

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY REV. W. J. SIPPREL, B.A.

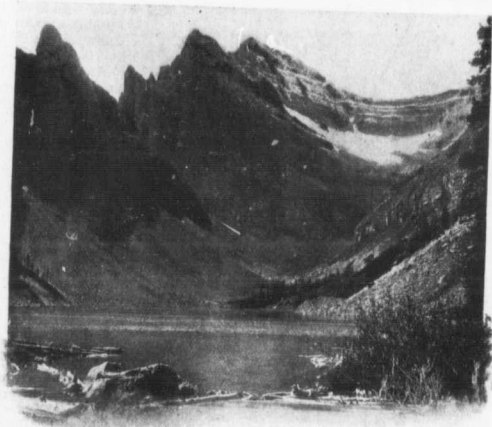
EPWORTH Leaguer, are you getting ready for San Francisco in 1901? Now is high time to save your pocket money for one of the grandest

its hinges and put it in the back yard." Come to this city of golden sunset, of flowers and cool sea breezes, a city situated in the centre of countless historic scenes and types of life that charm and interest on every hand. We wish time and space would permit an outline of this cosmopolitan city, with its parks

the first range of mountains on our journey. It seemed useless to write. It was a glut of grandeur. A perfect surfeit of sublimity. What could I do but give myself up to looking and watching and admiring? Here, now, I try to recall the impressions left on my memory. The whole journey is an ever-changing panorama of gigantic mountain scenery. As I look back the picture divides itself into three great parts. The first from Calgary to Donald. This part of the journey leaves on my mind the impression of sublime irregularity. The forms of the mountains, the appearance of the cliffs, the gorges, the different points of the Pass seem to have no peculiar type or characteristic. Each object seems to assume a distinct form of its own. It is the arrangement of independence. It is the sublimity of variety. And so much of it, that whilst one is pleased, overawed and inspired, he is often bewildered and overpowered in the attempt to take it in. Then, say, from Donald to Kamloops, we have outlines of regularity. The Selkirk range of mountains are regular, with the curving lines of beauty and breaks of sparkling snow and green verdure stripping their sides with lovely, blending shades; whilst the streams we cross gush with a laughing, frolicking bound, rather than in fury, or sweep gently through valleys, rather than mountain gorges, into calm, clear, emerald-colored lakes. Here it is that the lake scenery of the North of England and Scotland and Italy is reproduced on an almost measureless scale. What placid mirrors these lakes make! How beautiful the reflection of the curving lines of hillsides, the green forest trees, the snow-capped peaks, the clear blue sky, and the tremor and glimmer of the water giving a living motion to the whole picture! It is the loveliness of mingled mountain and water scenery on a magnificent scale; it is the sublimity of beauty. 3

Then there is the journey from Kamloops to Harrison or farther. It is through a mighty mountain pass. It is the Simplon Pass of the Alps magnified many times. We are beside the great Thompson River and it runs into the turbulent Fraser, and we run on the face of the precipices that hem in their waters. The rolling, tossing flood has cloven its way through the mighty gorges. We wind round the edge of cliffs, through tunnels, over mountains and under crags, until one almost grows dizzy watching the tortuous path of the locomotive, the turbulent rush of the muddy river and the changing scene of the lofty hills. It is the monotony of sublimity. It is a race down the gorge of grandeur. From every point of the two hundred miles and more which we thus run down the gorge of the river, the scenery is sublimely grand. Many particular views linger in my memory to rise up in after days as bright, inspiring recollections of my trip through the Rocky Mountains by the C.P.R. Three general impressions are all that I have time to record just now. There may be more by and by. Engineering feats, mining localities, special views are all swallowed up for the present in the impression of stupendous sublimity.

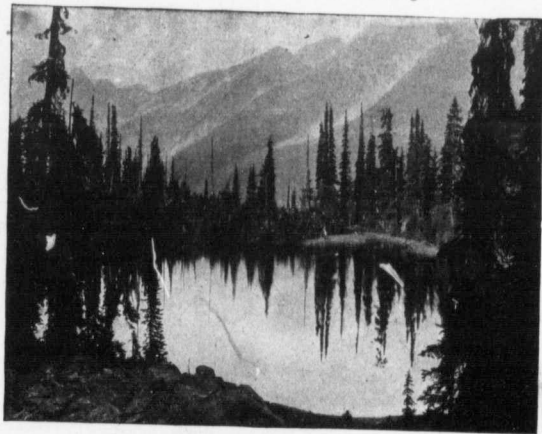
Winnipeg, Man.



LAKE AGNES, NEAR LAGGAN, ON THE C.P.R.

trips that can be made in the world for a little expense. Here you will have the privilege of hearing America's best talent, and of carrying away the inspiration of one of the greatest conventions ever held on the continent for religious and social purposes. It is to be

and cool retreats, with surroundings where orange and lemon flourish, where the palm invites you to cooling shade and the perfume of the magnolia fills the air, but we are confining ourselves to the first requirement of every tourist, and that is, "How to go."



MARION LAKE, AMONG THE CANADIAN MOUNTAINS.

held in 1901, in San Francisco, the Golden Gate City, whose people will bid you hearty welcome, and lest doors might seem an inconvenience they have promised to "take the front door of their home off

We presume our readers wish to be interested and instructed *en route*, and that charming scenery that will linger long in memory is a desideratum. If so, we urge one and all to choose the great