

FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER.

(A Retrospect.)

By W. BOYD ALLEN.

It is proposed in this paper to give a brief account, of a summer trip taken some years ago by the writer. It was a bright July morning when we assembled—a large party of us, who were to travel together. In the Dalhousie station at Montreal stood the Canadian Pacific train. The massive trucks and heavy English build of the cars distinguished them in a moment from the lighter stock required for local traffic. From the windows of this very car we were to look out upon the Western prairies, the ravines and snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains, the blue waters of the Pacific.

By degrees the platform and the train became crowded with tourists and their friends. How we looked in one another's faces, saying to ourselves, "Will he prove a delightful companion?" "Is she to be a lifelong friend, dating from the moment when

our eyes first meet?" Time would show. As the warning bell sounds, there are hurried partings, laughter, tears, waving handkerchiefs, cheers, "Good-bye!" "Good-bye!" and we are fairly on our journey. The train includes, be it said, five passenger sleeping cars—named as follows: "Missanable," "Algary," "Kamloops," "Nepigon," and "Toronto." How familiar those strange names became before many days!

Forth from the city, through the suburbs, and out into the open country rumbled the heavy train. Cities were left behind, and the horizon grew rugged with mountains. At Weirs, on Lake Winnipegauke, a great fright was caused by the train's starting without signal, while a dozen ladies of our party were promenading on the depot platform. Amid a chorus of shrieks and laughter they were unceremoniously hustled aboard, fortunately without accident.

Northward we sped, along winding valleys, beside merry mountain streams, up over steep grades, down the long slope again, still onward and northward until we rumbled across the new iron bridge over the St. Lawrence and halted for the night in the city of Montreal.

This is now the chief city of Canada, with a population about half as large as that of Boston. In 1535 it was a little Indian village called Hochelaga, which was in that year visited by Jacques Cartier. Two hundred and fifty years ago the French established a trading-post here, and its business has grown, until to-day its docks are lined with warehouses, its river front shows the black hulls of great ocean steamers, and railroads converge from east, west, and south.

On Sunday morning I left my hotel and walked for a mile through the streets of the city. There are many French inhabitants, as the shop signs show. In a little common I saw the sign, "*N'allez pas sur le gazon*"—a polite way of putting our familiar "Keep off the grass." The names of the streets carried me back to old times, when the whole province was held by France—"St. Monique," "St. Genevieve," etc. Funny little milk carts went bobbing along over the rough pavements, and funny little babies toddled along the uneven board sidewalks.

My walk soon brought me to a lofty granite building with two square towers—the cathedral of Notre Dame. People were docking in at the doors, and I went with them.

It was like entering a great, dimly-lighted cavern. All the walls and pillars and ceiling were glowing with soft, dark crimson and golden colors. The church was crowded with worshippers, not only on the main floor, but in two immense galleries, one above the other. At the further end was the high altar and the figure of the crucified Saviour, beneath which the priests were conducting the service of the Roman Catholic Church. I could just hear their deep voices, mingling with the music of the choir and organ.

Just in front of me was a swarthy Indian, with long, glossy black hair. Little children knelt on the marble pavement in the



midst of the crowd. Members of wealthy French families passed down the aisle to their pews. All around me were poor people, many of them following the service with their prayer-books. It was touching to look at that far-off figure of Christ on the cross, and then at the vast multitude of people kneeling before it—men, women, and children, with their cares and sorrows and hopes, all with faces upturned toward that cross—differing



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

from many of us in their religion, we believe, but still trying humbly to follow the same Master.

On the following day we took the cars up the banks of the St. Lawrence for some distance, and then embarked on a steamer for the return trip down-stream. The passage of the Lachine rapids has been often described, but no pen-picture can prepare one for the mad rush of the steamer through the whirling, foaming water, the sickening sensation of the sinking deck beneath your feet, the onward plunge, straight toward a huge rock, swerving so as to barely miss it as we surge past. Now we steam majestically beneath the great tubular "Victoria Bridge"—which every inexperienced passenger is sure we shall scrape with our smoke stack, but which it clears by many feet—and up to the Montreal wharf.

That evening we boarded our cars once more. How homelike they seemed, with their cosy berths and drawing-rooms! Some of us gathered in the "Kamloops", and while the train rolled onward through the night we sang jolly college melodies, ending with an air not wholly unfamiliar to American ears—"Little Annie Rooney"! Soon the voices were hushed, as one sleepy passenger after another dived or climbed into the vibrating berths, and wandered away into dreamland.

A word about the Canadian Pacific Railroad, over which we ride three thousand miles. I quote from the official report of the road:

"A railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all the way on British soil, was long the dream of a few in Canada. This dream of the few became, in time, the hope of the many, and on the confederation of the British North American provinces, in 1867,