

One does not write of mountains lightly. Men have tried to paint them and have failed—miserably. Others have photographed them. It is only the thin soul of a camera that can attempt to record their immensities. Snap the shutter! Turn to the next film! You have a picture, and it is no doubt worth having, but it is really only a little better than a hurried memoranda.

Late in the night comes a change in the motion of the train. The vigilant brakes lie close to the tires. The locomotive is no longer pulling, but resisting the pull of gravity. We slip softly down into the velvet maw of the Yoho Valley, through the great spiral tunnels bored in the thighs of the hills, the peaks glittering in the moonlight, close to the river, whose song comes up through the stillness of the Great Pit. It is walled by precipices and has planets set in its very ceiling. It is a place of fearful heights and awful depths, a place of calm so intense that only the rumble of the train keeps the ear from catching the music of night birds crying a mile down the valley, and the silver tinkle of a water-fall flitting down the face of a precipice.

Here in the valley bottom the sky is higher than it ever was before, yet closer. The brakes are released. The oil-burner which has taken the place of the coal-burning engine out of re-