

THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill,
 In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
 The westland wind is hush and still,
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet, not the landscape to mine eye
 Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With pensive look along the plain,
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And sadly mark the holy fane
 Of Lindisfarne's ruined pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
 Are they still such as once they were?
 Or is the dreary change in me?

THERE was little sleep for us the night before leaving Ayr. The boisterous street revellers, most of them "unco fou," kept up the excitement of ushering in the new year till into the small hours, and commenced again by daylight, one custom, among other curious ones, being that of burning all the old almanacs in town before the door of the principal hotel.

On our way to the station next morning, every other man we met was, with either ale or whisky,

Glorious,

O'er all the ills o' life victorious,

and as the holidays of the Scottish New Year last from one week to two, one may imagine the state of things before they close. On the route to Coatbridge, we passed through Paisley and surrounding country, crossing the Clyde at Glasgow, and of course not failing to visit its renowned cathedral, in the crypt of which Scott lays the scene of Rob Roy's mysterious warning to Francis Osbaldistone. This church, the only metropolitan one in Scotland, with a single exception, that remained uninjured at the reformation, produces a great effect upon the mind, in its impressive majesty, and Andrew Fairservice thus accounts for its preservation in Rob Roy. "Ah! it's a brave

kirk—nane o' your whigmaleeries and curlewurries and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel jointed mason wark, that will stand as long as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther off it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks o' St. Andrews and Perth, and there awa', to cleanse them o' Papery and idolatry and image worship and surplices and sic like, sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and a' about, they behooved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand at purging the High Kirk o' Papish nick-nackets. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of saints (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by scripture warrant, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed off her, and a' bady was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the reform wad hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair christian-like kirks."

The narrow strip of country around Paisley has produced about one-half the number of Scottish poets, was the devoutest region of the covenant, and still