

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

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ON a lovely autumn day I set out on a holiday visit to the Centennial Exhibition. The soft September light filled the air, and the yellowed fields and russet foliage told that fair summer's reign was over. The route of the Erie railway through the southern part of New York State is very picturesque. Broad valleys lie beneath the eye, and cultivated uplands slope to the horizon. As we advance, the valleys narrow and high hills hem in the road on either side. Instead of rushing through by night, I slept at the pretty town of Elmira, in order to enjoy by daylight some of the finest scenery in America. The ride down the beautiful Susquehanna Valley is perfectly charming. Lofty hills, shagged with woods to the very top, rise on either hand. The road follows the windings of the river whose rapid current bears us company. There is a charming air of seclusion and quietude about the little villages nestling at the feet of the engirdling hills. This historic valley derives imperishable interest from Campbell's tragic story of fair "Gertrude of Wyoming," and from the awful massacre of 1778, the monument of whose victims still exists. More pleasant associations connect it with the missionary heroism of the Moravian Brethren, who here won some of their most signal triumphs of faith.