

business in London, which he afterwards quitted for India, on receiving an appointment there through the kindness of Mr. Grant. Mr. Forsyth accompanied him to the beach, where a boat manned by six fishermen was in waiting to carry him to a vessel in the offing. He knew too surely that he was parting from him for ever; but he bore up under the conviction until the final adieu, and then, wholly overpowered by his feelings, he burst into tears. Nor was the young man less affected. It was interesting to see the effects of this scene on the rude boatmen. They had never seen "the Maister" so affected before; and as they bent them to their oars, there was not a dry eye among them.

Age brought with it its various infirmities, and there were whole weeks in which Mr. Forsyth could no longer see his friends as usual; nor even when in better health — in at least what must often pass for health at seventy-seven — could he quit his bedroom before the middle of the day. He now experienced how surely an affectionate disposition draws to itself, by a natural sympathy, the affection of others. His wife, who was still but in middle life, and his two surviving daughters, Catherine and Isabella, were unwearyed in their attentions to him, anticipating every wish, and securing to him every little comfort which his situation required, with that anxious ingenuity of affection so characteristic of the better order of female minds. His sight had so much failed him that he could no longer apply to his favorite authors as before; but one of his daughters used to sit beside him and read a few pages at a time, for his mind was less capable than formerly of pursuing, unfatigued, long trains of thought. At no previous period, however, did he relish his books more. The state of general debility which marked his decline resembled that which characterizes the first stage of convalescence in lingering