

in cold vapor that dimmed their volcanic tinsels. Straight in front and northward, overtopping the swiftly changing visions of rich coloring and sculptured line, there gleamed the Mt. Sneffels range freshly ennobled by a coronet of snow, with a grasp of passion of light glowing about their lordly summits while in the darkening east there trailed away in gray-winged form, the ghost of wind and rain."

It will seem something of an anti-climax to state that the trail subsequently led us to an interesting geological section, where the breccia of the Eocene period was found resting upon the upturned edges of pre-Cambrian slates and quartzite, with only a thin layer of conglomerate, possibly a representative of the Telluride formation, between them. We reached Ouray before dark, having completed a ride of fully 400 miles.

"For what high end is all this daily boon,
Unseen of man, in sightless silence spent?
Doth lavish Nature vainly importune
The unconscious witness of the firmament?"

"Or, is it that the influent God, whose breath
Informs with glory sea, and shore, and hill,
His infinite lone rejoicing nourisheth
Upon the bounteous outcome of His will?"

—Brunton Stevens.