

her wheel, but who had heart enough to impart a portion of her little to the destitute scholar. The boy was studious and thoughtful, and surpassed most of his school-fellows; and, after passing with singular rapidity through the course pursued at school, he succeeded in putting himself to college. The struggle was arduous and protracted. Sometimes he wrought as a common laborer, sometimes he ran errands, sometimes he taught a school. He deemed no honest employment too mean or too laborious, that forwarded his scheme; and thus he at length passed through college. His townspeople then lost sight of him for nearly twenty years. It was understood, meanwhile, that some nameless friend in the south had settled a comfortable annuity on poor old widow Hossack, and that a Cromarty sailor, who had been attacked by a dangerous illness when at London, had owed his life to the gratuitous attentions of a famous physician of the place, who had recognized him as a townsman. No one, however, thought of the poor scholar; and it was not until his carriage drove up one day through the main street of the town, and stopped at the door of William Forsyth, that he was identified with "the great doctor" who had attended the seaman, and with the benefactor of the poor widow. On entering the cottage of the latter, he found her preparing gruel for supper, and was asked, with the anxiety of a gratitude that would fain render him some return, "O, sir, will ye no tak' brochan?" He is said to have been a truly excellent and benevolent man, — the Abercromby of a former age; and the ingenious and pious Moses Browne (a clergyman who, to the disgrace of the English Church, was suffered to languish through life in a curacy of fifty pounds per annum) thus addresses him in one of his larger poems, written im