

THE SHASTA ROUTE.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was a keen regret that engagements in California prevented my revisiting the lovely island city of Victoria, of which I have very pleasant memories. At five o'clock in the morning, of June 29th, I sailed from Vancouver for Seattle and Tacoma, the new and thriving cities on Puget Sound. These may now be reached by rail from Mission Station, on the Canadian Pacific, without proceeding to Vancouver.

The Sound is a vast inlet of the Pacific, bordered on either side with snow-capped mountains, whose foot-hills are clothed with forests of gigantic firs and pines. Great mills convert these into timber which ships of every flag convey to Australia, China, the Sandwich Islands and the various countries of Europe. Our first stop was at Whatcom, an American lumbering town. It so happened that the first train of the Canadian Pacific Railway came into Whatcom while I was there. The whole town was *en fête*. The ships were dressed with flags, and all the steamers and saw-mills blew a terrific blast—long and loud and deafening—as the first Canadian train came in.

I counted seven vessels waiting at one mill for loads of timber, on each of which the mill was paying a demurrage of \$60 a day. One of these vessels was a splendid new one from St. John, N.B. It is a lovely sail, over smooth land-locked waters, girdled by hills of richest verdure, to Seattle. The city presents a magnificent appearance as one approaches by night, lit up for many a mile over its rolling hills with electric lights. This is a city of marvellous growth; only two on the continent have surpassed it in the last decade. It was almost entirely swept away by fire a couple of years ago; but it has risen from its ashes fairer than ever, and now claims a population of 65,000. It covers more hills than even Rome, and is traversed everywhere by electric, cable or horse cars. A lovely fresh water lake lies immediately behind the city, whose shores will be lined with handsome villas. The streets are carried over the ravines or "gulches" on lofty stagings in a most audacious manner.

Dominating the country for many a league rises the isolated grandeur of Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, as its official designation now is. Higher than the Jungfrau, nearly as high as Mount Blanc, it presents a much more imposing appearance than either from the fact that it has no adjacent rival. It shines in solitary splendour, like the great white throne of God in the heavens.