

up the harbour. The white snow-cap of Mount Hays, standing sentinel over the harbour, and forming a solid, sombre background to the bustling community at its base, floated like a cloud in the clear firmament illumined by the red, purple, amber and green of the Northern Lights. The last of the bright yellow stars, drawn out in a long, thin line, dancing on the water and marking the navigable channel, glided astern. We gave a sharp turn as we gained the open Pacific to enter the inland passage, and were soon ploughing through wildly picturesque fjords wrapped in a silence that could be felt, the steamer feeling its way by the echoing of the siren from headland to headland. We were southward bound for Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. The deadfall-littered trail, the rushing waterways, the little communities rising in the wilderness, and the silent wilds through which we had wandered for some 1,200 miles, were all left behind. The bewitching call of the wild was still sounding in our ears. But for us the alluring cry was in vain.