

ridge might have caught inspiration for a yet nobler hymn than that which he penned in the Vale of Chamouni. Even as it is, his glowing lines seem strikingly appropriate :

Ye ice-falls ! Ye that from the mountain's
 brow
Adown enormous ravines slope again—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
 voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest
 plunge !
Motionless torrents ! Silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of
 Heaven ?

I am sorry for the passenger who is in too much of a hurry to linger for a few days at Banff. It is a place of peculiar interest. Within easy reach of the home-like hotel provided by the railway company are the Canadian National Park, inside whose ample boundaries may be found every possible variety of wonderful and charming scenery, the renowned mineral springs, which have already brought back health and strength to thousands of sufferers, and, for the mountaineer and sportsman, unlimited scope for the satisfying of their lofty ambitions.

Not content with the apparently inexhaustible wealth of natural beauty already at their command, the company have been extending their explorations into the surrounding regions, with the happy result of discovering a trinity of mountain lakes so lovely as to beggar description. These are Lake Louise, a full thousand feet above the line of railway ; Lake Agnes, nearly two thousand feet higher still ; and then, five hundred feet below Lake Agnes, which feeds it by a torrent from its own pure bosom, lies Mirror Lake, a perfect circle of pellucid water, fringed with trees that with the blue dome of heaven are mirrored in its depths.

But, after all, the chief interest taken by the world in general in the Canadian Pacific to-day is based upon

the fact that it offers tourists from the Old World and the New alike the shortest and pleasantest route to the marvellous, mysterious Far East, towards which all eyes are for the moment turned. Time and distance alike have been reduced to the very verge of extinction by modern machinery, and the trip from New York to Yokohama takes little longer now than did the voyage from Liverpool to New York but a few years ago. In fact, it is possible, with only a two months' holiday at one's disposal, to leave New York, cross the continent and the Pacific, spend a full four weeks seeing the lions of the land of the chrysanthemum, and return to New York without exceeding the time limit.

In order to perfect their connection with the Orient, the Canadian Pacific Company have had built for them at Barrow-in-Furness three steamships which are the supreme efforts of the master-builders of that birthplace of marine marvels. Four hundred and eighty feet in length, and fifty-one feet beam, with hurricane deck, cabins, and staterooms amidships, they furnish abundant space, air, and security to each of the hundred and fifty cabin passengers that can be carried. Electric lights and electric fans give brilliancy and coolness, while Chinese servants in snowy blouses minister silently with velvet tread, and nothing is lacking in the way of luxurious comfort. These steamers do justice to their imposing names of "Empress of India," "Empress of China," and "Empress of Japan." They are each of six thousand tons burden, and are painted pure white, which adds greatly to their beauty.

It was a proud day for the company when, thanks to these steamers and to the despatch shown by the various railroads interested, the London *Times* was able to say that "the delivery of mails in London within