

that the angel may be troubling the water for them. As for ourselves, we cavort about like dolphins, and the Padre tries to drown me, but strange to say, I won't drown, for something thrusts me out of the depths. It is the strong spring that rises in the centre of the basin. When we have "paid't i' the burn" for nearly an hour, we dress and step out into the air feeling that we have left behind a burden of languidity and have taken instead a deep draught of vitality.

The weather is cold and "the oldest inhabitant" tells me they have only two seasons—nine months of winter and three of late autumn. The electric tension of the high atmosphere was so great that I found brisk exercise exhaustive, making me breathe quickly. This aerial electricity must have wonderful curative properties for certain disorders, and we wonder that physicians do not more often advise for nerve-shaken, over civilized people, a sojourn in these regions. A tranquility which is not sensual takes possession of you. It would be impossible to hold a grief or evil passion long in this region for the soul contracts something of the ethereal purity.

The park is twenty-six miles long and about ten wide. Parliament have set it aside as a pleasure-ground to the people of Canada and their heirs and assigns forever. Eight hundred acres of this park is devoted to the buffaloes, elk and mule deer. There are thirty-three buffaloes in the enclosures. We discreetly view them from behind a heavy paling, for at close quarters they are "ugly customers." They are by no means prepossessing in appearance. Coronada described them as "cattle of deformed aspect." In color they are a dirty tow. The beginning of these herd of bison were in the calves roped by cowboys. It is said that even a calf a few weeks old will tax the limit of a horse's speed and staying qualities, so that this small melancholy herd remain as a reminder alike of our national extravagance and individual hardihood. We saw, too, a buffalo bird, or what naturalists call a "cow troopial." These birds seat themselves on the animal's back and live on the insects which infect its hide. The animals are in charge of a cowboy, a typical Westerner, lean and muscular with wind

and sun, and handsome, too, according to a vulgar mould. He did not dismount to open the gates. His broncho cleverly opened and held them while we drove through.

It is a perfect pleasure, half spiritual, half physical to wander through the tangled paths and dim spaces of the mountain forests. There is a spiritual atmosphere which the soul drinks in as the nostrils does the air. These cloistered labyrinths tempt you to loiter, and loitering to call up forest fantasies, buskined nymphs, fawns, and even Pan with all his merry rout.

There are no flowers as yet, and vegetable life is almost dormant, but mingled with the vivifying perfume of the pines, there is a fresh stimulating odor that comes up from the earth. The pulse is quickening in the deciduous trees, and their tops are flushing with rose color. It is not strange that primitive men attributed to the wings of flying spirits the soft breathing of the wind in the trees. The mountain pines are sedate and lofty. They lift us up to them, but never condescend to us. We must bring ourselves into harmony if we would be their friends. Then are they open suggestive, and even tender. Then may we hear "the beatings of the hearts of trees."

At Devil's Lake, eight miles from Banff, there are whole stratas that are fields of death. Nature has locked them up on the hills in fetters and prisons of stone. It is God's grand geological library telling of lurid glares and dark nights that were centuries long; telling how milleniums and milleniums ago ice, fire, and flood bit, burnt, and washed Mother Earth. It is a huge tertiary volume with rough edges and full-page engravings.

Twenty miles to the South is Mount Assiniboine, which is known as the Canadian Matterhorn. It is nearly 12,000 feet high and presents on all sides a seemingly inaccessible front. The vertical face of the ice above the central cliff is 300 feet thick, and above it rises a mighty obelisk 3,000 feet, making it one of the most difficult ascents in the world. Edward Whymper, who had climbed the Matterhorn, and other Swiss climbers, were brought here by the C. P. R. to scale it, but were unsuccessful. The feat, with all its break-neck opportunities, was recently accomplished by Outram.