

the two young men left the building, and crossing the High-street, made the best of their way towards the northern part of the city, where they resided.

For a few minutes they proceeded in silence. Presently, a short turn to the left brought them to the head of the wide declivity known as The Mound. The panoramic view of the city commanded from that point, as well as the many superb views of it from other points, had been familiar to both lads from childhood; yet familiarity had failed to blunt—nay, had rather increased—their appreciation of its picturesque beauty. On the present occasion, the glow of the afternoon sun kindled, as it were, into new life the extensive gardens which stretched on either hand, separating the Old Town, which they were leaving, from the New Town, towards which they were going; gilding the two magnificent buildings which reposed at the foot of the Mound; sweeping down the long terrace, and countless roofs and spires that lay beyond, till it led the eye up to the slopes and crags of the Calton Hill, with their crown of pillared monuments; while to the left, the Castle Rock, with its fortress, famous in history, loomed up against the south-western sky. The whole scene had put on its holiday attire, and specially attracted the attention of Robert, who exclaimed:

"Isn't it splendid, Phil? The finest painter who ever mixed m'guelp couldn't flatter it, could he? I do wish papa would let me be a painter, since he does not consider himself rich enough to fork out Passing-