

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST-MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1878.

---

## OVER THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

### II.

THE summit scenery of the Alleghanies is of a very bold and striking character. It gives vast views over range on range of billowing hills, like a rolling sea of verdure sweeping away to the far horizon. Near at hand one looks from the windows of the rail car down into deep ravines, at whose bottom winds—gleaming in the sunshine, glooming in the shade—the mountain stream, seeking through many a devious course its destiny in the distant sea. Up the sides of the mountains climb in serried ranks—like a phalanx of soldiers, foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, storming a fortress—the dark brotherhood of the pines. Here and there, on jutting crag or spur, stands one aloof, like a lone sentinel, or, perchance, riven and shattered by the thunderbolt in the Titan warfare of the elements, like the conquered Prometheus on the craggy heights of Caucasus. Such a scene is that at Allegrippus, on the great water-shed between the Atlantic slope and the valley of the Mississippi, depicted with graphic pencil in our frontispiece.

No man, except the inspired Psalmist, has so entered into the secret of the mountains and interpreted their deepest meanings as John Ruskin, who has just gone from earth to “summer high in