



THE EARL'S PALACE, KIRKWALL.

chancel and nave, both roofless, and has a high round tower—all its parts evidently of the same age. What this age is, is doubtful. There was a church on the island in 1115 when St. Magnus was murdered, for the Saga mentions that when Jarl Hakon and his men reached the island they "ran first to the church and ransacked it, but did not find the Jarl." As there is no record of the erection of this church at a later date, and as its style points to an earlier foundation than that of the Cathedral at Kirkwall, we may fairly assume that it is the original building. Some authorities believe that it antedates the arrival of the Norsemen, and was the work of the Culdees.

I never come to these far-away islands without wondering why it is that the adventurous American,

or the Englishman who is so fond of Norway, or even the average Scot, so seldom ventures hither. From Cathedral and Castle and Palace you may go to Picts' forts and Picts' houses, to the Stones of Stennis, where Minna Troil parted from Cleveland, and to the Dwarfie Stone, where Norna of the Fitful Head evoked the dread spirit. You may climb the Cathedral spire, and look over all the archipelago, or flit from island to island, singing ballads of the Thorfinns and Magnuses, who once ruled the rocky shores and rushing waters. You may sail "north, ever north!" like Bothwell, when flying from an incensed people he found the castle gates of Kirkwall barred against him, and the burgher band in arms:

"North, ever north! we sailed by night,
And yet the sky was red with light,
And purple rolled the deep.
When morning came we saw the tide
Break thundering on the rugged side
Of Sunburgh's awful steep;
And weary of the wave, at last
In Bressay Sound our anchor cast."

Or, the spirit of adventure growing upon you, you may make a run for Iceland, or dash into the shoreless seas beyond. The winds and waves are fierce, and often terrible; but if you are not hopelessly tame, something within you, which no soft southern skies have ever awakened, will flash into life—a fierceness acknowledging kindred with that of the outer world, a wild desire to leap forth and meet the elements and subdue them.

Tidings of Spring.

I woke this first spring morning,
And as I woke I heard
From underneath my cottage eaves
The twittering of a bird.
A sense of gladness fluttered
To my heart at that dear sound,
I seemed to see the flowers and leaves
That in the prime of summer time
All about my cottage eaves
Cluster closely round.

The little bird that brought me
These tidings of the spring
Was like a messenger of joy
My sad heart visiting.
Then from that heart I blest it,
As in my bed I lay,
And thought of the upland pastures fair,
And the solitudes of the mossy woods
And the golden sunshine dwelling there
Through all the summer day.

Thus, that small bird's twittering
Brought me a pleasant dream,—
Bore me away to scenes I love,
In the woodlands and by the stream.
And thus, if hearts be open
To Nature's slightest call,
They oft shall find—when looked for least—
That pleasure springs from lowliest things,
And life's best joys may be increased
By agents weak and small.

H. M.



THE OLD MAN OF HOY.