

THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.

I should like to have shown you—I should like to have seen myself—the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity; founded in 1462 by the widowed queen of James II, Mary of Guldres. It stood for four centuries close under the rocky steep of the Cutton Hill; and then—to the shame of Edinburgh be it said—it was torn down and the ashes of its royal foundress removed to make way for the North British Railway. As a peace offering to those who had the good taste to be opposed to the deed, the choir of the old church was re-erected as an appendage of the Jeffrey Street parish church; but as special care seems to have been taken to make the old stones look “amaist as weel’s the new,” the structure is now chiefly valuable as a monument to vandalism.

high honour of being immortalized by Dunbar in his beautiful “Lament of the Makaris,” as one of the poets whom Death, “that strong unmerciful tyrant” has “ta’en out of this countrie.”

“He has ta’en Roull of Aberdeen  
And gentle Roull of Corstorphine,  
Twa better fallowis did na man see,  
Timor mortis conturbat nie.”

The “gentle Roull,” if his ghost still lingers about the place where he ministered, when James IV reigned and Dunbar sang, must be somewhat surprised to see the changes wrought, not by time but by ruthless restorers. Mutilated as the fine old church is, however, it has still much of that picturesque quaintness which we find in the older



THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, RESTALRIG.

Is it not sweet, O fellow pilgrims, in the freshness and stillness of this country village as among the crowds and noises of the city, to step into these ancient holy places, and by the tombs of those who lived and prayed hundreds of years ago lift up our hearts to God? Where can we more fitly remember how soon we too shall pass, and be perchance, not even a name, a memory, but a mere handful of dust over which the coming pilgrim shall tread, and where can we more fitly stay ourselves upon the one supreme consolation. “But THOU art the same, and THY years shall not fail!”

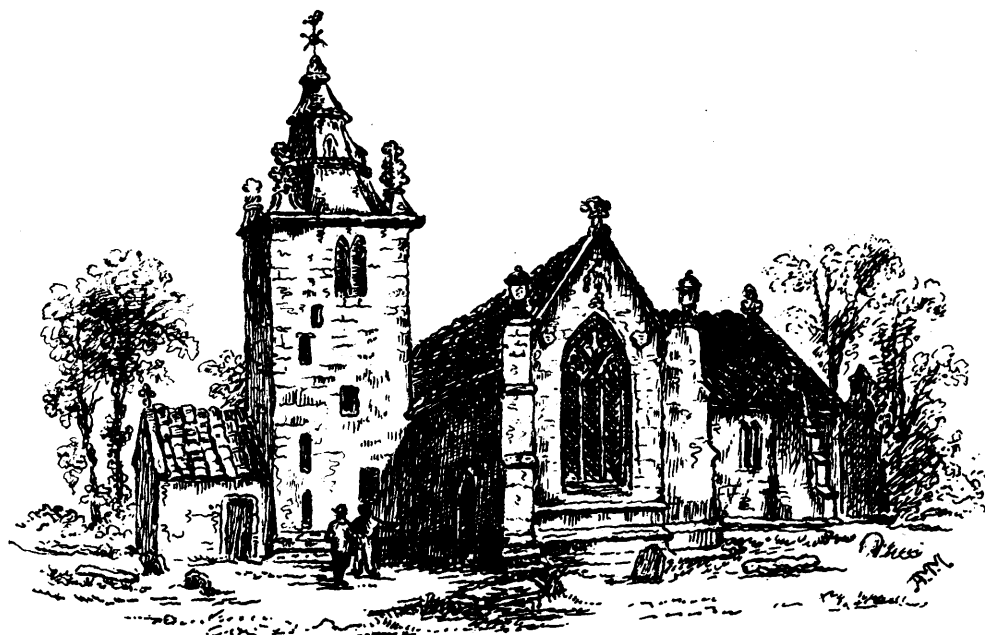
A. M. MACLEOD.

#### Personal and Literary Notes.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science will shortly issue a translation of Prof. Meitzen’s great work on Statistics. English literature on this subject is so very meagre that every one interested, either in its theoretical or practical aspects, will be glad to learn of this important accession to our stock of scientific material. Dr. R. P. Falkner, of the University of Pennsylvania, one of our most prominent students of statistics, has made the translation.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, whose political and social articles in the *Forum*, the *Cosmopolitan* and the *New England Magazine* have been widely discussed, has been appointed assistant editor of the latter magazine, and has left New York for Boston.

According to Lord Beaconsfield’s letters, which are now being published by Mr. Froude, there was once a proposal on the part of the Greeks to make the late Lord Derby King of that country, but he declined the honour with thanks.



CORSTORPHINE CHURCH.

One glance we will give to the ruined church of Restalrig, and another to the church of Corstorphine—the latter an older religious foundation than Holyrood, and as a dependency of St. Cuthbert, included in King David’s gifts to the new Abbey. One of the provosts of the church has the

parish churches of England. The chancel has been debased into a porch; but the altar-tombs have been spared with their recumbent effigies: fifteenth century knights and ladies, and one solitary sleeper of much older date, supposed to be a crusader.