

foreground of wonderful grandeur. The northwest end, on which we stood, fringed the emerald water with a growth of pine. The southeast end facing us was encircled with cliffs five hundred feet in height from whose summit, piled high with the rocks of an old moraine, three slender waterfalls leaped into the lake. Above these as foreground listened far behind the distant snows, suggesting an amphitheater of alpine splendor. This lake, about a mile in length and slightly less in width, I named O'Hara.*

Ascending the cliffs upon our left by a gully, we reached the glacial dam. The bed of the ancient glacier behind this is occupied by a very small lake, at the base of the sharp peak of which I spoke, and which I called by the Indian equivalent, Yukness.

The stream at the head of this lake has cut a sinuous course resembling a rough letter S in a series of exquisite cascades down the hard stratification that lies behind, above which are a number of tiny lakes; surmounting another cliff, a scene of great beauty awaited us.

The grey quartzite lay in slabs before us, level as a floor and polished by ancient ice. From the grooves and cracks of this ancient pavement grew long grass, as in the streets of some deserted city. As we stepped upon its surface, our hot faces were cooled by a whiff from the ice fields, and before us, the great pavement gently sloping to meet it, lay a placid lake, a dark blue circle of about a half-mile diameter. The glaciers clustered around its further end, whence floating blocks of ice dotted with white the sapphire surface, while behind and above rose the slopes of a grand amphitheater, their ice fields glowing like Pentellic marble in the mellow light of an afternoon sun, like a vast Dionysiac theater, the upper tier of seats outlined against a grecian sky.

Depositing our packs not far from the bank of the lake, we crossed the stream and gained the top of the lower glacier on the right. From this point we had a complete view of the gorge rising at right angles, above the lake on the far left, and already partially seen from the end. It was of broken rock and looked passible, providing the lower slopes of cliff and glacier could be ascended. Deciding upon the best route for the ascent, we returned to our packs and passed a very cold night.

Awakened next morning (Sunday) by the loud cries of a flock of ptarmigan, we started around the rock slopes on the left bank and connected with the ledges above. Hardly two

* For Colonel R. O'Hara. (See page 27).