

*Mount Rainier! That old Giant! How over-powered one is by its bigness and nearness, as the mists of a morning clear away and its glistening, snowy form rises majestically before you—standing there so Sphinx-like in its immovability, so grand, so bold, so defiant; towering above all the lesser hills around it! You cannot but feel an unspeakable awe as you gaze upon those endless white fields of unmeasured snow and ice and into those shadowy crevasses which break up sharp, straight slopes thousands of feet in length—deep, dark and deceitful; you can never forget its marvelous beauty; you are fascinated as by some strange, unseen power; and something there is about the old mountain, in its majesty and strength, that calms and touches into quiet the impatience of the heart, and soothes into peace the hot passions of the soul; that makes one feel how useless it is to beat against the walls—how vain that we should cry out for our hearts desire—our own wilful way! Little infinitesimal atoms of the great plan of existence, wanting to dictate the scheme of this vast, unknowable universe! And as we look the longer our complainings cease, our tongues are silenced, while we stand in this place, “where man may own his littleness and know the mightiness of God!”*