

mountains, and the C. P. R. main line now follows in his footsteps. Mr. McDougall is still a strong and active man, and will doubtless see many more wonderful changes before he passes from this world. But to stand in the midst of a beautiful city of 75,000 people and talk to the first arrival is an impressive experience.

A day in Calgary, then on to Banff. Everybody who has traversed Canada knows Banff, Mecca for the tourists of the world. It is, of course, impossible to "do" Banff in a day, but we did our best. Some drove and some climbed and some went on the river, and some just sat on the terrace and drank in beauty. We visited the wonderful cave, where a guide told the history of its formation in a Scotch voice that added half the charm to his story. There are sulphur springs in the cave, and the fumes are quite overpowering. At Banff the proper "stunt" is to bathe in sulphur and drink sulphur. Many did the former, and some few brave souls assayed the latter. As for me, I was content to smell.

A ball to celebrate the opening of the new addition to the C. P. R. hotel ended the festivities, and the next morning the party broke up. But some of us felt we could not break away from the spell of the mountains so abruptly so we stayed in Banff for another perfect day, then went on to Laggan. I felt I just could not come home without a glimpse of Lake Louise, the far-famed jewel of the Rockies.

The day began at six, and at seven we were on our way. We breakfasted on the train, imbibing scenery with our toast and coffee, and finished just in time. The trip from the station to the chalet is made by motor cars which run on tracks. The chalet is very lovely, and the meals—ah the meals are superb—or is it that the appetite is superb? For surely the keen mountain air makes one feel, as Jeffery Farnol would say, "remarkably sharp set." The sun had been our good friend and steady companion for days, but at Laggan he deserted his post, and we were glad to don the warm clothing which had hitherto seemed so superfluous.

During the morning we drove to Moraine Lake, a most beautiful drive along a road that winds up and up the mountains and then descends to the lake. One of the party is impressed by the utter absence of any bird life, and the driver (obliging man) opines that they can not live in this high altitude. Later on a more plausible explanation is found in the absence of grain and other suitable foods. Though we miss the birds, there is no lack of flowers; the Indian paint brush adds a vivid touch of color to every slope, the mountain laurel trails dainty pink blossoms in the hollows, and wonderful mosses cover the rocks.

En route we pass Mount Temple and the Tower of Babel. The mount is truly a temple, and some such pile must have inspired the first architect who designed ecclesiastical styles in building. The Tower of Babel might also have been the model for medieval architecture, the illusion of a "tower" is amazingly realistic. In front a deep declivity suggests the doorway, long, narrow windows are marked on the sides, and the effect is splendid.

We had not gone far when the threat of overhanging clouds was fulfilled and a steady "drizzle" began, which later became a regular heavy rain. Fortunately the driver had a supply of umbrellas and rubber covers, as only one of us carried any such protection. As a loyal Westerner, living in almost perpetual sunshine, my love of consistency will not permit me to carry an umbrella unless it is actually raining when I set out. One of our number, however, had been inseparable from hers during the trip, and many were the witticisms levelled at "Sairey Gamp." But when the rain began, Sairey's owner, trying not to look too wise and virtuous, had a complete umbrella all to herself.

Moraine Lake at last, a very gem of a lake set at the base of towering peaks, but by this time we began to feel more conscious of physical discomfort

than of nature's beauty. How glad we were to learn that a tea room existed here in the wilderness! On the lake shore we found a comfortable log cabin presided over by fresh-faced, soft-voiced English girls, who served delicious coffee and flaky hot biscuits for our comfort. These enterprising girls traveled through the mountains a year ago, and became possessed of a keen desire to spend a longer time there. As they could not afford to spend the summer at Laggan in idleness they started this little house, where they serve refreshments to the wayfarer, and sell souvenirs to the tourist. They also have accommodation for fishermen and mountain climbers who do not wish to return to the hotel over night. Just think of the delightful holiday those girls are having, surrounded by "nature, undefiled," and with the daily visits of tourists to furnish amusement!

We had set our hearts on riding to Lake Agnes in the afternoon, and the ponies were ordered but the rain continuing, we vacillated between caution and desire. Finally prudence won the day, the order for ponies was cancelled, and we decided to stroll by the lake. Then having yielded to prudence, we shamelessly turned our backs on her and ran away with the spirit of adventure.

We work-a-day folk are forced, willy-nilly, to spend our days in a more or less prudent following of routine, and it would be a shame not to make the most of our few "days off." So the ponies are brought round and we appear in fearful and amazing costumes, the only orthodox article being the skirt hired for the purpose.

The first pony is brought forward, but there is some hesitancy about who shall

all. I soon learned, however, that the good little beast knew best, and became quite attached to him, ere we reached home. He was so sure-footed on those turns.

Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes are set high up among the clouds, and they are of that peculiar shade which distinguishes Lake Louise. It is called blue—robin's egg blue—but to me it is green, a wonderful green like no jewel, though at times the varying reflections produce a glorified opalescent effect.

The last bit of the climb to Lake Agnes is made on foot, and reaching it we find ourselves at the base of the Beehive. We have been passing snow patches for some time—here we find quite a bit of snow, there is still ice on the lake and while we look, the clouds settle down once more and it is snowing.

Returning we pass Lookout Point. If ever you pine for thrills, dear people, hie you to Lookout Point. It is on so steep a slope that a railing is built around the point, but approaching it there is no rail and the slope is very steep and unobstructed to the bottom. But the scenery adds the greatest thrill of all.

Lake Louise, the marvelous, lies spread out before one, all around are the snow-capped peaks, one of them enshrouded in a blinding storm. Far down at the end of the lake nestles the chalet—it is wonderful beyond words.

It is amusing to note the change in one's feelings since the start. True, the path is just as narrow and Teddy still browses out of season, but evidently he knows his business and he has done this thing so often that he is quite blasé and



The Courthouse, Tete Jaune Cache.

be the first to mount. Then I lead the way, not from any boastful spirit but because this particular pony looks so very mild and biddable. Alas for my foolish hearkening to wisdom, "Teddy" proved quite too hopelessly mild. When the cavalcade started Teddy remained peacefully browsing on the tender grass, and simply refused to budge till he was quite ready. As a consequence my dignity was much hurt by the necessity of tagging along behind the rest, almost out of sight. Halfway up the mountain we reached a stream that gurgles temptingly near the path, and, Teddy being thirsty from much browsing, was greedily anxious to drink. Imagine my horror when he deliberately crowded past other more mannerly ponies to reach the water. Perhaps, though, you do not understand my feelings. Know then that the path, like all mountain paths, winds continually along the line of least resistance, and is barely wide enough at its widest—for two ponies to pass.

This path occasionally goes through bits of level wood, but, for the most part, is carved out of the hillside with steep banks above and equally steep slopes below. Or else it hugs the outer edge of a precipice. And Teddy seemed at first to have a Satanic wish to upset my nerves by clinging to the outer edge of the path, where he was in imminent danger of stepping on nothing-at-

there is no use trying to influence him. I begin to take his part and regret remarks on his laziness, sudden turns in the path have lost their dread—in fact the whole party has lost its air of apprehension, and has taken to criticizing the action of the ponies and comparing their points.

After nearly four hours we once more reach level ground, and then Teddy, smelling his supper, suddenly becomes possessed of life and energy—and he trots and will do nothing but trot. And now I discover my stirrups are too long for anything but the rocking-chair motion to which I have become accustomed. So I rattle round on that blessed pony, beseeching him to go easy, and finally persuade him to walk home where we arrive once more hopelessly in the rear, but quite contented.

Bathed and refreshed and with ravenous appetites, we dine in the room where the yellow hangings make sunshine in spite of the rain. Then an hour devoted to contemplation of the lovely lake, and it is time to pack up once more and say good-bye.

The Manitoba sun is working overtime to-day, and it is very hot in my office, but it is good to have memory of cool and quiet places. No matter how unlovely things may be, I will always have the picture in my mind of Lake Louise lying in matchless beauty up there in the mountains.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Sent with God's Love.

The Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Ps. LXXXIV. 11.

A woman was once sending flowers to someone in trouble, and, realizing that she was only God's messenger, she enclosed a card, saying: "God sends you this with His love." Straight to the heart of the troubled servant of God it went, with its reminder of His unchanging love. How we delight in that commonplace inscription in a gift. At Christmas there are so many dainty parcels inscribed "with love," and, as we grow older, the love—if the inscription be a true one—is the thing we want more than the gift. The gift is chiefly prized because it is the outward expression of love.

Think of the pleasure of giving to loved ones. A father crams with good things the little stockings hung up so trustingly by the expectant children. How it would hurt his loving heart if he were forced to disappoint the eager little ones and leave their stockings empty. If God loves us—and GOD is LOVE—He must also delight in preparing and giving good things. Through the prophet Jeremiah he has told us that He "delights" in exercising lovingkindness. He who loves a cheerful giver must be a cheerful and willing giver himself. And as a father is disappointed if his children do not like the gifts he has carefully and tenderly chosen for them, so our Father must be very disappointed in us when we refuse to believe that His choice is the best for us.

"I sometimes think God's heart must ache,
Listening to all the sad, complaining cries
That from us weak, impatient souls arise,
Because we do not see that for our sake
He answers not, or answers otherwise
Than seems the best to our tear-blinded eyes.
This is love's hardest task, to do 'hard things
For love's own sake, then bear the murmurings
Of ignorance, too dull to judge aright
The love that rises to this wondrous height
He knows we have not yet attained;
and so
He wears not, but bears complaint and moan,
And shields each willing heart against
His own.
Knowing that some glad day we too
shall know."

The cross which is offered to each child of God to take up daily is given with His wise and tender love. What a difference it makes to our happiness when we look up and catch His smile as we take it from His hand. Then we can't accept it ungraciously or unthankfully. Perhaps your cross is the necessity of living with people who are fault-finding and irritable. If you see "LOVE" written across each hour that is full of opportunities of exercising forbearance, pleasantness and forgiveness, you will rise to the situation and find real satisfaction in meeting cross words and looks with cheerful ones and in overcoming unkindness with the magic of love. God sends the daily testing, "with His love," trusting you to win daily victories and so grow steadily stronger and more beautiful. He says: "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. . . . but love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again. . . . and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

If you are daily kind and good to people who show little or no gratitude, then you are making the most of your opportunity of being Christlike—remember how earnestly He prayed for His