

## CHAPTER III.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green ;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twined, amorous, round the raptured scene ;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaimed the speed of wingéd day.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

WE were early on the road together. The day, though somewhat gloomy, was mild and pleasant; and we walked slowly onward, neither of us in the least disposed to hasten our parting by hastening our journey. We had discussed fifty different topics, and were prepared to enter on fifty more, when we reached the ancient burgh of Ayr, where our roads separated.

“I have taken an immense liking to you, Mr. Lindsay,” said my companion, as he seated himself on the parapet of the old bridge, “and have just bethought me of a scheme through which I may enjoy your company for at least one night more. The Ayr is a lovely river, and you tell me you have never explored it. We shall explore it together this evening for about ten miles, when we shall find ourselves at the farm-house of Lochlea. You may depend on a hearty welcome from my father, whom, by the way, I wish much to introduce to you, as a man worth your knowing; and as I have set my heart on the scheme,