

of the Duke of Gordon, of Earl Moray, of Hume, Boswell, Walter Scott, and others of distinguished name and fame. I penetrated some of the grim closes, which surpassed aught I ever saw of squalidness, and was glad to find myself safely out again.

In the High Street, Edinburgh, is Knox's house, a quaint old place, with a steep outer stair. It was with feelings of reverence that I

NYCHTBOVR. AS. YE. SELF." There are on old houses in Edinburgh many such pious mottoes, as: "MY HOIP. IS. CHRIST;" "WHAT. EVER. ME. BEFALL. I. THANK. THE. LORD. OF. ALL;" "LAVS. VBIQVE. DEO;" "NISI. DOMINVS. FRVSTRA;" "PAX. ENTRANTIBVS. SALVS. EXEVN-TIBVS."

A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a num-



ALLAN RAMSAY'S BOOK-SHOP, HIGH STREET.

stood in the room in which Knox died, and in the little study—very small and narrow—only about four feet by seven, in which he wrote the "History of the Scottish Reformation." I sat in his chair at his desk, and I stood at the window from which he used to preach to the multitude in the High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the house front reads, "LVFE. GOD. ABVFE. AL. AND. YE.

ber of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair, false Queen, whose guilty conscience he probed to the quick, and those of the beautiful Four Maries of her court. In the Museum I saw Knox's old pulpit, where, says Melville, "he was sae active that he was lyk to ding it in blads and flee out of it."

The churchyard of old Greyfriars is an epitome of Scottish history. On the broad flat stone,