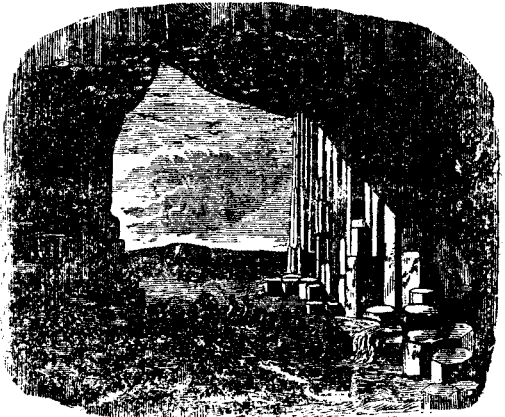


FINGAL'S CAVE—STAFFA.

The island of Staffa is one of the most singular and beautiful of the Creator's works. It lies on the seaward verge of the group of islands along the western coast of Scotland. It is about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and its cliffs are about one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high. It is entirely basaltic; that is, a cluster of stone pillars, huge prisms or crystals of stone, have been upheaved from the depths of the ocean to form a temple of exquisite beauty. Although it is within sight of the island of Mull, which has been inhabited for centuries, and of Iona, which was the first spot in Great Britain to receive the gospel, it seems never to have been visited until the middle of the last century; and even now comparatively few travellers have visited this gem of the Hebrides. A brief description, accompanied by an engraving, cannot but please and instruct our young readers.

We left Oban, on the coast of Scotland, one fine morning in June, in a steamboat built expressly for this route, with about twenty fellow-passengers, for a day's excursion to Staffa and Iona. Passing by the ruins of several old castles famous in history, and along the shores which are made memorable by "Ossian" and the "Lord of the Isles," and amid the finest mountain scenery in Scotland, we sailed around the island of Mull, and, about noon, anchored in front of Fingal's Cave. Rising from the water almost as regularly as if hewn and shaped by the hand of man, were innumerable columns, about seventy feet in height, packed together like huge bamboos, and surmounted with an immense entablature or covering of earth, mixed with irregular formations like those below. Sea-gulls and other ocean birds were flying and chattering around the island,—the only inhabitants. Happily for us, the sea was perfectly calm, so that we were enabled to enter a small boat, and row directly into Fingal's Cave. Frequently the steamer is compelled to return without landing her passengers, on account of the roughness of the sea. We were more favored. And a more beautiful sight is rarely to be seen than that ocean cathedral, built without hands, in which we now found ourselves. It is 230 feet long, and perhaps 30 feet wide, and 70 feet high. Nearly straight columns, about twenty inches in diameter, and of



varied forms, surround the entrance, and extend along the sides of the cave. The roof is composed of the ends of similar columns, coated here and there with a stalactical matter of various tints; and the floor is seen, through the green sea-water, to consist of the same mosaic basalt. From the extremity of the cave comes a deep, solemn note, carried by the heavy surging of the Atlantic through some hidden channel, and singing its perpetual anthem in this wonderful temple.

There are many other caves in the island, some of which are very interesting, but none are as large and beautiful as Fingal's. Looking out to the south-west, from the entrance to this cave, you see the famous island of Iona, where Columba and his twelve companions landed thirteen hundred years ago, and established their mission for Scotland and Ireland. The ruins of their buildings still stand, and the tower of the old cathedral is yet visible from Staffa.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

Thomas and Gerald were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were playing with their hoops, when Thomas, who was foremost, fell with great violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, who was close behind him, could not stop running, and fell with his whole weight on his brother. This made Thomas very angry, and he began to scold and storm. Instead of returning *angry words*, Gerald put his hand in his pocket, and took out a stick of candy, and gave it to his brother. Gerald loved his Bible, and remembered the words, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."