gathering, the clouds were rolling under our feet, and, standing in misty sunshine ourselves, we watched the shower descend on the valley beneath.

What pen can describe the scene of magnificence around us, the sky above where "great glacier clouds hung in azure glory." It is one thing to see the mountains with our eyes, looking up to limited outlines, grand as they are, from valleys beneath; it was another thing to be there in the midst of the mountains, the limpid waters of the lake at our feet, the billowy sea of snow-covered peaks stretching beyond

We found some lovely wild-flowers on the shores—tiny blue forgetme-nots, looking as homelike and friendly as they do in our garden borders, and a spray of white "painter's-bash," quite a unique specimen. Then we heard a feeble cry coming from a hole in a rock, and on going up to investigate we disturbed a young marmot, that ran about squealing like a kitten. It had such pretty grey fur, and seemed almost tame.

We felt strangely unsociable in those vast solitudes. Each went her own way, reverencing the unutterable stillness and majesty, realizing the delight, the loneliness and the dread. What an army of mountain peaks, what a marshalling of the glorious works of God in one single spot. Shall we ever forget how those Lakes in the Clouds spoke to us of the bounteousness, the infinite goodness of God?

MABEL KELLEY.

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