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THE ALPINE PATH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

worried because I heard that it might be too rough to stop at Staffa, and I wanted so badly to see Fingal's Cave. But now I did not care in the least for Fingal's Cave, or for any other earthly thing. For the first time in my life I was horribly seasick.

"The steamer did stop at Staffa, however, and two boat-loads went ashore. I let them go. What cared I? The waves would not have daunted me, the pouring rain would not have appalled me, but seasickness!

"However, the steamer was now still and I began to feel better. By the time the boats came back for the second load I was quite well and once more it seemed a thing of first importance to see Fingal's Cave. I joyfully scrambled down into the boat and was rowed ashore with the others to the Clamshell cave. From there we had to scramble over what seemed an interminably long distance—but really I suppose it was no more than a quarter of a mile—over the wet, slippery, basalt columns that fringe the shore, hanging in the worst places to a rope strung along the surface of the cliff. Owing to my much scrambling over the rocks of Cavendish shore in early life, I got on very well and even extorted a compliment from the dour guide; but some of the tourists slipped to an alarming degree. Never shall I forget the yelps and sprawls of the old Frenchman aforesaid.

SEEING FINGAL'S CAVE

"NOBODY fell off, however, and eventually we found ourselves in Fingal's Cave, and felt repaid for all our exertions.

"Tis a most wonderful and majestic place, like an immense Gothic cathedral. It is hard to believe that it could have been fashioned merely by a freak of nature. I think every one there felt awed; even those irrepressible French tourists were silent for a little time. As I stood there and listened to the deep, solemn echo of the waves the memory of a verse of Scripture came to me "He inhabiteth the halls of eternity." And it seemed to me that I stood in very truth in a temple of the Almighty that had not been builded by hands.

"We went on to Iona and landed there for a brief, hurried, scrambling exploration. Iona is interesting as the scene of St. Columba's ministry. His ancient cathedral is still there. Of greater interest to me was the burial place of the earliest Scottish kings, about sixty of them, it is said, finishing with that Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth. They were buried very simply, those warriors of ancient days. There they lie, in their island cemetery, beneath the gray sky. Neither "storied urn nor animated bust" mark their resting place. Each grave is covered simply by a slab of worn, carved stone. But they sleep none the less soundly for that, lulled by the eternal murmur of the waves around them.

"I would have liked to have spent several days in Iona, prowling by myself around its haunted ruins and getting acquainted with its quaint inhabitants. There is really little pleasure in a hurried scramble around such places, in the midst of a chattering, exclaiming mob of tourists. For me, at least, solitude is necessary to real enjoyment of such places. I must be alone, or with a few 'kindred souls' before I can dream and muse, and bring back to life the men and women who once dwelt there and made the places famous.

WELCOME LETTERS FROM HOME

WE returned to Glasgow yesterday by water and were gluttoned with scenery. I was very tired when we reached our hotel. But weariness fell away from me when I found letters from home. How good they tasted in a foreign land! They bridged the gulf of ocean, and I saw the Cavendish hills

and the green gloom of the maple wood at Park Corner. Ah! beautiful as the old world is, the homeland is the best."

"July 30, 1912.

ROYAL HOTEL,
Prince's St.,
Edinburgh.

"Monday we went out to Ayr with a Cook guide. As a rule we dislike the Cook parties and go alone wherever we can. But this expedition was pleasant, as there were only two besides ourselves and they were Canadians, Mr. and Mrs. T. from Ontario. We had also a very nice guide. Two things subtracted from the pleasure of the day, it poured rain most of the time and I had a grumbling facial neuralgia. But in spite of both drawbacks I enjoyed myself 'where'er we trod 'twas haunted, holy ground.' We saw the room—the low-ceilinged, humble little room where once a cotter's son was 'royal born by right divine,' and we explored the ruins of the old Alloway Kirk made classic forever by Tam O'Shanter's adventures.

POOR, SWEET HIGHLAND MARY!

THEN we went to the Burns monument just because it was on the list of 'sights' and the guide was bound to do his duty by us. I have no interest whatever in monuments. They bore me horribly. But two things in the monument did interest me, a lock of Highland Mary's fair hair and the Bible upon which she and Burns swore their troth in their parting tryst. Poor, sweet Highland Mary! I don't suppose she was anything more than a winsome little country lass, no sweeter or prettier than thousands of other maidens who have lived and died, if not unwept, at least unhonored and unsung. But a great genius flung over her the halo of his love and lo! she is one of the immortals, one of the fair ladies of old romance who will be forever remembered because of the man who loved her. She is of the company of *Laura* and *Beatrice*, and *Stella*, of *Lucasta* and *Julia*, and of the unknown lady of Arvers' sonnet.

"Wednesday we went to the Trosachs. This is one of the expeditions I have looked forward to all my life, ever since I read *The Lady of the Lake* in schooldays. Sitting behind my old desk at school I dreamed out the panorama of hill and lake and pass, where *Ellen* lived and *Fitz-James* wandered and *Roderick Dhu* brooded like a storm cloud over a Highland hill. And I made a covenant with myself that when my ship came in I should go and see it.

"We sailed up Loch Lomond to Inversnaid and there took coaches for a five-mile drive across to Loch Katrine. Of all the ways of locomotion I have ever tried I like coaching best. It beats motoring 'hollow.' We soon reached Stronachlachar, which, in spite of its dreadful name, is an exquisite spot, and took the boat down Loch Katrine to the Trosachs pier.

BETTER THAN THE REAL

I CANNOT decide whether Loch Katrine disappointed me or not. I think it did, a little. It was as beautiful as I had dreamed it, but it was not my Loch Katrine, not quite the Loch Katrine of my 'Chateau en Espagne.' And I resented the difference, as one might resent a change made in his childhood's home on going back to it after long years.

"The lower portion of the lake is certainly much smaller than my idea of it as given by the poem. And the famous 'Silver Strand' is a poor affair now. Since the instalment of the Glasgow waterworks the lake has risen several feet and covered 'the beach of pebbles white as snow.' I brought a handful of them home with me as souvenirs. But I think I shall keep the Loch Katrine of my dream in my geography of the 'Lady of the Lake.' I like it better than the real one.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTE—In the concluding instalment of this fascinating story of the career of L. M. Montgomery, which will appear in "Everywoman's World" for November, will be four more letters from her Journal giving you a further treat by way of realistic description of noted places in Scotland and in England. The story ends with her leaving Prince Edward Island to move to Ontario as her husband was pastor of an Ontario congregation.

THE EDITORS.

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