

Memory Pictures.

wide the window and looked out, the mountains were almost startling in their close proximity, as though the long file of an army had crept up in the night unheard, and was there to subdue and conquer as you rose from your sleep.

Surely they are but just across the river here—you can hear them call across the water to their sentries, and hear the echo thrown back by the solid walls, along with the answer of the picket-men; and it seems it would be but to stretch your arm and bend a little toward them to touch hands in a morning greeting.

Turning your face to the eastward, as they used in days of old, you see a long range of fantastic giant peaks, over which the sun has just risen. These are the beautiful old Cascades, presenting a marvellous variety of shapes and forms, and extending all about the eastern horizon. Along the jagged line you follow, far, far up yonder to the north, till at the distant end of the range, seemingly, and there is Mt. Baker, away off toward the sky,