

A trip up Lava Mountain was arranged, so that Jean might be shown the greater features of Garibaldi. They had an early lunch, after which they started northwards, and descended into Rock Valley. Piles of debris covered the slopes on the left; and broad scars on the flanks of Columnar Peak showed where all this material had come from. The murmur of water under the stones came pleasantly to their ears. In front of them lay a wide snow-slope. They crossed it, and gained the crest. From that they looked over into another world. Behind them were forest and meadow, in all the beauty of life and growth. Before them were the great silent snow-fields. The giant form of Garibaldi rose grim and clear against a background of blue sky.

Jack led the party eastward along a steep slope. Now on snow, now on rock, they passed the line of Lava Buttes, which stood out from the northern slope of Lava Peak as a group of pinnacles, whose grotesque forms contrasted with the regular outline of Columnar Mountain. When they had gained the top of the snowy dome of Lava Peak, he was able to point out the course for tomorrow, which was to lead them to the northern summit of Garibaldi.

As they worked round to the south-east they came to a gap in the rugged crest-line of the Buttes, where another transformation scene awaited them. It was a more extensive view than that from the cabin. Here a knife-edged spur of rock ran out from the ridge. Fifteen hundred feet below them was the upper end of Green Valley, smiling in the sunlight; while the muffled roar of Mud River came faintly through a still greater depth of air. The strain of the climb and the sudden change of view caused Jean to turn giddy. She trembled and clutched at Jack's arm. He guided her to a flat rock on which she could sit. Her brothers climbed out on the knife-edge to enjoy the sensation. As they crawled back, George called out, "Why, Jean, when the Mamquam road is built you will be leaving Vancouver in the morning to see the sunset from this spot!"

Jack noticed that her eyes were closed. He asked her what she was thinking of. "So long as I live, Jack," she replied, "I shall call to mind what I see today. I have been looking first at the living picture," she went on, "and then closing my eyes and developing it in the dark. I do not think there will be anything indistinct about that picture in my memory. And to think that all this grandeur lies so near the valley."

They made their way down by the south-western slope, and reached the cabin at three o'clock. Billy prepared tea and toast; after which they descended into Green Valley, and crossed a rolling meadow which