

As the train enters fairly upon the great highway to the world-renowned Rockies, and nears the Gap station, the Bow River is seen issuing from the hills and rolling down through a narrow defile between two great mountain ranges. Then a magnificent spectacle bursts upon the view, where, on the left, the Three Sisters and Wind Mountains are seen to tower majestically aloft as if they were seeking to lose themselves in heaven. The contrast between these and the ranges farther on is remarkable. To the right are fantastically broken and castellated heights, down whose sides dash foaming cascades, some of them several thousand feet in height. On the left again, as we advance, tremendous snow-covered peaks, penetrated by deep-cut recesses, are seen, in which the light and shadow falling upon the glittering snow makes them often assume a gorgeous colouring of varying rainbow hues. Glorious glimpses of glaciers and other strange sights may be caught, and now and again mountain sheep and wild goats appear leisurely grazing on the rugged cliffs above. The mountains visible are tremendous uplifts of stratified rocks of the Devonian and Carboniferous strata, which have burst up through the crust of the earth, and have heaved themselves aloft. Some sections, miles and miles broad and thousands of feet thick, have been forced straight upwards, so that their strata continues to rise in the same direction as it was originally; others are tossed on edge, and lie in a steeply slanting position; other sections look as if they had been bent by a terrible side pressure, but all have been broken down and worn away more or less, so that now they remain colossal fragments of the first tremendous upheavals. The disturbed stratification may be noticed on the face of the cliffs by the lines of trees struggling for a scanty foothold, or by the ledges that retained the snows which have vanished from the place in close proximity. The scenery in all directions is splendid; it is terrific in its grandeur, and baffles all description.

At Anthracite Station, overshadowed by the Cascade Mountains, are large coal mines yielding the best quality. Lady Macdonald thus describes the outlook—"Here the pass we are travelling through has narrowed suddenly to four miles, and, as mists float upwards and away, we see great masses of scarred rock rising on each side—ranges