

the game if he would rise a winner—could not afford any errors in tactics if he would avoid a terrible disaster.

King Robert's strategy was far too wary and well thought out to permit him to listen to Seton's advice to move out from the position he had so carefully planned in order to deliver a counter-attack. At daybreak on the feast of Saint John, the Scottish troops stood to arms : once more the good Abbot of Inchaffray celebrated mass and carried the host in procession down the entire front, followed by a priest carrying the silver shrine of Saint Fillan, enclosing a relic of peculiar sanctity. Then the camp-fires were rekindled ; the great kettles began to steam, and the men set to at what was to be a last meal for many of them.

The sun was not very high before the English advanced guard appeared in sight for the second time, and the Scottish scouts began returning within the outposts. Eagerly King Robert questioned them about the enemy's line of march, and gladly flashed the light from his eyes when each one declared that the English were moving along the line of the Roman way in ten divisions, formed in two parallel columns, with Gloucester's single division as advanced guard, and that of the Earl of Angus as rear-guard. There were no signs of a parallel movement by the carse, of which the surface was seamed by innumerable water-courses, deeply cut in the clay, and broken by marshes and water-pans, exceedingly embarrassing to heavy cavalry.

"Douglas," exclaimed the King of Scots, turning to his trusted lieutenant, "God and Saint Fillan have not failed us. We have but to hold our ground, and the day must be ours !"

From his position in the baggage-camp on Gillies Hill