

British officers, and her stumbling apologies were made more painful by the awful courtesy with which they were received—a courtesy which Una assures me is utterly paralyzing to the repentant mind. "I lived in England for a year and a half," she murmured, "and I never got used to it, never!"

Moraine Lake lies in a valley so high that even now, in September, snow lay almost at the base of its further slope. The shadows of the great peaks keep it there, and its cool breath meets you in the breeze. The rock slips steeply into the water on one side, but along the nearer edge a path runs below a gentler slope. Along this path our party scattered and the horn had been blown many times and the Honourable was looking very bored before it gathered again for the home-ward trip.

"It was a beautiful day," sighed Ma Smith when we met by the fire that night. "I do enjoy talking to foreigners, not that British officers are exactly foreigners. But they're different. You feel that—don't you?"

Una said she did.

"Now, the one on my right, the red-faced one, was Scotch, but land! you'd never dream it. I asked him had he been brought up at home and he said he had. I asked him why he didn't talk Scotch like Harry Lauder, and he said he was afraid Harry might not like it. 'But,' he said, 'though I may talk like the hated Sassenach. I'm awfu', terrible, heilin' Scotch forby.' The other officer was English on both sides. (He was the one who was so

nice about sitting on your camera, my dear.) He didn't talk much. No doubt he has the war very much on his mind. But they were both nice people, very nice. It's too bad you ladies are leaving in the morning. They would be such nice acquaintances for you!"

The day of our departure dawned earlier than other days. Days of departure always do. We were soon astir, eager to see our last sunrise steal upon the glacier, to watch once more the sacrificial incense of the hills "in airy spiral seek the face of God", and to see the morning bring back the blue to the depths of the night-filled lake.

"If it should be cloudy—" fretted Una. But the sun did not disappoint us. He came gloriously.

"As if some giant of the air amid the vapours drew
A sudden elemental sword."

Now here, now there it flashed—lighting up the peaks—lighting up the valleys—lighting up the world!

We thought of all the mornings when this miracle would happen and we not there to see. Delightful melancholy enveloped us, a melancholy in which we seemed remote, strangers to each other and to our kind, tiny, tragic figures in face of a beautiful and un-caring world.

"But we will come again," said Una. "When you have written a best seller and I have inherited a fortune from my lost uncle we will come again—"

And so to breakfast, and the ten-fifteen express!