

blue to enormous altitudes. Down one of these majestic slides, from near the summit of the range, an avalanche began to shiver down. Each furlong of its journey increased its momentum, and added to its bulk until its very breath became terrible. Across the lower reaches of its awful path a spur of the mountain projected, but such was the power of the moving snow, that it tore great masses of the projection loose, adding millions of tons of granite and timber to the avalanche's weight. With another rush down the lower slopes this immense mass broke finally on the valley below, burying mines and camps, and, I fear, many miners also in one deep gulf of ruin.

The power of the snow! There is in it the hiding of Omnipotence. How it speaks to us of that aspect of the divine character which so impressed the counsellor of Job when he said, "With God is terrible majesty"! "The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence, yea, the world and all that dwell therein. Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by him." "Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance; behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

Fourthly, there are in the snow treasures of poetic and spiritual suggestiveness. Whether the