

And now? Such a prosaic disappointed party. We were going up a mountain and it is raining. But undaunted we start off with umbrellas, waterproofs and rubbers for a "rain picnic." Oh, bathos, DOWN THE TRACK. But the rain stops, and the sun, breaks through the clouds, and lilies are growing in profusion on either side. And among pine trees, close by a wide, beautiful creek, with a glorious mass of mountain opposite we have our lunch.

Prosaic still, we have forgotten our kettle, and have to hunt through a forsaken house, where an old saucepan with a hole in it is seized upon as a treasure. But all difficulties overcome, here is pleasure and contentment. Soft, silvery light illumines mist and cloud; cheerful affection enlivens our feast.

A little warmth, a little light  
Of loves bestowing.

But some of us have an appointment to keep this afternoon.  
Let us be gone, and come no more hither till at leisure.

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Where now? Here, on the mountain top, 'mid the strong foundations of the earth, all littleness is left below us, a great outlook is ours.

There is the river winding away for many a mile among the mountains; range beyond range before unknown to us; and nearer, one great peak whose summit is an unbroken stretch of dazzling snow, a perpetual sacrifice of unsullied purity to the LORD of mountains. Down a steep precipice we can see the river—far, far below—and the forbidding range on the opposite side is now close by and friendly.

The 'wheeling kites' wild solitary cry' is heard by us, as the great birds hover round our heads to discover who is invading their domain.

Here is space, height, the edge of eternity. 'Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,' and her loneliness is our uplifting, and her sorrow is our strength. Here in her lofty sanctuary

On the soul  
Falls the rest that maketh whole;  
Falls the endless peace.

But duty calls, calls us down. Let us be gone, but though here we come no more, let us ever "lift up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help."

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And now let us find a resting place. Night has fallen; all is still. Only in our little chapel fresh budding boughs and pure white lilies are offering their Easter beauty.