



STAFFA.

### IONA, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

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Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic books, bells, and crosses, have been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.

The island has no harbor, and only one very rude pier; visitors, therefore, must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fisher-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising seventy feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying-place of St. Columba himself. "That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, amid an archipelago of sister islands.

The island rises at its highest point 144 feet above the sea. It is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The entire facade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honeycombed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are

displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave, the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof 30 feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the

profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

### HOW LEETO SAVED CHARLIE.

"Why, Charlie Thompson! What have you brought home now?"

Charlie's mother may be excused if there was a little impatience in her tone. For Charlie had persisted, since his early childhood, in bringing in all manner of forlorn animals. Each week there was a new applicant for attention, and, after finding homes for innumerable starved dogs and ownerless cats, Mrs. Thompson had finally placed an embargo upon Charlie's bringing home any more animal waifs.

"O mother, I know!" exclaimed Charlie, his face reddening with excitement. "But I couldn't help it just this once. Mayn't I let him have just one good meal?" The gaunt creature looked up into Mrs. Thompson's face as if he knew what was being said, and as Charlie patted him on the head he softly licked the caressing hand in graceful acknowledgment.

Mrs. Thompson was touched.

"We'll ask father about it when he comes home," she said. "Perhaps we can manage in some way to keep the dog till we go down to grandfather's."

The end of it all was that "Leeto," for so Charlie named him, stayed until they went to the farm, and then Grandfather Thompson took such a fancy to him that he kept him always. Now, I will tell how Leeto repaid the kindness that Charlie had shown him.

One day, when all the men had gone away for the day, Mrs. Thompson missed Charlie from dinner. She did not be-

come alarmed until two hours had passed and he still did not appear. Very uneasy, she and Grandmother Thompson started out to hunt for him along the shore by the farm, but no signs of him were to be found. At last, far up off the beach, upon a strip of land fast being covered with the rising tide, the two frightened women saw the boy and the dog standing together, evidently unable to get back.

"In an hour that strip will be three feet under water," said grandmother, in a trembling voice.

"And the men will not be home till night!" cried the mother, despairingly. Then, with a sudden idea, she ran to the house.

In a few minutes she returned with a coil of rope, while behind her came a maid with more.

"Charlie!" His mother's agonized voice caught the boy's ear, and he looked up.

"Is there anything there you can fasten a rope to securely?" called his mother.

"Yes, there's a big log further up," he answered.

"Then send Leeto to me!"

The startled boy gazed round him, and for the first time realized his peril. "Leeto! Leeto! good dog! go!" he cried and pointed to the shore. Mrs. Thompson called at the same moment, and Leeto comprehended what was expected of him. He dashed into the water and swam quickly ashore.

"Good dog! good Leeto!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, patting him. "Take this to Charlie, Leeto! Take it to Charlie!" and she placed between his teeth the stick to which she had fastened one end of the rope.

The intelligent dog showed that he knew what was required of him, for away he went again, but this time more slowly since he dragged behind him the length of rope which Mrs. Thompson slowly paid out. To the waiting woman it seemed as if he would never reach the other side but he did; and Charlie hugged him closely, as he took the rope and stick in his hand.

Then came Charlie's difficult journey. Many times he was up to his chin in water, and more than once he lost his footing entirely; but never once did he lose his hold of the friendly rope. If he had, he never would have reached the shore, although so near it, for he could not swim a single stroke.

Leeto knows so well what a creditable thing he did in saving his young master that, if you were to visit Grandfather Thompson's, and he were to tell you the story—as he told it to me—Leeto would come and sit in front of him as he told it, and look at you proudly, as if to say "Yes, I did it; and I would do it again too, for Charlie, any day!"