

canyon. This time we cross on a superb pine-tree, fallen, still green, with every bough on the upper side waving, and those on the lower side dipping and swaying in the swift water below. Here we come to a sheer rock wall on the right, and on the left three high, jagged red-sandstone rocks, hundreds of feet high, marked, and, as it were, mapped, with black and green lichens. Tall firs, growing in the edge of the creek, reach one-third of the way up these walls. Tall firs, growing on their very tops, look like bushes. Climbing a little further, now in shadow, now in sun, now in thickets of willows close on the waters' edge, now in bare and gravelly slopes higher up, we come to the third crossing. This is a more serious affair. Stones and driftwood. That is all. It is a species of dam. It would give way if the water hurried much. Around every stone is a white line of foam. Above the dam, is a smooth, clear space—so clear that the shadow of the upper edge of the rock wall, with the shrubs waving there, is marked distinct and dark on the shining gravel-bed. Tiny tufts of fern nod from crevices, and one brave strawberry vine flings out its scarlet runners in the air far above our heads. The path grows wilder; fallen trees cross it, piled boulders crowd it; the rock walls are hollowed, hewn, piled, and overpiled; they are scarred, seamed, lined with the traces and records of ages, of glaciers and avalanches, of flood and perhaps of fire. Surely the black seams and lines look as if they might have been burned and branded in. Still the firs, and pines, and willows make beautiful shade along the brook. It is still a flowery, spicy, sunny summer wood through which the path climbs. Clematis and woodbine tangle the trees together. Up the whole length of the tallest pines races the woodbine, and flings out shining streamers at top; while the clematis, as much humbler as it is more beauti-

ful, lies in long trailing wreaths on the lower bushes, even on the ground. Again and again the path crosses the brook, we forget to count how many times. Each crossing is a new picture. Now sharp stone peaks, seeming to wheel suddenly across the canyon, if there could be no going further; now the walls widening and curving out into a sort of horse-shoe shape, with a beautiful little grove of pines in the hollow; now, turning a sharp corner and springing, for a rod or more, from boulder to boulder, in the widest part of the creek, we come to a spot where, standing midway in the stream, we look down into a huge stone fortress half-filled with pines, and up into another stone fortress half-filled with pines. Just above these close-walled fortresses comes a wider space, where the rocky sides take gentle slopes, with here and there soft grassy spaces, even to their very tops,—grassy spaces where yellow columbines and white spiræas wave, safe from all touch save that of winds and birds, and insects. What an estate for a lark or a butterfly, such a little grassy bit as this, a thousand feet up on a rocky wall, with Colorado sun to keep him warm, and all Cheyenne creek to drink from! Below these pine-tufted, grass-tufted walls the brook runs slower. Shadows of every thing growing on the banks flicker on its bed, and the flickering shadows on the bed are thrown back again in flickering lights on shelving rocks which overhang it. A lovely *mentesia*, with its tiny pink and blue bells, hangs over the edge of the water, and a great yellow daisy stands up triumphant in a sunny corner, giving the one bit of strong colour needed to make the picture perfect. To make the picture perfect to eye, and to make it perfect to the heart, two babies lie cooing in the shade. A German family—father, mother, children—friends, and neighbours are dining just here, between services. They are poor people, but the table-