

I skid to a stop. "Have you been talking to the Lookout?"

He looks startled. Eventually he nods. "Once a week. A little divergence the Ant needn't know about. She asked me what my Hooker and Brown would be, figuratively."

I laugh, surprised. "She ripped me off!"

"Wisdom and Peace," he says, turning to gauge my reaction.

"What else did you talk about?" I ask.

"The *Magnum Opus*. She said that in order to transmute lead to gold, the Philosopher's Stone must be something else entirely. What transmutes an ordinary mountain into an extraordinary one?"

It was on gravel flats like these that Collie and Outram met and, later, gave up the chase. They never made it this close to Hooker and Brown. They got caught up in their competition and lost sight of the mystery. They never found their extraordinary mountain. We're skiing on, going farther than they did. Under the rasp of the snow and squeak of the bindings, I tell myself of their parting, imagining it's August 1902, the season almost done.

▲ "What should we call him? Or, rather, why don't you take the honours?"

James Outram turns to Norman Collie, smiles as to a member of his congregation.

"I see you've been naming mountains after your guides, Mr. Outram," replies Collie.

"Is it not the way of things?"

"What does the Good Book say?"

Outram tilts his head, raises an eyebrow, pleased. "I believe it is nothing but clear. Genesis. The first book. Our Father does not waste time addressing the matter."

"Obviously of importance to our existence."

"Exactly. Chapter 2, verses 19 and 20. Adam recognizes animals need names. God parades them and Adam bestows their names upon them. Order comes to the Garden."

"That was, if I recall, the same day that Adam was wrought

from clay. The parade of animals shows Adam that he's alone. If I may: 'He found none to pair with himself.'"

"Quite so, and God bade him sleep and woman was created from his rib."

"Busy day, that. You've had a few as long in these hills. Imagine, naming all the beasts and the birds and everything in one afternoon. Is it true that only after the Fall from Grace did Adam name his wife?"

Outram walks on. "I don't follow your lead. But you are a man of science."

Collie smiles sardonically, calling after Outram:

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

"Always pleasant to hear the words of the bard in the wilderness," says Outram. "So you think that a name does not change the object. I fancied you scientists more circumspect. In the Holy Land, names were thought to be extremely powerful. In some ways, the name of a person was almost a separate manifestation."

"Is that the reason that in the Hebrew texts—of which I know almost nothing, this is hearsay mind you, I am not an expert as yourself—there seems a reluctance to use the proper name of God?"

"In the book of Luke, the disciples claim to see a man driving out demons in the name of Jesus. By calling a name, you may evoke or summon that entity's power."

"And yet," Collie muses, "Hebrews, as I understand it, do not have a surname which is passed from generation to generation. Instead, they are known as the child of their father. In a sense, they use their fathers' first names as their own last names."

"The sins of the fathers will be carried by their sons."

“And so you grant names on mountains. Perhaps you want a more lasting lineage?”

■ The Reverend James Outram smiles and shakes Norman Collie’s hand. The two groups move away and wave to each other as they part; Outram goes north, Collie south.

▲ “Back to the Alexandra River,” calls Outram to his Swiss guide on the horse ahead as soon as he is out of earshot of Collie’s party. The Packer rides up smartly.

“All horses are in fine form and well fed, sir. We have enough provisions for four more weeks, provided that we hunt some for the larder.”

“Splendid. Let’s see if we can’t get back to Alexandra camp in record time.”

“Are you going to make for Columbia again, sir?”

“We’ll try our luck on Mount Bryce this time.”

“I’m wondering if a man of faith such as yourself believes in luck,” the Packer says.

“A figure of speech, to be sure. I believe that we are all provided for.”

“You certainly seem to be.” They ford the braided glacial runoff that leads to Howse Pass. “How will you reconcile the staid life of a preacher with the fame these hills have brought you?”

Outram looks over as if deciding a punishment to quote, but then he smiles under his heavy moustache. “True, England and the rigid life of a vicar may never seem the same again. There’s no question that my life is different. But you can never cross the same stream twice; you and the stream are both different at the next meeting. But what you must understand is that I have never left the church. I am attending church even as we speak.”

Outram smiles and waves out at the mountains. “God is our monarch and men do as He commands. He has given us dominion over all and we worship His glory. In England that is an easy thing to notice; the clergy is a respected career and