

SIR WALTER SCOTT—(Continued from page 38.)

romance school. For one that "The House of the Seven Gables" or "The Egoist" will appeal to, a hundred will feel the call of Scott's "Ivanhoe" or Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth." Scott will always have his great audience and therefore his great influence. And it is an influence that is wholly good. It has not waned in a century and may be reckoned as one of the permanent forces alike in literature and action.

The limits of so brief an essay have forbidden allusion to many aspects of Scott's character and work that are exceedingly attractive. His greatest successes were undoubtedly in narrative, both prose and poetic, but he showed himself possessed of a strong lyrical gift. Many of his songs are treasured still, though of course, in this school, Burns far and away excelled him. Yet we would not willingly leave in oblivion some of his songs. We quote but one, a favorite, the exquisite lines sung by the dying Madge Wildfire in "The Heart of Midlothian."

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed
Birdie, say truly?"

"The grey headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady."

There are many spots associated with Walter Scott; Edinburgh, Lasswade, Ashiestiel, Melrose and Abbotsford are all shrines for the devotees of Scott. But were we limited to one choice we think

our preference would be for Dryburgh where, in the beautiful Abbey, he sleeps. Far from the clamor of men and amid the scenes he loved best, the great Wizard rests. Close by may be heard "the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles." But a few ruinous fragments now remain of that once stately house of God. They lie embosomed among the trees, and the landscape round is as it was when the monks reared the walls. To the east lies Cheviot, on the north Bemersyde overhangs the valley and in the west "Eildon lifts his triple crest and sentinels the scene." It is the heart of the Border land and on that heart Walter Scott was laid when, his work over and his struggle ended, he passed

"to where beyond those voices there is peace."

R. ATKINSON.

Chesley, Ont.



ST. GILES CHURCH, EDINBURGH.
Beside it stood "The Heart of Midlothian."

Providing for the Future.

Providing for those nearest and dearest to us is no special virtue for which we should receive a gold medal and a halo; it should not be construed as just a duty; it is greater and bigger and sweeter than duty—it is a privilege that is ours alone

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