

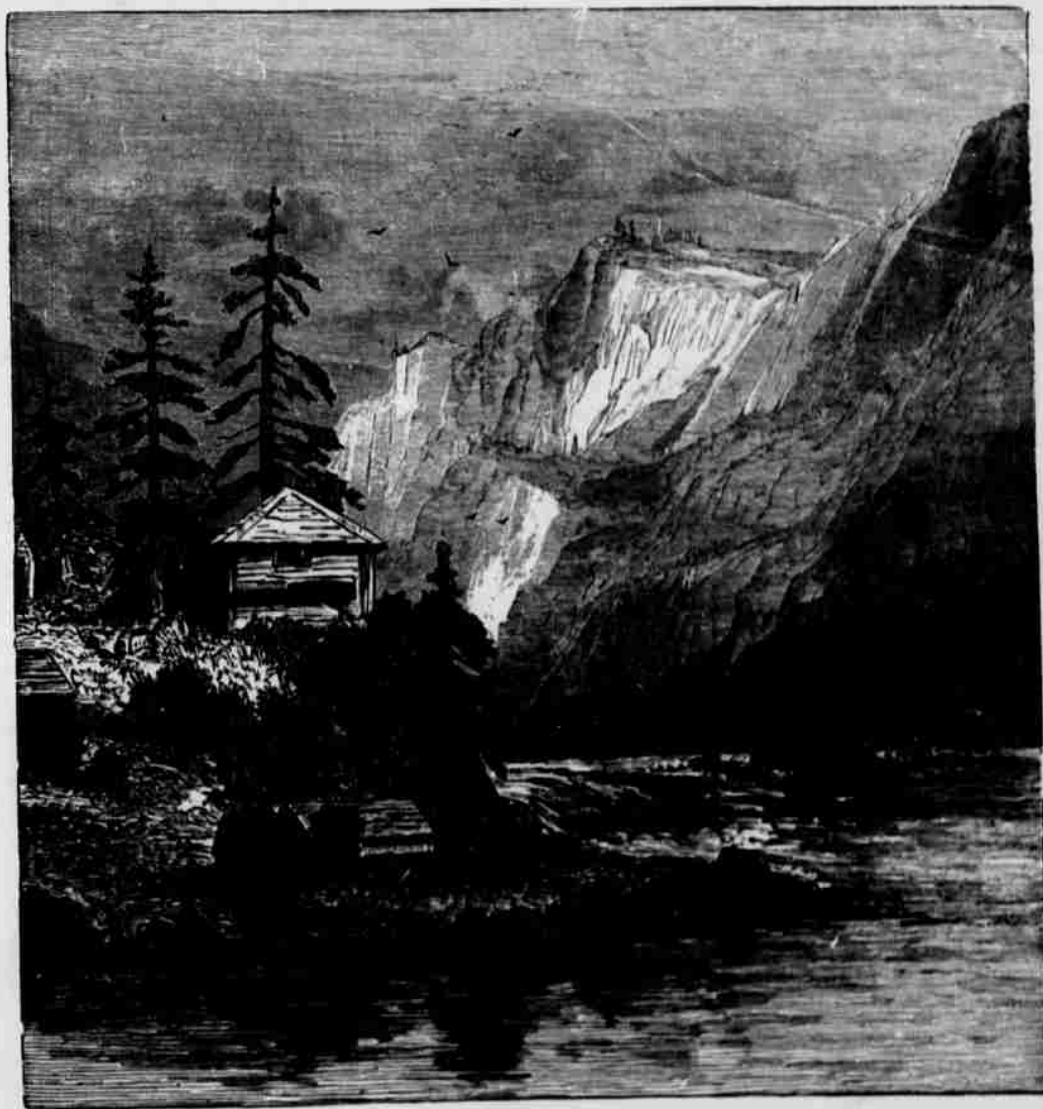
in silver waves, and a shimmering path of gold shines sun-ward. Now the low flats on the left are clothed in amber, and the jagged wall upon the right is bathed in mellow radiance.

All this is but a presage of that to come; for see! The sun bursts forth in all his splendor! His rays fall upon the hill, and a thousand rich varied hues spring into existence.

The whole landscape is aglow and

drifting across a great mountain lake. There is a sandy promontory with points of gray rock; the white sand drifted into long wavy ridges. Upon one side we see high bleak bluffs, then a stony wall holding with irregular chain, the surging waters. Now behind us the river appears; but how narrow it seems! As it winds away through the silvery sands it looks but the outlet of our lake.

tain, hill, bluff, and rocky battlement, each yielding its own peculiar charm to the landscape; all glowing in the rich autumnal light. Upon one side a wall of basaltic rock, hundreds of feet high, stretches its gloomy seamed and riven length. From the other recedes an undulating line of fair hills. Their soft velvety ridges abounding in rare lights and shadows; such as artist's pencil must ever fail to catch, and writer's pen to portray.



THE MIDDLE BLOCK HOUSE—COLUMBIA RIVER.

aquiver in the new-born sunlight and the traveller gazes with silent emotion upon the glorified scene.

On! on! the remorseless steamer bears us, the scenes upon either side continually shifting. The lover of Nature has not time to catch half the beauty of any view before he is borne on past it to new delights and fresh disappointments.

A sudden curve seems to leave us

Craggy cliffs, pointed at their tops like impaling swords rise menacingly against the sky. Here and there in the face of all this sternness laughs a clump of bright foliage borne upon a rocky ledge or held fast in some dark cavern. The walls, of rock, are seamed and rent as by some mighty throes of Nature.

Still on we glide from scene to scene of Columbia's mighty panorama. Moun-

Now from the water's edge rise tall cliffs like mermaids, clad in damp clinging garments of pale sea green.

We are passing a low stone rimmed island, with dull grass high grown, and a cluster of trees, whose scarlet lamps are striving to light the surrounding gloom. There are rocky islets on either side. The blue waters curl mournfully about the desolate shores. This is "Mimaloose" the home of the dead.