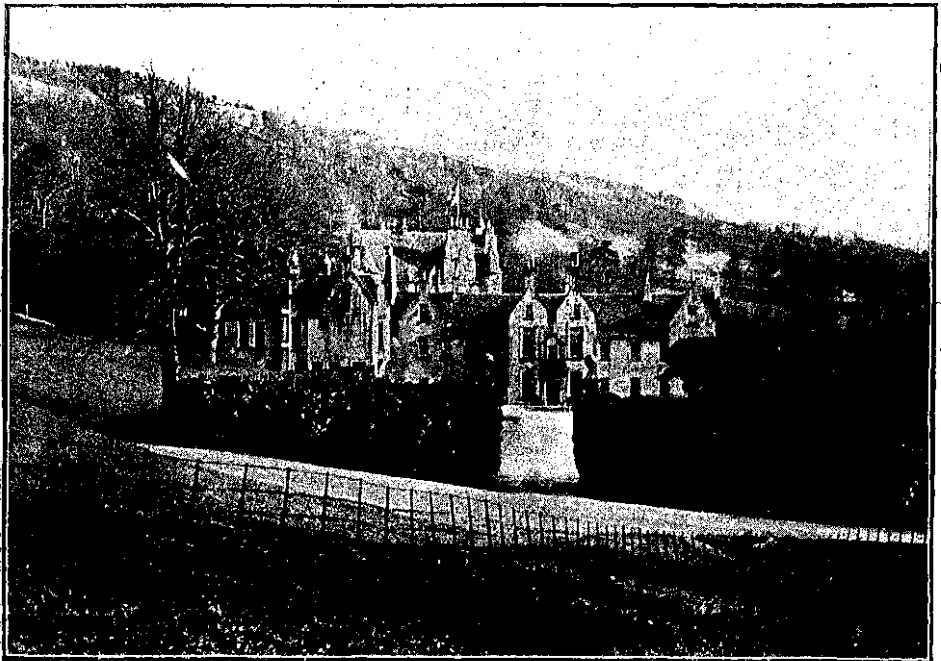


# An Old Scottish Home.

BY LADY ALICE FERGUSSON, *née* BOYLE.

**H**IGH hills rising behind, and the Firth of Clyde spreading before, a stretch of green slope, tree dotted between it and the water—so the old Castle of Kelburne stands, and has stood (or a part of it) for the last four hundred years. Its surroundings are peculiarly beautiful. The burn, from which the place takes its name, after wandering

beauty; countless hyacinths line its slopes with a blue carpet in the springtime, ferns of many varieties cover them later in the year; and the fine old beech trees give forth such a red blaze of glory in the autumn as would need a more skilful pen than mine to describe. In winter one is content to overlook the lack of colour if one may stand above the rustic bridge known as the "Bow



KELBURNE FROM THE FRONT.

downward through the thickly-wooded glen, takes a leap of forty feet near the house and brawls past to the sea, so that night and day the deep song of the waterfall sounds beneath the windows on the southern side. The glen is far famed for its luxuriant

brig," and watch the burn "in spate" after a day or two of rain, as it tears seaward, a white torrent among its moss-grown boulders.

Above the glen, a strong stone wall marks the boundary of the park. Beyond this lies