

strange wildernesses and among distant peaks, and that have spelled such peace to me so many cloudless nights of sweet serenity, whisper to me in my dreams that I dedicate to them a few words of recognition for the balm and peace they have erstwhile spread upon me. Within these mountain fastnesses, there roam a handful of men "With hearts of vikings and the simple faith of the child." These men, for many years, have I known and loved. I have sat with them beside these deep and silent-flowing rivers, and I have listened to the philosophy of simple living and genuine religion, which lives, close to nature, have taught them. These, and a thousand days and nights beneath the stars, sing to me for recognition, and so it is, in defiance of the superfluity of similar material, that I take up my task to trace in an aimless but intimate way the wanderings of some six summers spent in the mountains of Alberta and British Columbia. Five thousand miles of trail have known the hoofs of my pack-trains, and hundreds of miles of rivers have seen the ripples clinging to the sterns of my canoes within these years. Some game have I shot and some fish have I caught. Many rivers have I forded and some have I swum. Vast peace have I enjoyed, and many hardships and some risks have been encountered and overcome. But it is not from any of these things that I would take my text,