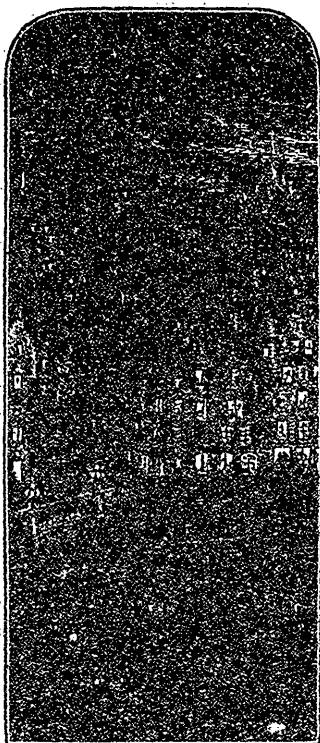


echo of the prayers of the dead and buried generations crying out for the living God. The great east window Pugin thinks the finest in the world. The monkish rhyme at the portal, we feel is no vain boasting, "VT ROSA FLOS FLORVM, SIC EST DOMVS. ISTA DOMORVM."

The ruined Abbey of St. Mary's, founded 800 years ago by William Rufus, reminds us of the cowed brotherhood whose worship or wassail once filled those shattered vaults, now open to rain and wind. The old walls, the quaint "Bars," or gates, and the stern old castle, celebrated in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are grim relics of the stormy feudal times. But these seem but as of yesterday compared with the older Roman ruins, dating back to the first century. Here the Emperors Severus and Constantius died; here Caracalla and Constantine were crowned, if indeed the latter was not a native of the place.

Through the bolder scenery of the North Riding, past Durham with its grand cathedral crowning a lofty slope, where, as a legend reads, "HAC SVNT IN FOSSA BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA;" through Newcastle with its famous High Bridge, its grimy colliers, and its eight hundred year old castle, which gives it its name, between the far-rolling Cheviot Hills, and wild sea coast for ever lashed by the melancholy main; passing in full view of Holy Isle, the storm-swept Lindisfarne, and the grim prison of the Covenanters, Bass Rock, and near the scene of the hard-fought battles of Flodden Field, Dunbar, and Prestonpans, we glide by the grim couchant lion of Arthur's Seat into the Athens of the North, the memory-haunted city of Edinburgh.

No city in Europe occupies a grander site, and few cities in the world are invested with more heroic or romantic associations.



OLD EDINBURGH BY NIGHT.