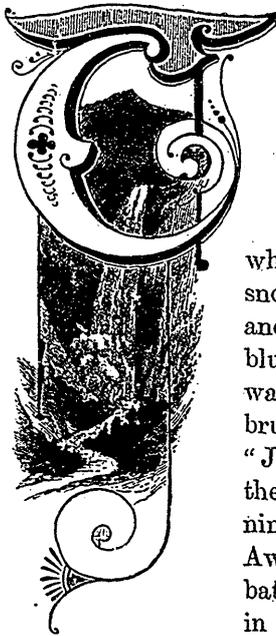


THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

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WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

IV.



HE weather is perfect! To the Yellowstone Park we are about to bid adieu! It was from this piazza we obtained, in the twilight, our first faint glimpse of the Crystal Stairs. Now, standing here, vision sweeps over the sun-lit expanse of enchanting details, and on, and out to where the encompassing hills lift their snow-seamed, granite helmets—all bronzed and furrowed—against the unfathomable blue. The six-horse mountain coach stands waiting. The driver is in his place. The brunette bride of a swarthy Kentucky "Judge" aspires to the still loftier perch of the deck-seat, and gaining consent climbs nimbly up and occupies the "crow's nest." Away we bowl! Now let the sunlight bathe you and the ether caress you. Drink in the ambrosial air. Oh, the ecstasy of living! Our delightful morning drive is

soon over, for the seven miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs to Cinnabar, being mostly down hill, are quickly traversed, and the panting locomotive once more becomes our steed. Threading again the gateway to the Park, the beauties of river and mountain beguile the ride to Livingston; where, in the afternoon, we resume our westward way to the Pacific.