

FROM LONELAND

so; and do still cherish it as one of the brightest bits of sunshine during our whole travels. Then, of course, we had to answer all manner of questions.

"Yes, we are from the prairies, where your son is farming and doing well. Just before coming away, he was appointed a magistrate for his district."

"Guid sake; what next! The black hen's laid a white egg! Ha, ha, ha-a; oor John a magistrate! Wull ye see him when ye gang back?"

"Oh, yes; we'll be almost sure to see him, for we're going straight back to where he lives."

"Weel, when ye see him, dist tell him that nis mother said: They must 'a been sair set for men when they took the likes o' him for a magistrate." Yes, 'tis true that love never faileth.

Hawick being near the Cheviot Hills was in olden times noted for border reiving; now it is famous for spinning-jennies. Great flocks of sheep, and lambs also, are brought here for sale by auction. This, of itself, is not particularly interesting; but the student of men and dogs has ample scope for observation. The shepherd—bonnet, plaid, and stick—is no longer a picture on a book, but a shrewd, slow-going reality; an excellent sample of rustic health and native intelligence. He can, on occasion, move sprightly enough; but there is little need, for his dog seems more than willing to do all the running. The praises of the collie have often been sung, but if anyone would