

TO LONDON

If there are many roses the thorns have not, altogether, been expelled; only this, we say: the roses are larger here, and the thorns smaller, than in many other parts of the world. The truth is: we never find an Eden, any more, except so far as it is re-planted in our own souls by the Divine Husbandman.

From Edinburgh we take a hurl to Galashiels ... St. Boswell's ... Midlam ... Hawick, and there dump ourselves off someway near the English border. Hawick is one of the most beautifully situated towns that we have yet visited; Scotch, too, from centre to circumference. Talk about "broad Scotch," whatever that means; here it is, mellow, sympathetic, and full of music. It is the language of home, and the writer confesses to a sense of incompleteness in every home where it is not spoken. The "broad Scotch" may not be spoken in Heaven; and yet it may, for it is the language of love, and love never faileth.

On the top of the hill yonder, in a little cottage, lives an aged widow; and we have a message for her. So we up the steep brae and enter. She is rheumatic and bed-ridden, but cheerful, very cheerful, and we lose no time in telling her that for several years we had known her son on the plains of Saskatchewan, and that he had asked us to call.

"What! Oor John, in Canada: ye dinna say? And ye're frae America yersel? Preserve us a'!"

Wasn't it a treat to see that dear old face kindle with memories of other days? We thought