

volume. "I was not aware they had appeared in a separate form. How do you sell this?"

"Just like a' the ither booksellers," said the man who kept the stall, — "that's nane o' the buiks that come doun in a hurry, — just for the marked selling price." I threw down the money.

"Could you tell me anything of the writer?" I said. "I have a letter for him from America."

"Oh, that'll be frae his brother Henry, I'll wad; a clever chield too, but ower fond o' the drap drink, maybe, like Rob himsel'. Baith o' them fine humane chields though, without a grain o' pride. Rob takes a stan' wi' me sometimes o' half an hour at a time, an' we clatter ower the buiks; an', if I'm no mista'en, yon's him just yonder, — the thin, pale slip o' a lad wi' the broad brow. Ay, an' he's just comin' this way."

"Anything new to-day, Thomas?" said the young man, coming up to the stall. "I want a cheap second-hand copy of Ramsay's 'Evergreen'; and, like a good man as you are, you must just try and find it for me."

Though considerably altered, — for he was taller and thinner than when at college, and his complexion had assumed a deep sallow hue, — I recognized him at once, and presented him with the letter.

"Ah, from brother Henry," he said, breaking it open, and glancing his eye over the contents. "What! *old college chum, Mr. Lindsay!*" he exclaimed, turning to me. "Yes, sure enough; how happy I am we should have met! Come this way; — let us get out of the streets."

We passed hurriedly through the Canongate and along the front of Holyrood House, and were soon in the