

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.

Re-embarking and threading a labyrinth of islands, we skirt the rugged coast of Mull. Near Calloich Point is seen Sunepol House, where the poet Campbell resided as a tutor in his youth, and where he composed his "Exiles of Erin," and much of the "Pleasures of Hope." In his elegy, also written here, he tells us how much his romantic imagination was fed by the

"White wave foaming to the sky. . . .
The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled."

Gliding through the winding and cliff-bordered Sound of Mull, we have on the left hand Ossian's wild country of Morven, a land of mists and mountains, of crag and fell; and on the right, majestic Mull, rising in the lofty peak of Benmore to the height of 3,000 feet. The little hamlet of Tobermory is the capital of the island. If its size cannot command our respect, the blended beauty and grandeur of its surroundings must extort our admiration.

At the entrance to the Sound is "Lady's Rock," visible only at low water. Here Maclean of Duart, whose grim old castle appears on our left, exposed his wife that she might be carried away by the flowing tide. The tragic story is finely told by Joanna Baillie, in one of her poems. We now enter again the land-locked harbor of Oban, and soon experience again, amid the crowded streets of Glasgow, the sharp transition from the romantic associations of the past, and the sublimities of nature, to the eager rush of the present, and the handiwork of man.

FAITH.

FAITH, like the dove her plaintive prayer uplifting,
Soars to my Father's firmament of blue;
Bathed in His light, she sees the vapours rifting,
And breathes to Him her lowly vow anew.