deep hidden under the waves of the Atlantic, and memories of that antique world hover around the hills and valleys still unsubmerged. There is a long, low mound among the hills not far from Rosses, with a boulder deep sunk in a hollow on the top of it, and the people say that giants of primeval days lie resting there. The place had a curious fascination for us, and one evening, when the sun had passed beyond where the sea and sky grow one, we and two other friends, who were visionaries, walked to the giant's mound, and in the dusk sat there in silence, content with the dim beauty of the world. Then, perhaps a fiery breath broke from the heart of the earth and illuminated things around us, perhaps the sight that looks beyond the visible world awoke within us, for instead of the mound we saw an immense stonebuilt chamber, with steps going down to it and passages leading in many directions. On a couch of marble lay two giant forms, with a beauty that awed us to look upon, and each with a starlike jewel resting on his forehead. A white light shone about them, and at their heads stood another figure, alert, watchful-eyed, as though on guard. Still we looked, and through a passage a crowd of elemental figures rushed into the cavern, and in apparent rage tried to reach the sleeping giants, but in vain, for as the guardian turned his eyes upon them they shrunk away and ceased their efforts to penetrate the. circle of light. The darkness again fell, and we heard a voice warning us to go, but for a minute we lingered, not understanding why we should depart. Then on a hill straight before us a dim light shone, and in that light we perceived a host of beings, seemingly inimical to us, for with gestures of rage they ran down the hill in our direction: We left the solitary grave to their protection then, and walked back to the Greenlands.

The next morning my friend and I bent our steps to the mound again, this time to examine the sunken stone on top, and see if it were movable; but the only result obtained was a sudden exclamation from my friend, and a

quick withdrawal of his hand from the long grass surrounding the stone, with a black beast two or three inches long hanging viciously to the end of one of his fingers. We decided to leave the investigation of that mound until we had something more than hands to lever the stone with, and were half inclined to think the warrior beast was some guarding elemental.

It is difficult to understand such a vision as the preceding. Probably it is a picture of something that actually occurred in past ages, which the memory of the earth has preserved; but the beings who seem to be at enmity with man are certainly real to-day, and I imagine they regard that particular place as their own, and resent the intrusion of man.

One of the chief pleasures of those evenings was to watch the shadows gather round Ben Bulben till it grew quite dark, then gradually flame after flame would appear on the side of the mountain and along the ridge till it seemed as though many fires of varying colours had been lit by unseen hands, and this was a common occurrence and familiar to many people. Sometimes, too-and perhaps it was not born wholly of the imagination, for the ancient gods never die- we would see gigantic figures striding along the top of the mountain with the light curling about them. It is a mysterious place, for on the Donegal side of the hill, sixteen hundred feet up it, there are caves which for centuries the foot of man has not pressed, and one or two, which with great danger may be reached, are immense, extending into the mountain for over a mile.

There are some places where the earth-breath flows so freely that the veil between this world and another grows very thin, and surely Rosses and the surrounding country is one of these places. The presence of invisible beings is sensed in the sudden rapture that falls upon one: the interior stillness for which no cause can be found in oneself. There, on the sands and among the hills that haunted Ben Buben watches, many a youth and maiden, I imagine, has heard and willingly