

the young men I am thinking of got drunk in this way regularly all through their bachelor days. I believe they reform—sometimes—when they get married, but it is impossible not to think some traces of the past cling to them. And some of them never get married and all their lives it continues to be their idea of an evening's enjoyment to get fuddled.

I am not an abstainer but the sight of these people always makes me contemplate the step. Strong drink must indeed be a deceiver if it can make these people think they are sensible and manly (as they probably think when they are young) or jolly good fellows (as they probably think when they are old). And the PUBLIC SCHOOLS have yet to find the secret of education (if there be one), in order that they may send out young men who will not think it the first glorious action of their lives to trample on the lessons their schoolmasters imagine they have taught them.

The men I am thinking of will never read these lines. If one of them did he might for a moment see that I am right, but he wouldn't turn from his ways. The only person who could pull him up would be a respectable young female, and that may be what the sex is intended for. If any of *them* read these lines they may meditate on the suggestion.

A TRAMP ON THE THIBET ROAD

(Continued.)

BY MISS M. R. HAWKINS.

TO go over Hattu is well worth the climb, or if climbing such steep mountain-sides is too hard—it is even worth while to be hoisted in the air by chair-dandies—an experience we found at first very trying. Our chairs were not strong. The poles attached looked hardly fit for the strain on them and when we were first hoisted up on coolies' shoulders the creaks and cracks were rather alarming, nor was the alarm lessened by the coolies, who in answer to our grave enquiry as to the strength of our chairs, replied, "who knows—if the chairs are to break—they will break."

If the coolies had been of one height, the chairs might have kept somewhat level, but with short and tall coolies in front, who seemed to choose slippery places for "changing shoulders," we went up Hattu at queer angles.

It was delightful when the top was reached (a height of 10,460 ft.) and a beautiful view of the snow range was visible from the summit.

After a stay of a few days at Narkanda, there is the tramp back again to Simla. It is always pleasant to have company, though sometimes one realizes that it is good to be alone. Nature cannot always woo us to listen when we have the joys of companionship, but when alone we are quiet enough to hear her speak. The walk from Narkanda to Mateona (a distance of 11 miles) was through clouds and rain, and perhaps affected by the atmosphere. The greyer side of life seemed uppermost and one missed the bright mountains completely hidden by mist. The following day with the "greyness" still lingering in one's mind, the next stage is started, but the mist has cleared, and

the mountains and hills seem to smile with the joy of living in the sunshine, and to laugh at the thought of mist and fog, and gradually and irresistibly one is bound to smile with them and then, as if rejoicing over their power of winning response, they reveal more of their mysteries. They lure us on to heights and visions and possibilities to which before our eyes were blinded, and even now, such heights seem too high for us to reach, and yet comes Myer's verse into mind.

"Can it be true the grace he is declaring?

Oh let us trust Him for His words are fair.

Man what is this? and why art thou despairing?

God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

And so despair shall not block the sight of the mountain visions nor our hopes of reaching those heights.

It seems like parting from a faithful friend to leave the mountains which have so often brought messages of cheer and gladness, and the remembrance of a child's imaginative powers duelling on the story of Enoch, bring thoughts, which are very beautiful. "There was a man who took long long walks with God. Every day God came to Enoch's house and took him for a walk, and then walked back home with him. One day they walked a long way and as the sun was setting, God said, 'Enoch! it is getting late, and you are tired, so instead of going home with you, you shall come to my home, and so God, walked with Enoch through the sunset to His house.'"

And so we rejoice that we can still have mountain walks—even in the plains—and joy in the knowledge that one day when we are tired we shall walk through the sunset to God's home.

POEM.

WOMEN TO MEN.

God bless you, lads!

All women of the race,
As forth you go,

Wish you with steadfast face
The best they know.

God cheer you, lads!

Out in the bitter nights,
Down the drear days,
Through the red reeking fights
And wasted ways.

God bring you, lads,

Back to the motherland,
True laurels gained,
Glory in either hand,
Honour unstained.

Women of Britain's race,

As forth you go,
Wish you with proud glad face
The best they know:

God bless you, lads!

From Puneñ.