

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Unknowing.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

A lonely cricket, in my closet hidden,
Sent out amid the gloom its plaintive lay,
As tho' it grieved for joys to it forbidden,
Nor knew the night had given place to day.

Within my room the sun was brightly shining,
O'erflowing from the bounteous skies above,
And all sweet nature's forces seemed combining
To render praise for heaven's tender love.

Yet, whilst I gloried, singing in my gladness,
The little cricket dallied in the gloom,
Nor heeded that it might have fled from sadness—
Thro' space beneath the door—to my bright room.

"'Tis like our human nature, this delaying,"

(So thought I, as I heard the sad night-song),

"This lingering 'mid the gloom, our doubts obeying,
And sighing that the night-time seems so long.

"And all the while the sun of Christ's own splendour

Is shining 'round about us, would we heed

The chance he gives to seek his love so tender,

And find the light to satisfy each need."

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

There has sprung into existence in Canada one of the greatest railway systems in the world, extending from the tide-waters of the Atlantic to the tide-waters of the Pacific, with a continuous main line of 3,050 miles, and with arms reaching out in all directions—the Canadian Pacific.

The main line passes up the Ottawa

valley and thence westward around Lake Superior to Winnipeg. Westward from Winnipeg the line spans a thousand miles of grassy uplands to its crossing of the mountains near latitude fifty-two degrees, after which it traverses the heart of British Columbia to the sea. The tourist along this three thousand miles of railway—the longest single line owned by one corporation in the world—will encounter scenery fresh and attractive in an extraordinary degree, not only essentially contrasted to anything in the Old World, but different from what travellers in the United States are accustomed to.

Leaving the Ottawa, the course is past Nipissing, and the other lakes of that region, westward to the northern shore of Lake Superior. For a long distance Lake Superior is within view, the line sometimes running close between its beach and the adjacent crags; more often carried at a considerable height above it, so that the passenger's eye is able to take in a wide expanse of blue water, dotted with sailing vessels and steamboats.

The scenery of this part of the line

is as notable, in its way, as any in the world. A range of mountains to the northward sends down spurs which reach the lake in abrupt and lofty headlands, separated by profound gulfs, down each of which rushes a stream in mad cascades. The granite walls and the isolated masses of rock with which their flanks are strewn, are painted with bright lichens, entwined into creeping vines, and shadowed by graceful trees. Through this pleasing combination of grandeur and prettiness the road makes its way, bridging the chasms and tunneling the headlands. On Thunder Bay the rival towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, with their gigantic elevators and extensive docks, hotly contest for commercial supremacy, both claiming the honour of being the lake terminus of the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, both destined in time to become part of one great city.

Between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg (continuing the journey westward) lies a region full of connected lakes and rivers, picturesque with every combination of rocks, tumbling water, and diversified foliage, where the names,

people and natural history are all associated with exploits of the fur-trappers and the Indians. From the rugged and legendary "Keewaydin" the transition is surprisingly abrupt to the level prairies of the Red River valley. At Winnipeg, where hardly ten years ago Fort Garry stood alone, but where now thirty thousand people have erected a handsome and most enterprising city, the traveller will probably pause a day or two. Resuming his journey, the railway conducts him through fertile river valleys and grassy uplands straight towards the setting sun. This vast stretch of open country—a thousand miles wide—is a closely grassed prairie of amazing extent, watered by many constant rivers, dotted with lakes, refreshed by many summer rains and varied by wooded elevations. The lakes are alive with water fowl, and their borders teem with birds and four-footed game. As the

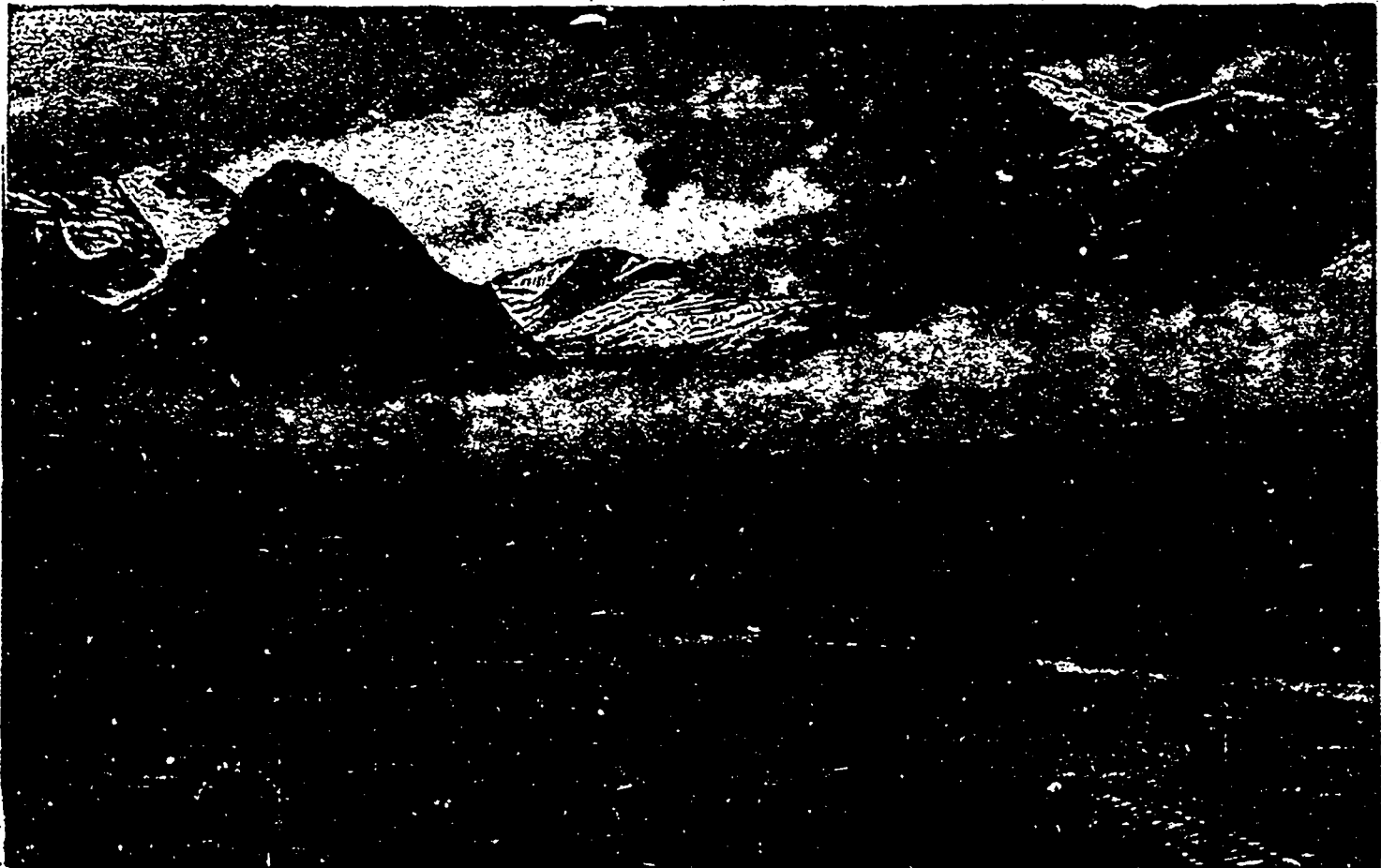
base of the Rocky Mountains is approached, agriculture gives way to the more profitable grazing of cattle and sheep.

Into the province of British Columbia are packed together, in half a dozen stupendous ranks, separated by narrow valleys, all the mountain ranges in Western America. We cross in succession the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold, Okinagon and Coast ranges, by a route of six hundred and fifty miles in length, although the breadth, measured in a straight line, hardly exceeds four hundred miles, and during the whole time are in the midst of snow-crowned monarchs.

The extent, distinctness, and variety of Alpine scenery visible from the railway trains are beyond adequate portrayal and comparison. The line enters the mountains upon the east by ascending the Bow River, about one hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary, to its sources amid the summits of the main range, after passing which, it is led by a marvel of engineering down along the cataracts of the Kicking Horse to the Columbia. The railway does not



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FROM ELBOW RIVER.
(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)



BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.