

FROM LONELAND

Richt donner'd she looks, and pookit her dress;
But fegs, dinr offer tae harry her nest,
Or, maybe ye ain' when yer heid's i' the helter
They hang fowk here, and speer their faut efter.

Bicycling is very common in all parts of Britain; and no wonder, for the roads invite that kind of locomotion. Laid with broken stone, they become hard like the stone itself; and over this smooth surface the bike runs with little weariness to the rider. Footmen, also, find the roads very pleasant to walk upon; provided they have thick soles for their boots. A Canadian, used to walking on earthen roads and on the fields, sets his foot down too firmly, and soon becomes sore at the heels and knees. There is no give to the stone, and it is some time before his foot learns to meet the road with necessary caution.

Back for a Sabbath in Edinburgh; back to the city of colleges—and a glorious day we have. Like "ither fowk" the people of the Scottish Capital are a wee thing drowsy on Sabbath morning. The "little more sleep and the little more slumber" distils its glorious balm long after daylight. Every roll seems to say: "Dinna fash rising, man; this is the day o' rest, and the Lord's work's no pressin'." Ay, that is comfort, and so is the nap that follows—repeating itself like waves on the water till the shore brings them to time.

A late breakfast and lang riggin' oot in guid claes, makes it well on in the day before the city is fully alive. Step into St. Giles and the thin