

THE NEW YEAR.

With blood upon my fingers and upon my brow
a frown,
I wiped my knife and took my way to old
Damascus town.

The saints of God in terror beneath my feet
went down,
I trod on angels on my way to old Damascus
town.

All hell came forth applauding as I went march-
ing down,
To crucify and prosecute in old Damascus
town.

I fell! And God stood o'er me, His hand had
put me down;
To-night they'll wait in vain for me in old
Damascus town.

—R. K. Kernighan.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT ROSSES.

The memory of summer days at Rosses has returned to me. I think of the sunny mornings when my friend and I would go over the Greenlands, and standing upon the thyme-covered ground would look at each other and laugh out of pure delight at the beauty of the world; the gladness of sea and valley and hill, which seemed to laugh back again with us. The hot afternoons, when we would lie hidden in the bent that covered the sand-dunes, contained a gladness too, though quieter than the living joyousness of the morning-time. But the sunsets and shadowy twilights we liked best of all, for then another nature began to live and move, and the rainbow-hued inhabitants of rock and hill and rath came forth in all their loveliness and walked side by side with man, whispering things long forgotten by him into his ears. They spoke of the secrets of earth, and of giant wars that ages aforetime were waged in the air, when Fomors and Dananns fought that last great fight in which the Fomors were vanquished and their might broken for ever. Since that time the Dananns have robbed themselves in the *Faed Fia*, — the Veil of Invisibility— but they move among us still, with their silver-sweet voices luring dreamers away from the earth to a more beautiful world.

The little fishing village of Rosses is only five miles from Sligo, yet there are times when one feels there is only Rosses, encircled as it is by mountains and sea. The inhabitants have a strong belief in the power of both beneficent and maleficent faeries, and sometimes you may see the cows solemnly wandering about the pastures with a piece of red cord or ribbon tied to their tails, and this is to prevent them being "overlooked" by faeries of a malicious mind, for red is symbolical of fire, and of this some classes of faeries are afraid. After dusk, too, in the one winding street that composes Rosses, I do not think there is anyone who would throw water over the threshold, for fear the "good people" might be passing by, and the water should splash them; and still at night in the peasant's cabin a bowl of milk will be left on the dresser, for no one knows when the faeries will pass by, nor whose house they might visit, and it would be an ill deed to show any inhospitality to them. Often in return they do things for the people they visit, and I heard of one old woman down there whose churn is still turned by the "good people."

But it is always the small faeries who do these things, and they are quite distinct from the tall, beautiful beings who invisibly linger among us, and who do not concern themselves with these trivial human matters. Perhaps this latter race is really ourselves, and these radiant forms of light are those we used long ago, but forsook as the ages passed, and our longing for the beautiful decreased; and now, when old memories awaken and our thoughts turn again to this unseen world of beauty, the power of that thought attracts these still existing forms back to us, and our longing becomes embodied once more. This is only a supposition to add to the many other suppositions regarding the nature of the true faeries,—of which, I think, we cannot yet speak with any certitude.

The west of Ireland is peculiarly rich in faery lore and legends of the gods and heroes. It would be strange were it not so, for tradition says it is a fragment of the vast continent that lies