

town of Kelso. Its situation, at the junction of the Teviot with the Tweed, is singularly beautiful, and its environs full of interest. Opposite it is the site of Roxburgh Castle, an early border fortress, and, in the 12th century, the principal residence of the Kings of Scotland. A few fragments only remain. In the park of Floors Palace, a holly-tree marks the spot where James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of the Castle in 1460. Our point of interest is the Abbey, which, says the editor of its Charters, "stands alone, like some antique Titan predominating over the dwarfs of a later world." It was begun in 1152—the first of the splendid foundations of King David—and settled upon a reformed class of Benedictines, first established at Tiron in France, and hence called Tironenses. The structure was in keeping with its magnificent endowments; and its proud, mitred Abbots long disputed precedence with metropolitan St. Andrews, and even contended for superiority with the parent house in France. In consequence of its situation, it suffered severely during the wars with England, and was finally reduced to ruin by the Earl of Hertford's army in 1545. After the Reformation, the transept was vaulted over in a very inferior manner and made to serve as a parish church: and it was used for this purpose till 1771, when one Sunday, "in tyme of sermon," a large piece of plaster fell from the roof. The congregation, believing that the vaulting was giving way, stood not on the order of their going, but went at once; and some one remembering that Thomas the Rhymer had predicted that "the kirk should fall when at its fullest," they very wisely refused to return. The rude modern masonry was then removed, and Kelso Abbey was once more a picturesque ruin.

Going up the Teviot till we reach Jed Water, we come to a burgh of long pedigree. Old Jedburgh, which stood about five miles above the present town, was founded by Ecgrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, A.D. 845, and in 1000 St. Kenoch was its Abbot. Jedburgh Castle is mentioned in the earliest Scottish annals, and the town was a royal burgh in the time of David I. The parish was early celebrated for its woodland fastnesses, for the strength of its castles and fortified dwellings, and for the splendour of its ecclesiastical establishments.

The Abbey was enlarged and richly endowed by David I. and other patrons. Like the others near the border, it suffered severely in the English wars. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was for two hours exposed to the artillery of the Earl of

Surrey. In consequence of its ruinous condition, it was abandoned by its monks—canons regular of St. Augustine—even before the Reformation.

From where we stand by the river, the Abbey looks venerable, but scarcely ruinous. The long range of nave and clerestory windows, and the massive square tower—rising, with its belfry and turrets, to the height of 100 feet—are very impressive. Here, as elsewhere, the taste of our day has rebelled against the barbarous and unseemly sty'e in which, a generation or two ago, portions of these sacred places were patched up to serve as places of worship. To step from the beautiful proportions and harmonious tones of what our early forefathers left, into the square, unlovely enclosures, all plaster and whitewash, of later days, is enough to convert—or, if you will, *per-vert*—an Original Seceder.

The ancient inhabitants of Jedburgh took an active part in all the border frays; often turning the tide of battle with their cry, "Jethart's here!" and their stout Jethart staves "Jethart justice" was even more summary than is that of New Orleans, being of the kind by which

"In the morn men hang and draw,  
And sit in judgment after."

Only a few weeks ago, I read in a Canadian newspaper an article which ridiculed Scott's oft-quoted lines on love of country, and declared it did not matter in what land we lived or under what government, if we only had our "three square meals a day." I know little of political parties in the Dominion, but I am sure so base a sentiment and so unblushing a declaration of it would be condemned by good men of every party, and of every country, and could only have emanated from some camp-follower who, if he had the opportunity, would prey upon all. I hope there was no Scottish blood in his veins, and I think there was not. For I have seen Highlanders from the Locharber Hills, and shepherds from these fertile valleys; and I never knew one of them who, could he but have kept a roof over his head, would not rather have had a crust at home than a feast elsewhere. A Scotch lassie in the States once said to me of her father: "He's aye makin' us promise that when he's deein' we'll turn him wi' his face to Scotland." It was the thought of Fergus McIvor, when begging that his trunkless head might face northward:

"Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos."



KELSO ABBEY.

I promised you a quartette of Abbeys. I would like to have added to these a fifth—New or Sweetheart Abbey in Kirkcudbrightshire, erected by Devorgilla, daughter of the Lord of Galloway, in honour of her husband, John Baliol. At Baliol's death, Devorgilla had his heart embalmed, and shrined in a casket of ivory and silver. And when her own end approached she directed that the relic which had been her "silent daily companion" in life should be laid upon her bosom and buried with her in the Abbey which she had built. Thus the structure got its beautiful name. And what a pity it is that one of the most exquisite words in our language should not have been kept sacred to such fine uses, instead of being vulgarized as it has been.

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And now, fellow-pilgrim, whatever pictures your memory may make for you in the future, of all you have seen to-day, I can safely tell you which of them you will look at oftenest and with the tenderest regard. They are the three most closely connected with the presiding genius of the valley: The east window of Melrose, St. Mary's aisle at Dryburgh and the empty chair in the study at Abbotford. Half the charm even of the ruins is that he loved them; half their pathos is that he is gone. And through all the delight of seeing them runs the feeling of something missing—something good and kindly, as well as great, which has been, but will be no more.

And I know an old man on the New England coast who, nightly, takes a long look seaward—not for signs of the weather, but for the dear sake of what is beyond his vision. "I canna see't," he sometimes says, "but then I ken it's there!" These men are not loud in their complaints—indeed, they do not complain at all. If you sympathise with them they only say, with gentle dignity, "Ay, it's a peety!" But they say it in a way that moves you strangely, and the longing look in their eyes brings tears into your own.

"What's in a country?" asks this sutler, this camp-follower. Scott knew, and we know, that there is *everything* in a country. Next to the love of that diviner "patria" to which, thank God! exiles all over the world may turn in hope, there is no more generous and ennobling passion than love of one's native land. Before it dies out, may the end of all things come. And, meantime, may some good angel guard the beloved grave at Dryburgh; and may that truest lover of Scotland rest in peace!

A. M. MACLEOD.

A CLOSE APPRAISAL.—Miss Sweetlips (slyly): A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Stubpen!

Mr. Stubpen.—Thank you, Miss Sweetlips. That is just about what I am getting now in the literary market.—*Burlington Free Press*.



NORMAN ARCH, JEDBURGH ABBEY.