

and the weather was phenomenal for that rainy country. Out of seventeen days consumed on the trip, fifteen were fair and many of them were sunny. While we were at the Glaciers we had some cold winds, but most of the time the weather was all that could be desired. The water was smooth, the air bracing, the wooded hills along the shore and the snow mountains inland were constantly in sight, and we sailed in a panorama of beauty all the time, and in one of grandeur much of the time, from the hour we left the Seattle wharf until the hour when we moored at it again seventeen days later.

I will not stop to tell you about Puget Sound and the thriving cities of Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend, Victoria, etc., whose growing commerce is rapidly giving life to those beautiful waters, but, leaving the Sound, over which magnificent old snow-crowned Mt. Baker stands guard, we will sail along the shores of Vancouver Island in the waters of the Georgian Gulf, stop at Nanaimo for coal, and then speed away six hundred miles or more along the coast of British Columbia until we touch American soil again in Alaska, stop to let off mails and freight at Loring, and then run across into Kasaan Bay, where we make our first stop of any considerable moment.

Before we proceed further, let us look at a map and observe the thousands of islands (if any one should tell me there were ten thousand of them I should be prepared to believe him; they have never been counted) which make this route an inside one, so that we sail through waters that seem like the Hudson River or Long Island Sound. Sometimes we were in narrow reaches where a pistol-shot would strike the shore on either side; sometimes the water widened out so that we seemed to be in a beautiful inland lake; always the water was still, and often it was glassy, reflecting with mirror-like fidelity the wooded hills that lined it. We traveled, going and coming, 2,500 miles on the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and we never lost a meal or suffered a single qualm of sea-sickness. Oh! it was a land-lubber's paradise in which to go to sea. One of Josh Billings' san-