

## THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

IN this wide world of ours are certain mountains and groups of mountains which shape up so overwhelmingly that the rest of the world seems dwarfed beside them. Ararat was such a mountain in the imagination of the children of Israel, and to-day the Himalayas and the Canadian Rockies have this same majesty. Frederick Niven, a Scottish writer of romance, describes his emotions as on a second visit he approached one of the entrances to the Rockies. These emotions may be called forth at any of the numerous view points:

"On we went, and I looked out to behold again the great gateway of the mountains. There were the rolling hill, the dingles, the twisting and leaping streams. Long scarfs of mist swept athwart the mountains, hiding the summits. I looked at the mists, and wished they would dissolve before the day that had followed the train, leapt upon it suddenly, rushed ahead, and would even now be stepping into the Pacific away beyond this balsam-scented province of ridges and valleys into which we were entering. Then a brightness overhead, as of a flashing mirror, very high, made me look up, look deliberately up, as one looks for a soaring lark rather than for a crest of mountains. "Look!" I cried. "Oh!" said my fellow traveller. "Look!" and then was silent. The mists did not hide the peaks. They were coiled merely along the beginning of the mountains; and high overhead in dizzy space, as if hanging in that glittering blue cavity in which all the worlds tumble, was the ridge of the Rockies. The train dwindled to nothing—was like an ant in long grass. There, high, ever so high, quiet, stern, august, were the Rockies, hanging in space, and glittering as a chunk of galena, held in the hand, glitters in the sun. But that was like a tremendous wall of galena, a precipice of it. It was as if these clouds that coiled before us had been solidified in their higher parts, and had then been painted upon to represent the scene. Memory had not exaggerated; I had under-rated, foolishly made skeptical of the rightness of the gift of God. The Rocky Mountains at dawn do not soar; they hang across the sky, glittering out at the plains. It is easy to understand how at this hour (even to-day while the white man is 'rubber-necking' around) some old Indian may be seen to step out of his tepee, and, drawing erect, hold up his two palms, raising his head, in salutation to the sun as once again it lights up the miracle of the world."

In every direction that the eye can scan magnificent views appear, and one is stunned with the immensity of things. But to get even a faint idea of the wonders of nature there revealed, it is necessary to journey through the Rockies. Truly it is a glorious heritage of the Canadian people, one which cannot be alienated!

To describe in detail the wonderful scenery of the region would take up too much space, and we will therefore be content with a short general description gleaned from material furnished by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railway System. We are indebted to the latter company for the splendid views appearing in this number of SUNSHINE. We hope shortly to publish a number of photographs showing the chief features of the Rockies on the route traversed by the C.P.R.

In the Rockies there is every diversity of natural features to delight the mountaineers or the explorer, or to interest or revivify the tourist. It is an expanse of indescribably sublime grandeur, with an ocean of glories, majestic, virgin peaks comprised within the numerous well-defined ranges, snow-capped and glacier-scored, which tower above a continental watershed wherein are the headwaters of numerous mighty rivers; rugged forest-clad slopes; flower-strewn passes; impressive solitudes; secluded fastnesses; charmingly beautiful lakes and tarns reposing in their mountain privacy like mirrors set in emeralds; vast snow fields; turbulent torrents brawling down from the frozen torpitude of their glacial sources, and beautiful, sublime vistas of majestic Alpland, with wondrous, sweeping, spectacular panoramas where sunny valleys cleave the ranges of serrated, vapor-veiled peaks, all resolving into the subtle details of a harmonious whole. There are also rocks and formations of every age and description, and an abounding wealth of flora and fauna, affording exceptional opportunities for scientific and artistic study and research.

Around and about it everywhere is the inexpressible influence of the mountains, subtle, ethereal and aesthetic, that inspires, elevates and dignifies all who come under its spell.

There is a wonderful combination of beauty about these mountains. Great masses of boldly defined bare rock are united to all the beauty that variety of form, colour and vegetation can give. A noble river with many tributaries, each defining a distinct range, and a beautiful lake five miles long, embosomed three thousand feet above the sea, among mountains twice as high, offer innumerable scenes seldom to be found within the same compass for the artist to depict and for the traveller to delight in.

But even though the magnificence of the mountains may enrapture and enthuse, and their im-