

of Beinn a' Bhuird and descended by the Sneek in thick mist and blinding snow.

The walk down the glen to the ferry was very wintry; snow fell all the way, and the appearance of the landscape recalled Christmas rather than Easter.

The Meet broke up on Monday morning, when the majority left for Aberdeen by the early motor; and to those who participated, the week-end is now one of those happy memories of which the ardent mountaineer has many.

ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE.

Below, the winding path lies broad and green,
With cool, tree-shadowed spaces flecked with light;
Chirpings of birds deep-hidden from the sight,
Whose fledgling-laden nests the branches screen,
And murmuring brooks and morning air serene,
Speak pleasant days and gentle, soft delight.
But now the way grows narrow, and a blight
The thinning trees reveal; the rugged mien
Of the bare mountain-side looms sharp in view,
Daring the lofty-souled to brave its steep.
There, where the keen-eyed eagles vigil keep,
And ice-glazed trails reflect the heaven's blue,
The worn and eager climber sees unfurled
A vision of God's meaning of the world.

M.