

tender recognition for the sustenance of life. The patches of sweet pea-vines and flowers, refreshed with dew, filled the air with delicious fragrance.

All life awaited the kiss of the morning sun!

Along the eastern horizon a glow of yellow light is discernible. The color changes to gold. Dashes of blushing crimson dart up in lovely confusion and spread quickly over the golden radiance. Brilliant shafts of light break through between the mountain tops, dance merrily down the wooded slopes, and form roadways, paved with sparkling diamonds, through the dew-laden pea-vines and flowers. The great Conqueror of Darkness moves swiftly upward over the mighty walls, tops the highest peaks, and a bounding, joyous invincible volume of light and warmth pours into the valley, awakening life refreshed and smiling, strong and happy, content and eager for the labors of another day.

Away up, beyond the last tier of pines, where tufted growth marks the space intervening between the green branches and the cold, dark, barren, rock—tapering into lances upon which oftentimes black, rolling, rain-charged clouds break, drenching the valley with their life-blood as they sweep onward in the impetuosity and power of their charge,—small herds of goats and flocks of sheep form into file and confidently pick their way along the high, narrow paths to the choicest feeding-grounds.

The mountain lion, crafty and bold under cover of darkness, steals to his lair as the sunbeams beat back the shadows, and there indulges in fitful yawns until the effects of the orgies of the night force him to wedge his