

stretches, leave their bleak uniformity behind, and breathe at last the pure air of the Uplands that lead to the everlasting hills. Treeless, arid, commonplace may be life's initial plain; but the Mountains are beyond, august in their silent dignity and kindly scorn—and there waits the many-coloured verdure, there the towering trees, there the gushing springs and leaping brooks that give life affluence and beauty.

There are few experiences so exhilarating to the soul as that which fell to the lot of our travellers twain when the light of the next morning called them to awake and behold the glories that surrounded them. The Reverend Armitage Seymour turned in his luxurious berth; Mr. Murray McLean lifted his head from the cramped and narrow seat, a somewhat aching head, for a window sill is but a sorry pillow. Yet, so impartial is the all-giving Hand in the dispensation of life's real luxuries, both men fared alike as they looked out upon the wondrous scene.

For they were among the mountains! Strange, almost intoxicating, emotion this—after half a continent of level prairie, wearisome in its unchanging outline, to find the earth so suddenly ennobled; as if in wrath, scornful of those mediocre ways, breaking forth into these sublimities that charm and overawe, into wild and bewildering non-conformity. There they stood, silently remindful of the Power that has