of the very greatest help to the young man seeking to equip himself for his life contests.

"It must be admitted that as an educator in the very highest sense President Walker had no superior.

"He has built a many sided monument, whose facades reveal the story of his greatness. He has endeared himself by his personal attributes to a wide circle of friends, who will join in writing his epitaph. Let the public for which he toiled, and in whose service he died erect the tomb, but let his friends, out of loving hearts, write his epitaph."

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A First Glimpse of the Yosemite.

BY GORHAM DANA, '92.

(Concluded.)

We were without food or shelter, and with only the snow for a pillow. There was little or no dead wood about with which we could make a fire, and we realized that should we once fall asleep on the snow we should surely never awaken. The prospect of tramping the forest all night to keep from freezing was not a pleasant one.

At about 4.30 we reached a slight depression with a hill on our right. This we climbed in hopes of seeing the Valley on the other side, but only to find another higher hill beyond. This also we climbed, through blinding snow, the final flurry of the storm. Upon reaching the summit a sight never to be forgotten met our eyes. Below us lay a deep valley, with steep and in some places vertical walls of granite. Its depth was over two thousand feet, while the distance across was perhaps three quarters of a mile. It was, as we afterwards learned, the south fork of the Yosemite Valley. The storm had ceased, and the clouds were rapidly breaking up. The setting sun burst out with all its glory upon the snow-clad peaks of the high Sierras beyond the valley. On the other side of the valley the main fork of the Merced River plunged in two mighty leaps, the Vernal and Nevada Falls, into the chasm below. These falls, eight hundred and four hundred feet high respectively, appeared like mere silver threads across this fearful abyss. To the left the Half Dome, a wonderful mountain of bare granite, with one side steep and rounded, the other a sheer precipice two thousand feet high, was outlined against the snowy peaks beyond. Just to the left of the Half Dome was Cloud's Rest, a snow-clad peak ten thousand feet high. Further to the left, the Tenaya fork of the Merced River had gullied out an immense ravine, and the river, after plunging down its precipitous walls, settled itself at the bottom into a beautiful sheet of quiet water, wonderful for its perfect reflections, and justly called Mirror Lake.

On the other side of the Tenaya Fork the granite walls rise almost vertically from the valley to a height of three thousand feet, with little or no talus at their base. The curious dome structure is here again illustrated in the North Dome, a nicely rounded granite peak rising about four thousand feet above the valley, and one thousand feet above the surrounding plateau. Below the dome, on the sides of the valley, the concentric structure of these formations is clearly shown in the Royal Arches. They consist of a number of gigantic circular wrinklings where the granite has broken in conformity to its concentric structure, and stands out as if hewn by man.

After gazing on this wonderful sight a few minutes we hurried on, but with lighter hearts, feeling sure that by following along the edge of the valley we should strike the hotel at Glacier Point. In this we were correct, for in about an hour, at just six o'clock, we came in sight of the house. We had been walking almost unceasingly for nine hours, the greater part of the time through snow, and our pedometer registered twenty-two miles.

When we left the valley, on our return, we did not take the Glacier Point Road.