

walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange colour, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But as the day wanes the shades of evening, sinking gently into the depths, blend their livid tints into a strange mysterious gloom, through which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the cañon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching up on their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellow tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of sombre green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado Basin, but for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of colouring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Such at least were the feelings with which we reluctantly left it to resume our journey.

The next goal for which we made was the Geyser Basin of the Firehole River—a ride of two days, chiefly through forest, but partly over bare volcanic hills. Some portions of this ride led into open parklike glades in the forest, where it seemed as if no human foot had ever preceded us; not a trail of any kind was to be seen. Here and there, however, we noticed footprints of bears, and some of the trees had their bark plentifully scratched at a height of three or four feet from the ground, where, as Jack said, “the bears had been sharpening their claws.” Deer of