

that could be relied upon to support Grant's additional weight, if any pressure were to be put on the rope. There was nothing for it but to let down a rope from above, or to descend with ignominy and much toil. So Grant sped away to invoke the assistance of the coastguard, and meanwhile I sat wedged in a most uncomfortable position, at the bottom of the second break, up to which I had struggled while waiting Grant's return. Presently a rope was let down from above, so that by tying my own length of sixty feet to it I could scramble to the top, climbing for the most part, but receiving now and then aid that was more "moral" than any description of it as such. Whoever first climbs the "Cuillin crack" will have no reason to be displeased with his trophy, and will be able to reflect with satisfaction that the superior character of the chalk renders this climb more justifiable than a great many others.

To sum up, climbing on Beachy Head has a place of its own among the fine arts. But let no devotee seek to penetrate the shrine of this spotless deity when she forbids—I mean on wet and windy days. On the former, the soddened chalk is slippery and dangerous, and too unpleasant in fact to be indulged in by the most enthusiastic. Dry windy days, on the other hand, when chalk particles, varying from fine dust to large nuggets, are being driven about, are fatal to the eyes, which may be bloodshot and sore for days afterwards. In external appearance, also, the worshipper must face the infidel fashion of Eastbourne, and be scorned for a miller or a baker; but then, these are small drawbacks to the glorious sensations that await him who is careless of mockers. But the mighty goddess reserves a terrible doom for the profane who would impiously violate her sanctuaries; he will be a foolish man who treats her otherwise than with reverence and respect. Go then, with true worship, undaunted, and your reward shall be joy unspeakable in the glorious divinity of sun-glistening altitude and towering whiteness.