

went clattering into the silent waters far below as we sat in the blazing sun and in complete solitude? Was it the Sun-wapta River? The beauty of Beaver Creek, or the maliciously chattering Kicking Horse River? Was it the Yoho Valley alight with three-foot-high forget-me-nots and fragrant flesh-tinted wild heliotrope, that led to the Takakkaw Falls hurtling breathlessly down a sheer eighteen hundred feet from a rocky ledge to a flower-filled valley that slid away into virgin forest? Was it the flowers on all sides—the orange cups of the mountain lily, its face uplifted to the sun's rays, or the drooping yellow bells of *Lilium Columbianum*, fringing the Big Bend Road from above a groundwork of spireas, ferns and twinflower, whose gentle fragrance filled the air? Was it the sheets of Indian Paint Brush in all shades from scarlet to white which will only grow on a certain grass, and therefore is impossible to cultivate? Or was it the impenetrable bushes of wild roses shaded from deep rose to shell pink? It was all so wonderful, so peaceful, with nobody about except the wild animals in their fearlessness. I remember a lovely picture not more than twenty yards from the road where a cow moose and her twin calves drank from a puddle left by a passing rainstorm through which we had just driven. They were quite unafraid and merely lifted their heads for a moment to survey us. The calves still wore their tawny-golden baby coats, and the ugly moose nose hadn't developed to disfigure them. Their lovely brown eyes were gentle and enquiringly trustful when they looked at us. Bears were a commonplace, also deer of various kinds, while the fussy ruffled grouse hens raced along with their downy babies in the roads when we passed through the forests. All these animals, like the flowers, have their eternal place in the pictures that dwell in my mind as I dream again and again of that idyllic fortnight.

Then there comes beating back into my mind, as though