

Contributed Articles.

GLIMPSES OF WORDSWORTH AND THE LAKE COUNTRY.

WE left Edinburgh on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 15th August last, for the Lake District, spending that night in the manse of Canobie, Dumfriesshire, with our old friend the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, brother-in-law of our good neighbour Dr. Pollok and predecessor of Dr. Grant in the principalship of Queen's University. The preceding day and night we had spent with a yet older friend at school and college, Dr. Robert MacNair, whom Dr. Snodgrass succeeded in the ministry of St. James', Charlottetown, between thirty and forty years ago. The manse lies sweetly by the banks of the Esk in one of the finest parishes of Scotland. Netherby Hall and other scenes of historic interest are near by. The whole region is classic. Our saunter that summer's eve with the genial ex-Principal can never be forgotten. Though loathe to leave so sweet a resting-place, we were "up in the morning early" to catch the express for Carlisle, sixteen miles off. The "minister's man" drove us to Scotch Dyke on the main line crossing, a short distance from the manse, the line that separates Scotland from England. What memories of border raids in the "brave days of old" crowd on us! We tarry not at Carlisle, Cumberland's stirring capital, whose old castle recalls a stormy past. We touch at Penrith, a mile and a half south-east of which is Brougham Castle, a majestic ruin; a mile west of which looks down from its lofty elevation Brougham Hall, "the Windsor of the North," calling up the notable name of Henry Brougham, whose eloquence wielded at will the Courts and Parliament of England, and who sleeps in the sunny cemetery of Cannes in the south of France. A quarter of a mile to the north-west is "Arthur's Round Table," eighty-seven feet in diameter,