

contours of underlying solid rock, and partly to the lines assumed by accumulating detritus, be so conspicuously seen. These characters are not obtrusive, indeed, but perhaps on that very ground they afford a keener pleasure to the eye that has been trained to detect them.

With regard to the charge of treelessness, it should be borne in mind, I think, by those who make it that trees have their appointed places in landscape, where they are altogether admirable, but that there are other places where their presence in any number is felt to be inappropriate. Much, of course, depends upon personal taste and habit in such matters. To my own eye, for example, the hills in Rhineland, so densely wooded to the top that not a single feature of them can be seen, are examples of the abuse of trees in landscape. It would be intolerable so to bury up the beauty of the Border hills. All that a true lover of that region will allow is a straggling copse of pensive birks, creeping upward from the valley, or nestling green in some shady stream-watered dell on the bare hill-side. To imagine that we should improve the look of the landscape there by large plantations of timber, would be about as natural as to believe that we should add to the grace of the Apollo Belvedere by putting him into a greatcoat.

The so-called monotony of these softly undulating hills constitutes, I do not doubt, one main element in the peculiar fascination which they have always exercised upon minds of a poetic cast. From the sky-line on either side, gentle but boldly drawn curves of bent-covered moorland sweep down into the grassy meadow on the floor of the valley. These are architectural forms of the hill-slopes, and remain distinct at all seasons of the year. But their beauty and impressiveness vary from month to month, almost from hour to hour. For the most part they are aglow with colour, now purple