

and fifty miles in length, although the breadth, measured in a straight line, hardly exceeds four hundred miles; and during the whole time are in the midst of snow-crowned monarchs.

The extent, distinctness, and variety of Alpine scenery visible from the railway trains are beyond adequate portrayal and comparison. The line enters the mountains upon the east by ascending the Bow River, about one hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary, to its sources amid the summits of the main range; after passing which, it is led by a marvel of engineering down along the cataracts of the Kicking Horse to the Columbia. The railway does not follow that queenly river in its detour to the northward, however, but climbs straight over the Selkirk and succeeding barriers, until it has descended to the Fraser and threaded its canyon to the ocean.

Here, then, are six hundred and fifty miles of mountains, heaped against and over one another, in Titanic masses, ever present to the traveller and ever changing in aspect—a great "sea of mountains" that can be likened to no other on the earth. Rising more than two miles above the sea, these mountains are cleft to their base by the passes followed by the railway, and their whole dizzy height is seen at once. Far up on their shoulders, in full view from the train, rest many glaciers, by the side of which those of the Alps would be insignificant; and from beneath the clear green ice crystal cascades come down the mountain sides in enormous leaps. Forests of gigantic trees line the valleys and reach far up the mountain sides. Great rivers follow the deep and narrow valleys, now roaring through dark gorges, now placidly expanding into broad lakes, reflecting each cliff and snow-capped peak. For thirty-two hours the traveller rolls along through this great and varied mountain panorama, without losing the wonderful scene for a minute, and finally emerging from the stupendous and terrible canyon of the Fraser River, finds himself at the tide-waters of the Pacific, having, in less than five days, completed the longest continuous railway journey that can be made in the world, and through the most interesting, picturesque, and sublime scenery anywhere accessible to the modern traveller.

The terminus is the new city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, whence steamships will soon ply to China, Japan, and Australasia, as well as to San Francisco, and all along the coast.

And all this may be reached in comfort and luxury, and in greater comfort and luxury than can be found on any other line of travel. The Company planned its work on a wide and liberal scale, and with a determination to make its railway the best that had yet been built on this continent. With its liberal subventions from the Government in lands and money, and with the great resources of its members, it was able to carry its magnificent plans to full completion. The roadway is thoroughly built, with wide embankments and easy gradients. The rails are of heavy steel and the track is thoroughly ballasted throughout; the bridges with few exceptions, are of iron and steel, and the heaviest that have yet been built in America; and trains may safely be run at sixty miles an hour.

The passenger equipment is all now

and has been especially designed to secure the greatest possible comfort and safety. It is superior in every respect to that of any other railway, and embraces many novelties not to be found elsewhere. The sleeping and dining and ordinary passenger cars as well, are finished outside and in with polished mahogany. Solid comfort and artistic effect have been sought in every detail. Even bath-rooms are provided in the sleeping cars intended for long journeys. The trains are so timed as to enable tourists to see the most interesting sections of the line by daylight, and well-appointed hotels are provided at intervals in the mountains—stopping places for pleasure-seekers and sportsmen.

The Canadian Pacific Railway may be reached at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Brockville, or by way of St. Paul; and excursion tickets are sold, covering a great variety of routes. Fine steamships connect the Pacific terminus with all points on the Pacific Coast, and excursion steamers will run northward through the mountain-girt Gulf of Georgia and the fiords of Alaska.

THE BOY THAT WILL LIE.

WHAT is a boy good for that will lie? Boys at the best make considerable trouble by their ignorance, inexperience, and awkwardness; and it requires considerable patience to put up with the faults of an ordinary boy, and try to make anything of him. But when in addition to all his usual faults a boy will lie, what is he good for? He breaks things, and lies about it; he forgets things, and lies about it; he neglects things, and lies about it; you send him on an errand, and he lies about it; you give him work to do, and he lies about that. As crooked as a snake, you never know where to find him or what to do with him. You cannot know what to depend upon, nor where to trust him. He misleads you, deceives you, and disappoints you. If you hire him to work, you need to hire somebody else to watch him; so you have to hire two persons to do the work of one and of course what you pay for watching comes out of the wages of the rascal who needs to be watched, or else is his employer's loss.

A boy who tells the truth, whose word can be depended upon, who owns up to his failures, is a treasure. If he fails to-day, he will do better to-morrow; if he makes mistakes, you can show him how to correct them; if he is thoughtless, you can admonish and caution him; and you can have the joy of seeing him improve from day to day, and grow wiser and stronger and better so that even in his boyhood he can fill the place of a man, and be worth more than many a man who cannot be depended upon. There are good things ahead for such a boy. He is wanted to take charge of business, to do honest work, to fill important positions, to watch rascals who cannot be trusted. He is wanted to fill places of responsibility, to manage great undertakings, to be a power in the community and a blessing in a home. He is wanted as a husband to some honest, truthful noble girl; he is wanted as a head of a family, to train children in the paths of righteousness; and as a member of the Church of Christ, to do good in the world and to save the souls of men.

But the boy who will lie—what on earth is he good for? What can be

done with him? He never can be confided in; he never can be trusted. Nobody knows when he is lying, and nobody dares to believe him when he tells the truth.

My boy, God has given you a tongue, to speak the truth and to sing His praises, and you had better bite your tongue off than to use it to tell lies, for "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—*The Little Christian.*

THE ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I WAS weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by a monument. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint response of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grand accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And how they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound—and how they pause, and soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! what solemn sweeping concord! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!—*Irving.*

A NEW LEAF.

HARRY WILDE says he "has turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys," Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait awhile, and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette! He has bought his last sensational story-paper! He has taken hold of his school work in earnest. He has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a merry way when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home, he is a very different boy. There is no more teasing to spend the

evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey. O! Harry is certainly another boy! What can it mean!

Just this: a looking-glass was held up before Harry's eyes! In it he saw himself, a selfish, conceited, willful boy, on the road to ruin! The sight started him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys!"

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him, and it is indeed a great change.

How glad Harry's friends are! How glad Harry's Saviour and the good angels are! And how disappointed Satan and his evil-minded slaves are!

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?

A THOUGHT FROM BRUSSELS.

IN Brussels bright, upon the town hall's ceiling,
A form is pictured wondrous fair to see:
Intently I behold it with the feeling,
That calmly it is peering down on me.

To right I go and then to left, amazing!
Upon me ever rests the figure's eyes;
Far off I walk—upon me steadfast gazing
I view them still with infinite surprise.

To-day in Brussels, but away to-morrow;
The painting soon may all forgotten be,
But O, the lesson from it I may borrow
Is worth a pilgrimage o'er land and sea!

There are above me other eyes all-seeing,
That follow after every way I turn—
In sweetness, grace and majesty agreeing,
Which mine eyes some day shall unveiled discern!

—George Rose.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

"SEE," counsels Mr Ruekin, "that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as minute a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so find out why you dare not and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that, with proper care, you dress body and mind before them daily. Write down, then, frankly what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away, but that you may determine, to the best of your intelligence, what you are good for and can be made into. Girls should be like daisies—nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be wrong if they didn't do it."

NEVER correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public.