

"As the highest peak caught the first gleam it shone out with a wonderful glowing red above the cold white mists which encircled it. Then one after the other the lower ridges kindled, and rock and glacier blushed and glittered as the bright beams crept further and further down the vast expanse, throwing into deeper shadow the dark clefts and making more prominent the jutting crags, until the flat, hazy sheet of dulness that a few minutes before was spread before us shone out into a picture radiant with a glorious wealth of color, and the artist himself whose magic touch had performed the miracle before our eyes, peeped down on us from the top of the Rockies. Only one thing that we have seen can be compared with this first glow of the sun on the Selkirk range, and that is the lingering light of his rays on the Rockies as he sinks behind the Western mountains. Yet with that—beautiful beyond words though it is—there is a feeling almost akin to sadness which is absent from the morning hour."

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Sinclair to Wilmer.

AFTER leaving Sinclair Landing we find the course of the river forming almost a perfect **S** among the low-lying meadows fringed to the water's edge with "Nature's botanical garden," the home of the Sharp-tailed and the Canadian Ruffed Grouse, oftentimes seen running along the banks and feeding on the