



E soon find comfortable quarters in a fine hotel, equal to any we have seen in the East, and its situation on high ground affords us a most interesting and charming view of the new city and the surrounding country. Far away at the southeast Mount Baker looms up all white and serene. At the north, and rising directly from the sea, is a beautiful group of the Cascade Mountains, bathed in a violet light and vividly reflected in the glassy waters of the inlet. Looking towards the west, out over English Bay and the Straits of Georgia, we see the dark-blue mountains of Vancouver Island, and at the southwest, beyond the

broad delta of Fraser River, is the Olympian range,—a long line of opalescent peaks fading into the distance.

At our feet is a busy scene. The city is new indeed; only one or two of its many buildings were here four years ago,—a forest stood here then. The men who built the town could not wait for bricks and mortar, and all of the earlier houses were built of wood; but fire swept all these away and solid, handsome structures of brick and granite took their place. Down at the water's edge are long wharves where steamships from China and Japan, from California, Puget Sound, and Alaska are discharging or taking in cargoes; and at the warehouses along the wharves are lines of railway cars loading for the East with teas, silks, seal-skins, fish, fruit, and many other commodities. Here and there all around the inlet are great saw-mills, where steamships and sailing-vessels are taking in timber and deals for China and Australia, and even for England. A few miles away is New Westminster, on the Fraser, one of the old towns of British Columbia, now quickened into vigorous growth by the advent of the railway, and the columns of smoke rising in that direction tell us of its extensive salmon canneries and saw-mills. There too, ships are loading for all parts of the world. And over against Vancouver Island are other columns of smoke, indicating the great coal-mines from which nearly all of the steamships of the Pacific are supplied.

Northward for twelve hundred miles through the Gulf of Georgia and the wonderful fiords of Alaska, where the mountains are embraced in a thousand arms of the sea, pleasure-steamers, crowded with tourists, ply frequently. Southwestward the Straits of Fuca lead out past the entrance to Puget Sound and past the city of Victoria, to the open Pacific. All these waters, from Puget Sound to Alaska, hardly known a few years ago, are now dotted with