Dost thou see yon yard sae green, Spreckl'd wi' many a mossy stane? A few short weeks o' pain shall fly, An' asleep in that *bed* shall thy puir brither lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile May chide thy joy an' damp thy sraile; But sune ilk grief shall wear awa' And I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dinna think the thought is sad; Life vex'd me aft, but this mak's glad: Whan cauld my heart and clos'd my ce', Bonny shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

At length, however, my constitution threw off the malady: though-as I still occasionally feel-the organ affected never quite regained its former vigor; and I began to experience the quiet but exquisite enjoyment of the convalescent. After long and depressing illnesses, youth itself appears to return with returning health; and it seems to be one of the compensating provisions, that while men of robust constitution and rigid organization get gradually old in their spirits and obtuse in their feelings, the class that have to endure being many times sick have the solace of being also many times young. The reduced and weakened frame becomes as susceptible of the emotional as in tender and delicate youth. I know not that I ever spent three happier months than the autumnal months of this year, when gradually picking up flesh and strength amid my old haunts, the woods and caves. My friend had left me early in July for Aberdeen, where he had gone to prosecute his studies under the eye of a tutor, one Mr. Duncan, whom he described to me in his letters as perhaps the most deeply learned man he had ever seen. "You may ask him a common question," said my friend, " without getting an answer,-for he has considerably more than the average absentness of the great scholar about him; but if you inquire of him the state of any one controversy ever agitated in the Church or the world, he will give it you at once, with, if you please, all the arguments on both sides." The trait struck me at the time as one of some mark; and I thought of it many