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THE YOSEMITE VALLEY AND MARIPOSA GROVE.

BY THE EDITOR.



YOSEMITE VALLEY.

It is a long and arduous journey from the nearest railway to the Yosemite, but it is one for which the tourist is well repaid. At Raymond we take the stage for a round trip of one hundred and forty miles' ride to the Big Trees and the famous valley. Up and up in long sinuous curves, over long slopes commanding ever wider outlooks, we are whirled by our splendid four-horse team. We change horses sixteen times in one hundred and forty miles. At the end of a long day's journey it is a grateful surprise to find at Wawona a comfortable hotel, with fountains, garden, beautiful surroundings and elegant service, at an altitude of 4,000 feet

above the sea. Enormous pine trees, like a solemn brotherhood, begird Wawona. In the golden after-glow, it seemed like the "happy valley" of Rasselas, where no evil thing could come.

It is still a twenty miles' drive to the valley, which takes about five hours' climbing slowly over a pass 6,500 feet high, then sweeping around magnificent curves which overhang the profound valley of the Little Merced. The road is narrow, but safe enough, except when stages and waggons have to pass, when every one gets out, and the wheels on the outside ride over the edge of the road on the steep slope of a thousand feet.

As we climb the grade, the val-