

rinthine windings of the Forth; hills bounding the horizon in every direction; and in the west the purple Highland mountains rising, peak upon peak, from humble Uam-var to lofty Ben Lomond.

This venerable ruin by the river is "Cambuskenneth's Abbey grey"—another foundation of the "sair sanct for the crown," and, like Holyrood, bestowed upon canons regular of St. Augustine. A ramble of a dozen miles or more brings us to one of its dependencies, the ruined monastery of Inchmahome, or the Isle of Rest—in Lake Menteith—the little island where, in company with her four Maries,—Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingstone and Mary Fleming—Queen Mary spent what were, perhaps, the only restful years of her life. The archaeologist looks with delight on richly carved doorway and lancet windows; on crypt, sedilia and piscina; on sleeping knight and lady sculptured in one great stone. And then, if he be not entirely joined to his idols, he turns with even greater interest to a tiny plot of ground, of which the delightful author of "Rab and His Friends" thus discourses:

"Wandering through the ruins overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit trees, at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age. What is this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly the Child-Queen's Child-Garden, with her little walk, and its boxwood, left to itself for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is that first garden of her simplicity.'"

Retracing our steps to Stirling and continuing westward, we come to Dunblane, another of the old sees. The architecture of the Cathedral is of three periods:—the tower, Norman; the nave, early pointed; the choir, later pointed, with mullioned windows and other decorated work. Within, the prebends' stalls, of carved oak, are still preserved, and there are many interesting monuments. The gentle Leighton was Bishop of Dunblane in those troublous times when the majority of Scotsmen thought a prelate, even of the Reformed Church, little less than an emissary of the evil one, and, prejudice notwithstanding, was beloved by everybody. He sleeps in the old cemetery, and his

library, which he bequeathed to the diocese, is yet preserved. A portion of the cathedral is still in use as the parish church.

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Into that enchanted land which the genius of Scott has made classic, we wander now. Even the tourist from beyond the sea, who has the fortune, or (as it seems to us, proud possessors of what Washington Irving calls our "own conveyances"), misfortune to be "personally conducted," who "does" all western, southern and central Europe in two months, and Scotland in two days, is permitted to give one of these days to the Trosachs. Shall we take a less picturesque route than the "personally conducted?"

No. But to make picturesque ways a success, it is well to be matter-of-fact in respect to garments. Add a waterproof to your *impedimenta*, therefore, and, if you happen to be of the gentler sex, attach to your pilgrim-staff that combination of silk and whalebone known in our watery islands as an "*en tout cas*."—a name doubtless invented with special reference to Scotland, where, as American travellers complain, it is "always doing something." True lover of Scotland as I am, I dare not say that its climate is all I would like it to be. There are days—many days, alas! dark, damp, chilling to the bone, fatal to the liver, apt to make you answer Mallock's famous question with a prompt *no*.

And yet, terrible as such days are in the city, they have among the lochs and mountains a beauty of their own. There are wonderful rifts in the black storm-clouds, wonderful wreaths of silver mist that float across the slopes and crown the lofty summits. And then, if you are fortunate in your day, what a never-to-be-forgotten day it is! O the freshness of the moors! O the coolness of the waters, where golden salmon leap and flash! O the grandeur of the everlasting hills, with their mystery of ever-changing shadows! O the magic of the air you breathe—fatigue unknown and mere living a delight! O the pride with which you say to the admiring wanderer from another land, "A poor country, sir, but my own!"

And so, by "Katrine's silver strand" and Ellen's Isle, by Lomond, with its Rob Roy's Cave and Rob Roy's Prison, and its

"Fairy crowds  
Of islands that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds,"

we reach Glasgow.

The people of the commercial metropolis of Scotland are proud of many things in their city—of none, certainly, with greater reason than their minster, the most perfect now remaining of all those sanctuaries with which the piety of our forefathers beautified the land. The Bishopric of Glasgow was founded about 560 by St. Mungo or Kentigern; and the Cathedral—which was dedicated to the saint—by Bishop John Achais in 1133 or '36. The building is cruciform, with short transepts; its size, three hundred and nineteen by sixty-three feet; its style, early English. The crypt is notably beautiful. Its revenues, in its palmy days, were large, including the royalty and baronies of Glasgow, eighteen baronies in various parts of the kingdom, and a large estate in Cumberland, known as the spiritual dukedom. At the Reformation, a part of these revenues was seized by the Crown, and the rest bestowed upon the University. The latter—the charter of which is nearly a century and a-half older than that of its Edinburgh sister—preserves also the original structure, a long range of monastic-looking buildings, harmonizing well with the venerable minster.

How the Cathedral managed to escape the fury alike of English invaders and Scottish reformers, is matter of conjecture. The Bishop's Castle being in its vicinity, it was, in the early days of the Reformation, repeatedly defended by Archbishop Beaton. There is a tradition in Glasgow that when, later, the Privy Council sent an order for its demolition, the deacons and craftsmen of the city arose in might, and threatened with death the would-be destroyers. The only evidence in reference to the matter now extant, however, while ordering the destruction of the altars and images, has this postscript:

"Fail not bot ze tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks, nor durris be onyways hurt or broken, either glassen wark or iron wark."

After the Reformation, the building was divided into three churches. It was in one of these, the Laigh Kirk, or Crypt, that Francis Osbaldistone received Rob Roy's mysterious warning. In 1588 seats were introduced, the ash trees of the church-



THE CHOIR, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.