

I passed an open air service, which was being held not far from the Grand Trunk station. One man was preaching to a scattered group of hearers, while another stood beside him with a cornet. It was only for a moment, as my automobile flashed by, that I looked into the cornet-man's face. I needed no other sermon. He had seen some vision, to which most of our poor eyes are blind.

On entering the State of Colorado by the Santa Fe route the country gradually assumes a more and more rocky aspect and you may rightly infer that you are approaching the Rocky Mountains. A man had passed through the train selling a book of views which had led one to expect glimpses of snow-clad mountain ranges. But the weather was unpropitious and misty, and all we could see were little apologies for "Rocky Mountains" which fringed the track. But in spite of the mist you could feel that you were passing into a new world—a world that had once formed part of the far-flung Empire of Spain. Villages began to bear Spanish names, adobe houses peeped out here and there, the railway stations followed the fashion of the old Spanish architecture, and the Indians one saw along the line bore the unmistakable mark of Mexico. One weird old lady boarded the train, and was duly put off at her destination.

It was snowing, and evening was drawing on, as we breasted the Raton Pass into New Mexico. Next morning we were crossing the desert of Arizona. Strange red rock-masses rose from the plateau, like great icebergs of stone. Some sug-

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