

of snowy peaks of new forms and colors. A wide, deep, forest-covered valley intervenes, holding a broad and rapid river. This is the Columbia. The new mountains before us are the Selkirks, and we have now crossed the Rockies. Sweeping round into the Columbia valley we have a glorious mountain view. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, we have the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the river in a succession of tree-clad benches, and soon leaving the trees behind, shoot upward to the regions of perpetual snow and ice. The railway turns down the Columbia, following one of the river-benches through gigantic trees for twenty miles to Donald, where a number of our fellow-passengers leave us. Some of them are miners or prospectors bound for the silver mines in the vicinity, or the gold "diggings," farther down the river; others are ambitious sportsmen, who are seeking caribou or mountain sheep—the famous "big-horn." They will not fail to run upon a bear now and then, black or cinnamon, and perchance a grizzly.

Crossing the Columbia, and following it down through a great cañon, through tunnels and deep rock-cuttings, we shortly enter the Beaver Valley and commence the ascent of the Selkirks, and then for twenty miles we climb along the mountain sides, through dense forests of enormous trees, until, near the summit, we find ourselves in the midst of a wonderful group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colors. At the summit itself, four thousand five hundred feet above tide-water, is a natural resting-place,—a broad level area surrounded by mountain monarchs, all of them in the deadly embrace of glaciers. Strange, under this warm summer's sky, to see this battle going on between rocks and ice—a battle begun æons ago and to continue for æons to come! To the north, and so near us that we imagine that we hear the crackling of the ice, is a great glacier whose clear green fissures we can plainly see. To the south is another, vastly larger, by the side of which the greatest of those of the Alps would be insignificant. Smaller glaciers find lodgment on all the mountain benches and slopes, whence innumerable sparkling cascades of icy water come leaping down.

Descending westerly from the summit we reach in a few minutes the Glacier House, a delightful hotel situated almost in the face of the Great Glacier and at the foot of the grandest of all the peaks of the Selkirks—Sir Donald,—an acute pyramid of naked rock shooting up nearly eight thousand feet above us. In the dark valley far below we see the glacier-fed Illicilliwaet, glistening through the tree-tops, and beyond and everywhere the mountains rise in majesty and immensity beyond all comparison. To reach the deep valley below, the engineers wound the railway in a series of great curves or loops all about the mountain-slopes, and as we move on, this marvellous scene