

the ear as they gathered up the sheaves neatly laid off the machines. Overhead the lark poured forth his morning matin as if inspired with the cheerfulness of those below him, and as he mounted higher, more distant, yet as sweet, came back his joyous note, till at last, rising far into the blue vault of heaven, he is lost to view, and his prayer is no longer heard. Far stretching on every side was a magnificent landscape, such as seldom meets the eye of any traveller. Oft had I looked upon that scene, yet never till then did I realise its true grandeur, its romance, its richness, its sylvan softness. Eastward, down the valley of the Tweed, round by Twizel and Norham's castled steep, is a rich expanse of country—the merse of Berwickshire, well watered and thickly wooded, covered with fine farms, neat homesteads, and splendid houses, the home of many an honest hard-working agriculturist, and thickly populated with a peasantry second to none in Great Britain. No hills back up that view—the deep blue sea laves a low and rocky shore; but, as the eye travels round the northern horizon, it gazes on the purple hills of Lammermoor. Here the heather blooms, the blue bell luxuriates, the streams that wind down many a lovely glen are filled with trout, and peace and plenty mark its inhabitants. As the spectator looks across the valley of the Tweed to those hills, he sees a castle that looms up like some mighty landmark. These warlike towers are silent now; the warriors of ancient days are supplanted by a more peaceful race. Around it lie well-cultivated fields, whose crops are ready for the sickle. A mist that hung o'er the river was being dispelled by