

the early morning shower—Martha was with us, and all was well. We arrived, as we had departed, on schedule.

A righteous judgment upon me. The clouds were there first and shed a sprinkling rain, increasing with each effort at half-hourly intervals, until, unable to resist the temptation to rub it in to all slackers, even as I, the Great Unknown controlling the elements turned the rain to snow, and with sinking hearts we retraced our steps to the Main Camp—disappointed, but not (Oh, dear me, no!) downhearted, for in that retirement I learned many things. Martha realized she was not very successful with her remark that it was a pity we had not come into Camp when it opened, and sought to encourage me with the hope and expectation of a fine to-morrow.

To-morrow is the thought that had pursued and overtaken me for the past five years, and I was still a Graduating Member. To-day, the one period in that long lapse of time when the glorious possibility of seeing my name posted as an Active Member was almost within my grasp, had become Yesterday.

What a hopeless predicament—how could I face the wife of my bosom, the God-given mate, who, having tearfully consented to my “escape” to the perils of the mountains with their gaping crevasses and treacherous rock faces, anxiously awaited the moment of my victorious descent from the clouds and return to the felicity of our domestic hearth with the halo. To think that I could never tell my children I had climbed above the timber line—on over the glacier field—up the chimney—upon the ridge, and sat away up on the cairn and coasted part of the way back with true mountaineer’s delight.

As I stated at the commencement of these last few thoughts—what a hopeless predicament!

Martha came to the rescue again. Brave Martha. “Never mind if it does snow all night and we can’t climb to-morrow or the next day. It will soon be fine again. Why not try Stephen some week end?”