

memory, who always crops up as if by magic at the elbow of manager or partner, and whose every feature seems to express, "Can I do anything?" "Is there anything you want to know?" To him will come promotion and a fair position in life. But to the man of all-round parts and culture it must be said of a bank, "Pray you avoid it." The work will be found monotonous beyond all description, and his painfully acquired knowledge will be useless. He will probably be both thin-skinned and diffident, and will stand no chance with the irrepressible, bustling man of busi-

ness. He will be in danger of vegetating in the bank, following some pursuit in an amateur sort of way, that properly conducted might have led "on to fortune," and he will hesitate to make a move in life because of the certainty of his income. He will only awake to the importance of change when it is too late, and he can neither afford nor risk a new venture, and will make his moan at the end of a wasted life like one who was at once an indifferent clerk and a great genius—"I had grown to my desk as it were, and the wood had entered into my soul." B. C.

## TREASURES.

I.  
**A** MAIDEN sitting at the close of day  
 Within the shadow of a rose-wreathed bower,  
 Deep-brooding o'er a soul that's passed away,  
 While fall her tears upon a faded flower—  
 That sweet forget-me-not, thrice precious now,  
 Since Death has set his seal upon the giver's brow!

Yet though the floweret now has lost its blue,  
 Though dull and dead are its once-lustrous eyes,  
 It gives the maid a peace she never knew—  
 Not even when 'twas pluck'd 'neath summer skies:  
 It leads her from the darkness of the tomb  
 To him in that bright land where flowers are 'aye in bloom.

II.  
 A mother gazing on a curl of gold,  
 Or on two little shoes of brightest pink,  
 Which tell her of the time she did enfold  
 Close in her breast—her heart about to sink—  
 Her blue-eyed boy the angels claimed one night:  
 The Lord had need of him where all is love and light.

But soon the fond one sees in her despair  
 That in His love and wisdom God hath riven  
 Her boy from her; and that the golden hair  
 She treasures is her angel-child's in heaven;  
 And that the little feet those shoes once shod  
 Are bound now with the sandals of the love of God.

III.  
 An aged man with waving, silver'd hair—  
 A rosy child asleep upon his knee—  
 Breathing with peace-thron'd smile a tender prayer,  
 Then wrapt in some ecstatic reverie.  
 A precious casket of the bygone years  
 Within his hand; and wan leaves wet with sacred tears.

The child is all-unconscious as he sleeps  
 That he's a link in that great golden chain  
 Which joins each blessed one who vigil keeps  
 Around his grandsire, in the heavenly train.  
 The old man knows not what his life might be  
 But for those treasures and that child upon his knee.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

## OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY IN DONEGAL.



HAVING laid by a small sum for travelling purposes, we prepared to take a three weeks' holiday, and my husband asked me where I should like to go.

Many things had to be taken

into consideration—the slenderness of our purse, the shortness of our time, and Mr. Sinclair's rival passions for sketching and fishing.

"Let us go to my native county, Donegal," I replied. "You can have salmon-fishing at Gweedore, and in the Lennan; trout abound in the lakes near Ramelton and at Gartan; and when you tire of fishing, you can

paint. I know districts, and not the least charming parts of the county, where living is cheap. What do you say to chickens from fourpence to sixpence apiece; ducks, tenpence each; butter, eightpence or a shilling per pound; and eggs, eightpence a dozen? Mutton is excellent, and always to be procured; and as to bacon, and oaten-cake—"

"There speaks the anxious, careful housewife, who has had to count her halfpence for the last three years," interrupted Mr. Sinclair.

"Take your fishing-rod, your new sketch-book and colour-box: let us send Mary home, and start upon our travels on Monday."

"What will you do while I sketch or fish, Lucy? Don't say, 'Read,' because I do not mean to take more books than I can help. We have both read too much during the past eleven months."

"I shall not wish to read, I assure you. My eyes will be well employed while vast panoramas of lake, bog, and mountain pass before them; and to regale my ears there will be the bleating of the snipe, the



"SHEELAH" (p. 430).

excellence of his past life." Mr. Sinclair had been working very hard in a poor parish in Manchester, and had had no time for any relaxation. He required

wild call of curlew and plover, and—more musical to me than either of these—the drawling accents of my country-people."

"Agreed, then, that we set out for the wilds of Donegal on Monday. I shall paint or fish, and listen to you, for I know you will accost every one we meet, and charm from each the incident *par*

to Letterkenny, on the van, a long outside car, drawn by two horses, with four people on each side, two upon the driver's seat, and a mountain of luggage on the well.

The country was not very interesting until we approached Letterkenny, except for the good farming of the level country at either side of the high-road, and the snug farmhouses that told of comfort and progress; but when Lough Swilly, or the Lake of Shadows, came in sight, my artist-husband roused himself, and began to look around with real pleasure.

Lough Swilly narrowed at that point, and we plainly saw country-houses embosomed in fine trees, with here and there a ruined abbey upon the hills across the water; and very lovely were all the shadows in the evening light. Little fleets of fishing-boats, and coal-barges, whose coarse, dark sails were beautified by the sunset, stood out at sea, and showed against the far-off pale mountains.

"I am feeling for my pencil already," said Mr. Sinclair, becoming animated.

We spent the night at a clean, comfortable inn, where all the good and cheap fare I had described was offered us; and early next day drove out towards Gartan, which lies among the mountains, nine miles beyond Letterkenny.

"It is a savage country, Lucy. The distant mountains are fine, but one wearies of such tracts of bog



"IS THE DISTANCE AIRY ENOUGH?" (p. 430).

total change of scene, complete idleness for the mind, and plenty of bracing mountain air for the body.

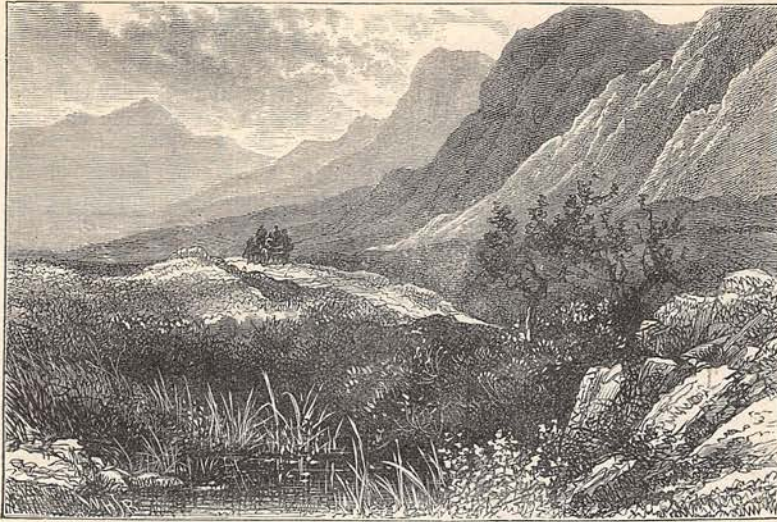
We spoke little during our drive from Londonderry

and heather. Where are the fairy-like scenes you promised me?"

"Do you see that little church, with the short square

tower, standing up against the sky, in the midst of a handful of houses? That is Churchill, and I do not

that we should cast in our lot with the pilgrims, Mr. Sinclair declaring that the longest day would be too short, amid such beauty, to decide upon a site for his sketch. When he had made his way to the old church, had inspected the ruin, and copied the rude, hallowed stone, said to have been the font from which St. Columba baptised his converts, and which is, the devotees say, always kept miraculously filled with water, he turned to gaze at the vast panorama stretched before him.



"WE DROVE SEVEN MILES THROUGH TRACTS OF BOG AND MOUNTAIN" (p. 430).

want you to admire it, for it is the ugliest spot I know ; but wait until we drive through it, and down the hill at the other side." The village stood on a very steep hill: the road descended for a mile, more than half-way bordered on one side by the tall larch and fir trees of Lough Veigh plantation, which filled the air with resinous scents. As startled rabbits scurried off and pheasants flew along the aisles of fir-lobes, we paused to look at the view.

Gartan Lake, a sheet of water three or four miles in length, and in some parts more than half a mile in breadth, lay stretched out at the foot of the mountain-range. At the end nearest us was the rectory, on a wooded point of land running into the Lough ; Lough-na-Callin, and Lough Inchin, two smaller lakes, where excellent trout are to be found, lying behind, and to the right of the glebe-lands, thus giving the rectory, in its pleasure-ground, the appearance of an island. Behind rose the mountains row after row, the nearest glowing crimson with blossoming heather, those further off a full purple, and the most distant appearing like smoke-coloured phantoms against the sky. Muckish, or the Pig's Back, and Errigal, a cone-shaped mountain, said to be the last point of Irish land seen by emigrants from the north, were the most remarkable of the row.

"Do you see the ruins yonder, on the side of the hill above that little lake to the right?" That is Columbkil, one of the many churches in the north of Ireland said to have been founded by St. Columba. The view from thence is still finer than this. The Roman Catholics flock to the grave-yard from all parts of Donegal, to journey upon their knees round and round a great heap of stones, which indeed has been raised by the pilgrims, and is constantly being added to, for after each circuit and each prayer the devotee throws a little pebble on the heap."

It was agreed that the car should be dismissed, and

tain, in fastnesses hitherto undiscovered by the police, all formed a scene of unexampled beauty.



"AT THE TOP OF THE TOWER" (p. 430).

Loth to tear himself away, Mr. Sinclair proposed that we should seek a lodging for the night in some farmhouse. But while he spoke, the rector of the parish, whose pretty home we had been admiring, came forward, and cordially invited us to stay with him. He had been visiting a sick parishioner near the old church, and had observed us and decided at once that we were tourists.

It is pleasant to recall those happy days. We were hospitably entertained by our kind host, and his sons and daughters, and were given much interesting information about the parish and its inhabitants.

The bulk of the population was Roman Catholic—the Church-people and Presbyterians being a mere handful. But they were the large farmers, the people of substance and education, the aristocracy, if I may be permitted the term, of the parish.

The Roman Catholics were very poor, and until of late years had been badly taught as well as fed. But secular education is now within the reach of all, and as for the other learning, the good rector shook his head, and said rather sorrowfully that he was powerless to impart it to them.

We remained for some days in the neighbourhood, and saw that he was looked upon as a friend and adviser by all classes; consulted in any worldly difficulty by the Roman Catholics, as readily as by his own flock, and much more freely applied to by them for alms.

"You have not seen St. Columba's birthplace," said one of the young ladies, on the second day of our visit.

We reached a flat rock upon the hill-side, and were informed that we stood upon the very spot where the saint had first seen the light.

"Do you know," said my companion, "that people who are about to emigrate, come here to try to snatch a few minutes' sleep on this stone. Their superstition is that if they sleep upon St. Columba's birthplace, they will never suffer from home-sickness—'think no long,' as they express it."

"Rather a pretty fancy—do they really try to sleep here?"

"Really! Ask Sheelahmore," she continued, as a very tall woman appeared in the doorway of a cabin a little above the stone.

"The lady wants to know if you ever see people sleeping here, Sheelah?"

"Troth, do I; a big whean o' them has been sleepin' there this summer. They come here nearly the last thing before they go on board, for if they can get a wee sleep on the stone, they'll think no long when they're awa'."

"Did you ever hear any one who had slept here say he thought no long?"

"Ay, surely. There was my mother's sister's husband wrote home that he never thought a minute o' long frae the time he went on board the ship at Derry quay."

"I do not wonder, then, that you have many visitors at Gartan."

Sheelah's dwelling was one of the largest and best

on the hill-side. She and her husband, Shemusmore, or Big James, were described by their neighbours as people who lived "hot and full"—*i.e.*, rich and well-to-do.

Their house consisted of two apartments, the kitchen and "the room," where stood the bed with its grimy covering, and the press holding their Sunday clothes.

We strolled back to the place where my husband was sketching.

"What do you think of this, Lucy? Is the distance airy enough?" he asked, exhibiting his drawing-book.

Possessing no accomplishments of my own, my principal use in the world is to admire and encourage him. No painting satisfies him until I have expressed my approval; and, indeed, no sermon either; but this last fact I manage to conceal even from himself. So great is my modesty that he is really unaware how many of my suggestions he adopts.

"The young men are trying to persuade me to go to fish with them. Shall I go?" he asked.

"We killed white trout weighing three and four pounds in Lough Braddin yesterday," interposed they.

Mr. Sinclair looked lovingly at the sketch: he was fond of drawing, but equally fond of fishing. My advice was needed to turn the scale.

I bethought me of his dear eyes which had laboured for eleven months in drawing out of the Sacred Treasury "things new and old," and decided that rest would be very good for them; so I begged him to accept his young friends' invitation.

"You may fish to-day," said the rector, "but you must give me to-morrow. I intend to take you to see Glenveigh, the most beautiful spot in the whole county."

We drove seven miles through tracts of bog and mountain to Glenveigh, whose surpassing beauty struck us the more from its contrast with surrounding desolation. The lake, four miles in length, lay in the midst of mountains, which rose at either side, becoming almost perpendicular near the upper end.

We left the car at the Police Barrack at the entrance to Glenveigh, and walked along a road to the left, pausing sometimes to look at bright green forests of the Osmunda, or royal fern, or a clump of yew and holly; then across the Lough, at the mountains gradually increasing in height as we advanced further, till towards the upper end they appeared sheer precipices, as if sliced down to the water by a giant hand.

Half-way between the Barrack and the head of the Lough was the Castle, a picturesque object in the view, with its lofty turreted tower.

The landlord, who spends only a part of each summer there, permits our host to fish in the Lough, and to rest at the Castle whenever he pleases; accordingly Mr. Sinclair and the young men embarked below the Castle, and fished industriously for a couple of hours—a number of good-sized trout rewarding their toil.

We mounted up to the top of the tower, and my eye swept over the grand, bare precipices to the right, on the most inaccessible of which the golden eagle, season after season, rears her wild brood; then turned

with pleasure to the more gradually swelling mountains on the left, which are clothed with natural wood almost to their summits. Holly, yew, birch, and oak seemed to be the principal trees.

"You should see Glieveigh late in autumn, Mrs. Sinclair, when the hollies and yews are scarlet with berries, and the birch and larch are golden," said my companion.

"We shall be hard at work by that time," I replied, and looked for the boat, which seemed a mere speck from the great height at which I stood, and hoped my husband was enjoying his holiday to the utmost.

"The Castle was burnt to the ground a few years ago. It was one winter's night, and only the caretakers, an old man and his wife, were here, so nothing could be done to save it. The old man hurried, as fast as his tottering limbs could carry him, to the Barracks to give the alarm; but by the time the police reached the Castle, the fire was dying down. The frightened woman was the only spectator of the scene, which must have been extremely grand and awful."

"Was it supposed to have been set fire to by accident?"

"Most people think so now," replied the rector, "but there were conflicting opinions at the time. The Castle was soon rebuilt."

We walked on to the head of the lake, the path getting wider and more beautiful at every step. Great rocks covered with moss, and here and there, in some particularly damp spot, with *Hymenophyllum*, a rare species of fern, which much resembles moss, lay among the trees. The dark yews and glossy hollies gave a sombre character to the wood, now so dense on either hand that we only caught a glimpse of the water here and there. We were approaching the shooting-lodge at the head of the lake, inhabited for a short time each year by gentlemen who rent part of the shooting on the estate.

A drive of seventeen miles from Gartan brought us to Fannet; but from the time we reached Milford, I do not think that either of us thought of distance or fatigue.

The mountain-road hung over Mulroy, winding in and out, up and down, making sharp and unexpected turns. To our left was the Lough, dotted with green islands, and fair, sloping hills beyond; to our right a vast wall of mountain, whose blossoming heather filled the air with perfume.

"Seals used to bask upon those islands, but they must have become scarce of late years, for I am told they now rarely appear in Mulroy. Do you see the multitudes of sheep on the islands, and all over the mountains? A proof that we need not starve in Fannet."

We went on to the broad Atlantic, whose booming surges fell on the ear like distant thunder, and drew us further and further to meet them, for there was no feeling of fatigue in that buoyant sea and mountain air.

It was after sunset when we arrived at the farmhouse where we had been advised to lodge. A sitting-room was placed our disposal, with two very tiny clean bed-rooms opening off it. Our table was speedily covered with a snowy cloth, and with delicious butter and cream, good bread, and bacon and eggs delicately fried, we made a comfortable supper.

Our next trip was across the country to visit Ballymastrocker Bay, an inlet of Lough Swilly, considered by many people finer than Mulroy. It is undoubtedly much grander. The bay is bounded at one end by the frowning mountain range of Knockalla, at the other by most picturesque rocks and caves, of which the Seven Arches are the finest, and are visited during the summer by sight-seers from all parts of Ireland. They are equally beautiful when the sea thunders through the arches and when the tide is out.

I must not forget a very pleasant little adventure of mine—an interview with a charming old lady, whom I encountered on the banks of Mulroy, between the glebe-house and Crohan, as I was wandering about while my husband sketched. She had, it seemed, been told of our arrival at Kindrum, and addressing me by name, invited me, in the hospitable manner of the country, to return home with her and take tea.

From the door of Crohan I saw Mulroy in another aspect. Just below was the chapel I had so much admired; and across the water, here free from islands, were the mountains of Muckish and Errigal, pale blue in the distance.

My hostess was pleased with my enthusiastic praise of Fannet. "Did you go to Ballymastrocker?" she asked, "and which side do you prefer?" "Did you call at Greenfort?" was the next question.

"Greenfort? Oh, you mean that very pretty place lying near the sea, yet so snugly sheltered by trees? We admired it very much in the midst of its sunny slopes; but we should not have dreamt of calling there."

"Indeed you ought to have called," she responded. "They are very nice, kind people, and they would probably have entertained you."

"But they know nothing about us, and how do *you* know that we are respectable people?" I could not help asking.

"I heard that Mr. Sinclair was a clergyman," she replied.

The hospitality of the clergy and gentry in most parts of Donegal is really surprising, and only partly to be explained by their scarcity of neighbours.

We said good-bye to our kind friend with much regret, for we were obliged to return to smoky Manchester.

The sketches on our walls remind us of her hospitable home on the banks of Mulroy. Mr. Sinclair has finished several paintings, which beautify and enliven our little drawing-room; and he was so much pleased with his sojourn in Donegal that he intends, if spared until next summer, to explore the county from Stranorlar to Killybegs.

