

Memory Pictures.

many miles you know, and its ragged dome of rocks and trees and earth lies covered with the snows of so many years, or centuries, it may be, that only smooth, clean outlines are seen, as of chiseled marble, clean cut, unsoiled, just from the sculptor's hand! Turning back round the circling ridge, following on and on past many a turret spire, which you could not pass but that you know you can come back to it, and down here to the southward, rising up from the clustering hills at its base, boldly outlined 'gainst the space behind, stands the old-time monarch, Mt. Rainier—unchanged nor lesser grown. Something about the old mountain there is that overawes you, and compels your reverence, as does some great warrior who has fought bravely and withstood the forces of the world—the storms of years, and come out unscathed, grown greater, more majestic, only. So Rainier impresses you with its power and grandeur. Drawing your charmed gaze from this at last, and following still around to the westward, where nightly goes the golden orb