

these. It turns them to purple mist, then to golden, then to pale gray, and sends their vivid shadows away across the lake and plains. It rises beyond the Wasatch range, and then that shadow also is flung out beyond the city and the plains, till it quivers on the lake. So the mountains might almost be said to clasp hands over the city's head. At noon, when the sun was hot, I looked out through the tops of the green locust-trees, and saw the whole eastern range blue as sapphire—so blue that the blue sky above looked white; and the snow on the summit was so white that the clouds above looked gray. The air is so rarefied that the light shimmers dazzling along all outlines, and the sense of distance is deceived. Peaks thirty miles distant seem near at hand; hills five miles off seem within a few minutes' walk; and the sunshine seems to have a colour and substance to it which I never saw elsewhere,—no, not even in Italy. It takes up room!"

The book is divided into three parts. The first is descriptive of California and life on the Pacific, with an account of the Geysers, and a lively description of a day in the Wilderness at the close. The second portion is occupied by a characteristic sketch of New England, in four minor parts, taking up Hide and Seek Town; the miracle play of 1870, in Bethlehem, N.H.; a glimpse of country winter in New Hampshire, and a Morning in a Vermont Graveyard. These sketches are delightful reading, Hide and Seek Town especially so. The latter part of the volume is, perhaps, the more attractive portion of the whole. It

ffords fine scope for Mrs. Hunt's play of emotion and feeling, and her Colorado trip must certainly take very high rank as a bit of descriptive writing. Cheyenne Canyon is a strong paper, and we may be pardoned for making one more excerpt.

"As I looked up from the ford to the mouth of the canyon, I was reminded of

some of the grand old altar-pieces of the early centuries, where, lest the pictures of saints and angels and divine beings should seem too remote, too solemn and overawing, the painters used to set at the base rows of human children, gay and mirthful, leaping and laughing or playing viols. So lay this sunny belt of sparkling water, glistening sand, and joyous blue blossoms, at the base of the picture made by the dark mouth of the canyon, where two great mountains had recoiled and fallen apart from each other leaving a chasm, midway in which rose a smaller mountain of sharp rocks, like a giant sentry disputing the way. Forests of pines fill the rift on either side this rock, and their dark lines stretch high up, right and left, nearly to the top of each mountain. Higher and rugged peaks rise beyond, looking as if they must shut the canyon sharply, as a gate closes an alley; but they do not. Past them, among them, in spite of them, the creek took its right of way, the mountains and rocks yielded, and the canyon winds.

"Entering it, one loses at first the sense of awe, of grandeur. It might be any bright, brook-stirred wood. Overhead a canopy of fir and willow boughs, with glimmers of sky coming through; thickets of wildroses, spiræas, glittering green oak bushes, and myriads of lovely lesser things on each hand; tiny, threadlike streams lapsing along gently between green, grassy paths and sandy rims; great boulders, however, and bits of driftwood here and there, telling a tale of glides and freshets; and presently, even while looking back, we can see glimpses of the wide distances of the plain; and, almost before we know that we are in the canyon, the path narrows, the walls grow high, and the brook has become a swift, leaping, white-foamed torrent, which we must cross carefully on a slippery, dead log. In a few moments we cross again. The path seems a caprice; but there is small choice of footholds in the sides of this