

Neither are the natural beauties of the place either few or small. In addition to the ever-grateful, never-palling presence of the "dark blue sea," whose peculiar music, whether in stormy roll or gentle ripple is always delightful; whose ever-changing hues reflected from ever-changing skies are always fresh and fair, the coast line on either hand presents all the pleasant contrasts of wooded heights, cultured fields, bosky glens, green slopes, rugged cliffs, and gleaming sands, that can in reason be desired.

But besides all this, Craigmuir boasts the possession of the bluffest, boldest, and most imposing headland to be found along all the north country side. Craigmuir Neb, or "The Neb," as the villagers familiarly call it, is really a local lion of no mean interest, and much more than local in its notability. Near its craggy and projecting summit, its outline closely resembles the beak of an eagle or some other monster bird of prey. Hence its name; for Neb in northern parlance denotes a bird's bill.

The Neb is a steep, precipitous cliff of uncommon shape and size, and looms with quite a stately grandeur over the white cottages and trim gardens of the village of Craigmuir. It is the pride of the villagers; it is a famous and effective landmark for homeward-bound mariners; and, alas! alas! it is also the fate of many a gallant bark which has been driven against its iron sides in the hour of the tempest and the storm.

About a mile or so out to sea, and in a direct line with the dark and frowning Neb, probably a part of the same formation, there is a long, low reef of dark-coloured rocks, which is known as the Craigmuir