

TO LONDON

like to see for himself what this wise servant of the shepherd can do, let him go to Hawick on market day.

Another prominent industry of the town, arising out of the fact that this is a sheep-raising part of the country, is the making of tweeds. Through the courtesy of a friend we had a walk through one of those immense factories, and came away greatly impressed with the ingenuity of man in bidding the forces of nature do his will. He has little to do but look on and see machinery weave into shape the delicate imagery of his mind. The whole inside is thump and clatter; but outside again, the world is like a Sabbath, and we thank our friend for running us through a busy, busy place, which is well worth a week's inspection.

Over the hills by way of Denholm is a tempting outlook for a drive, but as time will not permit, we write from a visit to Jedburgh twenty years ago:—

Here's blaw'nyan top wi' its rocks and its ferns,
And peak' Rubberslaw whaur they catch Denholm
bairns.

Yon hoar Minto Craig bends an ear tae the tale
The Teyot aye tells o' its beautiful vale.

Huch, up man; Jeddart's here, open yer eyes,
Ye'll ken by the reek—see yonder she lies!
Yes, doon owre the brae by the side o' the Jed
She sits like a guis, wi' the jail as her heid—
A queer auld guis, wi' a brood i' the feather,
She's clockin' on still in a' kinds o' weather.