

loftiness was no home for any deity of those that men create. Only the thought of eternal peace arose from this heaven-upbearing monument, like incense, and, overflowing, filled the world with deep and holy calm. Wherever the mountain turned its cheek toward the sun, many fair and smiling dimples appeared, and along soft curves of snow, lines of shadow drew tracery, fair as the blue veins on a child's temple. Without the infinite sweetness and charm of this kindly changefulness of form and color, there might have been oppressive awe in the presence of this transcendent glory against the solemn blue of noon. Grace played over the surface of majesty, as a drift of rose leaves wavers in the air before a summer shower, or as a wreath of rosy mist flits before the grandeur of a storm. Loveliness was sprinkled, like a boon of blossoms, upon sublimity.

"Our lives forever demand, and need, visual images that can be symbols to us of the grandeur of the sweetness of repose. There are some faces that arise dreamy in our memories, and look us into calmness in our frantic moods. Fair and happy is a life that need not call upon its vague memorial dreams for such attuning influence, but can turn to present reality, and ask tranquility at the shrine of a household goddess. The noble works of nature, the mountain most of all,

have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.

And, studying the light and the majesty of Tacoma, there passed from it and entered into my being, to dwell there evermore, by the side of many such, a thought and an image of solemn beauty, which I could thenceforth evoke, whenever in the world I must have peace or die. For such emotion, years of pilgrimage were worthily spent. If mortal can gain the thoughts of immortality, is not his earthly destiny achieved? For, when we have so studied the visible poem, and so fixed it deep in the very substance of our minds, there is forever with us, not merely a perpetual possession of delight, but a watchful monitor, that will not let our thoughts be long unfit for the pure companionship of beauty; for whenever a man is false to the light that is in him, and accepts meaner joys, or chooses the easy indulgence that meaner passions give, then every fair landscape in all his horizon dims, and all its grandeurs fade and dwindle away, the glory vanishes, and he looks, like one lost, upon his world, late so lovely and sinless. While I was studying Tacoma, learning its fine lesson, it, in turn, might contemplate its own image far away on the waters of Whulge (Puget sound), where streams

from its own snows, gushing seaward to buffet in the boundless deep, might rejoice in a last look at their parent ere they swept out of Puyallup bay. Other large privilege of view it had. It could see what I could not—Tacoma the less, Mount Adams, meritorious but clumsy; it could reflect sunbeams gracefully across the breadth of forest to St. Helens, the vestal virgin, who still kept her flame kindled, and proved her watchfulness ever and anon. Continuing its panoramic studies, Tacoma could trace the chasm of the Columbia by silver circles here and there; could see every peak, chimney, or unopened vent, from Kulshan to Shasta butte. The Blue mountains, eastward, were within its scope, and westward, the faint blue levels of the Pacific. Another region, worthy of any mountain's beholding, Tacoma sees, somewhat vague and dim in distance—it sees the sweet Arcadian valley of the Willamette, charming with meadow, park and grove. In no older world where men have, in all their happiest moods, recreated themselves for generations in taming earth to orderly beauty, have they achieved a fairer garden than nature's simple labor of love has made there, giving to rough pioneers the blessings and the possible education of refined and finished landscape, in the presence of landscape strong, savage and majestic. All this Tacoma beholds, as I can but briefly hint; and as one who is a seer himself becomes a tower of light and illumination to the world, so Tacoma, so every brother seer of his among the lofty snow peaks, stands to educate, by his inevitable presence, every dweller thereabouts. Our race has never yet come into contact with great mountains as companions of daily life, nor felt that daily development of the finer and more comprehensive senses, which these signal facts of nature compel. That is an influence of the future. The Oregon people, in a climate where being is bliss, where every breath is a draught of vivid life; these Oregon people, carrying to a new and grander New England of the West a fuller growth of the American idea, under whose teaching the man of lowest ambitions must still have some little indestructible respect for himself, and the brute of most tyrannical aspirations some little respect for others; carrying there a religion two centuries farther on than the crude and cruel Hebraism of the puritans; carrying the civilization of history where it will not suffer by the example of Europe, with such material that Western society, when it crystalizes, will elaborate new systems of thought and life. It is unphilosophical to suppose that a strong race, developing under the best, largest and calmest conditions of nature, will not achieve a destiny."