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MAUCH CHUNK AND THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

It was a glorious day in the month of August, 1876, that we first beheld the wonderful scenery of the far-famed Lehigh Valley. The blended wildness and beauty of this romantic gorge it is impossible to describe. A narrow brawling stream frets its way between precipitous mountain banks. The train swings around the rapid curves, finding unexpected exits through seemingly impassable barriers of confronting rock, by means of some opening portal in the mountains.

At Mauch Chunk the grandeur culminates. This town is doubtless the most highly picturesque in America. It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot, as it were,

resting on the picturesque little Lehigh River, and its body stretching up the cliffs of the mountains. It is so compacted among the hills that its houses impinge upon its one narrow street, and stand backed up against the rising ground, with no



COAL VEIN.