

Over the C. P. R. and through the Mountains to the Pacific.

The traveller who has not made a trip through Canada, over the Canadian Pacific Railway, has not seen the world, or at least, a very large and interesting portion of it. He may have made many visits to the great art, educational and social centres of Europe, and have spent months and even years in seeing the wonders which have there been worked out by genius and labor during the centuries of the past; he may have penetrated the jungles of India, in search of the royal Bengal tiger, or chased the bounding kangaroo on the plains of Australia; he may have bathed in the Jordan, gazed on the ruins of Thebes, braved the dangers of a voyage around the Cape, toiled over the steppes of central Asia, and viewed the splendors of the ancient orient, in fact he may have visited all continents and countries of the globe, but until he has rounded off his travels by the trip referred to above, he can, by no means, lay claim to having "done" the world.

It is not the purpose in this brief article to say anything about Eastern Canada, with its thriving centres of industry and trade, its magnificent lakes and noble rivers, its remarkable progress in commerce and civilization, its peaceful scenes of quiet rural life, nor to dwell upon the transformation of the country from a dense primeval forest to a beautiful country, inhabited with millions of educated and contented people. The struggles and tribulations endured by the pioneers of this great land we will not stop to consider, and the reminiscences of the past we will not dwell upon. We will not even stop to take a glance over the wonderful city of the New West, the growth of a decade, which stands as the gateway to the great prairie region the land of "illimitable possibilities and magnificent distances." Over the vast expanse of fertile prairie, like a new born land fresh from the hands of the Creator, clothed in a robe of verdancy and decorated to profusion with the delicate rose and other wild flowers in great variety, we will hurry as fast as the power of steam will carry us. Thriving villages, some of them to become cities, have grown up within the few years which have passed since the land in all its great loneliness was first disturbed by the advent of the railway. Fields of waving grain and herds of cattle further attest the fact that the country is being aroused from its long dream, and that a new and more active life is before it, while long stretches of uninhabited country, with here and there a wolf or fox or an antelope observed scampering away as the train rushes by, indicate that the influences of civilization are just beginning to take root in this great land. On we go past clumps of poplar trees and the scattered dwellings of western pioneers; past strips of land where the plow has lately done its work in removing the variegated robe which clothed the virgin soil, exposing to view a rich black mould, in preparation for a crop next year; past lakes and prairie ponds, with water-fowl of various kinds floating upon their bosoms, and other varieties of the feathered tribe known as waders, paddling along the banks and in the shallows. We will think that the sun never shone more gloriously, that the sky never looked more clear, nor the atmosphere felt more invigorating than it does here. Though the hours expand into days as we speed through this great ocean-like country, we tire not of the scene, the



A GLIMPSE IN THE ROCKIES.

quiet loneliness of the surroundings are so enchanting. These indentations in the prairie's surface which are observed so frequently, we are told, are the paths made by the buffalo. They are now grown over with grass, and we try to calculate the countless numbers of wild cattle which must have at one time roamed the plains, when they have left the surface of the country for hundreds of miles furrowed every few yards with the paths wherein they walked in single file, one behind another, when on the march from one part of the country to another, or moving in search of water. If of a more practical turn of mind, we will try to imagine the number of domestic animals the country will support, from the evidences remaining of the vast herds of wild cattle which but a few years ago inhabited the region.

As we ponder the future of this great country and picture for it populous cities and millions of inhabitants, we notice on the western horizon

white, fleecy clouds, glistening in the sun. These clouds stretch out in a long line along the western horizon, and as we are attracted by their beauty, we will notice that they move not nor change their shape. Then we hear a passenger remark that the mountains are in view, and we suddenly recognize that these are not misty clouds, but that we are gazing upon the "backbone" of the continent. The fleecy whiteness which fringes the horizon beyond us, shining so brilliantly under the influence of a cloudless sky overhead, is that great upheaval of rock called the Rocky Mountains. The portions visible from the distance, clothed in eternal snow, looks "soft as carded wool," rather than a great mass of jagged and impenetrable rock. As we come nearer the mountains begin to take shape and the full beauty and brilliancy of the scene can be enjoyed. The first view of the mountains is from a distance of over 100 miles, and they appear to rise directly