

A BORDER BOYHOOD

other skies, in new countries, or under the green grass. But the remembrance of them, and of the days by Yarrow and Ettrick and Tweed, is a possession forever, tender and not altogether sad. The old waters still murmur, the old songs are still sung, the old names echo in memory. In the solitudes of the streams, under the shadows of the towers and woods, perhaps, even now, the fairy deer may be seen by children's eyes, and the Silver Lady of the Scotts may glide through the copse or stand with her foot in the pool, as in the tale of Thomas the Rhymer.