

like a great ship on fire; then it rose majestically from out the deep, and mounted the sky—the glorious, glad, thrice welcome sun; night gathered up her skirts and fled, and away the cold winds followed after; and the camp-fire was replenished, and we took up our beds and went forth to sit beside it and wait for breakfast.

“After that, I went wandering off to various points, leaping from rock to rock like a sizable mountain sheep. I was stimulated and sustained by the high fine air; I felt strangely light, yet with nothing of the dizziness or sickness others complained of. ‘That which made them drunk, made me bold;’ yet I could not have walked and clambered about alone in that manner, had I not been warmly and suitably dressed, and worn regular mountain shoes, heavy and hob-nailed. My costume was not picturesque, but it was safe and comfortable. I did not return until I had seen all that could be seen from different sides of the great desolate summit. The views were somewhat veiled in mist, but very lovely in color, and all the grander in outline.

“The distant mountain ranges then, and all that day, seemed stupendously high, from the intervening valleys and gorges being obscured by the light purple mist and by smoke. From the eastern side I looked down on our happy valley, and saw a little white bird-cage which I knew must be the Manitou House, and a tiny brown nut-shell, which, with a swelling breast, I recognized, or fancied I recognized, as my cottage.”

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Monument Park and the Garden of the Gods is most