

walls the track you see but part way down the depths—the more impressive by this mystery. Climbing by gentle windings around bosses and bends in the cliff-side, we reach at length the Golden Gate—a jutting rib of rock, so notched by the road that a colossal gate-post stands at the outer verge. As you approach, the figment gains upon the fancy that at this awesome portal to the chasm the roadway ends. Just when you would admonish “caution,” the driver cracks his whip and, on the jump, the four-in-hand go forward. With bated breath you vainly search for sign of track beyond. Shrinking, you shudder at the thought of plunging into the abyss; when, swinging outward through the Golden Gate—to seeming nothingness,—a sharp curve inward sends the horses rushing with clattering hoofs over a wooden bridge or shelf which overhangs the gorge, while far beneath you is the rushing torrent. Threading this cramped defile, Frank becomes the incarnation of impetuosity and urges his horses forward. Gamely responding, they, like the steed of Roushan Beg,

“Up the mountain pathway flew.”

The walls of this rift in the rock are resplendent in their showy raiment of amber-tinted lichens. Suddenly we round a point and gaze upon a lovely spectacle! Yonder, from the plain above, the stream tumbles over the verge and, veil-like, spreads out its snowy folds as it falls into the canyon's clasp. Brilliant entombment! This granite aisle flames with light! The sun is pouring his morning flood between the beautiful banks, where bronze-coloured mosses bespangle the sombre stone with their bright banners, and the gorge is kindled into a blaze. Assenting right cordially that Golden Gate is no misnomer, we reach the summit and survey the graceful green expanse of Swan Lake Park. This beautiful plateau is crossed in about three miles, and is a pleasant valley rich with a rare flora that would bewilder the botanist of the lowlands. To see the verdure flecked with flowers of richest hues and varied forms here at your feet, and then, lifting your eyes, to look upon the encompassing peaks where rock and snow share sovereignty, afford a happy blending of the sublime and beautiful. Quadrant Mountain, with its four peaks approximating the cardinal points of the compass, impresses its individuality, and you gaze ad-