

almost always some human element in them that blends with the natural features, sometimes so subdued as to be hardly appreciable, but at other times glowing with such vividness as even to rival in power of fascination some of the more impressive aspects of nature, or to add fresh tenderness and grace to what nature has herself made supremely tender and graceful. Who, for example, does not recognise amid the wilds of Glencoe, that there hangs over that dark defile a deeper gloom than was ever woven out of the grey mists of heaven and the sombre shadows of the mountains? Or who that knows the history and traditions of Yarrow, can wander along that valley without feeling that the green hillsides and plaintive stream are bright, not merely with sunshine, but with the halo of bygone human love and sorrow, and re-echo, above the sounds of to-day, the songs of generations long since at rest?

At no time in our history as a nation has the scenery of the land we live in been so intelligently appreciated as it is to-day. Never were its varying aspects so familiar to so large a part of the community, which can now travel with ease into the remotest nooks and corners of the country. We have only to walk through a modern picture-gallery, or to read a recent volume of poetry, or to take up the last novel, to perceive how deeply the influence of landscape has affected the imagination of our time. And yet, on the other hand, never did so large a proportion of the population live and die pent up within narrow gloomy streets, whence all that is seen of outer nature is the sky overhead, to whom a sweep of green valley and breezy upland, or a range of crag and mountain, is so unknown that its existence can hardly be realised. A large and rapidly increasing section of the people is thus removed from contact with landscape, and from all the pleasurable