

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1879.

THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

III.

THE following is a description of the Grand Canyon, from the pen of a real geologist, who recognizes a bit of rock as belonging to the Azoic, Silurian, or Devonian Age, as readily as a woman names a piece of lace :

“The canyon-walls are buttressed on a grand scale, with deep alcoves intervening ; columned crags crown the cliffs, and the river is rolling below. The sun shines in splendour on vermilion walls, shaded into green and gray where rocks are lichened over ; the river fills the channel from wall to wall, and the canyon opens like a beautiful portal to a region of glory. This evening, as I write, the sun is going down, and the shadows are settling in the canyon. The vermilion gleams and roseate hues, blending with the green and gray tints, are slowly changing to sombre brown above, and black shadows are creeping over them below ; and now it is a dark portal to a region of gloom, the gate-way through which we are to enter on our voyage of exploration to-morrow.”

There ! Imagine camping for the night in such a place. Where a bench of sand stretches between the water's edge and the perpendicular walls, the boats are drawn up, a little fire is made of such driftwood as can be found, and the weary men sit in the flickering light, drinking hot coffee and telling stories of adventure. The fire dies down to a handful of glowing coals, the men wrap themselves up in their blankets, and, without more ado,