

Our Illustrations—Continued

abounds in beauty spots. The loch separates the district of Cowal in Argyllshire from the parishes of Roseneath, Row and Arrochar in Dumbartonshire. Its length is 22 miles, and in breadth it varies from two miles to six furlongs. Glen Ininnart is on the Argyllshire side. Near its mouth is Ardentinney, a visit to which inspired Tannahill to write his song "The Flower o' Arranteenie." The peninsula between Loch Long and Loch Goil was presented by Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., to the city of Glasgow, to be used as a public park. The upper part of Loch Long is wildly beautiful. Arrochar stands at its head.

The mountain seen in the view is Ben Lomond, one of the noblest and most distinctive of the British mountains, it is 3192 feet above sea level. The ascent is usually made from Rowardennan, on the shore of Loch Lomond. The picturesque magnificence of the view from the summit is most inspiring. In 1796 the Rev. Charles Simeon and James Alexander Haldane were so moved by the sublimity around them, after completing the ascent, that they knelt down on the summit and solemnly consecrated their future lives to the service of Almighty God.

Loch Maree and Slioch Mountains.

Loch Maree is a noble sheet of water, about twenty miles in length, and varying from one to four miles in width. The mountains surrounding the lake are of great height and of a beautifully characterized and irregular outline, which makes Loch Maree a very picturesque lake. The mountains are Slioch (meaning the highest mountain), the File mountain, Bein-Lair, Bien-Bharchan, and Craeg-Tolly. Slioch is upwards of 4,000 feet in height. There are numerous islands in Loch Maree—some twenty-seven in number. The lake derives its name from Ellan-Maree, one of the islands, which tradition affirms was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In ancient times it was the residence of a recluse or hermit. It still contains a burying ground. There is a sacred well on this island which, as in the pool of St. Fillan's lunatics were dipped. There are many traditions regarding Loch Maree and its islands, one is that on Ellan-Maree a son of a king of Norway and a daughter of a king of Ireland are buried. They were to be married and for some reason not explained the ceremony was to be performed on Ellan-Maree by the holy man who resided on it; and there it was fixed they were to meet. The Prince of Norway

arrived at the time agreed on, but his bride had not yet reached the island. Learning shortly afterwards that a ship had arrived at Pol-Ewe, he sent messengers to make enquiries, desiring them as they returned up the lake to hoist a white flag if they were the bearers of good news, but a black one if their news should prove the contrary. On reaching Pol-Ewe they found the Princess had arrived, and they set out with her to conduct her to their master. In sailing up the lake, however, by way of putting their master's love to the test, the messengers hoisted the black flag, at their mast head. The Prince, on seeing this, either died of grief or put an end to his existence. On her arrival the Princess, seeing what had occurred, also died of grief. They were buried close beside each other, and two large stones still mark the site of their graves. These stones have both had figures and characters carved upon them; but these are now quite obliterated and defaced.

Loch Coruisk.

Wilson paints Loch Coruisk in the following graphic sketch: "The dead, dull lake lay beneath; the ruins, as it were, of a former world were scattered on all sides; and above, as far as the eye can pierce through the murky clouds, rose the vast rocky pinnacles, their extreme heights obscured except at intervals, when we could behold the grim and awful giants keeping their eternal watches. There was nothing within the visible diurnal sphere that breathed the breath of life—no sound, nor sight of any moving thing—nothing but dead and stony, seemingly a God-forsaken world. We almost longed, in this cloud-capped thunder-stricken region, to hear the voice of gladsome bird, or even of murmuring bee—but all, so far as regarded living nature, was silent as the grave. Just as we had risen to descend the rocks, there was a great break in the heavens above; a flood of far-flashing light was thrown upon the vast o'erhanging mountains, and into the gloomy gorges by which they were divided, and for a few minutes we could see glittering waterfalls and giant peaks above the wreathed clouds, and small, pure breathing places through the deep, blue sky. This splendour, however, was but of brief duration. Vast streams of misty vapour rolled into the hollows of the upper mountains, and obscured each peak and pinnacle which overhang the deep ravine. The whole scene from first to last exceeded in its sterile grandeur whatever we had previously seen in this, perhaps in any other, country."