

to Seattle along the splendid margin of this inland sea, the eyes enriched and the imagination uplifted by a long succession of glorious glimpses of Old Ocean and of the varied beautiful forms and shapes the unresting sea carves out of its earthen boundaries.

The entire ride from Vancouver to Seattle following this route, is a glorious and imposing vision of forest, stream, and shimmering sea beach, the memory of which is a permanent possession and an uplifting impulse.

From Seattle to Portland the journey was continued at night but it was not all a blank, for, awake in the watches of the night, I raised the curtain of the sleeper and enjoyed the ever new delight of watching the panorama of hill and dale, forest and meadow, farm and farm house, with occasional swift passage through some town or village, where scattered lights showed that some of the burghers had not gone to rest when the hens retired.

I have always considered this marshaling and marching past in review, as it were, that is afforded from a sleeping car window is ample compensation for being an indifferent sleeper, "cribbed, cabined, confined" and almost confined in the narrow cell of a sleeping berth.

The train rolls into Portland at seven in the morning, always an agreeable hour I think to come into a city.

Portland is surely one of the most attractive cities on the Pacific coast. The long reign of the moss-back has passed, though one may still notice a hint of that era in the shape of a rundown tenement whose sands of life have nearly run out, the property of the man less common in the west than he used to be, who will neither build, improve, nor sell. The people of Portland are no longer in that category, and abounding progressiveness and cultivated taste are evident in the manner in which both business and residence districts are built up. And with all this I do not own