

climbed. A brisk walk took us over to Cairn Bannock, from which a magnificent view was enjoyed. The tramp across grass plateau to Fafernie occupied but a few minutes, then back over undulating tableland to Broad Cairn where we were overtaken by rain.

The descent to the Allt an Dubh Loch was made by way of an open, scree-filled shoot. The top being steep and gravelly it took us rather longer to get down than we had anticipated. On the right wall (descending) of this gully was an exceedingly fine chimney about 200 feet in height. It would certainly make a very fine climb and is well worth a visit. At last the burn was reached and the path regained. We turned for a last look at the loch. Everything was grey: the mighty cliffs gleamed wet, at their base the sullen loch lay unruffled—surely a scene of sinister, forbidding grandeur. That night the snow came.

---

#### YOUTH ON THE HILL-TOPS.

Youth, in the wake of many hued romance,  
Gaining the hill-tops with a careless stride,  
Sees yet ahead with visionary glance,  
Fresh heights to scale, and will not be denied.

Taking the path that leads for ever onwards,  
Scaling each unknown peak with joyous zest,  
Breaking a trail where none before have wandered,  
So Youth should stride, that age may fitly rest.

Fleet be our footsteps, sturdy, Lord, our will  
While Youth is ours, while yet the summit gleams;  
That there may be *one* hill-top in our dreams  
Where vision lies, where memories wander still.

H.M.B.