

the warm rays of the sun. Then what a panorama lay before one, as, looking westward, you gaze upon the ducal castle of Floors, surrounded by tall oak woods and grassy lawns—a place which, for natural situation, can scarcely be beat. The classic Tweed flows betwixt it and the old ruin of Roxburgh Castle, famous in Border history. There lies Kelso, with its ancient abbey, its steepled kirks, its sheltered situation; and far away up the course of the Tweed is triple Eildon, at whose base lie Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh, and Abbotsford—a glorious country, the birthplace of many a legend given to the world by the mighty genius of Scott. The green grassy hills of Cheviot bound this vast scene on the south, and as I look from point to point, from place to place, memory wanders back to many a day when up thy stream with rod in hand I've sent the deadly lure o'er the unsuspecting trout; when autumn came oft have I roamed across heather-clad hills, down grassy glens, or turnip fields, with gun in hand and dog at heel, following during the live-long day after grouse, wily blackcock, or the innocent partridge. Yet again, fancy leads me back to many a winter scene upon the creaking ice, when curling stones roared loudly in our ears. But to me this glorious Border land has more than a passing charm. It is home, sweet home. Readers, can I add anything more? But, let me quote the famous words Scott puts into the mouth of the Last Minstrel, and I have done:—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,