

in this Northern latitude. The road into which we had turned, and which constitutes the Main Street of the village, runs between the hills and the sea, yellow furze bushes, primroses and wild hyacinths lined the road-sides. A magnificent cock pheasant darted over the road and hid himself among the tangled whins and hazel, and farther on a huge Irish hare scampered along the road sending us almost into convulsions of laughter at his grotesque appearance, which so much resembled that of an overgrown boy hopping on his hands and feet. Basking in the sunshine still farther on stood a herd of saucy-looking and pretty little Highland cattle, and when we had thoroughly admired them, old Donald, with great pride, told us that some time before, the famous animal-painter, Rosa Bonheur had come here to select a pair, which she did from a herd of forty, the bright little lady going fearlessly from one to another till satisfied in her object. The car had now stopped at a gate by which we entered, and crossing a park came into full view of the grand old hills that lie around Ben Talla, with his two spires, between which on the summit lies a lake, stood majestic and sublime. Away to the North towers Benmore, one of the highest mountains in Scotland, and at the foot of which the Duke of Argyll has a shooting lodge. We now approached another gate, and entering, passed through a small pretty wood to the door of the old house which nestled at the foot of the hills, its walls covered with ivy and the beautiful scarlet tropicolum. Here we received a real Highland welcome. After partaking of lunch we again sought the glorious air to gaze on the charming scene that lay before our view—Morven, reflected in the glassy sea, with Funery, the birth-place of the distinguished Dr. Norman MacLeod. Here he wrote his "Farewell to Funery" when a mere lad, and on the eve of departure for college, and as we look on this Morven picture we are reminded of the words of the popular West Highland song.

"With pensive steps I've often strolled,  
Where Fingall's castles stood of old,  
And listened while the shepherds told,  
The legend tales of Funery.

I've often paused at close of day,  
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,  
And grieved the sun's departing ray,  
Wandering o'er Dun Funery.

A thousand thousand tender ties,  
Accept this day my plaintive sighs,  
My heart within me almost dies,  
At thought of leaving Funery."

Noble youth, what wonder though it did. What fascination in those hills, that sea, this air that we breathe, the mist crowning the hills, the corrie that leaping and roaring down the mountain side sparkles and flashes in the sun, the rainbows that fitfully arch themselves over sea, or corrie, or burn, and the mountains grand and venerable that take such fast hold of our affections and memories as time cannot efface. With the intention of shewing us a little of the island we were again requested to take our seats in the car, and about a quarter of a mile down the road by which we had come, arrived

at a church now a ruin. Entering it, we were surprised at its size, not being larger than an ordinary bedroom. Nothing remained of its interior excepting two perpendicular stones, supposed to have been brought from the Cathedral at Iona, one of these being a representation of the Virgin and child, on the earthen floor were two or three grave stones of peculiar design, a pair of scissors covering one of these from end to end, and within the church-yard were several more quite as unique. We were told the society of Antiquarians had found this place very interesting. Continuing our drive, with the sea on one side and the hills on the other, the solitariness broken only by the appearance of some lonely shieling or the flight of startled deer, we at length arrived at the pretty house of—whose mistress, a gentlewoman by birth, and a woman of refinement, could not speak English, and whose pastime, like that of other Mull ladies, was "the rock and the reel." Here we received a hearty welcome, and such kindness as we shall not soon forget. And here too, we met some people on whom we looked with considerable interest for the reason that they were the descendants of that MacLean, who when poor hunted Prince Charlie was hiding in the Ardnamurchan hills invited him to come to Mull, or as the Jacobite song goes—

"Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
Charlie,  
Come o'er the stream Charlie and dine wi' MacLean"  
the stream being the sound of Mull.

The third person was one of considerable interest to the present generation now living in Mull, being no less a person than Dr.—a man of great intelligence, an authority in traditional lore as well as in the genealogy of the most renowned families of the North. Reluctantly we bade adieu to these delightful people, and took the same road back by which we had come. The brilliant sunset was now followed by the gloamin' that "witching hour" and as we returned by the old church the moon just rising threw a shimmering sheet of silver upon the bosom of the sea. The effect was fairy-like and we thought of Burn's exquisite simile.

"As in the bosom of the stream  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So, trembling, pure, was tender love  
Within the breast of bonnie Jean."

And while the enchantment of the scene still lingered in our thoughts the car drew up at the gate of—once more. The children, three as pretty sprites as ever graced a London drawing-room, with their brother a fine type of the young Highlander, came out to welcome us, and offering their assistance till assured we were thoroughly comfortable. The evening was spent very pleasantly, each of the children singing a pretty gaelic air, then followed English and Scotch songs, when we retired for the night. As morning dawned a very pertinacious cuckoo perched himself near our window and we found it impossible, from his constant reiterations, to longer play the sluggard. So with pleasant recollections of what we had already enjoyed

brightening us for the day, we resolved to lose not a moment of the time which still remained. We found the children already gambling on the springy heather that covered the braes, their little hands grasping as huge bouquets of primroses as they could manage to hold, which we were begged to accept, along with a sheep and a lamb which each possessed, and which they said were their "fery, own." Ascending the hill a short distance we turned to look at the view that lay before us, and met the glorious mountain breeze; saw again the land of Ossian with the tranquil sea at its foot; heard ascending from the small wood that encircled the house such sounds as can only be heard in this land, where all nature seems poetic. We listened, unwilling to lose one melodious note, and when all was silent realized with inexpressible delight we—

"Had heard the Mavis singing,  
His love song to the morn."

Nor shall we soon forget the ecstasy of the moment. Through the dewy grass we strolled down to the shore, quaffing huge draughts of the life-giving air, that like laughing gas made us merry in spite of ourselves. A lark rising from his humble couch soared upwards carolling his *matin* song, carrying his glorious melody straight to Heaven's gate. What rapture in his song! what gratitude to his Creator. In a very selfish spirit we looked on the beautiful solitary beach that promised such quiet enjoyment and freedom from restraint, when the conventionalities of society have become irksome. Wave after wave flowed in rippling and murmuring and broke with petulance at our feet, until we felt it was some living thing, and reproved it for its audacity. To satisfy the children we carried away a wealth of glistening shells pebbles and sea-weed, which I am afraid never left the island. We bade adieu to our kind friends to whom we felt very grateful for the great pleasure they had given us, and took the steamer back again, promising ourselves some more sight-seeing on this pretty island.

In thocht I see thy bonnie streams,  
Thy mist-crowned mountains rainbowed o'er,  
While mirrored deep in Mullach's sound,  
All silent lies fair Morben's shore.

Where ever-changing rapturous scenes,  
Fill eye and heart with revel gay,  
And deepest awe the soul inspires,  
As sun and storm their sceptres sway.

Where birds with poet-heart and eye,  
And voice enchanting seek a home,  
Tune their wild notes in ecstasy,  
For thou fair land, sweet Nature's throne.

Sing not to me of Southern skies,  
So cloudless blue yet so estranged,  
The clouds that kiss the mountain-tops  
I love—nor ever wish them changed.

The land whose swelling bosom holds,  
Heaven's trailing curtains as they fall,  
Must be than other lands more blest,  
Must yet be dearer than them all.

Though Uttawa's tide run wide and deep,  
And skies expand their fairest blue,  
Nature in rarest hues should deck,  
Still, still to thee I'll e'er be true.

H. C.

TORONTO, May, 1885.