

tinued southwards about two miles, through scrub spruce, and tamarack, and sinking every step up to the knees in moss. Beyond this was a ridge, covered with banksian pine, on top of which we camped. It was early yet, but we were tired, and abundance of good wood and good water convenient invited us to rest. From the top of this ridge we could see the river valley for miles each way. We now saw that the valley, about two miles above where we left it, turned sharply to the west, and from our position, being in a line with its axis, we were looking directly up it.

With my telescope I could see that it was almost one continuous rapid as far as my glass would carry. All the Indians who knew anything of the matter told me the portage by which we would cross the Half-way River left Sicannie Chief River a short distance above a high falls on the latter. From here I could see no sign of any such falls as they described—about 200 feet high—and I could see at least ten miles. The falls were spoken of as being near the mountains, and we could see the mountains at least thirty miles away.

The evening was delightfully clear and calm, and the prospect grand. To describe it, and convey the impression it made, one would require the pen of a Scott. The deep, narrow valley of the river could be seen both up and down for many miles. The opposite side at many points presented the appearance of gigantic castles frowning grimly on the river below. The many rapids in the river roared till the noise—even at this distance of two miles—fell on the ear loudly. Away to the westward the towering snow-clad mountains, fringed with a golden aureola, gleamed white through a crystal medium which imparted to their whiteness a purple tinge inimitable by art. I have seen many paintings in which it was attempted to give this effect, but I never saw any succeed. In art the snow is colored, and

the effect is unnatural; in nature the snow is white, and you are looking at it through this coloring. The effect is unspeakably beautiful, yet harmonious; in the picture the effect may be beautiful, but does not appear natural, at least not to me. The artist cannot be blamed, for how could he produce the natural effect, when the color is all laid on the same surface.

The morning of the 8th of October was as beautifully calm, clear and serene, as the preceding evening had been; and the scene, while not producing the same effect (in the evening the sun shone behind the mountains; in the morning in front of them) was, if possible, more beautiful. The mountains looked like silver castings set in perfect crystal. Scientists tell us there must be an all-pervading ether in space to produce the phenomenon of light. It would not be difficult for one to persuade himself that he was living in it on this morning, for every detail of scenery was as sharply outlined as if vapor, dust and smoke were things of another world. The effect reminded one of looking at beautiful images set in matchless crystal, only infinitely grander.

Soon after breakfast I put my pack on my back and started alone, leaving the other two to clear up the breakfast things and follow. I had not gone more than a fourth of a mile when I heard something crashing in the woods ahead. I stopped, listened, and knew from the noises it made that it was a grizzly bear, and soon found that it was coming towards me. Now, though I had often wished to, I never saw a grizzly on its native heath, so to speak. At last here he was; was I to kill it? I must say, without any vamping, I had no other thought. What a magnificent test for my new rifle! Perhaps the reader may not believe it, but I felt an exultation I cannot describe—as though the acme of all my hopes had at last been attained. I never thought of what the result might be to myself. Had I done so, I would probably have