

after his return from France, writing to Adam Smith, then busy at Kirkcaldy about the *Wealth of Nations*, 'I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows.'

Another feature of these houses is the little cells designed for oratories or praying-closets, to which the master of the house was supposed to retire for his devotions, in literal accordance with the gospel injunction. David Hume's flat had two of these, for the spiritual was relatively better cared for than the temporal in those days :



ANCHOR CLOSE.

plenty of praying-closets, but *no drains!* This difficulty was got over by making it lawful for householders, after ten o'clock at night, to throw superfluous material out of the window—a cheerful outlook for Boswell and others being 'carried home!'

At the bottom of Byre's Close a house is pointed out where Oliver Cromwell stayed, and had the advantage of contemplating from its lofty roof the fleet which awaited his orders in the Forth. The same house was once occupied by Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and is associated with the memory of Anne, the bishop's daughter, whose sorrows are embalmed in plaintive beauty in the old cradle-song :

Baloo,* my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep :
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad ;
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy :
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Baloo, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wranging thee.
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words to move,
His tempting face and flut'ring cheer
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Baloo, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has played :
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me ;
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Makes him eat acorns with the swine
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Nay, curse him not : perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee ;
Perhaps at death, for who can tell
But the great Judge of heaven and hell,



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

* Baloo is a lullaby, supposed to be from the French, *Bas, là le loup*—"Lie still, the wolf is coming."