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A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN THE ROCKIES

*By Julia W. Henshaw, author of "British Columbia Up-to-Date,"
"Why Not, Sweetheart?" etc.*

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell;
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her
stores unroll'd.

—Byron.

IT is claimed that mountains are pre-eminently restful. No doubt they are soothing to nerves racked and tortured by the din of city life. The solemn, silent grandeur of the Rocky Mountains does calm with an infinite peace.

Yet, if you go to Field, in British Columbia, that charming spot cleft right into the heart of the Rockies, where a cluster of houses stand built on a plateau in the valley of the Kicking Horse, surrounded north, east, south and west by massive, crinulated towers—then perhaps you will agree with me that, though the glorious serenity of such stupendous bastions of rock is most restful, still, the Rocky Mountains are too entralling, too imposing, too ever-changing, to allow us to long remain inert beneath their wondrous shadows. The

shifting lights that fall full from a cloudless sky upon the gaunt bare ramparts of those giant hills, so aptly named the "Rockies," and show us in bold relief broad streaks of white and yellow, patches of rich red, brown, purple and ultramarine, deep-cut fissures where indigo shadows nestle densely dark, and pointed cones whose apexes are wreathed with a wisp of snow—these shifting lights, I claim, arouse admiration too entrancing to be easily set at rest. They first excite our sense of the beautiful, then arrest our attention—we ponder—we unconsciously start on a train of lofty thought, inspired by their up-stretching peaks.

Then turn to the other side of the picture. Between thick fir trees you catch a glimpse of some wide-spreading glacier, gleaming green as an emerald in the sun, its merciless ice-spurs cloaked with a soft snow mantle, its supernal purity bespeaking the whiteness of the soul of a little child. Can you look on such a scene—and rest? Do you not rather feel that God's pulpit is up there on the massive crags? Do you not hear the Gospel of Nature



THE AUTHOR AND HER INDIAN PONY