

Knight Templar. Upon the shield were some faint relics of armorial bearings, but it would now have puzzled the keenest antiquary that ever pored over mouldering ruins, to detect the obliterated blazonry which would have told the name of him who slumbered there, as still as though he never had pealed through his furious lips the war cry, Ha! Beauseant, or battled for the cross of Christ, knee deep in Paynim gore. Another heavy stone displayed the mitre and the pastoral crook of some proud abbot, and some two or three more of the number bore marks of decoration which, though now much decayed and broken, showed that they had been in old-time dedicated to the long since forgotten memories of the pure, the beautiful, the noble or the wise. The rest were low grass-covered mounds, without a stone to bear the name, or record the destinies of their inhabitants, and the most of them, from their sunken ridges, and half obliterated outlines, were evidently of no recent origin. Nothing could possibly be wilder or more gloomily romantic than the spot chosen for the site of this place of rural sepulture. It was a small deep hollow, scooped, as it were, out of the bosom of the huge moorland hills that raised their bare, round-headed summits treeless and bleak and desolate, on every side around it. On the right hand side, the little burial-ground abutted on a steep precipice of rifted sand-stone rock, which rose straight as a wall for sixty yards above it, and then sloped still farther upward, 'till it was merged in the heather of the loftier fell—behind the chapel was a thick grove of matted yews, filling up the whole width of the gorge between the hills, through which a little brooklet rushed murmuring and sparkling in a thread of liquid silver, girdling the church-yard round on the left side, and in the front, where it was crossed by a small one-arched bridge of free-stone. The margin of this stream was bordered by a long line of ash trees, probably chance-sown there by emigratory birds, for not another of the species was to be found for several miles' distance from the spot, and above these, the hill sloped boldly to the westward, showing beyond its rolling summit the crests of loftier mountains looming up blue and indistinct in the far distance. It was a dark and gloomy afternoon, although in the fairest time of summer, but the air was surcharged with electricity, and damp withal, and very sultry and oppressive. There was not a breeze to fan the lightest leaves of the ash by the stream, nor to wave even the slight stalk of the blue hare bells on the rock, but the

clouds mustered heavily, sweeping up, seemed, before some higher current that was not felt below, mass above mass, 'till the sky was crowded with their huge towering volumes—the sun, when he shone out, at times from the interstices of the dense thunderclouds, shot a hot brassy glare, that seemed as if it came from the mouth of some vast furnace. No bird was heard to warble or even chirp from the bushes, the throstle and the blackbird, those never silent songsters of a Scotch summer, were hushed in sad anticipation of the coming storm—only the plaintive cry of the lapwing from the upland, and the scream of a kite wheeling in airy circles above the solitary belfry, disturbed the death-like stillness of the valley. Death-like indeed it was—and not unfittingly, for, in the churchyard, hard by the bank of the little stream, and under the dark shadows of the yews, there was an open grave—the pile of earth, ready to fill its yawning mouth upheaped upon the grassy beside, mattock and spade planted in the ground by its brink—an open grave waiting its tenant. At some short distance from the grave there sat upon a fallen head-stone, as motionless as though he had been himself a part of the stone, an old grey-headed wrinkled man, in attitude of melancholy thought, with a small, long-baited terrier, wire-haired, and with a face as wrinkled as his master's, dozing among the weeds beside him. For nearly an hour, he sat there without stirring, unless when at times he raised his head for a moment, and appeared to listen, but then not hearing what he seemed to be expecting, relapsed into his grim and gloomy meditations. At last the sounds which he awaited made themselves heard at a distance, the well known death-hymn of the church-tans swelling up awfully among the bare hills, a volume of wild, doleful music. The old man rose up at the signal, and going to the porch, opened the iron-studded door, and in a few moments the dissonant clash and clang of the old cracked chapel bell rang harshly out over the lonely valley. It was long before the melancholy train came into sight, winding along the narrow road, which, following the mazes of the brook, gave access to that lonely place of worship from the more cultivated glen of the lower country. The first of the procession was the old, canting pastor, a tall thin man, bent almost double with the infirmities of age, with a bald head, and stern, harsh features, but a flashing eye, full of enthusiastic life and vigorous energy. Immediately behind him