

mediately after the recovery of the author from a long and dangerous illness.

The God I trust, with timeliest kind relief,  
Sent the beloved physician to my aid  
(Generous, humanest, affable of soul,  
Thee, dearest Hossack — oh, long known, long loved,  
Long proved; in oft-found tenderest watching cares,  
The Christian friend, the man of feeling heart);  
And in his skilful, heaven-directed hand,  
Put his best pleasing, only fee, my cure.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS, PART IV.

To this gentleman Mr. Forsyth owed a very useful hint, which he did not fail to improve. They were walking together at low ebb along the extensive tract of beach which skirts, on the south, the entrance of the Frith of Cromarty. The shore everywhere in this tract presents a hard bottom of boulder stones and rolled pebbles, thickly covered with marine plants; and the doctor remarked that the brown tangled forests before them might be profitably employed in the manufacture of kelp, and, at the request of Mr. Forsyth, described the process. To the enterprising and vigorous-minded merchant the remark served to throw open a new field of exertion. He immediately engaged in the kelp trade; and, for more than forty years after, it enabled him to employ from ten to twelve persons during the summer and autumn of each year, and proved remunerative to himself.

There is a story of two of Mr. Forsyth's kelp-burners, which, as it forms a rather curious illustration of some of the wilder beliefs of the period, I shall venture on introducing to the reader. The Sutors of Cromarty were known all over the country as resorts of the hawk, the eagle, and the raven, and of all the other builders among dizzy and