

the Olympian range, a grand chain of snow-capped mountains, from 8000 to 9000 feet high. They generally appear like a vast wall rising sheer from the water's edge, but in certain states of the atmosphere they are more clearly defined, and are then found to consist of several distinct ranges. The grandest effects are seen in stormy weather when the mists and vapours wreath and wind about, disclosing peak after peak, range beyond range—an endless, ever-shifting panorama. About the centre of the chain is a large gap opening up into the valley of the Elkwha, to which may be applied that beautiful phrase in the language of old, "The Gates of the Hills." At the upper extremity of the valley is Mount Olympus, the loftiest mountain in the range, conspicuous in the warmest summer by its snow covered peaks. Toward the eastern termination of these mountains, in the dip formed by the two last may be seen the summit of Mt. Rainier supposed to be the loftiest on this coast. It takes its name from Rear Admiral Rainier, a friend of Vancouver, and is distant 150 miles. In contrast with these eternal snows, as yet unsullied by the foot of man, are the blue waters which separate us from the American shore, bearing on their bosom yonder stately ship freighted for a distant port, and yonder small canoe creeping along the shore, which, with its squalid occupants, harmonizes well with the desolate grandeur of the scenery. We behold man, who has bent the powers of nature to his easy motion, side by side with the savage, who, in his rude craft, still struggles against them. This contrast is rendered all the more striking by the appearance of the mail steamer, which links this green isle of the sea to the big world beyond and brings to its exiled denizens tidings of those that are far away.

The most imposing portion of the panorama is toward the East, where, across the Gulf of Georgia, the great snow-covered peaks of the Cascade