

colored radiance that came softly through the rich glass filling the tracery of the windows, it echoed to the joy of "*Te Deum Laudamus*, or to the sombre tones of *Dies irae, dies illia, solvet saeculum in favilla* .

Of all this but the poor remnants remain. Yet happily the interest awakened by the Great Wizard who sleeps at Dryburg, has kept intact the fragments.

The contrasts are great. The east window, beneath which stood the High Altar, with its perpendicular mullions and great height, leads upward the eye and the thoughts. The south window, with its less severe outlines, its lovely rose, speaks of the beauty of holiness. And in the northern transept the single little "crown of thorns" light tells of the Passion, of which the cruciform shape of the whole building is a perpetual memorial. Close to the western gate rises the massive rood loft pierced by a portal which, with its half gloom and narrow dimensions proclaims "strait is the gate that leads to life." No doubt the original western door, like the still remaining southern one, wide and beautiful, embodied the invitation "Come unto me." This may be mysticism, but there was not a cathedral or church of that age but was an embodiment of religion in stone.

To describe the smaller, yet no less rich and quaint, details of the work is far beyond the compass of this article. Where the hand of the destroyer has not fallen, these are still as sharp as when the workmen finished them centuries ago. In richness, in variety, and, be it noted, in humor they are unexcelled. Perhaps in the chapter house of Southwell Cathedral we see their equal. That, however, is under cover, whilst in Melrose Abbey, nearly all of this is outside. That the workmen were not above making, nor the monks above appreciating, a jest

at the latter's expense, not a few of the carvings indicate.

As we look on this glorious old church, we seem to see two figures through the mists of time. One is that of a man garbed as a lay brother. The church is being built and all day long, with zeal born of love for his high craft, he is visible now here, now there. At this point he sees to the proper poising of a flying buttress, at another to the delicate finishing of a canopy; and when all is done he has carved in an obscure corner,

"John Morow sum tym callit was I
And born in Parysse certainly
And had in Kepyng al masoun werk
Of Santandroys ye hye kyrk
Of Glasgow, Melros, and Paslay
Of Nyddysdayll and of Galway
I pray to God and Mari bath
And sweet S. John kep this haly kirk
frae skaith."

Who shall grudge this quaint memorial to the skill that gave us so rare a monument of the devotion of an age long passed away.

The other figure we see is that of a tall and stately man who, walking with a halting gait, enters the old ruin late in the gloaming. He wanders round the building and his rich fancy peoples it again with worshippers; he sees once more the priest at the altar and he hears the vesper hymn. Night falls and, seating himself on a pile of fragments close by one of the great pillars at the crossing, he waits until the rising moon floods the whole eastern window with silvery light. The murmur of the Tweed breaks on the ear. It is the Great Wizard and, as he sits, there comes to him the afflatus which inspired those passages in "The Monastery" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," wherein for all time are stored the beauty and the romance of Melrose. Long he sits. Let us leave him there for, far more so than at Abbotsford and Ashiestiel, we have seen Scott in the scenes his heart loved and his pen so matchlessly depicted.

R. ATKINSON.