

his ship's crew, armed with capstan bars, heaved it from its place. Fortunately it fell but a short distance and was then jambed between the rocks. It was again replaced, but cannot log as formerly. We climbed up and heaved with the shoulder and probably moved the stone as much as others did and were satisfied. Then plucking a few fern fronds, afterwards most useful as fans to keep away the flies that were so troublesome, we followed the shortest route to Sennen, a little village within a mile or so of the Land's End.

Here at the "First and Last Inn in England," we rested; then, across the open country, over the crisp, short grass and dwarfed sea pinks, with the clearest of blue skies above and a pleasant breeze blowing in from the sea refreshing after our long tramp, we raced for the Land's End.

The guide books, those boons placed in the hands of bewildered travellers, warned us that we might perhaps be disappointed, and yet we were not, neither upon this nor upon subsequent visits. We stood upon the "Promontory of Blood" a granite headland, against which age after age, the full force of the Atlantic, when lashed into fury by the fiercest of gales, had broken. The storm swept westernmost barrier of Old England. We stood upon a spot hallowed in the eyes of Englishmen, by many associations. Had it been darkest night or had the sea mists been rolling in obscuring the view making everything damp and cheerless, we should still have felt in sympathy with the place. As it was, a feeling of awe seemed to grow upon us as we looked upon that wondrous prospect.

For an entire week a south-west gale had been blowing steadily, heaping up the water in the Channel, it had suddenly died out and was now followed by a fresh little breeze from an almost opposite quarter. Seaward, the view was magnificent. Far as the eye could see, great rollers, here and there capped with foam chased each other up Channel; between our point of vantage and the Long ship's light, two or three miles distant, there raced a mighty flood, an expanse of maddened waters tossing and heaving, a caldron of seething spume, which now and again borne upwards and streaming off, would leave clear places as the water in one of its more terrible throes welled up and rose a hillock of deepest blue green water flecked with foam spots. On the shore the waves seemed to throw themselves with the utmost passion, rearing their curling crests many feet upwards before they took the final plunge. We almost thought that we felt the solid ground tremble beneath our feet as the masses of water fell with a muffled roar. Far up the rock face the tongues of water would leap, churned till they looked like whipped cream, whilst above all and driving seawards great clouds of spray would be flung, obscuring for the moment the view, then paling off into the filmyest of blue against the glorious sky in the back ground.

As we watched this conflict between the sea and

land we could understand why those, who saw in the flashing lightning, the darts hurled by a deity; who thought that in the murmurings of the winds, the deeper cadences of the storms they could hear the voices of higher beings; should also regard these elements, land and water, as being, in some mysterious way, dowered with a *modus creandi* of their own. The hissing of the water as it retreated broken, only again to renew the attack; the snaky coiling of the foamy arms over and around the projecting rocks; the hollow murmurings in the caves; the shaking the selves clear of the clinging waters by the dripping cliffs as they appeared to lift themselves above the waves after each recoil; all lent a strange appearance of reality.

We sat, it may have been for hours, I know not, spectators of the strife, and were taught by Nature herself how she works, how she cuts and carves and adorns with the finer chisellings the various lands. We saw her handiwork, nay more, we gazed within the portals of her workshop, and she was ready to teach. She showed us many of her secrets and we could only marvel.

The sun was now dipping to the west, warning us that evening was fast approaching. Having a long walk before us, we gathered with as much despatch as possible, such plants and specimens as came to hand and started homewards. We followed the path which wound along the cliffs for perhaps four miles, the waves thundering in almost beneath our feet. Past some of the most imposing scenery we had yet met with, past frowning Tol Pedn-Penwith, till we reached St. Levan. Then as the wind had again risen and the sky showed unmistakable signs of another storm, we turned inland and took the most direct route to Penzance.

HASLAM

BESIDE THE GATE.

(RONDEAU)

Beside the gate that swings between
The highway and the sloping green,
Awhile they stayed their willing feet,
Within the moon-lit still retreat,
That oft their trysting place had been
He vowed that she was his heart's queen,
Her reign, alas! was short, I ween,
She wondered when they next would meet
Beside the gate.

It was the influence of the scene
No doubt—at twenty or nineteen
Such things *may* make one indiscreet,
And yet I deem they found it sweet,
That farewell kiss, in leafy screen.

Beside the gate

J. ALMON RITCHIE.

That region of mournful sounds, where the ogre of grinding seldom reigned, the L. W. C., has not sustained its former reputation, and no longer issues from its corridor the droll echoes of departed dwellers.