

Market, between the lofty and grim-featured houses. My garrulous guide pointed out the Tron Church clock, which he said "was aye keepit twa minutes fast, that the warkmen might na be late;" and the old St. Giles Church, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelate hiring "wha would say a mass in her lug."

Here are buried the Regent Murray and the great Earl of Montrose, and without, beneath the stone pavement of the highway, once part of the churchyard, lies the body of John Knox. A metal plate with the letters, "I. K., 1572," conjecturally marks his grave—the exact position is not known—and all day long the carts and carriages rattle over the bones of the great Scottish Reformer. Near by, the site of the old Tolbooth is shown by a large heart marked in the stones of the causeway.

In the High Street is Knox's house, a picturesque old place with a steep outer stair. It was with feelings of peculiar reverence that I stood in the room in which John Knox died, and in the little study—very



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

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 High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the house front reads, "LVFE. GOD. ABVFE. AL. AND. YI. NYCHTBOVR. AS. YI. SELF." There are many such pious mottoes, as, "MY HOIP. IS. CHRYST," "WHAT. EVER. ME. BEFALL. I. THANK. THE. LORD. OF. ALL;" "LAYS. UBIQVE. DEO;" "NISI. DOMINVS. FRVSTRA.;" "PAX. ENTRANTIBVS. SALVS. EXEVTIBVS." A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a number of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair false Queen, whose guilty conscience