

nursing puppies, or making pin-cushions for posterity. But how much more pitiful are the effects when they meet amiss; when the humanizing friend and companion of the man is converted into the light, degraded toy of an idle hour, the object of a sordid appetite that lives but for a moment, and then expires in loathing and disgust! The better feelings are iced over at their source, chilled by the freezing and deadening contact, where there is nothing to inspire confidence or solicit esteem; and if these pass not through the first, the inner circle, that circle within which the social affections are formed, and from whence they emanate,—how can they possibly flow through the circles which lie beyond? But here, Mr. Lindsay, is the farm of Lochlea; and yonder brown cottage, beside the three elms, is the dwelling of my parents.”

CHAPTER IV.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THERE was a wide and cheerful circle this evening round the hospitable hearth of Lochlea. The father of my friend—a patriarchal-looking old man, with a countenance the most expressive I have almost ever seen—sat beside the wall, on a large oaken settle, which also served to accommodate a young man, an occasional visitor of the family, dressed in rather shabby black, whom I at once set down as a probationer of divinity. I had my