

tide ebbs and flows in this way, pouring now eastwards now westwards, as the tidal wave rises and falls. But if he should be lucky enough to come in for a gale of wind (and they are not unknown there in summer, as he will probably learn), let him by no means fail to take up his station on Duncansbay Head, or at the Point of Mey. The shelter of a flagstone "dyke" and a waterproof will save him from any ulterior consequences of the exposure, or should he have some misgivings on this point, he will find, when he gets back to the shelter of the inn at John o' Groat's, that mine host has sundry specifics of well-tried potency, at the very sight and taste of which rheums, catarrhs, and the rest of that tribe of ailments at once decamp. Ensconced in his "neuk," he can quietly try to fix in his mind a picture of what is before him. He will choose if he can a time when the tide is coming up against the wind. The water no longer looks like the eddying current of a mighty river. It rather resembles the surging of rocky rapids. Its surface is one vast sheet of foam and green yeasty waves. Every now and then a huge billow rears itself impatiently above the rest, tossing its sheets of spray in the face of the wind, which scatters them back into the boiling flood. Here and there, owing to the configuration of the bottom, this turmoil waxes so furious that a constant dance of towering breakers is kept up. Such are the terrible "Roost of Duncansbay," and the broken water grimly termed the "Merry Men of Mey." With a great gale from the north-east, or south-east, the shelter even of the stone wall on Duncansbay Head would be of little avail. For solid sheets of water rush up the face of the cliffs for more than a hundred feet, and pour over the top in such volume that it is said they have actually been intercepted on the landward side by a dam across a little valley, and have been