

THE EASTERN COURIER

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

No. 38.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."
 He says that man is mighty,
 He governs land and sea,
 He wields a mighty sceptre,
 O'er lesser powers that be;
 But a power mightier, stronger,
 Man from his throne has hurled.
 For the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."
 Behold the brave commander,
 Staunch mid the carnage stand,
 Behold the colour dying,
 With the gaidons in his hand.
 Have men they be, yet craven,
 When this banner is unfurled.
 "The hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."
 Great statesmen govern nations,
 Kings mould a people's fate,
 But the unseen hand of velvet,
 The ghostly regulate,
 The iron arm of fortune,
 With woman's charm is purled,
 For the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."

IONA, STAFFA, AND PINGAL'S CAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The south-western isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations of any part of Great Britain. The little steamer Iona leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the river Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land which throng its busy port. On the north shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilpatrick, the reputed birth-place of the patron saint of Ireland, according to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Staffa. Satan enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive. If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dunbarton Rock, crowned with its little castle, 550 feet in air. To the left is the port of Greenock, in whose quiet the dust of "Highland Mary" the subject of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the cliffs rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked lake. Crossing Loch Fyne, we enter Crinan Canal, which saves a circuit of seventy miles around the Mull of Cantyre, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and jaggs, we glide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban, a staunch little seaworthy steamer—for the passage is often very rough—conveys one around the rugged island of Mull, calling at Iona's holy Isle, and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill, the Isle of St. Columba's cell—is very small, only two miles and a half in length, by one in breadth, but has earned for long ages the beacon fire of the Christian faith, when pagan darkness enveloped all around.

Among the wild mountains of Donegal, in Ireland, early in the sixth century, was born a child of royal race, destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity to Scotland; and the patron saint of that land, who was superseded by St. Andrew.

This boy was Colum, or Columba, who in his youth had a passion for borrowing from the convent founded by St. Patrick, and copying manuscripts of the Gospel and Psalms. When grown to man's estate, in fulfillment of a vow, he became a missionary to the pagan Picts and Scots. With twelve companions, in skin-covered oster boats, he reached Iona's lonely Isle, amid the surges of the melancholy main. Here he reared his monasteries of wattled huts, his chapel, refectory, cow byres, and grange. The bare ground was their bed, and a stone their pillow. The sea-girl Iona became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the transcription of MSS. copies of the Scriptures.

The pious Culdees, as these missionaries were called, in their frail oster barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda, to the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands; and even to Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic bells, bells, and crosses, have

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 roof will be observed.

cliffs of the rocks along the shore. As it is both difficult and dangerous to procure these nests, they are expensive, and only the wealthy are able to enjoy the soup that is made from them. The Chinese have a yellow-brown complexion, smooth faces, and narrow eyes set obliquely in the head. It is common for the men to shave the greater part of their heads, and to let the remaining hair grow to a great length and hang down behind in a plait, which is called a cue. They wear hats with broad brims turned upwards, and with pointed crowns. The common dress of men, as well as of women, is a wide gown, with large, loose sleeves. In the case of the wealthy, these gowns are made of silk or satin of various colours, but the common people generally wear cotton. Men of different ranks wear different colours, and only persons of the highest rank are allowed to wear yellow. White is the colour for mourning. The public officers, or chief men, are called mandarins. They wear a variety of hats, which are shown by the colour and material of the balls or buttons on their hats. Those of the highest rank wear ruby buttons, those of the third, silver. The women of China are distinguished on the smallness of their feet. From the age of five, female children of the higher ranks have their feet bound and confined in cases of iron to prevent them from growing. By this means the women are bound in having very thin feet, but the results are that they have very thick and clumsy ankles, and that they walk very badly. An other curious custom is that of allowing their finger-nails to grow to a great length. This is done by rich persons in order to show that they are not required to work like the poor.



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BY MARGARET TERRY.

The Chinese are very fond of fish, which abounds in all their rivers, and on their coasts. They have a peculiar way of catching it. They train cormorants—a species of water-bird—to catch the fish and give them up to the boatmen who take charge of the business. It is curious to watch them diving and bringing up fish after fish in their strong bills, which they do with great rapidity.

The Chinese do not use knives and forks. They use instead a pair of little sticks called chop-sticks. They are commonly made of wood, but the finer kinds are made of ivory, mother-of-pearl, and silver. Both sticks are held in one hand, and the Chinese are very clever in the use of them, being able to pick up single particles of rice with the greatest ease. A kind of bird's nest is used for food in China. The bird is a species of swallow, and the nest, which is made of a sticky vegetable substance, is built in the

actors, each one meaning a different thing.

THOSE ASTOUNDING ADVERBS.
 One evening a gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had fallen in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town in a car with a noted wit, whom he described as "amusingly entertaining," and, to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter that had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."
 The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said, "Why, papa, I should think that you were out of your head."
 "Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I am merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labour. It seems to me rather more effective than sweetly sweet. I mean to keep up with the rest of your mother and her 'now,' he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."
 Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.