

The River.

A glimpse of the river. It glimmers
Through the stems of the beeches;
Through the screen of the willows it shimmers
In long winding reaches;
Flowing so softly that scarcely
It seems to be flowing.
But the reeds of the low little islands
Are bent to its going;
And soft as the breath of a sleeper
Its heaving and sighing,
In the cover where the flocks of the lilies
At anchor are lying.
It looks as if fallen asleep
In the lap of the meadows, and smiling
Like a child in the grass, dreaming deep
Of the flowers and their golden beguiling.

A glimpse of the river! It glooms
Underneath the black arches,
Across it the broad shadow looms;
And the eager crowd marches;
Where, washing the feet of the city,
Strong and swift it is flowing;
On its bosom the ships of the nations
Are coming and going,
Heavy laden, it labors and spends,
In a great strain of duty,
The power that was gathered and nursed
In the calm and the beauty
Like thee, noble river, like thee,
Let our lives in beginning and ending,
Fair in their gathering be,
And great in the time of their spending.

—Jas. Craig.

The Crossing of the Great Divide

The following description of the Rockies from *The Canadian Guide Book* is by Ernest Ingersoll at one time naturalist with the Hayden survey in the west. It is well worth reading:

"The Bow river, fed by all these stores of snow, flows swiftly alongside the railway, which is laid closely upon its crooked banks, the varying course giving magnificent views in every position of hundreds of mountain tops, some rising like pyramids, others rounded and others in scarred and seamed walls of solid rock. A short distance beyond Laggan we cross the river and bid farewell to the valley that has stood us so well as a route into the heart of the mountains.

A small tributary from the southwest, called Moore's Creek, flows into the Bow and after sundry preliminary twistings the railway avails itself of this stream to ascend towards the pass over the great Divide. Enormous peaks guard the entrance, for the railway seeks the lowest point to cross the range, and the locomotive labors heavily in pulling the train up the grade. Through a forest of burned timber—the scorched trunks of trees lying in every direction, with many denuded masts still standing straight—the railway enters the Kicking horse Pass. The surface is strewn with pebbles and boulders. The snorts and puffs of the straining locomotive reverberate from the mountains high above us. A little stream that one might step across is all that is left of the creek. As the summit is reached, the gradient comes to a level, and right at the top we find a lake in a narrow and desolate valley. This is the highest point on the C.P.R., 5,300 feet above sea level. On the border of the lake is a post marking the Provincial boundary line between British Columbia and Alberta and a side track called Stephen station.

In making this ascent there is little to indicate the steepness of the grade, much less suggest any cause for fear: but a powerful extra locomotive is attached at the foot of the pass to assist us over. The railway attempts no acrobatic feats in climbing the gorge. Once, indeed, it leaps the cataracts pouring through a short

canyon; but then the extraordinary beauty of the emerald-and-white water tossed from side to side of the deep and gloomy chasm, the circle of snowy heights above, the broad overlook of frosted foot-hills down the pass, so enchant the eye as to make the most nervous one forget his timidity. What room is there for any feeling save awe and wondering admiration at such a picture as the eye receives here, when we attain to higher and higher standpoints, and rank beyond rank of purple and crimson peaks, clothed in snow and studded with ice, rise into our ken across a broad, rolling interval of forest and crag?

Behold these two in which the range culminates—The Cathedral and Mount Stephen: They stand upon the left or northern side of the pass. The former first and a moment later the latter—named in honor of Sir George Stephen, Bart., first president of the C. P. R., and in turn supplying him with the title of his peerage when he was made Lord Mount Stephen in 1891. The Cathedral is poised upon a vast hill-top, as it were, of fallen debris, which has buried the base of the crags under long brown slopes; but far above these slopes—far above the last mishapen spruce—buttressed by cliffs, beneath which the clouds form their long flight plainsward, stands the mighty summit whose partial ruin has left it gloriously picturesque in wall, spire, pinnacle and crumbling battlement. No wonder the *London Times* compares it to the Duomo of Milan.

The height of Cathedral peak is 10,284 feet, according to C. T. Klotz, a Dominion surveyor who climbed many of these peaks in 1886. It can be ascended by going up a creek at its eastern base not less than five miles, after which one can get up the rear side. The base of the great cliffs in front can more easily be reached, and the effort will be well rewarded. The proper way is to go up the track west of Hector about 100 yards beyond the bridge, turn to the left, cross the creek and go along the tote-road half a mile, and strike through the woods and up one of the sides. In some places the cliffs themselves may be climbed up for several hundred feet to a point away above the woods. The view, according to Prof. Macoun, is well worth this trouble. The mountain opposite the Cathedral, north of Hector, rises very steeply from Kicking Horse lake to the Waputick heights. It looks unscalable: but by going up a conspicuous side to where the cliffs begin and then by ascending these by a careful scramble, a slope of loose cliffs is reached over which the top can be gained. The last few 100 feet must be overcome by walking to the left and getting around somewhat to the rear. A goat-path can be traced from the margin of the lake to the very top. The view is described as exceedingly interesting and quite different from that from the Cathedral.

We swing slowly around the base of the Cathedral, finding some new arch, toppling spire or shining pediment of snow with every advancing step; and passing underneath the cliffs behind it open to view an amphitheatre of snow, almost filling a half circle of peaks in its rear. One horn of this crescent is the Cathedral itself; the other (in advance) is Mount Stephen, mounted upon a Titanic pedestal whose pier-like masonry rises 2,000 or 3,000 feet almost sheer above the railway.

Mount Stephen is as noble as the central spire of the Rockies ought to be. It dominates the clustered heights above it, and can be seen from far and near, but the best view is from the east. The stratification of its rocks is nearly

level, and on this side it resembles a prodigious pyramid cloven in half, poised far aloft where the clouds pay homage at its base, and where the blue sky itself seems hardly to clear its apex. So precipitous is the peak that it shows a naked face of black rock: near to the top, marked only by lines of strata ledges, indicating the courses that built it up; and sweeping backward from this terrific precipice brink lie wide fields of unblemished snow, the abode of eternal silence and solitude, in the midst of which a glacier descends from unknown beginnings to the brink of a cliff 2,000 feet in height. Sliding steadily forward, great masses continually crack off and drop, leaving exposed, and within plain sight from the cars in favorable weather, a solid front of blue ice, whence the sunlight is thrown down in prismatic reflections.

The altitude of Mount Stephens is 10,523 feet above the sea, or 5,323 feet above the railway. Though not quite the highest, it is the most conspicuous and imposing of the mountains in the main range, particularly as seen from the west.

Down from the amphitheatre behind Mount Stephen comes tumbling a torrent, flashing through the funereal spruces and ringing upon the polished rocks. It seems not only to be fed by the meltings of the snow, but actually to be filled with it, so white is the water; but when a stream is falling vertically quite as fast as it moves forward, one must expect sparkling crystals rather than gliding fluid. Just below the line it receives the little stream trickling westward out of the lake in the pass; and thus springs romantically into being the Wapta or Kicking-horse River, whose name, given to this pass through the Rockies, has already become a familiar word to the English world. Thus is reached the summit of the Rocky mountains—the backbone of the continent."

Our Great Northwest.

From the *Ottawa Citizen*.

Those who live in hope may die in despair, and it is possible that many who after the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 heard the predictions of the late Sir John Macdonald and of Sir Charles Tupper concerning the rapidity with which the Northwest would fill up may have experienced deep disappointment at the slow progress of that movement. But the sanguine belief of those great statesmen in the certain destiny of our new territories was based upon great and substantial facts, and though there may be delay in the fulfilment of their prophecies the time cannot be long postponed when immigrants will pour into those broad and magnificent regions, whose capabilities call forth the admiration and praise of all who visit them. The Red River valley with its seven thousand square miles of the best wheat-growing land in the world, the park-like and undulating plateau which borders on the international boundary line and includes the Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine districts, the grazing country east of the Rocky mountains—where can there be found anything to compare with these for soil, climate and resources? They are destined to become the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.