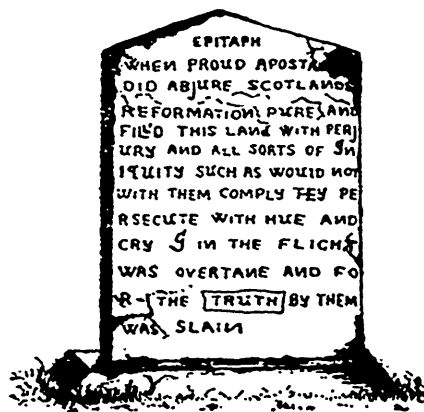


flames at night leap from the furnaces where the ore is slowly filtering through, and the molten slag streaming off in a dusty mass of yellowish red. And if, in the day time, there is nothing very striking about the village itself, the surrounding landscape is not devoid of charms. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so they are about Muirkirk; and in their vicinity the Cameronians fought and bled. The mere fact that it is historic ground, however, is hardly a sufficient attraction to have lured you off the beaten path, for in Scotland almost every foot of ground is historic, and of absorbing interest to any theologian who has in his veins the least suspicion of covenanting blood. In the parish churchyard at Muirkirk there is an old tombstone, half hidden in the long grass, broken slightly at one corner, and deciphered only with that ambitious perseverance which has restored it in our engraving to probably more than its original legibility; and this tombstone carries your mind back to the exciting times of persecution under the Stuart dynasty when the neighborhood often afforded shelter to panting refugees. But unless you happen to be one of John Smith's lineal descendants, I do not think it likely that you would make the journey thither merely to see his tombstone, quaint though it be, with its remarkable syllabication, its N's inside out and literal "double U's."

How then did we ever come to visit Muirkirk? Not because we had become conscious of relationship to John Smith, but because we

On the other side, the stone is inscribed in similarly quaint characters as follows:—

HERE LYES JOHN SMITH
WHO WAS SHOT BY COL
BUCHAN AND THE LAIRD
OF LEE - FEB 1685
FOR his ADHERENCE to the
WORD OF COVENANTED W
ORK OF REFORMATION
REV 1211 ERECTED IN THE
YEAR - 17 : 31



THE MARTYR'S GRAVE AT MUIRKIRK.

From a Sketch by the Writer.