

It was to me like a dream or a vision of the city that is within golden gates.

In a few minutes prosaic daylight had banished the crimson and gold, but the mountains remained wonderfully beautiful, lifting their blue, snow-crowned heads far above the drifting clouds that were slowly dissolving before the warm sunshine. Some lofty peaks were suggestive of gigantic cathedrals, with towers reaching to heaven. Indeed one of the finest is called castle mountain, a bare turreted rock with the snow and ice hugging its shoulders. In some places the greenish hues of glacier ice was plainly visible, though so high above that our necks suffered in the attempt to bring it within eye range. At the summit of the Rockies we came upon Kicking Horse River, at first a comparatively small stream, but gathering force and size in its descent between the Rockies and Selkirks. It is a magnificent mountain torrent, surging and foaming and roaring for miles along the C. P. R. track. At first it is of a rich, perfectly transparent, emerald green color, but in the valley, after its tempestuous course, it shows opal tints which are very beautiful, pale green or tortoise blue, and here and there warmer tints, even a flush of pink, caught from the shady rocks that rise high above it, their sharp, slanting edges glistening in the sunlight. The Illycillywaet is another wild stream, which I found very beautiful, winding back and forth under our track and in some places dashing itself furiously against the rocky walls that prison it, and foaming between narrow points where it can be spanned by a log. I greatly enjoyed all the mountain torrents, and did not grow callous to their beauty even though their name was legion. Had my eyes been shut I should have known by the sudden breath of cool, delicious air when we were passing one. From thousands of feet above us on one side it would come tumbling and tearing down to the river, thousands of feet below, on the other side, a stream of purest,

clearest water, or spray rather, for it would be white with the foam of its own wild flight. Nearly all these streams have cut canons for themselves of various depths, and often the sloping sides are clothed with luxuriant green, mossy stones and logs with dainty wild flowers clustering about them. Sometimes the stream itself is almost hidden from sight by the tangle of green things that crowd upon its edges and drink of its waters. Through the kindness of a thoughtful fellow traveller I also drank from one of these wild mountain torrents. Such a pure, cold, sparkling cup of water, straightway from the cloud-wreathed peak above me. Was it really so much more satisfying and exhilarating than water from the gilded tank in the corner of the car? or had the courtesy by which I received it improved its flavor? Kind acts have a fairy trick of improving the flavor of most things in this world.

Later on in my journey when I passed the Columbia, broad and smooth and majestic, "a mighty river flowing to the sea," I thought how all these tiny streams back in the mountains were gathering melting snow upon a thousand hills and bringing it to feed this great river deep and wide enough to carry ocean steamers upon its breast and how their toiling in the middle places wrought all this expanse of blue water in the open. Several times we were up to snow level and once I even looked down upon a snowbank fifty feet below me. It gave one a curious sensation to be wilting under the almost tropical heat of a railway car and at the same time looking upon a huge bank of snow within a stone's throw, but said snow bank showing no signs of melting, being in fact rather crusty! I meant to tell you about the snowslide, or rather their tracks where tall trees had been mown down like grass; and of the stately firs and cedars and spruces, much finer than ours which clothe the mountains of British Columbia; of the wonderful Cariboo