

of knowing ; as the Saint died in 541 it may have been from the very beginning.† A new edifice erected by Alexander I. about 1120, was almost entirely destroyed during the invasion of Richard II, and was rebuilt partly by the civic authorities, partly by the munificence of individuals. In 1466, at which time it supported forty altars within its walls, it was raised by James III. to the rank of a collegiate church. Gavin Douglas, the translator of the Rucid into Scottish verse, was at one time provost.



NORMAN PORCH.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, after the breaking out of the religious disturbances in Scotland, matters went badly with St. Giles. An arm-bone of its saint, which had been regarded almost as the palladium of Edinburgh, was stripped of its gold and silver ornaments and thrown out, an effigy of the same was torn to pieces ; the numerous altars were dragged down and away ; the revenues were confiscated ; the building was restored to its original condition as parish church, Knox being appointed its minister. It was in St. Giles that the stern reformer, preaching on the subject of the Queen's marriage with Darnley and inveighing against the lords of the congregation, was "like to ding the pulpit in blads." It was there too that on the occasion of the funeral of the Regent Moray, "three thousand persons were dissolved in tears before him."

In the contest between the Earl of Lennox and Kirkaldy of Grange, which followed the death of Moray, Kirkaldy resorted to the strange plan of fortifying the roof and steeple of St. Giles, in order to hold the citizens in awe. The latter, nothing daunted, broke into the church and attempted to get at the soldiers by pulling down the pillars, while the soldiers, making holes in the vaulted ceiling fired down on their assailants. In course of time the force was withdrawn, Kirkaldy hanged, and the roof mended.

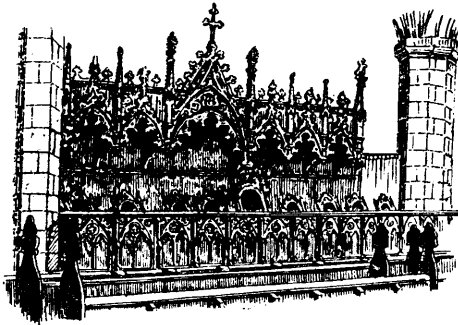
But the worst foes of St. Giles were those of its own household—its supposed guardians, the magistrates of Edinburgh. Within ten years after the Reformation, these commenced to divide, to build up, to efface, until the noble style and proportions of the edifice were entirely lost. It was no longer even reserved for sacred uses—the large space not included in the divisions known as the parish and Tolbooth churches being utilized as courts-of-law, town clerk's office, grammar school, prison, and weaver's workshop. Even the apparatus for public executions had a snug corner ! Only as Edinburgh increased in size, so as to require more places of worship, was secular business gradually thrust out. Even as late as 1818, the police office was within its walls.

From his royal seat in the gallery of the old church James VI. was in the habit of contradicting and rebuking offensive ministers, and of delivering orations in favor of his own opinions.‡ There, also, he took farewell of his people before setting out for England. Its dignity as a

†St. Giles or Egidius is said to have, been of royal descent and to have emigrated from his native Athens to the south of France, where he lived the life of a hermit—his sole companion being a hind which he had saved from the hunters. Painters represent him in the garb of a monk, with a hind pierced by an arrow either in his arms or at his feet. In allusion to his patronage, a hind figures as one of the supporters in the arms of the city of Edinburgh.

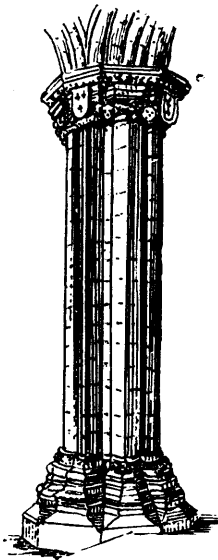
‡It has often been a matter of surprise to the student of history that while Charles I. had his head cut off, his father, a still stronger believer in the "Right Divine," escaped scot free. I feel sure that the reason is to be found in good King James' "gift of the gab." Had he been arraigned, he would have delivered an oration ; and even a Cromwell might have had a wholesome terror of that !

Cathedral Church was short-lived—lasting only from the establishment of episcopacy by Charles I. until its overthrow by Cromwell, six years later ; and from the Restoration to the Revolution. It was during the former period that the incident which we will venture to say is most universally associated with it—that of the redoubtable Jenny Geddes—occurred. The Dean of Edinburgh essaying to read the collect for the day, Jenny hurled her stool at his head exclaiming, "Colic, said ye? Deil colic the name o' ye? Wad ye say mass at my lug?" This acting as the spark to gunpowder such a commotion was raised that for years after no further attempt was made to impose episcopacy on the people ; and not very long after, the Solemn League and Covenant was solemnly sworn to and subscribed in this very church.



THE ROYAL PEW.

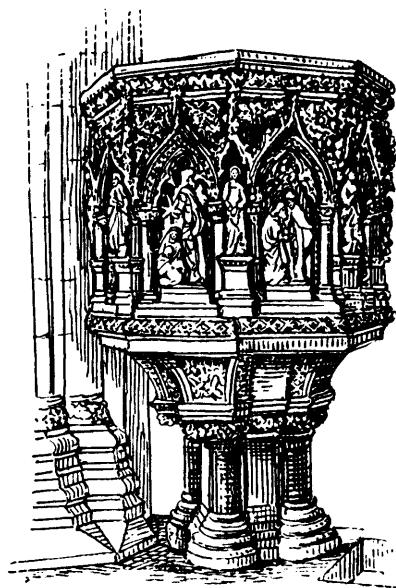
So much for the bare outline of the history of St. Giles. To fill it up, let us look at it now—restored to something like its original noble proportions and beauty. Entering the nave, we have on our left an aisle with grained roof supported on a light and graceful pillar, bearing shields with the armorial devices of Albany and Douglas. It is the Albany aisle, so called from that Duke of Albany, second son of Robert II, who, having been entrusted with the custody of his nephew, starved him to death in the dungeons of Falkland Castle. The unnatural uncle, with his accomplice, the Earl of Douglas, escaped punishment ; but being haunted by the memory of their crime, built this chapel in expiation. The Preston aisle, to the right of the choir, was built in honor of Preston of Gourton—none other than the giver of the arm-bone, which, it is recorded, he had obtained "with diligent labour and great expense, and aided by a high and mighty prince, the King of France, and many other Lords of France." Opening southward from this is the Montrose aisle, where the "Great Marquis" was buried. How old traditions linger in Scottish hearts ! Going down into the Montrose vault, a few years ago, I found there a white rose—the rose of the Stewarts, of course—fresh and beautiful. "Ah !" said the guide, in answer to my question, "it maun hae been the auld leddies that were here. They said they had come far ; and when one o' them lifted her veil to kiss the stone, I saw she was greetin'." An ill-fated but always dearly loved race ; it seems to me that a little bit of pathos might reach even your selfish hearts, in the dust of which they have long made part.



THE KING'S PILLAR.

Yon pillar in the choir, known as the King's Pillar, bears shields with the arms of James II, of his queen, Mary of Guebres, of his infant son, and of France. Old armorial bearings abound : the unicorn heads of Preston,

of arm-bone memory ; the otter heads of Otterburn ; the crossletted crops of Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews ; and the rosettes of Napier of Merchiston. Here on a modern monument (for the original one was ruthlessly destroyed in the first "restoration") is the ancient brass tablet in honor of the Regent Moray, bearing in Latin Buchanan's admired inscription : "To James Stewart, Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, a man by far the noblest of his time, barbarously slain by 'is enemies, the vilest in history ; his country mourning has raised this monument as to a common father." And there (shades of John Knox and Jenny Geddes !) on the groining, is a boss with the legend in blackletter : "Ave. gra. pla. dus. tecum"—Ave Maria, gratia plena, dominus tecum. Its great height from the floor—and from the reformers—probably saved it.



THE PULPIT.

What is new does not jar with what is old. The painted windows, the grand organ, the exquisitely carved pulpit of Caen stone, the baptismal font—after Thorwaldsen's celebrated work at Copenhagen, the wood-work of the Royal Pew and choir,—all fill up worthily the restored building.

But what are these dim banners fluttering far above us, some of them mere handiwork of tatters ? They are the colours of the Scottish regiments, which after waving over many a field of hard-fought battle and glorious victory, have been handed over for safe keeping and well-earned repose. I have heard the fitness of the arrangement questioned ; to me—perhaps because I have the blood of Scottish soldiers in my veins—it is the crowning charm of the whole : *Pro Deo, pro Ecclesia et pro Patria* ! God and the Church will be ever the better served by him who loves his native land. Heaven send the time when men "shall learn the art of war no more," but till it comes, it can never be amiss that the wanderer and the worshipper should be reminded in this touching way how sweet and becoming it is to die for one's country.



THE FONT.

But the sun has set ; the bright figures in the window are growing dimmer ; the organist is softly touching the keys. They are going to have a service ; and blending with the old familiar tunes, and extempore prayer, and eloquent preaching, there will be chanted psalms, and first and second lessons, and probably several collects—certainly the beautiful one, "Lighten our darkness !" We cannot linger, but we will not go without a blessing. Let us kneel down in this sanctuary of our fathers, and pray to our father's God !

N. M. MACLEOD.