

robin, and see that, even where it spreads widest to the light, it presents a too narrow space for the gambols of the water-spider; we marvel how it could ever have scooped out for itself so capacious a bed. But what will not centuries of perseverance accomplish! The tallest trees that rise beside it — and there are few taller in the country — scarcely overtop its banks; and, as it approaches the parish burying-ground, — for it passes close beside the wall, — we may look down from the fields above on the topmost branches, and see the magpie sitting on her nest. This little stream, so attenuated and thread-like during the droughts of July and August, and which after every heavier shower comes brawling from its recesses, reddened by a few handfuls of clay, has swept to the sea, in the long unreckoned succession of ages, a mass mighty enough to have furnished the materials of an Egyptian pyramid.

In even the loneliest windings of the Crook Burn we find something to remind us of the world. Every smoother trunk bears its inscription of dates and initials; and to one who has resided in the neighboring town, and mingled freely with the inhabitants, there is scarcely a little cluster of characters he meets with that has not its story. Human nature is a wonderful thing, and interesting in even its humblest appearances to the creatures who partake of it; nor can the point from which one observes it be too near, or the observations themselves too minute. It is perhaps best, however, when we have collected our materials, to combine and arrange them at some little distance. We are always something more than mere observers, — we possess that which we contemplate, with all its predilections and all its antipathies, — and there is dimness or distortion in the mirror on which we catch the features of our neighbors, if the breath of passion has passed over it. Do we