

itself sufficient to induce slumber, but the hardness of the couch and the chilliness of the early hours were antagonistic, and, at the best, we only dozed, even if we did that.

The proverbial "darkest hour before the dawn" was duly experienced, and then daylight broke. With its appearance, a little after 4 o'clock, we "got up", but only to be reminded that there is light in the sky long before there is light on the ground. We had to wait fully half an hour before the light was sufficient to enable us to see our way. Then we speedily regained the track—only a few yards distant, of course—and, making our feet our friends, and walking at a swinging pace, we reached our temporary quarters a little after 6 o'clock. I have only to add that neither of us suffered in the slightest degree from our night's exposure in the Larig, which we are now disposed to regard as rather an enjoyable adventure, fraught with new experiences.

MOUNTAINEERING.

God's hills, high places where is found solace
For jaded mind and aching heart, and where,
Above the heat and turmoil, rid of care,
We hold communion for a little space
With higher things; and, standing face to face
With duty and with life, our lucent eyes
Drink in the majesty, and recognise
The clear-flashed truth that there is plenteous grace
Below, around, above. So scaled the Christ
The lofty Hermon, crowned with winters' snows,
Thereon to keep with helpful spirits tryst
And get fresh courage and a brief repose—
The Mountaineer in glist'ring raiment trod,
And was declared to be the Son of God.

G. W.