

wards autumn, when the fields vary most in color, it resembled a rudely-executed chart of some large island, — so irregular were the patches which composed it, and so broken on every side by a surrounding sea of moor that here and there went winding into the interior in long river-like strips, or expanded within into friths and lakes. In one corner there stood a heap of stones, in another a thicket of furze; here a piece of bog, there a broken bank of clay. The implements with which the old man labored in his fields were as primitive in their appearance as the fields themselves: there was the one-stilted plough, the wooden-toothed harrow, and the basket-woven cart with its rollers of wood. With these, too, there was the usual misproportion on the farm, to its extent, of lean, inefficient cattle, — four half-starved animals performing with incredible effort the work of one. Thomson would fain have induced the old man, who was evidently sinking in the world, to have recourse to a better system, but he gained wondrous little by his advice. And there was another cause which operated still more decidedly against him. A wealthy young farmer in the neighborhood had been for the last few months not a little diligent in his attentions to Lillias. He had lent the old man, at the preceding term, a considerable sum of money; and had ingratiated himself with the step-mother by chiming in on all occasions with her humor, and by a present or two besides. Under the auspices of both parents, therefore, he had paid his addresses to Lillias; and, on meeting with a repulse, had stirred them both up against Thomson.

The fisherman was engaged one evening in fishing his nets. The ebb was that of a stream tide, and the bottom of almost the entire bay lay exposed to the light of the setting sun, save that a river-like strip of water wound