

Siwash Rock:

A Legend.



VEN those who only occasionally visit Burrard Inlet, that magnificent harbor lying in front of the city of Vancouver, must have noticed at one time or other a curious detached piece of granite, separated from Stanley Park by a narrow, but dangerous stretch of water, and known as Siwash Rock. Standing out but a short distance from the mainland, it is still rendered extremely noticeable by its curious shape. Rising to a height of some seventy-five feet above the deep, swirling waters, its sides steep and bare, and its crest crowned by a single pine tree, it seems to frown down majestically upon the huge stones on the beach, and any visitor, who, bolder than the rest, ventures down from the surrounding cliffs to the sands below. On a fine day the tourist, standing on the mainland, can see far out across the boundless Pacific to the horizon. The two points of the capes that guard the outer harbor, like great horns, seem to offer their sharp front to any invader, and to effectually protect the inner waters. The sun, setting in a great glow after a summer's day, throws a mesh of gold over the outlying islands and harbor, and lends an indescribable enchantment to the whole scene. Now and then some ship, creeping in from the blue and golden ocean, casts a long smoke wreath across the sky, and darkens for a moment that wonderful golden mesh that the sun has thrown over everything, as