

Gaining the top in a boggy pass of peat (the path marked by two upright pillars of rock is dry enough on the west side of the black field of peat) we soon came in sight of the big cairns on the "Fir Mounth," and were not very long in getting down the rough moors to Tarfside again. We had trysted a motor car from Edzell to meet us there at 4.30. We arrived at 3.40, and so after a friendly chat with our Saturday morning's acquaintance, the worthy postmistress, who supplied us with soda water to drown the little remaining whisky in our flasks, we had a delightful run down Glen Esk again in ample time to get the evening train home to Edinburgh.

EVENING.

In the fields the sheep are calling,
Where the grass is soft and low ;
Now the evening shades are falling
And the breeze has ceased to blow.
Now the clouds, in league together,
Fold the hill tops, one by one ;
Fades the purple of the heather
To the grey of sky and stone.
I am glad the water's seething
And the river, dark with flood ;
Far more glad that peace is breathing
In the stillness of the wood,
In the smoke that steals towards heaven,
Thin blue grey against the pines ;
But most glad my watch says "Seven,"
For it's then the household dines.