

Canadian Pacific tourist possesses. In other sections he may have longed to look upon a mountain from base to summit, but seldom has he done it. He must frequently be content with observing distant peaks. Foot hills and secondary mountains usually intervene. But it is different in the Northwest. For example, Mt. Stephen rises, sheer and precipitous, from alongside the railroad track at Field, so that all its lofty proportions are exposed to view from the observation car. In like manner, Sir Donald, Mt.

MacDonald, the Hermit, and a dozen others of sublime eminence might be named, that can almost be touched as you glide by on the train. They are before you and alongside, close at hand, giants whose massive proportions are so fully exposed, that you feel you have seen entire mountains and not been compelled to rest content with unsatisfying views of distant hill tops."

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

WORN is the winter rug of white,
And in the snow-bare spots once more
Glimpses of faint green grass in sight,—
Spring's footprints on the floor.

Upon the sombre forest gates
A crimson flush the mornings catch,
The token of the Spring who waits
With finger on the latch.

Blow, bugles of the south, and win
The warders from their dreams too long,
And bid them let the new guest in
With her glad hosts of song.

She shall make bright the dismal ways
With broderies of bud and bloom,
With music fill the nights and days
And end the garden's gloom.

Her face is lovely with the sun ;
Her voice—ah, listen to it now !
The silence of the year is done :
The bird is on the bough !

Spring here,—by what magician's touch ?
'T was winter scarce an hour ago.
And yet I should have guessed as much,—
Those footprints in the snow !

—*Frank Dempster Sherman, in The Atlantic Monthly.*