



“‘Rude’ is not the right adjective for this queer building”

When he reached the crags, whatever sweet thoughts he had nurtured of a promising perspective were doomed to a sour disappointment. Before his eyes stretched a wide, undulating plateau, covered with long grass and bilberry bush, which rolled like a billowy ocean. He gazed at this dull prospect for a few minutes, and black despair took hold of his soul. He followed the sinuous trail half-mechanically. He was now so high that no other hills were visible, and he might have been walking over a prairie.

For two hours he plodded steadily on, until he stopped, fatigued, and sat down on the ground, chewing bil-

berries to slake his thirst. All at once, he sat motionless, and listened intently. What he heard was a faint “swish—swish” borne on the wind like a fading echo.

It was the unmistakable sound of surf.

“Canario!” he cried, “the sea!” and he rose to his feet and ran along with the exuberance of a holidaying schoolboy.

The whole aspect of existence was suddenly changed. Where the sea is there are ships and boats, and where there are ships and boats there are men, and where there are men there is ale. Now, on the distant sky-line, his