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## *Some Christmas Recollections.*

*Selected from the waste-paper basket of a Scottish student.*

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,  
And to hear no more at all."

We had grown tired of the hum-drum and fag of professorial prelections; the glamour had begun to fade from the autumn visions of the Life Intellectual, and our Glasgow climate, dour and humid and dirty, had begun to make us long for atmospheric mercies untainted with soot, when Christmas broke on us. So we fled from the city to regain a sense of cleanness in the Argyllshire Highlands—a fair selection of Glasgow oddities. There was an engineering man in whom all the science in the world could not quench the fundamental Highland superstition; an Oxford man who proved the truth of the dictum, that the Oxford man is a Scotsman anglicised—his essential "Scotchness" still remaining in a permanent desire to criticize other folks religion; a Greek drawn to Glasgow by the fame of our naval architecture department; and myself. In Argyllshire we added to our variety the parson, who like all other Edinburg men, found it difficult to see even a fringe of the universe outside the shade of Edinburg. The elements of pleasure at our disposal were solid and primaeval. There were roads leading to Highlands lochs and glens, and a vault over the back wall landed you on the edge of a heathery moor. There were huge meals, and warm fires before which to doze after we had fed; and when the pleasures of female society palled on us, and our brains began to yearn for metaphysics, there were the library, its fire, its easy chairs and all the rigour of the Scottish theological game.

The programme was simple. Breakfast struggled along for three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which we trooped out to chaff our chief village celebrity, Jacob the postman, and to indulge in the peculiar kind of horseplay which is all the humor known to palaeolithic man and the student. About ten, we began to gird up our loins and prepare for the day's walk, weaker brethren offering gallantly to remain with the ladies to prevent their feeling of isolation becoming too pronounced. A thirty miler was the ideal for us, with a sufficiency of heather and moor to vary the routine of the road. These Christmas walks were among the most memorable things in old days. It might be a clear north-wester with the surface of the loch an indescribable blue, flecked with the purest white; or a true Highland west wind, sun and shower, with the sun and rain flying across