

moving shapes and figures, that are curiously lifelike and distinct. The forests of the Selkirks are less desolate, as one sees more birds and beasts, and the vegetation and timber are far more picturesque.

Next morning we tried to climb one of the spurs of Mount Murchison. We had a very bad hour with the logs in the wood, and when we got out into the open above the trees, the weather gave us little encouragement. A tedious shale-slope led up to steep rocks which afforded some interesting scrambles, Woolley manipulating a big jammed stone in a rock-chimney with much skill. We halted for lunch on an *arête* at a height of about 9000 feet. As the mountains were enveloped in mist and it was snowing steadily, we had no view to speak of, but two remarkable phenomena attracted our attention. The first was a tall column of rock that had become detached from the cliff and formed a slender pillar 400 feet high and tapering towards the summit and base. Much more extraordinary, however, was a group of rocks, formed, as it seemed, of petrified tree-trunks with numerous fossilised remains at their base. In his paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on February 13, Dr Collie expresses the opinion that these were really gigantic petrified seaweed. What a tremendous upheaval must have occurred to throw them up here! Nor am I aware of any similar remains having been previously found at so great an elevation.

The weather steadily got worse, so Collie carefully photographed the petrified trees, and we returned to camp.

*Sunday, 4th Sept.*—Pushed on up Bear Creek towards the Bow Pass. Violent hailstorms, followed by heavy snow, in which we hopelessly lost the trail through the wood. Camped in slush on the edge of a muskeag. Bitterly cold night, with hard frost. The morning was brilliantly fine, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. Ice crystals sparkled on every leaf and twig, the pails and buckets were all frozen hard, and Byers asked for time to thaw his socks before he could put them on and give us our breakfast. At the summit of the Bow Pass (6700) we left the trail, and, ascending a hill to the right, had a glorious view of Murchison and the Waputehk Mountains. The most striking of these is the Pyramid (about 11,200), whose eastern face descends in an almost sheer cliff 6000 feet high to the valley. Our camp was pitched on the shore of the Bow Lake, a beautiful sheet of water embosomed in high mountains. It is full of big trout, and the whole district, which is well described in Mr Wilcox's book, can be recommended to people with a taste for camp-life.

On Wednesday, 7th September, we had our last climb. Following the northern shore of the lake, we passed the mouth of a remarkable gorge, with a big jammed stone forming a natural bridge, and reached the foot of the Bow Glacier, which descends from