

On the Road. — Across the Continent.

The weather was kind to the San Francisco excursionists, for the beginning of the journey at least. The excessively hot wave had passed, and it was cool and pleasant on the afternoon of July 8th when our California special train pulled out of the Union Station, Toronto. When the Convention was first mentioned, it was thought that it would be pleasant for some of the Canadian delegates to travel together, and a special car was engaged. As applications poured in, it was found necessary to add a second, and later on a third and fourth, so that finally we were provided with a train to ourselves. Across one of the cars there was placed a large stromer, with the words, "Canadian Epworth League special, San Francisco, July 18-21."

Our party did not consist entirely of Epworth Leaguers. Quite a number had taken advantage of the cheap rates to see California, but the majority were interested in the great Convention. We had twenty-three preachers on board, three dentists, and one doctor. The latter's services were called into requisition several times for slight illnesses, but on the whole the excursionists enjoyed excellent health from start to finish. One of the ministers, Rev. C. M. Marshall, of South Cayuga, was given the trip to San Francisco by the Leagues of his circuit. So far as I know this is the only League in Canada that so treated their pastor, and it is worthy of special mention.

From Toronto to Detroit our train ran over the Canadian Pacific, and from there to Chicago by the Washash. We started from the Queen City with about sixty people, but picked up quite a number along the way. Berlin sent eight, besides several who went by other lines. From Woodstock we secured eight, and from London six.

One whole day was spent in sight-seeing in Chicago. No attempt was made at systematic touring, but all went where they pleased. Some strolled off to Lincoln Park, and luxuriated among the trees and flowers of that famous pleasure ground, while others visited the Board of Trade, the Art Gallery, or the Stock Yards. It was a fired group of humanity that gathered at the North-western Depot at night. By about eleven o'clock a train of four large Pullman tourist sleeping cars was made up, and the weary people were permitted to go to bed. The sleepers were of the newest pattern of tourist cars, and were much better than we expected. Some of us had been a little afraid that this sort of car would be so inferior to the first-class Pullman as to be unsatisfactory. On the contrary, everybody was delighted with the accommodation. It can safely be said that when the most modern type of tourist car is secured, it is quite equal, if not superior, for comfort to the standard Pullman for a common traveller. One great advantage is that the seats are much cooler. When our crowd is finally lined up, after leaving Chicago, it is found that we have 160 on board. This was not the total attendance from Canada, as quite a number travelled by other roads. It is probably fully 225 from the Dominion who crossed the mountains.

The first day out from Chicago was a warm one, and the weather supplied at least one topic for conversation. It was not, however, nearly as oppressive as several days in Ontario during the week

previous to our departure. At night it became tolerably cool, and a delightful night's rest was enjoyed by nearly all.

We were a happy family, determined to have a good time. Formality was dispensed with, and everybody chatted with everybody else in the most delightful fashion. The train was not supplied with a dining-car, but was timed to stop at station restaurants for meals. These, however, were not always reached at convenient hours, so that most of the passengers provided well-stocked lunch baskets, and enjoyed a picnic three thousand miles long. After breakfast each morning we had family prayers. A hymn was sung, and one of the ministers read the Scriptures and offered prayer. The day was spent in visiting from one section to another, singing, chatting, reading, etc. The time passed very rapidly, and most enjoyably.

Some on board, who were not members of the Epworth League, wanted to play cards. We did not prohibit them, but they themselves, out of respect for the company in which they were travelling,

friends responded by calling for "Three cheers for King Edward." Then followed "God save the King," and "My country, 'tis of thee," and we waved our farewells as the train pulled out.

At Denver we had a similar pleasant experience. The magnificent Trinity Church, the finest in the city, was open, and a reception committee constantly on hand to greet delegates. In this fine city we spent a whole day very pleasantly. Many of us were surprised to find so beautiful a place with so many splendid buildings, when so short a time ago it was but a moderately-sized town. Denver was alive with excursionists, as all the trains stopped for some hours. "Specials" chased each other in long processions, and all poured their contents into Denver. Of course the people soon became bored with that something of



THROUGH THE ROYAL GORGE.

decided not to indulge, and consequently not a card appeared.

On nearing Omaha, Mr. B. H. Bennett, Passenger Agent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, who had looked after the arrangements for our train, was called into the car, and a complimentary resolution was presented to him, expressing the highest appreciation of his efforts to minister to our comfort. All the railway agents were most assiduous in their attentions, and everything possible was done to make our journey a pleasant one.

When Omaha was reached, we found a Reception Committee of Epworth Leaguers on the platform to greet us. They were there for several days for the express purpose of giving information, and saying a pleasant word to League travellers. When they found that we were Canadians, they asked us as a special favor to sing "The Maple Leaf." About a hundred gathered on the platform and joined heartily in our national song. Then some one proposed "Three cheers for President McKinley," which were given with a will. Our Omaha

arrangement, forty Canadians made the trip. Some of them thought that \$5.00 was a large sum to pay for a four hours' ride, but after they had returned the unanimous verdict was that it was worth much more than it cost. The ascent is made by a cog-wheel railway, nine miles long, which winds around the mountain side, and climbs tremendous grades, until the topmost point is reached, 14,147 feet high. The view from here is one of the most magnificent in the world, baffling all description. At this tremendous height the air is quite rare, and it is wise not to make such exertion. A few persons found it too much for them, and fainted, but the others felt little inconvenience. Our car was pushed up by an engine of great power, but the speed was necessarily slow. Every possible precaution has been taken to prevent accidents. In the twelve years that the road has been operated, not a life has been lost. A few tourists prefer to make the journey on foot, principally for the sake of being able to say that they have done it. It is, however, toilsome and dangerous, and very trying on heart and nerve.

"The Garden of the Gods" is like no other spot on earth. It comprises a unique collection of rocks, fashioned into all sorts of curious shapes. The drive through this remarkable garden was hot and dusty, but wonderfully interesting.

"You don't get much rain in this country, do you?" was the remark made by a tourist to the driver of our carriage.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "we get

A GOOD RAIN EVERY SPRING."

We were quite prepared to believe it, as everything was dry as a mummy. It is marvellous, however, what can be ac-