

should be buried at Melrose, to which Abbey he had contributed large sums, and, that, as he could not now fulfil the vow he had made long before, to go in person to the Holy Land and "war against the enemies of his Lord and Saviour," he commanded his faithful attendant, Sir James Douglas, to take his heart from his body and carry it to the Holy Sepulchre, "where the Lord lay." And me thinks I hear the voice of the good knight rising above the clash of arms as he made his last charge against the Moors in Spain, crying out,—“On thou brave heart, and where the Bruce leads the Douglas will follow!” There is undoubted proof that his body was not buried at Melrose, but in Dunfermline Abbey, where, a few years ago, the leaden coffin containing his remains was discovered, and his countrymen were permitted after a lapse of five hundred years to behold, with a mixture of delight and awe, the very bones of their great deliverer.*

How or when the Bruce's heart came to be buried here we do not attempt to explain. The same voice that made the announcement awoke us from the reverie into which we had fallen by inviting the company to unite in singing the old Hundreth Psalm. This was at once done with full heart and voice. Then, under the guidance of some local gentlemen, the most noticeable features of the building were pointed out, when we adjourned to the grave-yard. Among the curious and touching epitaphs found there, none was more interesting than that inscribed by Sir Walter on the tomb-stone of his faithful servant *Thomas Purdie*.

We pass on to Dryburgh, partly by rail, partly on foot, by a quiet path along the river, which we cross on a miniature suspension bridge, so fragile, it seemed as though a puff of wind might sweep it away. The remains of the Monastery and Abbey are very extensive, and exceedingly picturesque. Occupying the centre of a finely wooded park, almost surrounded by the Tweed, and screened from the vulgar gaze by grand old trees. You find less of the rich stone carv-

ings than at Melrose, but the *tout ensemble* is much finer and presents a scene of singular beauty. In a quiet corner of this romantic mausoleum are interred the remains of Sir Walter Scott and his family. Here too is the burial place of the Erskines—the founders of the Secession Church. There are not many modern graves, but lying here and there are empty stone coffins, and quaint headstones, grim remembrancers of a warrior race of whom it may truly be said:—

“Their memory and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.”

But carriages are waiting to take us by relays to Mertoun House, two miles off. What a charming drive! Lord Polwarth stands on the door-step of his fine old mansion to welcome the first arrivals, conducts us to the drawing-room, and introduces us to the Countess. Presently we are shown into the dining-room where a bounteous board is spread. Afterwards, in little groups, we spend an hour in visiting the gardens and grounds, or rest under the shade of spreading trees on the brink of the shining river. At half-past three, a large number had gathered on the lawn near the mansion to take part in a religious Conference. Lord Polwarth presided and, having explained the object of the meeting, extended a hearty welcome to all. He then introduced M. Monod of Paris, who, by previous arrangement announced as the special subject for consideration, “The Love of Christ.” His opening address was remarkably good, and it seemed to be the only preconcerted one. He spoke very earnestly (1) of the Love of Christ to us: (2) of the Love of Christ in us: (3) of the Love of Christ through us. By this time there must have been seven hundred people on the ground. These all joined very heartily in the singing of psalms and hymns, and listened with wrapt attention as one after another took up the wondrous theme. Our American friends were again the chief speakers, but others also took part in the proceedings, among whom was our old friend ex-Principal Willis, formerly of Knox College, Toronto, who is still living and retains much of the

* Tytler's history of Scotland, Vol. I, p. 368.