

And then he would stop as if for breath, and we could see those immense crags above us, standing as monuments to Nature's marvellous handiwork. But it was only for an instant, for the elements again commenced to play, and the landscape became a whirling mass of snow. Our horses neighed, pricked up their ears and shied at every harmless rock, for the weirdness of the scene had affected them. The wind would sweep by us, as if to beckon us on, and then exultantly throw back a multitude of snowflakes in our faces. The path was a path no longer, and we must needs creep along the shore of that wonderful little lake, that seemed strangely out of place in a region so grand and wild, for the pass must be reached and the dangerous descent made lest darkness hem us in and doom us to spend the night in the inhospitable home of the Storm King.

But, notwithstanding the cold, the darkness, and our wretchedly uncomfortable condition, we turned in our saddles and gazed on that magnificent scene behind us until we rode through the narrow pass into the shelter that a mountain provided. Then our hearts were cheered by a twinkling light in a clump of timber below us. Half an hour later we were sitting before the hospitable fire in a miner's cabin, whose owner was searching his wardrobe for dry clothing.

Another rapid ascent next morning took us higher than we had yet been, but it was a glorious day and those awful peaks, which the night before had almost trembled as the wind played havoc among them, now smiled at us, and their snowy caps were as diamonds as the sun shone on them from a cloudless sky. When over the third and last summit, we began a very precipitous descent along a narrow rocky path that clung to the side of an almost perpendicular mountain. Down we went, zig-zagging back and forth, until we again reached the land of summer, where the grass was green, and merry brooks trickled over mossy rocks, and birds sang autumnal madrigals from

the leafy limbs of the mountain trees. We crossed a turbulent stream by a rude bridge of logs, plunged into a pine forest and again began to ascend, but this trail wound all the way around the mountain, so the ascent was gradual, and it was not yet noon when we reached Camp Mansfield, quite tired enough and hungry enough to make us feel perfectly satisfied that so much of the journey had been completed—feelings in which, I have every reason to believe, the horses were in entire sympathy with us. Their work was over, for the glacier could only be attempted by man.

All afternoon and all next day it stormed, and we caught only occasional glimpses of the edge of that great glacier towering up above us. During an interval on the afternoon of the second day I set out to endeavour to reach the lower edge of the immense ice field. I chose the most gradual slope, but it was a hard climb, for the big boulders which centuries of grinding by the glacier had carved out covered the mountain side, and over this "slide" was a foot of snow which made the footing very precarious. But after a great deal of slipping and sprawling I finally reached the region of ice.

Just here it might be well to point out that the Kitchener glacier lies in the middle of the Slocan country, in West Kootenay, and is its highest point. All the important creeks that flow into Lake Slocan, Lake Kootenay and the Western Arm of the latter, upon which Nelson is built, have their sources in the one spot. From the glacier, streams flow in every direction. The ice is about nine miles north and south and five east and west. The snow of centuries keeps pressing it down and it still grinds away the mountains as it did untold ages ago, when it carved the beds for all the streams that rush away from it now. As it pushes down the mountain side, and down where the sun is strong enough to honeycomb it, it assumes strange and fantastic shapes. It was on the south side that I first approach-