

my Wild Sheep Valley and Hills, I had an unusually clear view of the mountains to the north, and made a rough but careful sketch of them; and the result of my observations seemed to be that no pass could possibly exist between any of the peaks near the supposed Brown and Hooker by which any four-footed animal less active than a goat could cross. The solution of the problem seemed as far off as ever, so after a consultation we decided to move half the outfit over Wilcox Pass into the Athabasca main valley. This we accordingly did, leaving poor Roy alone to look after the camp.

The Athabasca flows through a wide valley, covered in most places with an ugly wash-out, which we found, however, very convenient for travelling purposes. The general features of the scenery were less attractive than those of the charming vale we had left, though the mountains here were on a bigger scale, and Athabasca Peak nobly filled the head of the valley. We had hoped to find a lateral glen by which we could reach the foot of Mount Columbia; but the mountains slope on their eastern sides in a continuous line of cliffs, intersected only at places by impassable ice-falls. We, therefore, followed the bed of the stream for some miles, and camped at an elevation of 5600 feet near the mouth of a gorge, down which a creek tumbled in a picturesque cascade. Our men spent the next morning vainly prospecting for gold, and in the

afternoon we took our sleeping-bags and provisions and ascended the gorge, with a view to sleeping out, for some peak of the main range. The stream issued from a glacier descending from a group of mountains with three principal summits, of which the northern one (Diadem Peak) was the curious snow-crowned peak I had seen from Wild Sheep Hills. The central and highest summit was named by Collie after Woolley, and the third after my humble self. Our two peaks appeared to have been sadly misbehaving themselves in bygone ages. A tremendous rock-fall had evidently taken place from their ugly bare limestone cliffs, and the whole valley, nearly half a mile wide, was covered to a depth of some hundreds of feet with boulders and débris. In our united experiences in the Alps, the Himalayas, the Caucasus, and other mountains, we had never seen indications of a landslide on so colossal a scale. Following the edge of the glacier, we bivouacked, our objective next day being Peak Woolley, which we hoped to climb by a steep ice-fall that separated it from Diadem. I made a delicious bed of heather and pine twigs, and slept soundly till I was awoken by the rain pattering on my sleeping-bag. The weather had changed for the worse, and the pale sickly light of an unpromising dawn had overspread the eastern sky when we started up the glacier. All went well as far as the foot of the ice-fall, when a black cloud that had been gathering over Mount