

GLORIOUS GARIBALDI:

The Canadian Playground in British Columbia

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"From the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there!)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air."

—Henry Van Dyke.

MOUNTAINS always form a nation's playground. In Europe thousands upon thousands flock to the romantic Vale of Chamonix, or to Zermatt under the shadow of the majestic Matterhorn. Snowdon and the Great Orme in Wales, Skiddaw and Scawfell of the English Lake district, Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis in Scotland, give to the crowded cities of the Home-land the necessary breathing spaces. The busy New England states love the Adirondacks, to which the tired New Yorker and weary Bostonian may flee to find rest for the body and to gain the wider vision for the mind and soul. But no province or state on this continent has a richer mountain heritage than our own British Columbia, and yet

sleep soundly, and the rising sun of the morning reveals an undreamed-of panorama of mountain scenery. Climbers of wide experience are amazed to find such a truly Alpine region within such a short distance of Vancouver. As the traveller looks about him, there comes over him the feeling of the vastness of his new surroundings, and with it the realization of the smallness of all that is human. Little things become smaller, and he smiles at the insignificance of the worries and cares of the valleys. His mind is touched with the spirit of infinity; his heart feels the presence of the Infinite. He is moved by the strange silence—the silence of the eternal hills. Yet in the silence there is music, for the mountain streams

The Table

Garibaldi



Sentinel Glacier

LOOKING SOUTH FROM RED MOUNTAIN.

Warren Glacier

Photo by the late W. J. Gray

we ourselves know so little about it and value it at so low a price. For example, within sixty miles of Vancouver there is one district possessing untold wealth of Alpine scenery—stalwart peaks, wide glaciers, vast snowfields, lakes, waterfalls and mountain flowers—glorious Garibaldi. Yet of its existence and its charms the majority of our citizens know very little.

A boat journey of less than four hours from Vancouver to the head of Howe Sound (a delightful outing in itself) brings the traveller to Squamish, from which can be seen the glistening peaks of the Garibaldi district. Then a short rail journey on the Pacific Great Eastern, twenty miles only, passing by the deep gorge of the Cheakemous River, and we are ready for a tramp up Stoney Creek. By nightfall we camp on the Black Tusk Meadows, five thousand feet above sea-level. We

on very side form a deep-toned organ with a predominant minor note, broken only by the echoing thunder of the avalanches as they break away from their rocky fastnesses and hurl themselves down to the valleys far below. The soul expands in this new glory of the out-of-doors; dull care flees away; a truer perspective is given to life. Unconsciously in this new and vast cathedral, the traveller bows in worship.

"Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air."