

sion cut with glacial streams and dike-like ridges, and plunged into the woods on the other side. The next four hours are not pleasant to recall. In a Selkirk forest the delicious gloom of the forenoon becomes Egyptian darkness at night. A chance remark from the novice that he would catch his death-cold, if he lay down to slumber with soaking feet, led our uncomplaining leader, who, unknown to us, was suffering from severe nausea, to abandon the thought of a bivouac, and to continue to pilot us down the mountain side, with frequent halts, but without the slightest mishap. A second battle with that abominable piece of fallen timber, a brief lounge on the station platform, the long four miles on the railroad, and then came the welcome sight of the Glacier House just as the eastern sky was brightening into a new day.

---

### Per Aspera ad Astra.

PHILIP S. ABBOT.

Died August 3, 1896.

EASY and swift was the rough way to thee,  
Dear boy, whose bright face to our older eyes  
Seemed full of radiant dawning and sunrise,  
Promise and pledge of a fair day to be;  
Up the steep, icy slopes thy footsteps sped,  
Which never foot had trodden before but thine,  
And then, — obedient to some heavenly sign,  
Some word of power which might not be gainsaid,  
With hope undimmed, and eyes that knew no stain  
Of tears, or shadow of remembered sin,  
But glowed and shone from the brave heart within, —  
Thou, without hesitance, or fear, or pain,  
From off the mountain tops of thy desire  
Leaped to the starward pathway and went higher.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

---