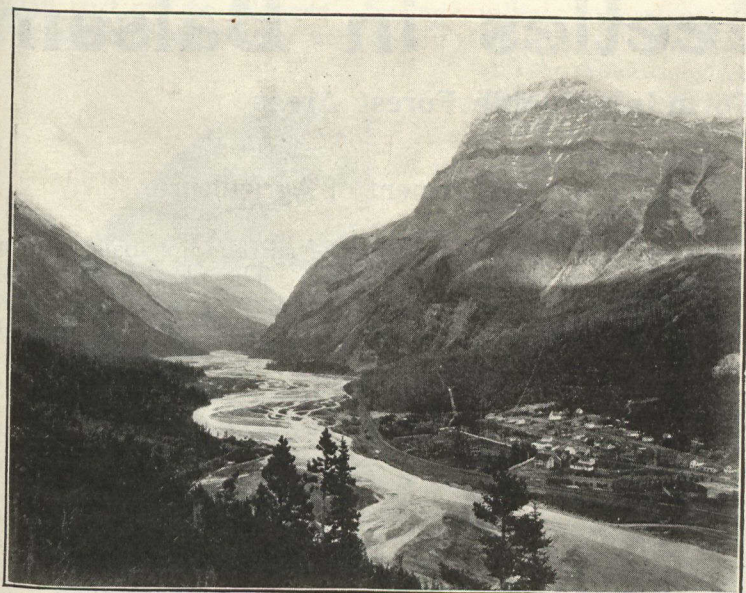




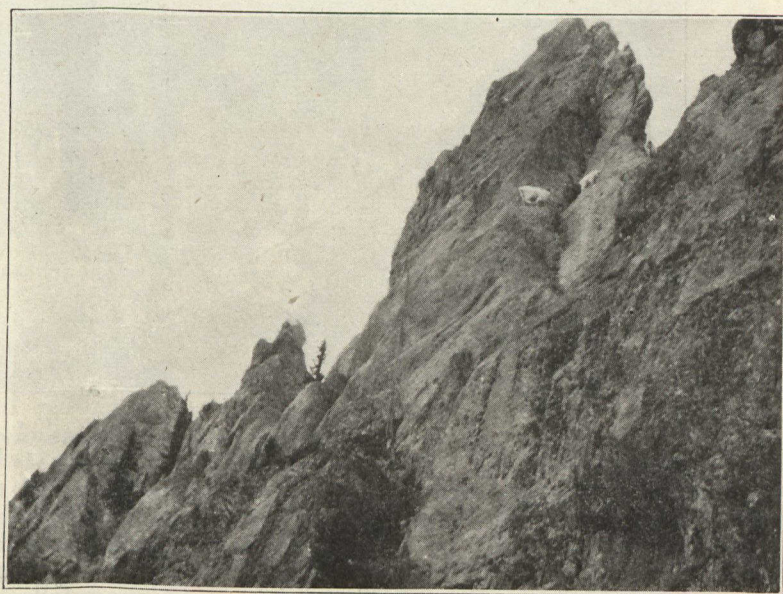
Field, British Columbia



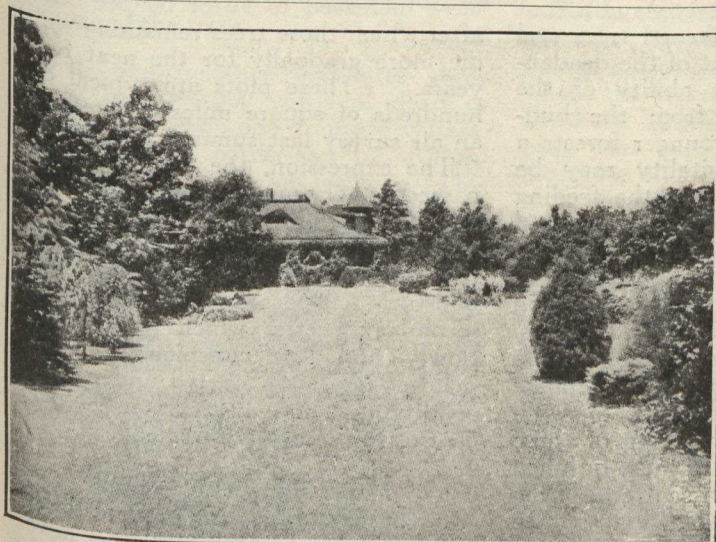
Glad to have seen it all up there yet have I to admit that I experienced a sense of relief (to my regret—for that feeling of relief was new evidence, and the measure of, my earlier awe, dread, sense of insecurity) when I was down again five thousand feet toward home, among the timber and its gentle green light, where I could console myself for man's transience, the brevity of his years here, halting to consider the fallen petals under a wild rose-bush by the side of the trail. But I cannot be thus content. **The mountains lure me back in their silent way.** I must return to those bleak high places where it seems that at any moment all might be explained.

I look forward to the day when I may sit there, dwarfed by the high cliffs, the rubble slides, and the peaks that live with the stars and the passing clouds, yet without any feeling of terror beside their serenity—trustful, at rest.

little knoll and looked down on the tossed world, range after range marching away into the edge of the sky, forest-top after forest-top below me, and what I knew to be the tips of thousands of tall trees, in distant valleys, looking like moss from that elevation, it returned. I could not rid myself of the impression that I felt the thud of the Pacific breakers five hundred miles away, beyond all these quiet ranges westward; could not rid myself of the belief that I felt that slow drift eastward of the Rockies, and of the Selkirks. On my hillock I drifted with them! But no, the throbbing was only of my heart; the drift was optical illusion (and too quick!) from looking up at the clouds slowly passing over. One must switch off imagination in these places. I know now, by personal experience, why prospectors are often "a little queer."



Mountain Goats in the Rockies near Fort Steele



Trees are the indispensable adornment of the true Canadian home