

I've staid ar'out the lang dark nicht,  
I' the sleet and the plashy rain;  
But, mither dear, make ye my bed,  
An' I'll ne'er gang out again.

"Dearest, dearest Robert!" continued the poor, heart-broken woman, "do lie down, — for your poor old mother's sake, do lie down."

"No, no," he exclaimed, in a hurried voice, "not just now, mother, not just now. Here is my friend Mr. Lindsay come to see me, — my true friend, Mr. Lindsay the sailor, who has sailed all round and round the world; and I have much, much to ask him. A chair, Margaret, for Mr. Lindsay. I must be a preacher like John Knox, you know, — like the great John Knox, the reformer of a nation, — and Mr. Lindsay knows all about him. A chair, Margaret, for Mr. Lindsay."

I am not ashamed to say it was with tears, and in a voice faltering with emotion, that I apologized to the poor woman for my intrusion at such a time. Were it otherwise, I might well conclude my heart grown hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

"I had known Robert at college," I said; "had loved and respected him; and had now come to pay him a visit, after an absence for several months, wholly unprepared for finding him in his present condition." And it would seem that my tears plead for me, and proved to the poor afflicted woman and her daughter by far the most efficient part of my apology.

"All my friends have left me now, Mr. Lindsay," said the unfortunate poet, — "they have all left me now; they love this present world. We were all going down, down, down; there was the roll of a river behind us; it came bursting over the high rocks, roaring, rolling, foaming,