

THE CANADIAN
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IONA, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

THE south-western isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations, of any part of Great Britain. The little steamer *Iona* leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land which throng the busy port. On the north shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilpatrick, the reputed birthplace of the patron saint of Ireland. According to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Saints. Satan, enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive. If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dumbarton Rock, crowned with its lofty castle, 560 feet in air. To the left is the Port of Greenock, in whose quiet "God's-acre" sleeps the dust of "Highland Mary," the object of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the cliffs rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked lake. Crossing Loch Tyne, we enter Crinian Canal, which saves a *detour* of seventy miles around the Mull of Cantyre, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and crags, we glide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban.

From Oban, a staunch little seaworthy steamer, for the passage is often very rough, conveys one around the rugged island of Mull, calling at Iona's holy isle, and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill,