

The dry warm bank of one of the creeks invited him to rest and lunch. A packer commonly loses but little time at mid-day. Jack could not, however, resist the subtle influence of the mountain spring time, or forego the enjoyment of the all-pervading fragrance with which the atmosphere was charged.

The swift passing of a deer startled the pony into action, which brought Jack to himself. He quickly set pack and was off again. As he passed under Lookout Mountain, one of the peaks of Round Mountain Ridge, he saw Garibaldi towering over the lesser heights. The trail curved like a well-drawn bow across the snow and the flanks of the ridge. To the left were great meadows sloping to the west; and a hundred streams drained them to the Little Mamquam. Columnar Mountain showed just across the meadows; and now Jack was looking at the brown spot on the high green slope where his cabin stood. Away to the right were Mud River and its well-wooded valley. Still farther off were the rock-cliffs of Mamquam, rising above its broad snow-fields and glaciers.

The trail now led into Green Valley, and, making a sharp turn to the east, brought Shadow Lakes into view. These two rock-basins, though not large, were beautifully situated. They were fringed with trees on the east and west; while the north was open, and mirrored the forms of Lava Mountain and Garibaldi. After crossing the valley, Jack made a turn to the west which completed the bow of the trail, up a steep slope which led to the door of his mountain home.

He swung the pack off his pony and rubbed it down vigorously with a bunch of dry grass. The animal needed no hobbling; it would come at his call. In a few minutes fires were burning on hearth and in stove, and the contents of the pack were all in place. He then attended to his own wants and sat down at the door to study his letter. It was a bulky epistle, bearing the post-mark of "Victoria, B. C.," and enclosing the official sanction of his most cherished scheme.

It was not strange that he forgot for a while the glory of the July sunset as he gazed into space, absorbed in thoughts of the future. The letter ran thus:—

"Dear Langton.—Your commission as Chief Ranger of the Garibaldi Reserve and Park, which I enclose, will be satisfactory to you, I hope. The authorities recognize that you are the man for the position. Your steady hammering at the subject, and the collection of photographs and sketch maps, which you placed in my hands last November, have convinced them of the importance of your suggestions, and led to their giving you what you have so long striven for.