

near the Canadian National Park, covers about thirty-eight square miles, and is said to contain more bulk of ice than all the glaciers of Switzerland. But for spectacular effect and thrilling splendors it does make the impression of Mont Blanc, as it is seen from the valley of Chamouni.

The purple curtains of the sky of Italy hang over Switzerland, and every valley is haunted by legend and song. The sense of awe in Italian Switzerland is soothed and softened; a spirit of beauty haunts everything. There are the soft stops of the great organ of nature in the air.

But not so in the Rockies. The peaks rise a mile above you in the thin air, rugged and bare, and blaze in the pale blue sky with ghostly and silver fires. The rivers roar over tremendous crags; they leap and plunge and thunder.

Stop and listen; you may hear the mountain torrent everywhere, and see its foam amid the giant firs in every circle of the eye. There is no fairyland here, it is the abode of giants. The eagle wheels and screams here, and the fierce bear shakes his head over the shadowy canons, but here flit no airy song birds, and sport no nimble feet of the chamois or fawn. Here the soul grows great, and the conscience struggles for truth, and to crush under the strong feet of resolution all unworthy desires.

The Rockies are, indeed, grander than Switzerland, and even more inspiring to a pure and lofty faith, but the mellowed tone, the melodious completeness of the Alps is not in them; but they are like the law without the covenant of grace.

Banff, so named from the county town of Banffshire, Scotland, is the mountain town of this wonderland of the giants. It is situated on the Great Divide or the summit of the Rockies, a mile above the sea level, and is walled with peaks gleaming with glaciers, a mile or more high. Its location was determined by its wonderful hot springs, and the great extent of the plateau, which is twenty-five miles long.

The Bow River runs through it, glacier-fed, clear and green, and here is Devil's Head Lake of glacier water, pure and clear, with as dark a legend as Mount Pilatus at Lucerne. There are Riggis, or observation peaks, everywhere, and on every hand the outlook is gigantic and awful.

The wonder spot of the region is on the side of Sulphur Mountain with its caves and springs. These springs are likely to be one day as famous as Baden-Baden. They are regarded as very efficacious in scrofula, rheumatic troubles and Bright's disease. The waters are taken warm, a tumblerful at a time, often two glasses in the morning, and are used for bathing daily. People come here on crutches, and amble away leaving their crutches on the trees. The great hotel is kept open as a sanitarium throughout the year. The place is undoubtedly destined to become one of the most famous and fashionable resorts in the world.

But the young reader will be more interested in the curious features of Banff, than in these descriptive outlines. They are not wanting. Curiosity is awakened everywhere, from the hour that the tourist enters the gap, as the pillars that open the long pass to the railway are called, until the Scottish name is shouted by the conductor.

My own curiosity began to be stimulated at Calgary, the town of the ranches and Indian reservations, just at the entrance of the gleaming empire of the peaks. The train stopped amid the gay uniforms of the mounted police, and a picturesque gathering of ochre-painted Indians.

Everything was new and strange. As I stepped from the train, Indian women gathered around me, in beads and blankets, with horns to sell. In the shadow of the station stood an Indian with a sad face, silent and stolid.

"That is Deerfoot," said a passenger agent to me, "the once famous Indian runner. He used to outrun all the Indians of the mountains and plains. He became so famous as a messenger that he was induced to become a champion in foot-races.

"At last a great contest of speed was arranged for him and a white runner. It was the cause of much excitement, betting and gambling, so much so that some white speculators formed a plan to cripple Deerfoot by a trick as cruel as it was cunning.

"The Indian boy was to run in light moccasins, and his opponent in leather shoes. These men mingled the light earth of the race-course with pieces of glass, so that the broken glass would cut the moccasined Indian's feet. The poor Indian came out of the contest defeated and bleeding, and injured for life. His heart was as wounded as his body; he came to hate the white people, and never was his old self again. He became a criminal, and fled at one time from the Mounted Police into the States, but returned again. This is the story as it is commonly told, and which I think is substantially true."

Past cattle on terraces, over plateaus in view of mountains crowned with pearl, through the gap in the cool air of Wind Mountains, up to Canmore, four thousand three hundred and fifty feet high zigzagged the train. We were among the uplifts of the Devonian and Carboniferous ages. Hills stood as it were on edge.

Then on to Banff amid black walls of scarred rock, and green forests foaming with cascades, and overlooking peaks of flushed mist and snow. We were soon at Banff station, under the merciless peak of the Cascade Mountain, ten thousand feet high, and eastward rose Mount Inglismaldie, and near the Vermillion Lakes.

We took supper, ran up to the wonderful hot springs, and were then told that we must visit the cave.

"It is the most curious place that you ever saw," said the proprietor of one of the hotels. "An old prospector has told me the story of its discovery. I do not know how true it may be. He said that some miners were travelling in these parts, when they saw a man rise out of the ground, go up into the air, and walk off as natural as life.

"They thought that the last day had come. Then they went to the place, and instead of an open grave they found a cave, and a pine-tree led down to it through a hole in the ground. Men came to see the wonder; another pine-tree was let down into the cave, and cleats of wood nailed across the two. What did they find there? You must go and see."

The apocryphal story was at least interesting. The cave may have been discovered in some such way, and a wandering miner might have often seen an Indian's form rising out of the earth by the old pine-tree, which was once the natural ladder down into the cavern.

The cave is now entered through a house, built like a Swiss chalet. It consists of a glittering chamber lighted by lamps, and a great pool of green sulphur water, clear as glass, much like the Ponce de Leon or Waukulla Spring in Florida. The emerald pool is lighted from an opening in the earth above. A rope is stretched across it, and people are allowed to bathe in it. The dome of the cave gleams like a shadowy throne room.

The pool is only four or five feet deep, and bubbles are constantly welling up through it like fountains of gems.

The Bow River, after its long struggles through the hills, presents a scene of placid beauty at Banff. It runs through fields of red cotton, or wild cotton, a kind of crimson phlox. It is fed from the snow lands in the sky, and invites the artist and the poet.

An evening row on the Bow, through the Canadian National Park, is an event to be remembered for a lifetime. The mountains change with every turn of the bow-like river. There is strength, majesty and glory everywhere; the peaks rise straight to the sky, the glaciers fill with crimson and gold light like crowns. The river is deep and clear, now violet like Lake Lucerne, now a sea-green, now a shadowy emerald color. It here and there presents a curve on the swift, still tide like a broken mirror.

The boat glides on over the deeps like a thing of air. Mountains come and go like an army of giants in glittering armor. Cascades thunder, and yet the air is oppressively still. If there be clouds in the sky, they change into chariots of copper and gold. The grey wing of the solitary eagle is seen; here and there the dark form of a solitary Indian appears.

The car whistle blows. It is echoed by an hundred walls. The grandeur becomes terrific and even ferocious. The head grows weary, and the

wanderer has a sense of his own insignificance, and probably seeks his bed at last to pray for a life of quietude and simple faith in God. — *Hesekiah Butlerworth in Youth's Companion.*

Something Great.

The trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms as the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The King looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said, "He is meet for some high emprise,"
To himself he thought, "I will conquer fate,
I will surely die, or do something great."

So fresh from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow wild—
"Help me, sir knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein;
"Alas, poor mother, you ask in vain;
Some meaner succor will do, may be,
Some squire or valet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight,
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun had set,
A blind man by the way he met;
"Now, good sir knight, for our lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight, "I can not wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode, in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight,
"Laugh with us, laugh," cried the merry crowd,
"Oh, weep!" wailed others, with sorrow bowed,
"Help us," the weak and weary prayed;
But for joy, nor grief, nor heed he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won,
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate
If they be not called to do something great.

Florence Tyler, in New York Tribune.

Train the Girls.

When a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course the mother will see that the sum is sufficient to do this and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with the proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl or daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in the work.

It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands, or lonely young hearts.

"Maria,"
as he was st
tugged at hi
for having h
his tub, whic
usual occur
pect to go to
Maria gav
and broke or
"How you
the maid's e
"I partic
Maria, presis
"All good
Master Boy,
tone.

"Oh! yes
on Boy imp
wants to kno
to get straig
self?"

"Yes, tha
a little nervo
Boy gave a
"Well, I
thought I sho
—pointing to
nursery win
make up my
Maria," he
don't wants
don't wants
God's side o
cular difficul

And Boy,
walked down
self, leaving
speechless,
never!" wh
Boy puzzle
own mind, bi



NO PEN CAN I
IN which th
by the tho
lives have been
agonizing, humili
diseases of the
of hair.

CUTICURA, the
SOAP, an exquisit
it, externally, and
Blood Purifier, in
every form of ski
ples to scrofula.
Sold everywher
35c.; RESOLVENT
DRUG AND CHEMI
Send for "How

Pimples, bla
skin prev

Rheum
ness spec
PAIN PL
plaster.

W
En
The
Pri
with
repl
War
boil
en, E
one
Add.
417 E. Balto, St.,
Also Wholesale Dealer
Printing Presses, Type
set Job Printers in th
OUR LATEST
THE IMPER
PRINTED
A-1
YOUR NAME
Bottle ink free. Postag
Address T
417 East Baltim