

Glaciers, too, have to be crossed, many with deep and treacherous crevasses. Each climber is provided with the indispensable alpenstock. Hot with perspiration, the men reach the summit, to find themselves in an Arctic region, and soon their frames are chilled to the core. The panorama presented here it is impossible to describe. A writer lately put it into these words :—

“ What a scene of desolation
I saw from the mountain peak—
Crag, snowfields, glaciation,
Unutterable to speak.”

As the surveyor stands on the uttermost pinnacle of drifted snow on the summit, he is at times obliged to lash a stout rope around his body, the other end of the rope being fastened to his assistant down the slope, while beneath that snow on which the surveyor stands, is a yawning chasm of a thousand feet or more in depth. Those are anxious hours for him, as he stands there in a howling, icy wind, reading his angles to prominent peaks, and taking the necessary photographs.

The return to camp is quickly made. At times he will toboggan over the snow fields, squatting down, and using the al-

penstock under the arm as a check and steering gear. This is very dangerous, for his mad rush may unexpectedly bring him to an unseen precipice. Two such eventualities occurred during last season, but fortunately the actors found themselves imbedded in deep snow below. It might have been otherwise.

Of wild animals he sees but few : the noise made drives any there may be away. However, mountain goats are met with, and as many as sixty have been seen in a band. They are very stupid. Black bears are plentiful, as shewn by their tracks and otherwise, but Bruin does not cultivate the acquaintance of man. Only an inexperienced climber would think of burdening himself with a rifle when climbing a mountain thousands of feet high. Even were there nothing else to carry, which there is, one's own weight is quite sufficient to transport.

Alaska is a grand country for showing the merits of the camera over all other methods, for topographic work in a mountainous region, but those who have been there ever prayed for a little less rain and clouds.

—OTTO J. KLOTZ.

SUSSEX VALE IN WINTER.

Enwrapped in quietude the valley lies,
While o'er the sombre bluff the winter moon
Bursts from a fleecy cloud whose shadow flies
Across a floor of ivory, diamond-strewn.

How strangely still and beautiful thou art
Beloved valley ! claspt in the embrace
Of all-prevailing calm : thy pulseless heart
As lifeless as a world in sunless space.

Though, unresponsive to the sad refrain,
Thy soul is rapt to realms of silent sleep,
Yet are there seasons when the poet's strain
Chords with a lyre no mortal fingers sweep—

When over all the fair autumnal vale,
The golden glories of the evening stream ;
Or when the morning star is shining pale,
Beneath the vernal sun's reviving beam ;

And in the night, ah, in the glorious night !
All-fragrant with the odoriferous bloom
Of gardens old, and orchards robed in white,
Whose murmurous voices haunt the spectral gloom.