

fellows. A subsequent glance at the chasm from the lower side made us all content that the experiment of tobogganing across it was not tried. A considerable traverse, however, was necessary before we found a place where a long step brought us upon an icy ridge projecting from the lower side. This was covered with snow and so narrow that our leader insisted that we cross in horseback posture, working our bodies along a few inches at a time. Once beyond the schrund, the slope lessened, and, between running and glissading, seven o'clock found us in the amphitheatre formed by projecting ridges from Rogers and Swiss peaks.

Words cannot describe the glory of the scene we witnessed here. The day, which had not been especially fine, was ending with a gorgeous sunset. Its brilliant hues not only lit up the sky, but so poured over the snowy flank of Mt. Grizzly, that one could hardly say where earth ended and the heavens began. They played among the fantastic towers and minarets of Mt. Hermit, intensifying their nearness and exaggerating their odd shapes. Later came the afterglow, and the snow cornice on Grizzly gleamed like a monster reef all of pinkest coral. I agree with my companion Thompson: "It was literally more than supermundane, suggesting the jasper walls and golden streets of the apostle's vision."

The large crevasses that mark the turn and fall of the Rogers glacier into the valley were all well bridged. They were safely passed, and, though the light was now waning, after a few moments' examination of the channels in the snow, Mr. Abbot authorized a glissade of several hundred feet. It was a delightful coast, but the consistency of the snow demanded the sitting rather than the standing posture. As a result, long after we unroped minute glacial rivulets continued to flow down our limbs to their haven in our shoes.

It was nearly ten o'clock¹ before we had crossed the depres-

¹ The last three hundred yards before reaching the railway were weird beyond description. We were in a maze of fallen trees, log piled on log, jackstraw-wise; underfoot, bog, running brook, and boulder; overhead, dense boughs of fir and spruce; around us, alders, devil's-club, and all the impediments of a Selkirk thicket. The moon crept over the top of Mt. Macdonald and spotted our wretched darkness with a distorted light. We were travellers struggling through an African jungle, adventurers seeking the palace of the sleeping beauty. C. S. T.