

brink of the hill, like a dog with a bone, taking this thought away with me. The rain, meanwhile, had ceased, and the air was soft and fragrant; but the sky was still charged with masses of purple cloud; and a purple, dark as the bloom of the darkest grape, had settled down over the whole of the distant landscape. I almost fancied, as I looked, that I was in the heart of Inverness-shire or of Ross-shire; and a feel of the Scotch Highlands came back to me with a gust of memories. I saw once more the silvery mists of morning, asleep over their own reflections in the glass of grey Loch Shiel: I saw the shining birches of Kinloch-Moidart. I felt the wet and heathery wind of evening, sweeping over the hills from Dalwhinnie to Loch Laggan. I half expected to see on the wide expanse before me the Highland train go by, with its load of autumnal cockneys. Then through these fancies the real landscape asserted itself. Its colour was deeper than any on the hills in Scotland; and, tried by a Scotch standard, there was somewhere something uncanny about it. The clouds lifted over the mountains; and their leagues of spires and summits rose jagged against a clear streak of saffron; resting on Pentadactylon was the base of an immense rainbow, of which so little was visible that it looked like a luminous leaning column; and where, a moment ago, I had imagined a whistling train, I saw slowly moving a small caravan of camels.

The approach of evening was perceptible when