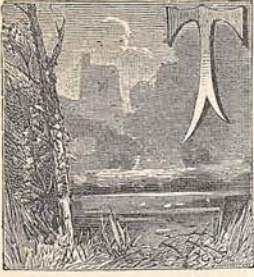


THE ROAD TO THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.



HE morning is grey, and there is even an indication of misty rain; but, though up betimes, there is no need to start early, as the second car does not go till eleven, and by that time we may guess pretty well what the day will be like. So there is an hour or so to see something of the

place, and if one can secure the car-proprietor's little Norwegian trap for the purpose, so much the better. There is not much, however, to be seen in Larne itself, though its situation is attractive, with the long Curran running out picturesquely as if to meet the more massive outline of Island Magee.

At eleven the cars start from the main street, and we soon get on to the coast-road and leave the town behind us. The rain has cleared off, and the day promises to be fine, and all the pleasanter for not being too bright and sunny. On the left rises the high rocky coast-line; on the right stretches the broad expanse of sea, the waves breaking gently on the shore just below. Some distance out the "Maidens" show prominently, and if you look beyond them you may see the morning boat crossing from Stranraer. There is nothing to interrupt the sea-view or to break the full freshness of the sea-breeze.

And now Ballygawley Head comes out boldly, and as we take the turn round its base, there lie below us, on a small rock immediately beneath the headland and close to the shore, the remains of an old fort—O'Halloran's Castle, the driver will tell you, named after an insurgent chief of whom they are rather fond about here, but of whose exploits more is to be learnt from a tale bearing his name than from historical fact. The eye is next attracted by another building which stands in the recess of the bay—a square tower, evidently of ancient date, but modernised by having been recently whitewashed. The white of its walls contrasts with its dark brownish, slate-coloured roof, while little turrets at the corners, and small slits in the thick walls, give it an old feudal aspect. This, too, is said to have had some connection with O'Halloran, but when the driver bestows on it the title of O'Halloran's Permanent Castle, one's faith begins to waver, and one feels inclined to look upon that worthy as a convenient myth.

This is Glenarm Head which comes down so grandly in front. Here great white boulders lie scattered along by the water's edge, and the smaller rocks and stones are covered with a beautifully deep bright green seaweed in thick masses. Notice the natural arch formed by some of these boulders and called the Madman's Window, through which the peep of sea is very charming. Round the headland we come into the beautiful, quiet little bay of Glenarm. The church-spire rises up among the trees which

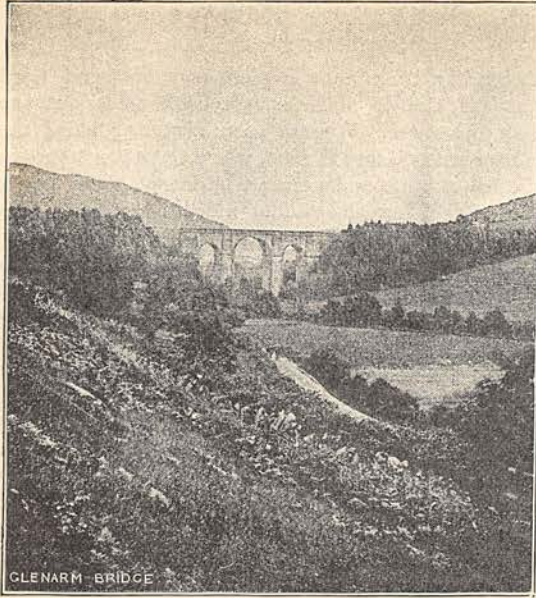
stretch far back up the glen and surround Lord Antrim's Castle, which stands back some distance from the shore. We are soon clattering along the narrow street before the inn, where there is a stoppage of a few minutes and a change of horses. This is the first of the four stages into which the journey conveniently divides itself.

The next stage is some thirteen or fourteen miles to Cushendall. The road on leaving Glenarm runs out round the small bay to Garron Point, the next headland, passing through the neat little village of Carnlough. Here, as we near the headland, a smaller rock stands out from the great cliff itself, "half in sea, and high on land, a crown of towers," which in the distance looks less like a modern dwelling than some old castle of romance. Garron Towers is eminently a place round which to weave old-world fancies. The rock on which it is built is thickly wooded to its summit. Stretching up behind it the cliffs are also thickly wooded, and in the midst of the trees rise up the towers and battlements of dark iron-grey. A fine battlemented wall runs along the sea front of the castle. Our road lies below it, on the edge of the rocks that jut down to the sea. A little further on the headlands take all manner of strange shapes. One great rock back from the road presents the exact form of an ancient castle, the towers and battlements along its summit rivalling those of Garron Towers. A road winds up the slope, and at its entrance stands a great block of stone, which at a distance looks like a giant statue roughly blocked and left unfinished. The driver will stop at the turn for you to peruse a lengthy inscription placed on a great slab of white rock by the late Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, to commemorate "England's love and Ireland's gratitude," the reference being to the help rendered to the Irish during the famine of 1845-7.

And now Red Bay opens out before us; and yonder on the further side a small conical hill marks the vicinity of Cushendall. From the inner part of the bay runs back the Vale of Glenariff, "the valley of caverns," a wild glimpse of hill rising behind hill, a little mist hanging over it adding to its barren and desolate character. A beautiful river comes down from the glen to the sea, and crossing the bridge which spans it we pass through the little village of Waterfoot, and then turn inland to where Cushendall lies under the shelter of high hills, a great hill with some unpronounceable Irish name rising up opposite, and a lovely stream running along down in the valley.

It is three o'clock, and we draw up before one of the pleasantest, most comfortable-looking of hotels, fitly called the "Glens of Antrim," where a halt of half an hour or more is made for dinner. This unromantic but necessary episode is soon over, and, changing vehicles, we are off once more on a sixteen-mile drive to Ballycastle, our next stage.

If the road ever since leaving Larne has been more or less grand and striking, the first five or six miles



GLENARM BRIDGE

from Cushendall are perhaps the most exquisitely beautiful in the whole journey. For we go inland, with the lovely stream down on our left rushing along under the shade of great trees, gurgling over blocks of stone, laughing along when a ray of the sunlight that is trying to prevail catches its clear surface; and beyond there are great hills tossed together as it were in chaotic masses, some towering up bold and solitary, others rising more gradually and forming a kind of range; while on the right the country opens out again, sloping away to seaward. This is Glen Dun, and we go along the side of a great rounded hill, while deep in the valley below rushes the rapid, foaming Glen Dun river; and away beyond, and gradually getting rather behind us, stretches the open country to Cushendun, that little white village lying two or three miles away, with a peep of the hazy blue sea beyond.

But there are great hills rising opposite to us now, the river runs in a narrow defile, while trees above trees clothe its steep sides. Then we turn and cross the valley by a three-arched bridge eighty feet high, both ends hidden in a block of dark trees. Here the view down the glen, widening out towards Cushendun on the left, and the hills by Cushendall on the right, is very fine. So is the view up the glen through the trees, the river still in the midst, and hill stretching away behind till lost in the haze that still veils the distant view. We turn back after crossing the glen, and wind slowly up the mountain—Kerry or Carry Mountain, it is called—which is finely wooded down to the river. Presently we get a wilder glimpse—a little mountain brooklet with great boulders and stones along its bed, and heather all in its first flush of purple and pink blossom. Then away across the wildest country we have yet come through in our journey.

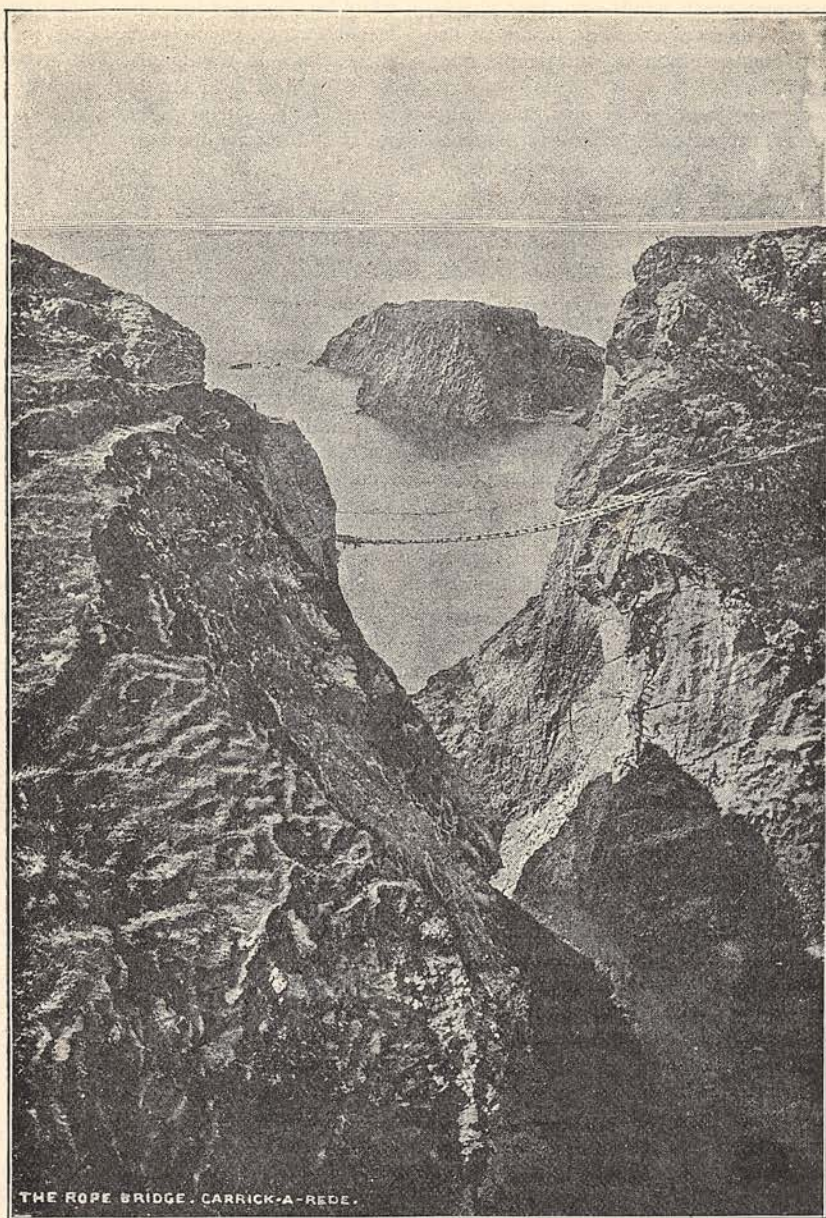
Great stretches of heather and peat land, and a road visible far ahead, often to be traversed slowly and carefully, with steep and difficult parts, and here and there a bridge to be crossed, each having its distinctive name carved on the parapet wall.

We leave the higher hills behind us now. There is neither tree nor house to be seen, only peat-heaps here and there, marking where people have been. After a few miles we come to greener country, with hills sloping one past another in a singular rounded way, great rounded masses of smooth green, and here and there peat-heaps, with perhaps a group of five or six people, looking like a whole family, busy cutting, a cart standing close by, and generally a dog sitting watching. Then, especially to the right, a few scattered farmhouses begin to show themselves—the most solitary-looking little places imaginable—then little green gorges away in the midst of the smoother stretch of ground, with perhaps half a dozen houses clustering on the top and down the sides, a few trees round them, and little winding cart-roads leading away to them from the main road: curious little lonely communities in the wild-looking waste. The nearer farmhouses have each their peat-heap beside them, and one or two cultivated fields adjoining—principally potatoes.

Presently we have nearly reached the northern extremity of Antrim, and our road turns more towards our left, while in front rises the great round mountain of Knocklayd, 2,500 feet above sea-level, looming weirdly through the faint haze. That solitary, turreted house standing opposite to it, on the other side of the open stretch of wild country, is Lord Antrim's shooting box. We come now to Glen Shesk, not so wild as the country we have just passed through, nor yet possessing the distinctive beauty of Glen Dun. Some parts of it are very pretty, however—a river running up it, and farmhouses and flax-fields among the scattered trees. Flax-holes, too, with their disagreeable odours. We are going westward, and presently can get a peep of Fairhead over to the right, but very misty. This is the northernmost point; and so away into Ballycastle, a comfortable-looking little town, where a halt is made for tea. There is an open space before the hotel, and



GLENARM, CO. ANTRIM



THE ROPE BRIDGE. CARRICK-A-REDE.

in the centre of it a small booth attracts attention by its quaint inscription, "Temple of Mirth."

It is nearly seven when we start on the last thirteen miles of our journey. It is still hazy, and now getting gradually dusk. The moon, nearly full, is rising above the shadowy grey-blue mass of Knocklayd into a clear, darkening sky. In front of us the sun is going down in a grey bank of haze, itself an orange-red with just a few streaks of quickly-fading colour round it.

It is a rough, heavy road, and rendered more so by recent rains. We keep pretty near the coast, and are

not far here from the rock of Carrick-a-rede, with its noted rope-bridge, but the road keeps too far inland for it to be visible. Just the dim outline of Rathlin Island is to be seen through the greyish haze, and presently Bengore Head away in front, jutting out dimly into the white misty sea.

Whitepark Strand, says the driver, runs out there below us to the right, and there is Dunseverick Castle down by the shore, but it is too dusk to see anything definite. Presently we pass the tower of Dunseverick Church, at the extremity of the parish of that name. Close by are some real Irish cabins—long, low hovels,

with thatched roofs, bound tightly down with ropes on account of the strong north winds—no door visible, but through the open doorway the blaze of a peat fire revealing a weird, confused interior, with people lying about the hearth.

The moon is getting more power now, and we go across open country, till presently, after a turn to sea-

ward, the end of our journey looms in sight—a dim white building standing on a sloping green height away in front of us, which we hear, not without feelings of satisfaction, is the hotel. We are soon driving up to its hospitable door, and alighting there amid a clatter of passengers, guides, and servants, our sixty miles by the coast-road are completed.* R. W. R.

HOW SHE SAVED HIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WAYWARD WARD," ETC.

I.



HERE are some questions which the human heart insists on asking, in spite of its own conviction that no clear and decisive answer is possible. They may concern great matters or small ones—problems wide as time or narrow as the confines of some personal ambition. Beating in upon the vexed brain with a harassing pertinacity which sometimes defies even disciplined resistance, they are in any case ruthless and effectual destroyers of their victim's peace.

Isabel Keene was wrestling with a veritable army of these troublesome intruders. Was she glad or sorry that she had invited Winnifred Thornham to Nortford this summer? Had she the smallest legitimate ground of surprise that Winnie's shy, fairy-like beauty had captivated the master of "The Limes"? Had she—Isabel Keene—misread the young man's manner, the admiration of his glance, the studied deference vibrating like a deeper chord of truth through the mockery of his most careless address? Was her present disquietude of spirit a testimony to the fact that she had bestowed her love on one who asked it not?

The last suggestion inflicted the keenest pang of all. It brought the hot flush of affronted maidenly pride to her cheeks, and caused her fingers positively to stay in the dreamy execution of the nocturne she was practising on the drawing-room pianoforte.

"Bell, dear!"

The girl started. She had been so absorbed in her own sombre reflections as to forget the presence of her mother in the apartment. She closed the instrument with a characteristic little jerk of impatience and self-reproach, and drew the music-stool closer to Mrs. Keene's feet.

"Yes, mamma!" she said.

"I was wondering, dear, if you had noticed how finely Cuthbert Leicester and Winnie have grown of late."

Her face was averted, and her mother could not read its expression of dismay and pain; but despite all effort a tell-tale huskiness crept into her voice as she answered—

"One cannot help observing that. And I suppose it is very natural; Winnie is very pretty, and Mr. Leicester—"

There was a tiny gasp, a dubious sigh, and Isabel could not trust herself to finish the sentence.

"Cuthbert is impressionable, you would say. But I used to think, Bell, that it was somebody else he cared for. I hope he is not fickle. Cuthbert is a good match, and can scarcely fail to be aware that he is considered so. The influence of such an assurance may not be altogether wholesome on a young man who has no real, honest life-work to absorb his attention. And our visitor is, to some extent, in our charge, we must remember."

A wan smile, like the glimmer of hesitant winter sunshine, flitted across Isabel's countenance.

"It may be too late to establish a protectorate," she said.

The conversation at this moment—and greatly to the last speaker's relief—was interrupted by the entry of the young lady whose present and prospective welfare was under discussion.

Isabel Keene and Winnifred Thornham presented in appearance a striking contrast. Each was beautiful; but this loveliness of feature and of form was of an exceedingly diverse type. The daughter of the late Rector of Nortford was tall and fair, with clear-cut oval features, the thoroughly English complexion of white roses and red, lustrous grey-blue eyes—wells of liquid light—and rippling blond hair. Winnifred

* The illustrations to this article are from photographs by Mr. William Lawrence, Dublin.