

the mountains. Where these channels might lead, into what dim recesses of ocean and mountain, could only be conjectured. The bay, with all its inlets and fiords, was still as a church. Voices and laughter seemed an intrusion, and a louder shout came back in echoes from far-off hidden retreats. Only the swift steamer-ducks, as they shot across, broke the glassy surface of the water with their arrow-like wake. From this point the Hassler crossed to Sholl Bay, and anchored at the entrance of Smythe's Channel. As sunset faded over the snow mountains opposite her anchorage, their white reflection lay like marble in the water.