

length, with a mean breadth of about eighty feet.

In St. Giles' was held, in 1560, the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, consisting of forty members, of whom only six were ministers. And here the opening sermon of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is annually delivered by the retiring Moderator. Small wonder if one's thoughts on such an occasion do occasionally wander, even under the commanding tones of such a voice as Principal Tulloch's. One cannot help thinking of how often John Knox made these lofty arches to ring again with *perfervidum ingenium scotorum*; and of others who preached here—Henderson, and Gillespie, and Mc. Knight, and Dr. Blair—not to speak of Jenny Geddes' striking sermon, who threw her cutty stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh as he began to read from the new service-book, and of the tumult that followed. For twelve years the great Reformer "who never feared the face of man" preached twice every Sabbath within these walls. The house in which he lived still remains pretty much as when he occupied it. There he died, near midnight, on the 24th November, 1572, at the age of sixty-seven—"worn out and exhausted by his extraordinary labours of body and anxiety of mind."

The only other church worth mentioning in this connection is that of THE GREYFRIARS which, under one roof, covers two parish churches—the Old and New. It is neither very old nor comely, and is chiefly interesting as the place in which the national League and Covenant of 1638, was signed after sermon by the celebrated Alexander Henderson. Among its ministers have been the foremost preachers of Scotland, such men as Robert Rollock, the first Principal, and for some years the only Professor of Humanity in the Edinburgh University; Principal Carstares; Principal Robertson, the historian; that Dr. John Erskine who in his day was likened to another Ambrose; Dr. John Inglis; and, more recently, Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Lee. In this church-yard the Regent Morton was buried, and George Buchanan, and most of the great Reformers whose names have been mentioned, save Knox, who lies beneath the pavement of High Street, near St. Giles'. In one corner is the place to which twelve

hundred prisoners, taken after the battle of Bothwell bridge, were driven like a flock of sheep, and kept for five months, day and night, exposed to all weathers, and guarded by sentries placed at the gate and along the walls.\* In another place is the flat grave-stone on which the parchment containing the Covenant was spread, that the multitude outside the church might also sign it, amid such enthusiasm as was never seen before nor since—"Many weeping aloud; some shouting for joy; some adding to their names, "till death"; others opening a vein and signing the solemn document with their blood." In the North-east corner of the church-yard, you find one of those monuments, of which there are so many in Scotland, and before which it is impossible to stand unmoved, recalling vividly to mind as they do memories of brave men who purchased religious and civil liberty for Scotland with their lives, and to whom Presbyterianism the world over owes the maintenance of its distinctive principles of faith and order. The inscription on this monument partakes of the rugged simplicity and determination of character which marked the heroes of the time, which led reflecting minds to enquire why such punishments were inflicted, and eventually led many to espouse the persecuted cause. It runs thus:—

Halt, passenger, take heed what do you see—  
This tomb doth show for what some men did die:  
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood  
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood;  
Adhering to the Covenants and laws;  
Establishing the same; which was the cause  
Their lives were sacrific'd unto the lust  
Of Prelatists abjured: though here their dust  
Lies mixt with murderers and other crew,  
Whom justice justly did to death pursue.  
But as for them no cause was to be found  
Worthy of death: but only they were found  
Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing  
For the Prerogatives of CHRIST their KING;  
Which Truths were seal'd by famous Guthrie's head,  
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood:  
They did endure the wrath of enemies:  
Reproaches, torments, deaths, and injuries.  
But yet they're those, who from such troubles came,  
And now triumph in glory with the LAMB.

From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th February 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered and destroyed for the same cause about eighteen thousand, of whom were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for JESUS-CHRIST. The most of them lie here.

I may say something about the High street and Holyrood at another time.

C.

\* Cunningham's Church History of Scotland.