

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1886.



ON THE LINE OF THE ERIE RAILWAY.

ON THE ERIE.

OF all the routes from Central Canada to the American seaboard, the most attractive is the Erie Railway.* Traversing the rugged region along the southern border of New York State, it presents a ceaseless variety of picturesque and beautiful scenery. Taking our seat in the luxuriously furnished car at the Suspension Bridge, we glide slowly over that wondrous wire-woven structure, which links, as if in bonds of brotherhood, the two kindred countries. We never cross that marvellous structure without admiration of the genius which hung high in air—two hundred and fifty feet above the foaming river—this iron way, along which throb, like life-blood through an artery, the currents of international commerce. The view is strangely unique. The tortured stream raves at such a dizzy depth below that the tumult of its waters comes softened to the ear. Look-

*It has a long new name now—"New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway," but it will always be most familiar as "The Erie."