

floating clouds were playing over the landscape of ice and rock, on which was thrown the gigantic shadow of the mountain. Jack swept his hand over the unforgettable picture with a dramatic flourish. "The North Garibaldi Park," he said. He then pointed out to Jean the leading features of the park.

The irregular outline of Garibaldi Lake showed four thousand feet below them, nearly four miles away. Far to the left was Warren glacier, the largest of the group. To the east of the lake were Sentinel Ridge and Glacier, and the Sphinx snow-field and its glacier; while on the north was Black Tusk Ridge overshadowing its meadows, the latter wide enough to afford camping-ground for an army.

George and Jack were discussing the route of the trail to the lake, when Jack's sensitive ear caught a warning murmur from the south-east. He at once gave the word to return. Jean reluctantly turned her gaze from the smiling valley and lakes back to the chilly snow-field over which they had come. But she remembered the green fields and snug cabin below, and rose lightly.

Jack was too much a master of the art of walking to start the party off hurriedly. They began the descent with caution, making only safe glissades. Soon, however, they warmed up, and were doing quick time as they flew over the snow, with Jack well in the lead to choose the way among the crevasses. When they came again to the eastern spur, he could not resist the temptation to stop and point out the beauty of "the finest glacier in the Park," whose broad form extended for seven miles to the southward. At the foot of the slope they found themselves on a "dry glacier," where new conditions were evident. They did not attempt to return by the snow cornice; for Jack decided to follow a safer course down Mud River Glacier. The long hours of sunshine had created an icy stream, which came down in merry splash on their left. Suddenly a strange noise made Jean look up. "That," said Jack, "is the gulp of the moulin, where the surface water is rushing into a sink-hole, and carrying air with it, which gurgles back again. Bend low and listen." She did so, and cried, "Why, Jack, it seems alive." "Yes," he replied: "a dry glacier is a strange thing."

They resumed their descent towards Mud River with a winding moraine ridge of stones and earth on their right. As they neared Lava Mountain they made for the eastern rock-slide, which they ascended obliquely. They stopped to rest; but the eyes of George and Jack were on the white mist in the Mud River Valley, and they could see it creeping upwards. They were more than two miles from the cabin, which lay on the other side of Lava Mountain; and the way was crossed by