

loveliest women of her day. Can any one read her sad, sad story without feeling sorrow for her early death, and horror and anger at her persecutors. Here on the spot where she saw her favorite Rizzio torn from her side and ruthlessly murdered before her eyes, I felt a wish that I could have been there, that the strength of one arm might have been devoted to her service, or one blow struck in her behalf. All the old Highland blood burned in my veins at the very thought of the horrible deed, which has cast a blot upon Scottish history that can never be effaced. In the midst of remembrances such as these, came feelings of a more carnal nature. I discovered partly by the aid of my watch, but much better by that of my appetite that I was in want of some slight refreshment. I turned aside from Holyrood and marched towards home, taking John Knox's house on the way.

I remained nearly a week in Edinburgh, and exhausted the sights in and around the fine old town. The Castle, with the Crown jewels, Mons Meg, and other antiquities, was a source of great delight. Nelson's Monument, converted into a station for the time ball; the National Folly, a partly finished monument, on Calton Hill; Burns' Tomb; the Heriot Hospital, all came in for their share of attention, and when the time came for me to leave Edinburgh I felt like parting with an old and tried friend. It is the one city in which I would be content to live, in which I would feel happy to die. The place, above all others, where I would be sick or well, in wealth or poverty, perfectly able to say, I am happy. And as I left the city, and looked back on its many spires and monuments shining and glittering under the rays of the setting sun, I felt that truly where the heart is, home is, and my thoughts will many a time and oft take me back to Fair Dunedin.

EL PROUTA.

TREASURED—AND YET—

I sought to brim a cup already flowing,
How could I wonder that the drops fell down?
Since rarest roses are within her clasping,
Why murmur that she scorns a daisy crown?

And shall I, careful, catch the drops in falling,
Or treasure flowers her dainty hands threw by?
E'en tho' the one be all my vineyard's yielding,
The other plucked beneath a burning sky.