

Up and down we went during the afternoon and camped on the branch of a beautiful stream, just as night began to draw her sable curtains over all the earth. We were at the base of Long's Peak. What a huge and fearful monster he looked then in the dim stillness, raising his mighty rock-bound sides until his sublime head struck the heavens above the lowering clouds! Many an adventurer has scaled his back and "viewed the landscape o'er" from his crest, 14,956 feet above the sea, but he never wants to go again, for the effort of climbing and the altitude often produces serious exhaustion and sickness. None of our party attempted it.

That night our bed was not the downiest nor driest. There was nothing between us and the earth but a blanket or two, in which we rolled ourselves. Considerable rain had fallen through the day, so that everything was very damp. But we made the best of things, and pitching tent, crept into it, but sleep was a failure to me. Woo him as I would, he would not come, and after vainly trying to rest until two o'clock in the morning, I arose and went out into the cold and darkness with such a pain in my back as did not leave me until I again returned to civilization. After cowering over the stove for two hours and warming up the inner man with hot drink, I once more returned to my downy couch, and presently, when the others were stirring, fell asleep and could have slept all day.

E. SELDON.

To be continued.

THE WORKER.

Brawny and big are the muscles of Life,—
Life is a worker in metal.
So hath he wrought that the brass became gold,
So hath he wrought that the heart became bold,—
Compass'd this heart was with steel tight and cold.
Life is strong. "Twixt his effigies settle!

X.