

quicksilver, on which the gold settles, and from which it is collected at intervals of a few weeks. We walked up stairs, many stairs, with yawning chasms in between, and were outside. Oh! blessed relief!

"Now," said the manager, cheerfully, "we will walk over the trestle (it was a narrow, narrow trestle, high above the creek) to the other mine." But we couldn't; the pounders had pounded our nerves into palpitating misery. We were ashamed and hung our heads; but "Shove up the truck" we heard the order given, and up came the truck, and some bosses to aid us in clambering in—four of us (we are well-grown!) could just pack in, and away we were bundled, over the trestle and along the miniature track, through a delightful little tunnel, by the side of a splashing waterfall, and the other building was reached, and there were more pounders pounding. But we came out again, and had another truck ride, and then a hospitable lunch table and such a welcome cup of tea was ready for us. Tired as we were, our slight seeing was not over, and after lunch up we started for the quarry, the steepest little trail of all, sometimes leading over huge, slippery fallen tree-trunks in which foot holes had been cut; up and up, to where the men were trying to pull down the mountain and send it in buckets to the mines below. Beneath us were the buildings, pulsating with eagerness for gold! gold! gold! and towering high above their eager littleness a great mountain side with black, bleak precipice and dashing fall of water, and higher, less forbidding pine cliff slopes. But we had to go. There was four hours' walk before us to bring us back to our "trivial round." We said good-bye to our kind new friends, and started off, this time with the creek, on and on till we reached the Bridge of Beauty, and again stood to drink in the wonder of the scene. Oh! the contrast between nature's power and man's; between our buzzing, hurrying life and the strength of the hills.

We could not stay long, there was the "switch-back" yet to climb, and then we came out of the cool, deep shadow into brilliance of sunshine to see the river far below.

Down and down, past ferns and flowers, over bridges, through the little wood near the river like an English copse in spring—on, but "Earth's sighing gladness" wrung the heart then.

And the children, who had gone on ahead, now reappeared with great armsful of fragrant white flowers. We crossed the river, and once more stood on familiar ground; our day of contrasts over; good-bye to Siwash mines, and to the bridge set, like a jewel, in green, which is the color of Hope.

SISTER AGATHA.