

used to turn a mill. Should the meditative tourist be overtaken by such a gale he will find shelter in the quaint cottage of the kind-hearted but hard-headed John Gibson, who, perched like a sea-eagle at the head of a tremendous chasm in the cliffs, can spin many a yarn about the tempests of the north.

No one can see such scenes without realising, as he probably has never done before, the restless energy of nature. His eyes are opened. He feels how wind and rain, wave and tide, are leagued together, as it were, in spite of their apparent antagonism, to batter down the shores. Everywhere he witnesses proofs of their prowess. Tall gaunt stacks rise out of the waves in front of the cliffs of which they once formed a part. Yawning rents run through them from summit to base; their sides are frayed into cusp and pinnacle that seem ready to topple over when the next storm assails them; their surf-beaten basements are pierced with caverns and tunnels into which the surge is for ever booming. On the solid cliffs behind, the same tale of warfare is inscribed. But the traveller who has seen so much will perforce desire to see more. From his perch on the southern side of the foaming Pentland Firth he looks across to the distant hills of Hoy—the only hills, indeed, which are visible from the monotonous moorlands of northern Caithness, save when from some higher eminence one catches the blue outline of Morven on the southern sky-line. The Orkney Islands are otherwise as tame and as flat as Caithness. But in Hoy they certainly make amends for their generally featureless surface. Yet even there it is not the interior, hilly though it be, but the western coast-cliffs, which redeem the whole of the far north of Scotland from the charge of failure in picturesque and impressive scenery. One looks across the Pentland