

ON COLUMBIA'S CREST.

MAJOR E. S. INGRAHAM.



AFTER long hours of incessant climbing I stood upon Columbia's Crest! A cold wind pierced my tired body to the marrow, but my soul forgot the discomforts of its habitation and surged and expanded in reverence and admiration of the scene around me. At my feet slumber the snows of a century, yielding not to winter's blast nor summer's heat. One law alone they obey—that causes the apple to fall and the planets to keep in their appointed places. Inch by inch they are dragged down the mountain's rock-ribbed sides until changed into the slow-moving glacier. The stunted trees upon the glacier's bank have grown old beckoning it onward. The flowers of a hundred summers have smiled upon it and bid it welcome. Yet it pauses not nor yet hastens. When the snows upon which I now stand will have reached the silver stream far below, our children's children may listen to its murmurings.