

west of Bear Creek, and we were in the nick of time, twenty-four hours later would have meant swimming.

With minds at rest, we camped that night on a high bluff overlooking the North Fork; behind us rose the high walls of Mt. Wilson, while Murchison, Sarhach, Pyramid, and the Freshfields died away in rosy, then purpling shadows; night came down, and we realized at last our utter isolation. The door was closed for many days to come to other companionship and the situation was saved from a sense of loneliness only by our minds being devoted absolutely to the destruction of mosquitoes, an occupation which lasted for several weeks. From Bear Creek to Wilcox Pass the scenery is a succession of beautiful pictures. About ten miles from the summit of the pass, the trail leaves the shingle-flats of the river and mounts a long and arduous hill, eventually reaching a point about 1000 feet above the valley, where the timber being scarce, the views of the receding and on-coming peaks are wonderfully fine. About three miles below "Camp Parker" (an easily recognized camp-ground at the junction of Nigel Creek and the North Fork), the now fast-diminishing river makes a deep plunge, forming what we have called "Panther Falls." Soon after passing the falls, Mt. Athabasca comes into sight on the left; being 11,000 feet high, and snow-clad, it is a joy even to eyes now so used to mountains. From "Camp Parker" to the main pass is about five miles, but a canyon beyond it being said to make that way impracticable, the trail to the true pass on the right, is a little hard to find. There is an old and much used camp among the spruces on the high meadows, called "Camp Expectation." Reaching this, the forest is skirted for a quarter of a mile, when a pebbly river-bed is reached; this is followed up for a short distance when a good trail to the pass is struck. This hidden trail is well worth a search, any other route is a hard grind for the horses.

The pass itself is long, heavy, ugly travelling; if the day be cloudy, it could not be more uninteresting, but being 7800 feet high, there is a fine view of Mt. Athabasca to the southwest, while to the north is seen the group of mountains climbed and named by Dr. Collie and his party.

The first drop on the north side of the pass, is a long sharp hill, where a well-marked trail leads to "Sheep Camp," a name well-known to hunters. By this camp runs a beautiful stream head-