

Again, the guide-book explains. They are "isolated and curiously weathered conglomerate monuments called 'hoodoos'—giant earthen pillars, ten times the height of a man—some of them—composed of hard enough material to withstand the erosions that have played havoc with the surrounding bank."

At Anthracite, they produce the best coal in the world, as they do in several other places. Our course is along the bed of the Bow River, between vertical walls that rise in dizzy heights. These stupendous rocks, murky, hurtling, portentous, weigh upon one with a crushing sense of domination. They look like some Titanic religious pile, and when you have thought of all the great cathedrals you have seen, the mind rejects the comparison. To-night, we rest under the protection of the mountains. When we reached Banff, our Canadian Bethesda, a terrific storm was raging, and the savage rain hissed in the wind like a mad creature. Standing at the hotel windows, I watched the stalwart firs wrestle with the wind as they did with Sinis, the Palm-bender. Now and then, they gave tongue to their fury with a sound like surging foam. As night settled down upon the scene, the storm abated, but I felt an impression of loneliness and isolation. There were indefinable stirrings of uneasiness, the noise of falling water, mysterious winds overhead, tree trunks grinding against each other, and sounds that I did not understand. I was a prisoner of the night, a child afraid in the dark. It had been easy to fill the blackness with malevolence and baleful spirits. Are these unaccountable impressions of fear in humanity the fountain-head of what are called "religious instincts?" We fear what we do not understand, and then worship. In the long perilous struggle for existence, fear inspired by mystery, came into our blood. Now, fear is an atrophied organ, which sometimes asserts itself and makes the heart shudder while the reason laughs.

Banff is not "of the earth, earthy." It is of the rocks, rocky. It has been aptly described as "The Rocky Mountains made easy." This show place is 4,500 feet above the sea, and from the base where we stand, the mountains spring up thousands of feet

into the sky, flying scuds of clouds kissing their hoary summits. So beautiful it all is, it might have been the gate to Paradise. The poet was wise and good, who wrote the lines, "Eternity draws nearer than we know, high on the hills."

There was an artist on the balcony this morning who talked of values, vistas, truth of space, chiaroscuro, mellowness of effect, and transference of air. Perhaps he was right, but it seems to me when nature stretched her stone canvas in the Rockies, she did not trouble with the trivialities of pleasing prettiness or technical nicety. She brushed her colors in with a boldness of mass and outline, with an energy and expression that stagger. She used primary colors and never hesitated. There is no ambiguity about them. Royal purple, the orange light of fire, and the sickening red in which Tintoretto has painted the wounds of his martyrs, are only emphasized by the "cold white virgin snow" on the peaks. In the early dawn, the snow is livid and dull silver but soon it reflects the moods of the sky. In turn it is stone-blue, rusty-red, a clear yellow-like moselle, and then it takes on an auroral tint with shades that vanish.

The baths at Banff are highly sulphuretted, and said to be particularly virtuous in cases of asthma, skin diseases and rheumatism. The visitor may bathe outdoors in a natural basin of warm water, or he may, and probably will, prefer to bathe in "The Cave." This bath-tub of nature is the cone of an extinct geyser, and is about forty feet in diameter, and from five to ten feet deep. It is replenished every two and one-half hours with water, which bubbles up at exactly the right temperature to make toddy.

The cave is entered through an artificial tunnel, and the first view of the dim cavern with its stalactical formations and green waters recalls and materializes the fairy tales of childhood. The waters from the hot underworld have a subtle alchemy that makes even a robust Canadian long to imitate the effeminate Romans who spent days in the enervating baths of the Imperial City.

As the sick people wash their wasted hands in the warmth, we breathe a hope