

admiration, that, exile him as you may, he will sing with passionate enthusiasm of "Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes and Scotland's hills forever."

No doubt this love of Scotland as a land of "lake and mountain," has been intensified by the character of Scottish poetry, almost every stanza of which, from Ossian to Sir Walter Scott, is redolent of the heather. Whatever feeling or passion or sentiment is appealed to, field and flood, glen and mountain, are placed under tribute to give it a perspective, which adds immeasurably to its intensity. Does the poet seek a trysting place for the heart-sick lover? Then he must ask him "to breathe out the tender tale beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Does he want a threnody for joys departed never to return? Then nature must supply the key note even if he has to reproach her for her beauty, and so he cries :

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How *can* ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How *can* ye chant ye little birds?
And I sae weary fou o' care."