

## The Canadian Rockies

talk of nothing else, and climbed the bench above the valley to scan them in the distance, while the Calgaryans preferred to talk of steers and broncos in their sheltered plain by the rivers, out of sight of the great range of mountains. Their lack of enthusiasm was as suggestive as that of the explorer Mackenzie, who, first of white men, in 1793, beheld them on his journey to the Pacific. "At two in the afternoon the Rocky Mountains appeared in sight, with their summits covered with snow, bearing south-west by south; they formed a very agreeable object to every person in the canoe." Mackenzie wastes no more adjectives on them, but goes on to describe the buffaloes on the bank of the river—the steers of those days.

I hastened to leave Calgary by the next train, three days later, that wriggled its way up Bow Valley through the darkness, over a half-ballasted track, crossing the river on spindle-legged trestle bridges, and halting with a jolt at Morley on the Stony Indian Reserve, where my brother, the rancher, was to meet me.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and swelling black hills crested with black trees stood round us, cutting off part of a blue-black sky. The air was chill as my baggage was loaded on a creaking Red River cart built all of wood, and we turned down winding "coulees" and over a silent, dewy plain to Bow River. A clumsy boat was unchained and pushed off, the snorting pony swimming behind. There was a rush and swirl of strong, mysterious waters, against which the oarsmen

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