when I went to shut the window, I looked out, and the man who was with Kennedy turned his face up to the window, it was Hare! he muttered some great oath and shook his clenched fist at me. Oh! I'll never dare to go outside the door again."

"What do you mean? who is Hare?"

"Don't you mind the man who chased me last winter, the night I went for the porter to MacRobbie's after eleven o'clock, you mind what a fright I got? him and another man and two or three women all bide in one of the courts about here, and all the neighbours say its them that's murderin a' the folk an sellin their bodies to the doctors."

"I was nae at hame, then, but I mind about your getting a fright the time I was at Melrose; are ye sure it was the same man?"

"As sure as I'm speaking to you now, the moon was shining right down on him; I'll never forget that man's face to my dying day."

"The Lord preserve us all," said the other in an agitated voice; that man Kennedy is a black villain; for the last three nights John has had no money; you see my mother got a key to his drawer, and took it always out; so to-night he had made it up if he got no money to sell him to the body snatchers; poor John; it would be easy work to kill him, tipsy as he is, surely it was the Lord that put it in our heads to watch wi' the water to-night."

The girls got up from the stair case where they had been sitting for the last few minutes and went into a room on the landing shutting the door quietly after them ; my soul echoing their last words ; surely it was the Almighty who set them to watch, and sent poor John home, just at the moment I so sorely needed shelter.

I knew little of God or His ways then, but every day in the long past when I said a lesson to Dominie Sampson, it had begun and ended with the Gospel of the Son of God, the glorious words of the Old Prophets or the precious psalms of David, and the promises therein came to my soul in every time of need as the waters in the South, and standing by that strange door in cold and darkness, the promise came in his own words clear and strong, "Fear not: for I am with thee. I am the Lord thy God. The Holy One of Israel, I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee, and I know that the Lord reigneth and that in His hands are the deep places of the earth, therefore I will look unto the Lord, I will wait for the God of my salvation, my God will hear me when I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me."

I remained some time standing behind the door, on the spot to which I had crept when I first entered ; all was silent now, both in the house, and in the street; it was very cold down there by the door, and intensely dark, and going up stairs, so as to be in sight of the lobby window, I sat down on one of the upper steps, close to the wall, gathering my clothes round my feet, and taking off my hat, I put my shawl over my head ; I was very tired with my long walk and subsequent excitement, and soon fell asleep, a broken sleep, to be startled from, now by a wild dream, and again by loud voices of angry men and women cursing each other in the street amid the darkness.

At last it was early day, I tried to stand up, but my head reeled and my limbs refused to support me. A lame man opened a room door in the lobby above and came down stairs; he stopped beside me and said: "Poor thing, how did you come here?" I could not answer him, but I raised my eyes as well as I could to his face, and then the heavy lids fell again; he went up stairs returning presently with a girl who said in a voice I had heard last night:

"Gracious! were you here all night?"

I bowed my head, which was all the answer I could give, my shawl slipped from my head and in falling pulled the comb from my hair, which fell down my back; she lifted a tress and addressing her companion said: "Goodness, what pretty hair, and so long; perhaps this is the girl we were telling you Kennedy spoke about;" then speaking to me she asked:

"Do you know Kennedy?"

I summoned all my little strength to answer "No."

"Go and tell mother to come down, we must try and take her up to the fire."

The mother came, and expressed her surprise and sympathy, saying as she helped me to rise: "My goodness, look at her hands, its some young lady." I was placed by the fire and they gave me some warm tea which soon revived my sinking strength. They were anxious to get rid of me, talking first of sending me to an hospital and then to a house of refuge.

I told them I was better and if they would let me sit still by their fire I would be able to go home. As I said this I shuddered, thinking in my fear, which had almost deprived me of the power of reasoning, that perhaps Mr. Laud might still be waiting for me near the door with the man he had brought last night.

"Where is your home?" asked the mother.

I told her the name of the little street where Mrs. Wilson lived. She stared, saying she had never heard of such a place and she had lived in Edinburgh all her life. The lame man explained to her where the street lay, saying it would be a long walk for me, weak as I was, it was nearly three miles off.

“Three miles !” exclaimed the woman in evident surprise, “what brought you here ? do ye ken where ye are, lassie ?”

I shook my head in reply.

“Weel ye’re i’ the West Port, and there’s decent folk bides here, but its nae a place for the like o’ you ; ilka doo has its ain doocot.”

After some little time the lame man offered if I was able to walk, to put me on my way.

I rose and thanked the woman for her kindness ; she was kind in her own rough way, and putting on my hat I prepared to follow my conductor ; when we were half way down the staircase, the woman called to him not to leave me until I was out of the West Port, adding, “Dinna ye come down here again my lassie gin ye tak’ my advice.”

The lame man could not walk fast, and it was well for me he could not, I had to ask him to wait and rest many times. He asked me if my father and mother were alive ? and on my answering in the negative inquired who I lived with ; said he knew Mrs. Wilson ; he lived in her neighbourhood long ago. He was a school master, and had once a good school there, but it fell off as his present school had done, he had only six scholars at present and on that he could scarcely make salt to his kail ; he asked if there were many children near Mrs. Wilson’s, said if he thought he could get a good school he would go there again, at all events he would walk all the way with me and hear what Mrs. Wilson would say.

It was very early, there was no one abroad, the street damp and muddy, and the sky a mere grey stripe overhead ; there were no passers by, we were alone in the filthy looking silent street, a bundle of dirty rags were pulled from a broken window, and a woman's head emerged through the open space ; what a bloated face ! no cap, and uncombed hair, I shuddered as I asked myself was it poverty that led to that ?

I had a fear equal to the fear of death upon me, lest Mr. Laud or the man who was his companion last night should dart out upon us from one of those dark narrow courts which we were passing. I knew that my companion or I either would be nothing in their hands ; foolish thought, there was not a single chance of Mr. Laud's being seen in such a locality or in such company during daylight.

At last we were in the upper town and the broad day. Down below not a breath of air stirred ; here the wind blew fresh and free, and as we passed along a clean tidy looking servant girl was to be seen here and there washing the door steps ; the work people came out from their homes going to their work, and we felt we were among the habitations of living men ; down in the filthy labyrinth of courts and narrow streets we had left, with its cobwebbed broken windows and shut doors, we seemed to tread a city of the dead whose inhabitants had either died of the filth, plague, or deserted it.

A gentleman passed so close as to brush aside the corner of my shawl with his cloak ; he was a tall man, beside the workmen who now thronged the street going to their daily tasks, he looked like Saul among the people ; the wind was blowing very hard in his face and almost blew his cloak off ; he turned round the better to allow him fasten it on again, and while doing so walked backwards for a few steps ; my head was bent down to afford me protection from the wind ;

just as the gentleman turned to walk forward again I lifted my head and fancied for the moment I saw Dominie Sampson ! I stood transfixed to the spot for a second or two ; my companion asked :

“ What is the matter ? ”

“ Nothing. ”

“ Do you know that gentleman . ”

“ No. ”

We walked on, the tall man still in front ; when we came to the corner of the street, we turned to the left, he to the right ; as I rounded the corner, I saw him standing looking after us, and again I thought how like my teacher ! but the stranger had black whiskers, Dominie Sampson none, besides had he not gone long ago as a missionary to Benares ; when we were in sight of Mrs. Wilson's dwelling nearly an hour afterwards, the lame man said :

“ Surely that tall man knew you, he turned half a dozen times to look after you, and he looked so hard ; he must be a minister, he had on a white neck cloth.

I asked myself could it be possible he was Dominie Sampson ? no, impossible ; I discarded the idea ; years afterwards, I knew it was he !

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## CHAPTER XIX.

"If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut."

"My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live forever more,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is."

MRS. WILSON welcomed me with an expression of surprise and words of unfeigned pleasure, saying she never expected to see me again alive.

The lame man she recognized at once as an old acquaintance, Mr. Gunn the schoolmaster; eventually he was installed as lodger in the rooms I had last occupied, where he kept what he called a private class of young gentlemen,—the "class" consisting of about thirty boys and girls from six to twelve years of age.

Now came a time of great trouble; my little boy was born in the midst of such poverty that were it not for the forbearance of my good landlady, I would not have had a shelter over my head.

The nurse who attended me was as sensible as well as a kind-hearted woman, and taught me to look my situation full in the face; she advised me to take in plain work or anything I thought I could do, and she offered to procure work for me.

"It will be hard at first," said she, "but you will soon get used to it, and the time will seem shorter and pass more pleasantly, when you are working for yourself and your baby. You are young—he will soon grow up—and you will have happy days yet; something tells me your happiest time is before you."



Oh! how I needed those kind cheering words, and with what hope, of I knew not what, they inspired me. Could we only realise to ourselves that the sick and poor need to be cheered as well as helped, and place ourselves for the time being in their position, we would put on less solemn faces when we go to visit them, and our visits would be looked forward to with joy, not with dread as is too often the case,—we setting up for their judges, not their comforters, which alone we should aspire to be.

She did as she promised, she brought me a basket of baby clothes to make, muslin robes and fine flannels, which I was to embroider round the edge with white silk.

I worked as constantly as my strength would allow, and when I was tired I lay back and slept in the great arm chair she had brought me from her own home. If these were not happy days they were at least peaceful and comfortable, and I felt a certain self-respect, in the consciousness of not only being able to support myself and my baby, but also to pay the expense incurred in the weary time when I lay sick and weeping in my bed, together with the arrears of rent, amounting to twenty shillings, due to my landlady.

Mrs. Wilson used to take my boy into her room for change of air, as she said, and later, when the weather was mild, he was taken to a neighbour's house; the schoolmaster, too, would come and nurse him for me by the hour, so that I might have more time for sewing.

But my first supply of work was all finished; it did not seem easy to obtain much more; no need, now, of working to tire myself; I had not enough to employ my time, consequently the little expenses which previously were easily defrayed, began to seem like great mountains in my path; the grasshopper was a burden.

I had completed some work for which it was necessary I should send an account to obtain the money. The schoolmaster was in my room nursing the baby, and while I wrote came and looked over my shoulder.

"What a beautiful hand you write; print, perfect print," said he, and putting on his spectacles that he might examine it, added, "better than print, much better than print, much easier to read; you can make a fortune by copying for the publishers, any time you like. If I could write like that I would never teach the young idea how to shoot; not I. How many pages can you write in a day?"

I answered that I could not tell, I had never tried, but I liked to write and I did not like to sew; I would be so glad if I could gain money enough to support myself and my child in that way.

"Support yourself, why we'll all live like fighting cocks; you'll be too grand by-and-bye to live in this little room, and the lodgers 'll be kicked out of the first flat; you'll be paying Mrs. Wilson double rent, so as she won't let any one as plays the fiddle or the flute into the house; and when his lordship is old enough to come into the class-room, his quarter pence 'll be double what the others pay, so that he'll have an hour extra to himself and be pushed on. Let me see, to-morrow's Wednesday, that's half-holiday, so when the school's out, I'll put on my black suit and take a step to one or two houses as I know, and it 'll be something queer if I don't return with a bundle under my arm. This is not the first time I've engaged in literary work;" and the old man put on a look of importance as he spoke. "I was the means of having one of the first works of the day on British India copied by a young man who had his education from me until he was thirteen years old; his father then took a craze to send

him to the high-school, and between you and me it did not improve him one way or the other. He always said to his dying day (he died in his twenty-fifth year, poor fellow) that he owed his first impulse in literary pursuits to me and to me alone.

"And I have dabbled a little in science, too," added he, looking humbly grand, and throwing himself back in his chair in a way that made me fain to relieve him of the baby. "Three of the earliest scientific works produced by ———. Well, I'll not say who, people connected with the press must be mum when others speak, but suffice it to say one who is now at the top of the tree went through my hands, and were given by me to, and copied by, the very young man I have just been speaking of, one of my favourite pupils."

I had never heard the schoolmaster wax so eloquent as he did on this subject, although he was naturally loquacious, and I drank in with greedy ears every word he said, it seemed to be the beginning of a new life to me; if I could find work in this way it would be the most congenial possible; it would be no labour. Oh, I would be so happy.

Next day the schoolmaster set off in full dress, with what he called a specimen copy of my hand of write, and before six o'clock he returned with a manuscript of sixty pages under his arm, paper for copying provided by his employer, and a penny bottle of ink bought by himself.

Mrs. Wilson invited me to take tea with the schoolmaster in her parlour, and we listened for an hour to the accounts of his various searchings for "literary work," as he called it, which, fortunately for me, ended so well.

I was well paid, and generally had as much work as I could do, but I did not go down to the front parlour as the schoolmaster had prophesied; that was a pleasure to come;

I had clothes to buy for my little boy, and I was resolved to save a small sum from each payment in case of sickness. I had become accustomed to the attic, and would remain there, at least until the child could walk.

Mr. Laud did not come for many months, so long indeed that I was beginning to hope he would never come again; when he did, he told me he had been the occupant of a sick room since he last saw me, in consequence of having got wet through, the evening I had parted with him so suddenly, and with a coolness I did not believe even he was capable of, asked me where I had gone, and why I had left him?

I told him where I was, and the conversation I had heard between the two girls relative to the man who was with him.

His face did not betray the least emotion, and he replied as coolly as if there had been no appearance of meditated evil on his part, implied in his bringing me to such a place and seeking me in the company of such a man,

“ I dare say the girl was right, there are so many low wicked people there ; I went to get a coach to bring you home, and having mistaken the court, the man who I met by accident while searching for a livery stable, offered to bring us to a place where I could obtain one ; I knew you were in the house, you had not time to go anywhere else, and that was my reason for making the man remain there all night, if you had come out he was to get a conveyance and send you home ; I was dripping wet and so was unable to stay myself.”

I did not know that the man had remained there all night but the angel of the covenant knew and was too strong for him or the man either.

I did not show him my baby, or even speak of him, I should not have liked that he would touch him, my boy was too holy and pure to be touched by such as he.

Mrs. Wilson came into the room and asked if he did not think the baby pretty? he gave her a fierce haughty look, and turning to me, said he disliked children, and never looked at or touched them. Then taking up his hat asked me to get my bonnet and shawl, the night was so lovely it was a shame to spend it in the house.

I stared as he made the request, and resuming my pen which I had laid down on his entrance, continued my employment as if unconscious of his presence.

"Goodbye," said he, in a tone of pique, taking up his hat, "you will be more polite when I come again."

I was glad he went, I had no wish ever to see him more; it was not he I had ever loved, it was an ideal Mr. Laud I had formed for myself out of his looks and words; I had no feeling towards him now, save dread and contempt.

The winter had passed away in work and happiness, how different from the first winter I had spent in the best parlour downstairs, with all its weary waiting and watching far into the night, with eager eye and listening ear, for a step and a smile, which so seldom gladdened my heart, and the sadder spring and summer, passed in doubt and trembling, in loneliness and privation, the terrible autumn making the doubt hide its pale face. These had passed away for ever, Mr. Laud had with his own hand snapped the cord that bound me to him, lifted the flimsy veil which hid his real character, all his falsehood stood out in high relief.

Now I had my baby to love, he was so beautiful, every day he became more intelligent, he smiled and crowed whenever I held out my arms to take him. Those I lived among were simple kind hearted people who had been better, far better to me than any now alive I could claim as my kindred. I had plenty of work, sometimes almost too much, when a manu-

script was wanted in a hurry; and the schoolmaster had assured me there was no fear of this work failing as the sewing had done, there was less competition in this, and in his own graphic words, there would be as many manuscripts to copy as there were hands to execute when he and I were sleeping in the graveyard.

Now if Dominie Sampson would come home, and I could see him again once, just only once, or if I could even read of him in the missionary records I would be pleased; I told the schoolmaster of my wish to know something of Mr. Tytler, one of the missionaries at Benares, and every paper that told of mission work in India, which came in the good man's way was brought home to be carefully perused, but in vain; my teacher's name never appeared, yet I lived in hope, I was sure he would come home, in the far future, it might be, but he would come. His wife, I could not bear to think of her, I knew he loved her better than me.

Tom came to see me at long intervals; latterly he always asked when I had seen Mr. Laud? and if I knew where he could be found?

Tom's face was no longer handsome, it was swelled and bloated looking as if he drank; his clothes shabby, his neckerchief greasy, and his collar dirty; when he found I could tell him nothing of Mr. Laud, he would swear at him, stamp his feet, grind his teeth, call him a low mean blackguard, declare with an oath he would yet shoot him, and starting up leave the house without saying goodbye; it was a relief to me when he went.

And Katie, thoughts of her often crossed my path of memory; since I left Miss Murray's I had never received a letter from her; I wrote to her the day before my marriage and also to my aunt, informing both of the step I intended

taking, I never received an answer to either letter. The first year of my marriage I wrote often to Katie, but never received a single line in return.

Since I began to earn so much money, I resolved when we had clothes enough, I would every time I received payment for a manuscript, besides what I was in the habit of regularly laying by, put aside a small sum, this in a few years would amount to sufficient to defray the expense of a journey to Peterstown, and then I would give myself a fortnight of holidays to see Katie.

My little boy grew apace and gave me little trouble, Mrs. Wilson carried him about with her everywhere she went, if she went to market the baby went, when she paid a visit to a neighbour so did he, and regularly at four o'clock the good old schoolmaster came for his lordship as he called him.

In May I had a low fever which confined me to my bed for ten days. I had been working too hard, and sitting in a stooping posture so long, sometimes from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night, with but short intervals for my food which I called my rests, was more than my strength would bear; my head ached so, that each ray of light pierced to my brain like a sharp arrow.

When I was able to sit up, I asked for the schoolmaster, whose visits I had missed for the last few days; to my great grief I was told the poor lame man had been run over by a carriage, his sound leg broken, and now he lay ill and fevered in the hospital. This was indeed sad intelligence; sadder still, there was little prospect of his recovery; when I was again able to go out, Mrs. Wilson and I went a long way to see him; how glad he was, how kindly he greeted us, but his poor pale face and hollow eye, corroborated but too surely the tidings we had heard downstairs of the hopelessness of his recovery.

He gave me the address of the house to which I was to carry my manuscript, bidding me if possible see the principal and explain to him why it was not finished at the appointed time. "I dare say," said the old man, "they will be very hard on you, but when I am about again I will make it all right."

As he spoke Mrs. Wilson turned from the bed to the direction of the window that the schoolmaster might not see her tears, my own heart was too sore to allow my tongue the liberty of speech. I did not answer but I knew he would never be about again, never go for any more manuscript, never write letters for the absent friends of his poorer neighbours, or share his frugal loaf as was his daily wont with the poor widow and her five children who lived or rather starved in the lane off our street. The ragged boys, too, who came at seven in the morning for a lesson because their clothes were so worn and patched, the other boys would laugh at and tease them; who would teach them? the good kind schoolmaster never more. And the poor half witted child, who when he went to bring his trunk from the West Port followed him home because he had no home, none else to follow, and who ever since slept by him, first by sufferance, at last by right; who will dress him on the Sunday mornings, or comb his hair, and take him by the hand to church, and when the other boys who think themselves wiser than he, tease him, and tell him he is a fool, who will now soothingly pat his head, give him a penny and tell him he is a good boy? Surely the schoolmaster never more.

We left him promising to come on the morrow, and we did come one or other of us every day; some days he seemed so much better that we had hopes we would see him among us again. He himself never spoke of dying, never when he was worst, but was always full of hope; every day he asked for



the scholars who lived in our street by name, for baby, and poor Willie. A month passed over and we began to have great hopes notwithstanding the hollow cheek with its fevered spot and the bright eye. One day Mrs. Wilson and I went together, which we rarely could; he was evidently much better, he said that but for the broken leg which was strapped to a board, and must not be moved perhaps for months, he could get up and walk.

On our departure he made us promise to come on the morrow and bring Willie; we did go on the morrow, and when we asked the portress at the door as we always did, for leave to go up to Mr. Gunn's ward she said inquiringly,

"Mr. Gunn with the sore leg?"

"Yes."

"He died yesterday."

The shock was almost too much; we looked at each other in sorrow, neither of us had words to express; half-witted Willie laughed, a little laugh, a silly giggle, expressive of pleasure, repeating to himself as he had done twenty times since we set out, "we're going to see uncle."

"Yesterday," repeated Mrs. Wilson, "at what time?"

"At three o'clock."

At three o'clock! we were in the hospital until past one. Mrs. Wilson bade me sit down in the hall she would go and see the body.

"You are too late, he was buried this morning."

"Buried! what, so soon?"

"Yes, it is the rule, those who have no friends to claim their bodies, are always buried before noon on the day following their death. Mr. Gunn told the doctor that there was no one to claim his body; but you can have his clothes if you like."

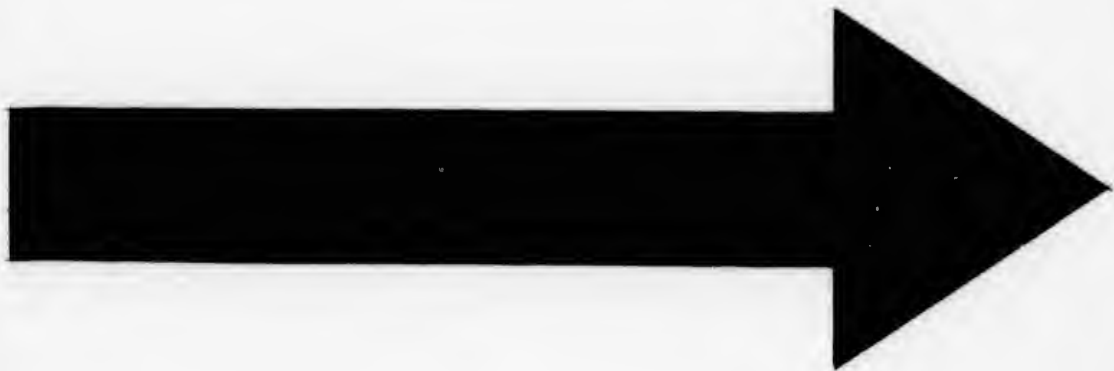
"No," Mrs. Wilson replied, she did not want his clothes.

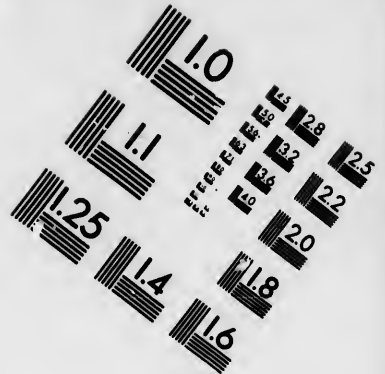
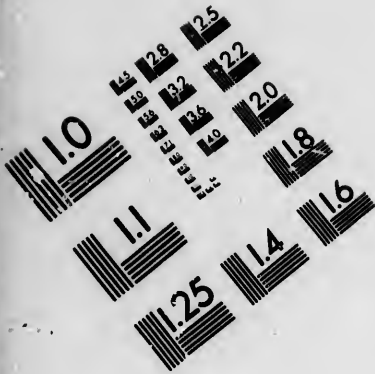
"He had no watch," continued the girl, "he told the doctor he had given it to a friend."

Yes that was true; before going to the hospital he took off his watch and giving it to Mrs. Wilson bid her, should he not come back, sell it for the benefit of poor Willie.

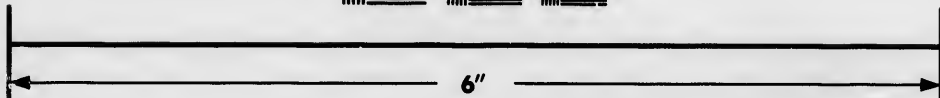
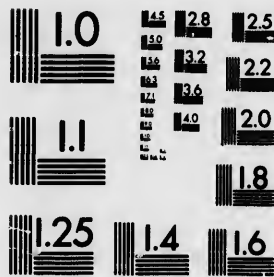
The schoolmaster had rested from his labours and his work

and his mind.





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## CHAPTER XX.

"No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly longed for death."

"The life whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;  
More life, and fuller, that we want."

My manuscript finished I carried it to the address given me by the schoolmaster. I asked to see the principal, but was told with a quiet smile by the person whom I addressed that, "That was impossible, however he would bring a gentleman to speak with me who would answer my purpose equally well." I explained why the manuscript was not finished at the appointed time, and asked for more work; he was evidently very much displeased, said "The book should have been in print before the present date, it was not like Mr. Gunn's punctual habits to neglect work in that way; the excuse given was a good one, but an excuse never answered the purpose; if I was too ill to finish the work, it should have been sent back, so that it might have been given to another; this would have prevented disappointment on both sides." That unfinished manuscript, and my own broken promise gave me many an hour of anxious thought as I lay on my sick bed, yet strange to say it never occurred to me that it might be finished by another.

I felt sick at heart as I was politely told they could give me no work at present.

"When is it likely you will have any to give? when shall I come back," I asked with a quaking heart.

I was told "I could leave my address, when they had work they wanted done by me they would send it."

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And so ended all my connection with the house of Pike & Wright ; I never had a line from them to copy again.

It was early noon when I descended the stair case leading from their office ; I could not go home to sit idle ; and wandered from one bookseller's shop to another constantly receiving the same answer. "They had hands both outside and within, sufficient for all the work:" not until every shop in which I could hope to find employment was closed did I turn with weary foot and aching breast in the direction of my home. With the schoolmaster all my good fortune seemed to have departed ; I was nearly a fortnight wandering about ere I got anything to do ; my illness, with its doctor's fees and the subsequent idle time, used all my money, and I was ready to sink in despair ere I again found work. What I then got was from a second hand, from whom I received scarcely one shilling and sixpence for a hard day's work ; in the employ of Pike & Wright I made from four-and-sixpence to five shillings a day.

But worst of all, when this ill-paid work, as I then thought it, was finished, I could obtain no more, no writing, no sewing, nothing. In the midst of all this poverty my baby fell sick, and the want of proper nourishment made him worse ; feebler and thinner, he grew day by day, my poor landlady was nearly as poor as myself ; the schoolmaster's two rooms had never found a tenant since he died, and a family of four persons, a man, his wife and two daughters, who for three months occupied the best parlour and two bed-rooms, went away one morning without paying a farthing of rent, taking with them every thing sufficiently small to be portable in both rooms ; and what was worse leaving heavy bills to both the baker and grocer to be discharged by poor Mrs. Wilson, who believing them to be what they represented themselves, wealthy people

whose income was received quarterly, went in debt for them which she would not have done for herself.

I, the only lodger in the house, was ten shillings in her debt, with a sick baby to provide for, and all the bread in the cupboard part of a slice, which I placed between two plates to keep it moist, in hopes my poor sick child would swallow a mouthful when he awoke ; we had no fire, and that seemed the worst privation ; when I offered him food my poor little boy would turn away his head, he could not eat, but I knew he was shivering, for want of warmth which my poor wasted frame was unable to impart. It was very cold that morning, with a misty rain ; so cold that my half frozen trembling fingers could scarcely button my dress ; we were very poor, Mrs. Wilson and I both, miserably so, we had some potatoes for dinner, our only meal the previous day, and now there was nothing in the house to eat, not a crumb of bread, except the piece in the cupboard lying between two plates to feed the baby.

My watch lay on the table, I lifted it up, looked at it and wound it for the last time, one or two large tears fell on my hands as I did so ; my watch, the first gift of my father after his return home, the only thing I now possessed that had once been his.

I put on my cloak and bonnet, and descending to Mrs. Wilson's room, she again repeated to me the direction I was to take and how I should know the shop where my watch was to be disposed of—"along the Bridge—turn to the left—three gold balls above the door ; don't cry, you know when better times come, you will get your watch again."

I did not cry for the watch, God knows ; but the remembrance of the time I received it and the dead who gave it me, was too much just then.



"Don't walk too fast, take the little basket in your hand and buy some white bread and a little tea and sugar; if the baby wakes I will get a slice of fresh bread from Mrs. Robinson and we can pay her when you come back."

I well knew this was all said to divert my thoughts from the painful subject they dwelt on; what I was to buy had been all arranged the night before. I walked on slowly enough, weak from want of food as I was, my feet pressing the stony streets of Edinburgh, my spirit back in Peterstown; my aunt told me when I refused to give my watch to Margaret that she hoped my necessities would oblige me to part with it; she had her wish.

There is the shop—those are the three balls—an elderly lady dressed in faded black stood a little way from the door talking to a boy about fourteen years of age, who held an umbrella more above the lady's head than his own, she took a small parcel from her pocket and giving it to the boy remained outside while he entered the shop—I followed.

There were two women at the counter and I determined to wait until they had gone out, I could not bear that any one should see me pawn my watch.

The man inside the counter was talking to a woman who had brought two smoothing irons, she wished him to give her eight pence; he would only give sixpence; at last she took the sixpence and grumbling departed, a poor ragged slipshod drunken looking creature.

The boy then tendered his parcel, it contained twelve silver tea spoons and a sugar tongs. The man weighed them in his hand and offered ten shillings for the whole. The boy took the money, together with a ticket to claim the goods again, and left the shop; returning however almost instantly to say "His mother would not leave them for that money," placing

the ten shillings with the ticket on the table. The man threw the parcel containing the spoons so violently toward the boy that they fell and were scattered over the floor.

On seeing this I did not like to be alone with the man and at once shewed him my watch. He looked at it, counted the pearls in the setting, opened and examined it thoroughly.

"Did you prig this, my girl?" asked he with a scrutinizing glance.

"No, indeed," said I, (fancying he had inquired if I had let it fall or otherwise injured it) "I always took the greatest care of it."

"I dare say you did, but I want to know how you got it; mind we don't take stolen goods here."

"I got it from my father before he died."

I fancy my voice, choked with emotion as it was, testified more to the truth than any words could have done, as he said quietly:

"He's been a rich old cove, its a pity he died."

And making no more inquiries, he offered me four pounds for it, saying:

"You can redeem it any time within a twelvemonth; if you take a place in a decent family, you'll easy save four pounds and the interest."

I had little hopes of its ever being mine again, and I knew he had offered but a small part of its value, but I had no choice; I came away the owner of four pounds.

These four pounds kept us in bread and fire for two months, during which time I walked many weary miles in search of work; all I made was five shillings for what took sixteen days' hard labour to accomplish; we were now as poor as before, the watch was sold, the child again sick and no work to be had.

"The poor help the poor;" no truer words were ever spoken; a neighbour came to tell Mrs. Wilson that Flint & Sharp, shirt and collar makers, were giving out striped shirts at fourpence half-penny each; how fervently we both thanked God for this news.

Mrs. Wilson took my place by my sick child's cradle, while I went in search of the work. It was noon, and I had eaten nothing since the evening previous, then I shared Mrs. Wilson's scanty meal of roasted potatoes, roasted in a baker's oven; we had no fire in the house to cook them, our only fire for a week back consisting of little chips which Willie picked up, who, as Mrs. Wilson said, "was surely sent to us as a Godsend," his living cost nothing, the neighbours knew we were poor, too poor to feed him, and they gave him as much as he could eat.

I had to walk a long way, Flint & Sharp's was quite at the other end of the city; when I arrived I was put into a room with about ten or twelve women who had come on the same errand as myself; they were nearly all of them poor miserable looking creatures, some of them filthy in the extreme, all bearing evidence either in clothes or person of great poverty; as I sat down the woman next me said:

"You're come into the wrong room, you're come to buy shirts, aren't you?"

"No, I came for work."

She looked surprised but made no reply, and turning to the woman who occupied the seat on her other side said:

"I wish to the Lord they would give out the work, I might have sewed half a shirt since I came here, and there will be hungry bellies at our house or I get my dozen finished."

"How many children have you?" asked the woman she spoke to.

"Five," was the reply, "and their father dead three years ago."

"Weel," replied the other, "that's better than a drunken father 'at never wins a penny, and comes in whiles and eats mair than wad pass among a' the bairns for their supper; wha's that at your ither side? She is nae vera like a shirt maker."

"I dinna ken wha she is; she's well pitten on the noo, but wait sax month, she'll be as ragged as the rest," and holding one thin hand in the other, looking at it as she spoke, added, "Lord pity us, little did I think whan I was a lass like her that I could hae gaen through the half I hae suffered, but there is an end to a' thing, an' there 'ill be neither caul or hunger in heaven gin we win there."

"Aye, gin we win there," replied her companion in a tone that shocked from its careless hopelessness, "but I whiles think that heaven was made for the gentles an' nae for puir folk."

"Gin ye dinna win heaven," said a third speaker in an equally hopeless tone, "may the Lord grant at we'll win sleep; we've surely gotten our share o' punishment in this world, we're no needin't in the next."

"What's that ye're sayin, Bell?" inquired a tall, stout woman who sat a little way off from the last two speakers; the question was asked in a cheerful hearty tone of voice very different from that in which the others spoke. "Gin ye dinna win heaven! Ye're sure enough to win to heaven, we have only to pit the Lord in mind o' His ain promise an' we're sure to gang there."

"Well, Mrs. Chalmers," replied Bell, "gin your way 'ill be richt, well gang to heaven gin we serve the Lord or no."

"Na, Bell Morison, that wonna dae, an' ye ken that yoursel nane better, ye hae been a servin' lass for mony a lang day, an

whilk o' yer masters did ye serve best, jist the ane 'at was best to you, an' sae it is wi' them 'at are livin' on His promise. 'I go to prepare a place for you;' they'll aye try to do His bidden an' glorify Him in a' their ways."

"O weel, Mrs. Chalmers, that's a' good logic for you 'at wis weel learnt, an' can gang about on Sabbath day amang the sick folk, but I'm nae you, I hae nae mair learnin than 'ill help me to read the Bible to mysel, an' for time, the Lord kens I am workin' a' day an' maist o' the nicht."

"We'll nae speak about what we can dae," said Mrs. Chalmers, "bit about what we're daen, there's nae twa ways about it, we ma'un a' serve the Lord or else the enemy down the lang stair; an' John Thamson was tellin me 'at ye hae taen yer can'el and yer grain o' coals in aside auld Lily Shand ever since she took till her bed twa months sine, and doubtless ye gie her mony a drink o' caul water 'at she could na tak' till hersel, an' maybe a speenfu' o' yer ain porridge forbye; wha bade ye do that? think ye it was the enemy? nae ae bit o' him; auld Lily served the Lord a' her days, an' the enemy wadna send ony body to sit wi' her at nicht now 'at she's dein."

"Weel, I dare say that's true," replied Bell, "but I canna make out hoo I wad be servin' the Lord wi' sittin' aside auld Lily; gin I gaed fae a' fou hoose, an' had far to gang, maybe it wad, bit to gang into Lily's toom room, out o' my ain at's jist sic like, wi' naething in't bit twa auld chairs an' a bunk bed, an' the auld kist I took fae Banff wi' me when I was a young lass forty year sine; na there's nae muckle servin' there."

One of the two women who were speaking on my entrance now asked, "Is Lily ill aff?"

"I canna say she's ever wanted a bit or a sup sin she took till her bed, but gin it were na for John Thampson's wife she wad be."

"I thought the Miss MacKenzie's gaed gey often to see her."

"An' sae they dae, an' aye sit a while an' read till her, an' gie her tracks, and she likes weel to see them, bit ye ken tracks wonna eat."

"Ye're fae Banff, Bell?" inquired Mrs. Chalmers, "wha did ye bide we whan ye cam here?"

"I was chamber-maid in Captain Barclay's for ten years, an' whan he deet, Mrs. Barclay gaed to bide wi' a married dochter in London, an' I gaed up to Buccleuch place, to Bailey Armstrong's, an' bade wi' them fourteen years till they gaed to America; they wanted me to gang wi' them, but my father and mither were livin' than, an' I aye gied what I could hain o' my wages to them ilka month, sae it widna hae daen for me to gang to America; an' after they deet my brither Sandy came wi' a' his family to Edinburgh; he was a mason, and he was only a year here whan he fell fae a house at he was helpin' to big, an' or three days, he was in the kirk yard; an' sine ye may be sure it took a' 'at me an' Jean baith could win to keep the bairns; they were a' delicate, an' sae ane gaed, an' sine anither, till they were a', mither an' bairns, aneath the kirk yard mools but little Sandy, and sae I had to leave my place jist about this time ten years sine, to keep afore him; I've had a sair fecht o't, bit he's grown to be a rale stout laddie, an' I'm gaen to try an' get him apprenticed till his father's trade, an' sine we'll maybe see better days."

"Sae ye will, Jean," said Mrs. Chalmers, in the same cheery tone she had first spoken in, "there's braw days comin' till's a' yet, and maybe they wad come sooner, gin we wad pray aftener for them, to Him 'at's readier to hear than we are to ask."

“Na, weel than, Mrs. Chalmers, that wad be a prayer and a half.”

“An’ yet its the way the Lord has bidden His people pray to Him from the beginning; the very way His son, wha kent His laws and could keep them, the thing we canna do, the very thing He learnt us. ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ what does that mean, but gie us strength an’ will to work, and work to do; He never made ane o’ us to be idle; an’ lang afore His son came to this world, He ended His promise of temporal blessings by telling His chosen people, ‘For all those things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.’”

“Weel, maybe,” said Bell in reply, “bit it looks to me as gin it was the height o’ impidence for folk to be prayin’ for little things, whan them at ca’ themsels the greatest Christians canna abide to be troubled wi’ puir folk speirin’ at them to help them; I dinna mean beggars; maist a’ body, gentle and simple, pits their hand i’ their pouch to help beggars; but jist honest folk, ‘at’s tryin’ to mak a livin’. Ye ken auld Mr. Mitchell, the schoolmaister, weel he’s ower deaf now, an’ he canna learn the bairns at a’, sae he jist maks a kind o’ livin’ buyin’ books and paper cheap fae the stationers an’ sellin’ them ower again, an’ amang the first he gaed to sell till was Mr. Langwin the merchant, cause he’s a deacon in the kirk, an’ a’ body kens at he gies a hunder poun an’ mair whiles, to pit up a school house or a kirk, or ony thing else ‘ats to be published in the papers, sae the auld man tell’t the clerk lad at he wanted to see Mr. Langwin himsel; out he comes, out o’ his ain private office, gey brisk, and in twa words Mr. Mitchell tell’t him what he cam about. ‘Na, na,’ says he, ‘I dinna want ony thing o’ the kin.’ ‘Dae ye nae ken me Mr. Langwin?’ says the auld man, misdoubtin’ his ain lugs.

“Oh aye, I ken ye well aneugh, ye’re Mr. Mitchell ’at was schoolmaster at Langside, bit I never buy ony thing that way, on principle.’ I’m nae book learnt enough to ken what Mr. Langwin was thinkin about, maybe he did na ken vera weel himsel, whan he said he wadna help the auld man to gain a livin on principle ; gin a’ the folk at buy fae himsel wad say I canna buy fae Mr. Langwin on principle, what would come o’ his fine house and his carriage ; Mr. Mitchell’s way o’ gaining his bread was as honest as Mr. Langwin’s, maybe mair sae.”

There are many Mr. Langwins, who are stumbling blocks in the way of weak Christians. Oh that men who call themselves by the name of Christ would set aside one hour in many weeks in which to leave their pleasant drawing rooms, or even church, or prayer meeting, and go out alone with God into the temple that never was made by hands, its azure and crystal wall around and beyond, and in the solemn night search their own hearts, asking the momentous question “Am I in *all things* living to the glory of God ?” then, look up to the cold rebuking moon, which like God’s great eye seems with searching beam to lay all our littleness open before us, until, in the light of its pure light, our own mean self seekings, meaner seem, shewing us, that the large sums given to flaunt in the public prints were never given unto God, that the love of the Lord and man are one, that He looks on such vain oblations with abhorrence, while the weak ones are trodden beneath the strong, and the hunger pang is unassuaged, and the poor man’s wrong unrighted ; that neither prayer nor fasting will avail to honour God through the wrong of man, that church or school endowed with money gained by the over-wearied mind and body, and the crushed heart, of the hireling, coined as it were from groaning hearts, shall



never be fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost, but clothes with curses the land it was meant to save and adorn, changing its greenness and bloom to sand. Let each ask his own conscience, while the stars, those old silent watchers listen for the reply, that they may bear it to Him "who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins."

"Are there any in my employment who are working for half wages? whom I am cheating with their own consent? While I fare sumptuously every day, are these men straitened to procure bread for themselves, their wives and children? While I live in a fashionable suburb, breathing pure air, in large airy apartments, do these men (without whose labour I could not live) when their work is done, that work extending in many instances, over a space of ten and twelve hours, do they leave these hot crowded work shops, to seek repose in a suburban cottage home, where each may open his window and inhale the sweet air which is necessarily denied him through the day? or on the contrary are his hard earned wages barely sufficient to provide him a so-called *home* in some filthy alley, or low street, filled with groggeries, offering temptation at every step of the way to his poor home, which his wearied and ill fed frame is little calculated to resist?"

Truly there is little to be gained, by teetotal and temperance societies, when men know that however hard they work, no matter how abstemious they are, the money they earn will not afford them a decent home, or a good dinner; one of the best workmen I ever knew, one whom I honour for his faithfulness and integrity, more than I honour many masters, acknowledged in my presence, that he could not afford to pay pew rent, to send his children to church!

Yet another question I would have you ask, "When I go home to enjoy a social party in my own or my neighbour's

house, where music, parlour croquet, or some of the many amusements which each follows according to his own bent, help for a time to make us forget the cares of business ; how is it with my workmen ? have I or my fellow citizens, ever thought, or cared, how such as they spend their evening hours ?”

True, there are religious meetings of various sorts which men may resort to every evening of the week ; but is it desirable that they should leave their families spending their evening hours from home, and if not, how is the working man to amuse himself ? not in reading aloud to his family certainly, buying a book in his circumstances, is quite out of the question —and such a thing as a public, I mean a Free Library, is unheard of in Canada. There are many such in the cities of the United States, none with us. Not in sitting by his own open door, beholding the sports of his children, in the quiet summer evening ; with his wages such a luxury is impossible ; the pure air of heaven which God gives to all his creatures, is polluted long ere it reaches his dwelling ; and there is pollution of a kind more to be dreaded, for his innocent children, in the language and actions, which characterize the denizens of that low street.

Father of Light ! Father of Love, how blind are they, who rear altars to Thy name sprinkled with the tears of humanity. Would to God, that every Christian in the land would say with firm determination : “Whatsoever others do, as for me and my house we shall serve the Lord.” I shall not defraud the hireling in his wages, but give unto each, as in the sight of God, the value of his labour.

Surely in this country, where in almost every walk of life, men who employ others make fortunes, the merchant or master mechanic of to-day, being the landed proprietor of to-morrow,—every employer is able to pay his men such wages,

as will enable them, by the exercise of a little self-denial each to become the owner of his own little home, in some healthy suburb; and of all things, let the fanes we rear to the great All Father, be so rented, if it is absolutely necessary that they must be rented, that the working man can afford to take with him there, the children whom God hath given him; let us strive in our outward walk, and inner life, whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God. It is true, while endeavouring to do God's work, the servant may through his blindness err; but if he is God's messenger, the errand is sure he goes upon, while here, we are ever in light and shadow, God's erring, because human instruments; yet, after nearly three thousand years, are the songs of David less pure and sweet for his tempted heart, and wandering feet? no, glory be to God, they remain, for both consolation and warning. It is a most fearful fact, that in every human heart, however much subdued by God's grace, however strengthened by wisdom from on high, there is some secret spring, that would be weak at the touch of temptation. Abraham lied unto the Egyptian; Solomon, chosen to build God's temple, bowed down to gods of wood. Fearful, and yet salutary to think of, for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced; it warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life without sentinels of watchfulness and prayer, and in view of this, let each of us have graven on our souls, the woe denounced centuries ago in old Jerusalem, against those who "oppress the hireling in his wages."

We were called into another room and each woman received a large bundle of striped cotton cut out into shirts; I was the last to be served and the man asked me, "where I lived? who sent me?" &c., and hesitated in giving me

the work, saying "he knew nothing about me, and was afraid to give work to a stranger;" he went for another man and after a short consultation, I received half a dozen, instead of a dozen as the others had done.

I hurried out of the place weary and dispirited, thinking of the conversation I had heard and the probable fate that was before me. Occupied by my thoughts I turned down a wrong street, and lost my way.

On asking direction from a passer-by I was desired to take a street which led through one of the crescents as being the nearest approach to my home.

As I passed one of the houses in the crescent, a man who was delivering coals, stumbled and spilled quite a quantity, I leaned against the balustrade of the door steps, looking at the man as he gathered them up, glad of the excuse this formed for resting a few minutes; a girl came from the basement to sweep the pavement, and scolded the man saying "he had left a large basket full of coals, and they gave such a dirty look to the front of the house, and she had no time to pick them up," saying so she was about to descend into the basement when I called her back asking:

"What are you going to do with the coals?"

"Nothing, it will be soon dark now and the scavengers will sweep them off in the morning."

"Will you allow me to gather them up?"

"You!" said she looking me hard in the face, "are you poor, do you need them?"

"Yes, I have a sick baby and we have no fire."

"Poor thing; oh, surely take them, but what'll you carry them in?"

"I'll go home for a basket."

"I'll give you a basket myself, if you'll be sure to bring it back to-morrow."

"Yes, sure."

She went into the house, and was out again in a few minutes with a basket; I set about gathering the coals, thinking with a grateful heart of the good fire we would have for several days with all these coals. The girl, who before would not sweep them up, helped me cheerfully to fill the basket; as we were employed thus an old grey-haired gentleman came up to the door and asked the girl what we were about.

"The coal man spilled these, sir, and this young woman says she has a sick baby and they have no fire, so I gave them to her."

"Poor woman, you are very young to have a baby, what is your husband?"

I was choking, I dared not trust myself to speak loud enough for the old gentleman to hear, but I spoke so as the girl could and she repeated to him "a clerk."

"A clerk! and you obliged to gather coals on the street, poor thing, God help you, 'marry in haste and repent at leisure;' they are a worthless set, the one half of these clerks."

He motioned the girl to the top of the steps where he now stood, and gave her a crown for me; my first impulse was to refuse it, I could not take money, could not bear the thought of being looked upon as a common beggar, taking the coals was a different thing, they were to have been thrown away, and I put her hand containing the crown aside without speaking, as she offered it to me, but she pressed it on me saying:

"Take it, he's very rich, he'll never miss it," and seeing that I still hesitated, added, "when better times come, you can bring it back, it will buy something nice for your sick baby to eat."

The last argument was conclusive, I saw before me the look

of loathing with which the little heavy eye and parched lip turned away from the bread moistened with warm water brought from our neighbours, which I vainly endeavoured to make him taste in the morning; with this crown I could buy him milk and arrow root; impelled by the thoughts passing through my brain, and forgetful of aught else, I now snatched the money from her hand with a vehemence that almost frightened the girl, and taking up the basket hurried off feeling strong and well, now that I had fire and food, to bring to my child.

I had now tempting food for him, but the fevered little thing would taste nothing, nothing but cold water, ever slowly moving his head from side to side. Mrs. Wilson and Willie sat in my little room so that we might be kept warm with the same fire and use the same candle. The sign "lodgings to let" still hung on the little board outside the window, but no lodgers ever came to the desolate rooms, which were now being denuded piece by piece of their furniture to buy bread.

I took back the basket which the girl gave me with the coals, but I took it in the evening, and ringing the bell, put down the basket and ran away. I felt ashamed she should see me after receiving alms of her master.

We sewed many weeks at those shirts, working from dawn to dark, eating sparingly of bread washed down with warm water and sugar, until my strength was gone, and my spirit broken, I was humble enough now; I wrote to Katie, a few lines, I could not afford the time to write more, the last words I wrote were "Katie, I am very poor." God knows I was poor; I did not know if I would ever receive an answer, it was nearly a year since I had written to her; previous to that time, I had written at least eight unanswered letters.

I was humbled to the dust; I resolved I would also write to

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my aunt. Since coming to Edinburgh I had only written to her twice. When I was about ten days an inmate of Miss Murray's house, Katie wrote to me saying that my aunt was nearly distracted about Tom. It was more than suspected that he was concerned in the bank robbery, and since that night he had never been seen nor heard of. I took no notice of this to Katie, but I wrote to my aunt an account of my encounter with Tom on the wharf, and his obtaining the ten pounds Katie had given me. I wrote her a second letter on the subject of my marriage; she never deigned to answer either.

I now wrote, telling her of my poverty, and beseeching her to take me back on any terms; if she would allow me and my child to live in her house, I would work at any thing she set me to do; I would never grumble now, but stay in the kitchen, and eat anything she chose to give me, so that my child might have shelter. I told her I could make shirts and dresses, and after the house work was done I would sew for her until late in the night, so that we might be no burden.

I sealed both my letters, and taking Maida with me set off to put them in the post office. I had never been there; Mr. Laud had mailed all my letters for me. For a year back I had written to no one. On arriving at my destination I put Katie's letter at once into the slit; my aunt's I held suspended for a minute and then drew back my hand; I could not pay the postage; I knew this would be in her eyes a great crime. Was it likely that on receiving an unpaid letter, her temper would be such as to induce her to agree to my request; and then I pictured to myself the life I had once led under her roof, the life I was sure to lead if she agreed to shelter me; a thought struck me, if I could work for my aunt I could work for a stranger, perhaps a stranger would not be so exacting; I

would keep the letter, go home now, and consult Mrs. Wilson on the probability of finding a situation.

On my way home I went through George street and passed Miss Murray's house for the first time since I left it to be married, Mr. Laud having exacted a promise from me never to go there.

We had no money in the house, scarcely any food or fire, and only two shirts of the dozen we were working at finished; until the other ten were completed we could look for no relief. It was September, the weather very cold and wet, my poor sick child fading day by day. There was nothing in the house but bread and arrowroot; he turned with shut eyes from both when the spoon containing either was put to his mouth; he would eat nothing I had to give him. My nurse had brought him a little wine to mix with his food; while it lasted he sensibly revived; but the last drop had been used; how was I to procure more? the woman who gave it me had no such expensive luxury in her house; she had asked it of one of her richer patients for me. I stopped at Miss Murray's door, determined to tell my situation to Miss Janes; I would hide nothing from her, tell her the truth in all its naked reality, and then ask her to lend me five shillings. I was sure she would give it to me; when was I to return it? aye that was a question.

As I came to the door Maida bounded up the steps; that was a good omen, but I had resolved not to ring at the hall door until I had ascertained if Miss Janes was still there. I went down into the area and treading softly came close to the work-room window; there was a large round spot from which the paint had been scraped off; I hoped it was still there; through it I would see if Miss Janes was still in her place at the work table. There is the round spot; in a moment my face was close to the window pane. Miss Janes was



not there, but in her place sat a red-haired stout-looking girl, who was laughing and talking with Miss Black ; a large fire was in the grate ; what a lot of coals was heaped on it.

Miss Black had the thick black bottle in her hand and was apparently urging a young girl, who was a stranger to me, to take a thimblefull, which the latter seemed determined not to do ; perhaps my face unconsciously touched the window pane, at all events her attention was attracted to the round spot ; our eyes met ; with a wild scream and a look of horror she fled to the further end of the room, exclaiming :

“ God Almighty ! Miss Dundas' ghost is at the window.”

I drew back at once ; some of the girls came to the window, among whom I recognised Hester ; they looked out, but the light being within, could of course see nothing, and endeavoured to convince her it was imagination.

“ No, no !” she screamed in accents louder than before, “ I saw her face as plain as I see the candle, and it was a face of the dead out of the grave.”

I retraced my steps towards the street ; there was no one in that house who would lend me a shilling.

When I came home Mrs. Wilson had a third shirt finished. We worked all that night and till twelve next noon ; by that time we had completed six shirts. Mrs. Wilson carried them to Flint & Sharp's, doubting much if the man in charge would pay her for them until the whole dozen were returned. He had more of the milk & human kindness than we gave him credit for, and when she told him of our straits gave her the price of the half dozen, two shillings and three pence.

I had no money to advertise for a situation ; but I went to every registry office I could hear of. The answer was

always the same: "You can easily obtain a situation if you put your baby to board; no one will take you with him."

I put my aunt's letter in the post office.

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It was returned back to me; it had been refused by my aunt.

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I was sitting on a low stool by the cradle, my back to the bed, the candle placed on a chair in front of my stool; on the same chair lay my returned letter, giving rise to bitter thoughts almost too painful to be borne; my weary fingers were rather trying to work than working; they seemed to be paralyzed with fatigue, and trembled to the very points.

Maida lay stretched at full length by my side; I leaned back on my bed that I might rest for a few minutes, and while doing so laid my hand on Maida's side; I wondered if it could grow thinner.

As I sat thus there was a hushed noise of several voices talking below stairs; the noise was now heard on the second flat, if noise it might be called, which was more the sound of people walking about and talking in suppressed tones; at last footsteps ascended to the attic; a tap at the door. Two men entered. They had been sent by the landlord to arrest the furniture; they must take a list of what was in the room; the poor woman herself was there, pale as ashes; I owed her fifty shillings; I too had helped to bring this evil about, yet she never uttered a single word of reproach.

Maida growled at the men, and as they finished their inventory followed them from the room; one of the men patted her saying, "She is a valuable dog; I have seen such as her sold for ten pounds." As he spoke Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands and looked in my face; her debt was ten pounds; in a

few days her furniture would be sold ; I knew but too well what that look meant ; Maida must go sooner or later ; and I said out aloud, " Maida must go." She did not wait to hear more but hurried from the room. In a few minutes I heard her talking to the men who were still waiting below in the hall. Although I could not distinguish the words, I knew what she was saying ; I would never see Maida again, the playmate of my girlhood, the companion of my poverty ; be it so ; the heart can break but once. My baby was on my knee, his little lips tightened over his gums, and his eyes without lustre, the glaze of death would soon cover them ; I would have to part with a dearer than Maida in a few hours.

I carried my child to my bed, and lay down. I would never sew again ; I would lie there and die with my baby ; I knew he would die first, but I would not say he was dead. Mrs. Wilson would not know until I was myself dead ; we would be buried together.

I lay there for more than an hour looking with burning eyes at the white wall, and wondering if it was true there was another world, and if my child and I would live again there ; and then I wondered why God who gave meat to the wild beasts in their caves, suffered us to die of hunger ; and why He gave one to fare sumptuously every day, and another to perish of cold and want, yet both His children.

The child moaned ; that feeble moan brought my eyes from the white wall back to the attic room ; I looked at Maida's place by the side of the cradle, it was empty ; she used to go out every evening ; some of the neighbours fed her and she regularly went to be fed, always returning in less than an hour ; but this night she would not return. She went before seven with the men who have got her to sell. Hark ! the church clock is striking eight, she will never come again, she

is sold. I thought of the men who sold bodies for dissection; very soon they may sell my baby's and mine. I had wept for lighter things than this, like one whose hope was fled for ever, but now that I knew what sorrow was, my heart was hardened, I had no tears to shed.

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