

Clachnacoodin. Leaving here we enter Albert Canyon and a remarkably striking place is where the river is seen 300 feet below the railway, compressed into and settling and boiling through a flume scarcely twenty feet wide. The train stops here a few minutes to allow passengers to gaze at the magnificent scenery. Next we come to the Illicilliwaet river; not very large but very pretty. It is of a pea green color. Still continuing on we reach the "Loop" where the line makes several turns and twists. We soon reach the Glacier House, where there is a beautiful hotel of swiss design, owned by the railroad company with very nice accommodations. From here can be seen the great Glacier of glistening snow and ice; also another peak named after Sir Donald Smith, the chief promoter of the C. P. Railway. These are very beautiful and one can study them for hours. We are soon dashing along at high speed and pass through many snow sheds and dark tunnels, then, coming into the light, we look at the valley below where can be seen the shining water winding its way around little islands which are dense with lofty trees.

After passing Roger's Pass Mt. Macdonald towers a mile and a half above the railroad. Its base is but a stone's-throw distance. It is immense and yet so near that one is overwhelmed with its grandeur. There is also Mt. Hermit where the figure of a man and dog on the edge of one of the crags shape themselves out of the rocks and from this peculiarity comes the name of Hermit to the mountain. The snow-sheds which we pass through were built at vast expense to the company. They are constructed of massive timber, bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain sides, in such a manner as to defy a most terrific avalanche. A little farther on the river is one thousand feet below, appearing as a silver thread, winding its way through the narrow forested valley. Occasionally the beautiful crystal-like waters can be seen falling from the high mountains on either side. Still a little farther eight peaks can be counted the last of which is Sir Donald, in the lead. The greatest and loftiest railway bridge in the world is that which crosses Stony Creek—a noisy little stream flowing in the bottom of a V shaped channel, 300 feet below the rails. This is the most striking feature yet seen. The train passes first over the Columbia and one is perfectly enraptured with the grandeur and beauty of the scenery and then crosses back again, repeating this several times. The train twists and turns in every direction, with vast mountains rising to one thousand feet in height on each side and within a stone's-throw from wall to wall. The noise from the roaring river below one can never forget as the train passes through this gorge at a very rapid speed. Then we reach Field, a pretty little place where the railroad company has a beautiful hotel surrounded with green grass, flowers and two pretty fountains. From here can be seen the Van Horne mountains on the right and the Otter-tail mountains on the left. This is a very attractive place for tourists to stop at, as there is a little lake adjacent where fish can be caught.

A few miles farther is Mt. Stephen 8,000 feet above the valley: and near by is a green glacier, 800 feet in thickness.

Here also can be seen a silver-lead mine on the side of the mountains. Many little stations are passed before reaching Bauff. All along one is greeted by the grandeur of the mountains, valleys, rivers and lakes surrounded by trees and beautiful ferns. After leaving Bauff, until reaching Medicine Flat, we still gaze in wonderment and surprise at the beautiful elevations streaked and capped with snow and ice. Our natures cannot first appreciate the exquisite grandeur of these peaks which seem on their way to heaven. As we gaze, the gauzy mist passes over and they have vanished.

After traveling nearly 3,500 miles since leaving Salt Lake City, we reach Lethbridge and after awakening from our slumber are almost bewildered to find ourselves in such a changed and barren country. No trees nor beautiful mountains which we had become so accustomed to see. After riding over prairies for about fifty miles we are here in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, where there are many cultivated farms. And, which pleases us most of all, we find friends who welcome us and do everything possible to make us happy and comfortable.

MABELLE SNOW.

## IN MONTANA AND WASHINGTON.

HELENA, Montana,  
August 17th, 1896.

Just as we were leaving Butte City, we mailed a correspondence to your paper and set out on the Great Northern railway for Helena, Montana. This route is very picturesque and desirable to the traveler.

One of the most beautiful vegetable gardens we have seen since leaving Utah we found at the head of the gulch at Helena, or nearly so, where it becomes narrow, with some of the old log huts on the hillside. Near this garden, which is cultivated to its highest pitch, richly manured, and watered so that it is very attractive, abounding in all sorts of fresh vegetables, is a brewery on the hill side and beer gardens, very tastefully arranged with shade trees, evergreens, tables, chairs, walks, flowers in variety to entice and ensnare many spiders and lovers of Sunday revels. One of the proprietors said that where these gardens are was once placer diggings, and the houses and gardens followed. But, said the proprietor, if I had all the gold down to the bed rock below these gardens of beer and pleasure, I would sell no more beer.

We found two of the Benson brothers—Jared G. and Hyrum S.—sons of the late Elder Ezra Benson, who were engaged in the transportation business and are building a large stone warehouse near the Northern Pacific depot, two miles down from the gulch city.

We took rooms and have hired the G. A. R. hall for Sunday, and visited Governor J. E. Rickards; after a pleasant chat with him, he gave us letters of introduction to the good people of Montana. He said he should be pleased to serve us while in his state and should be in Helena at the time of our meetings he would attend them. We called upon the editors of the Herald and the Independent, who promised us notices of our meetings, and we took the Great Northern twenty-eight miles out to Wolf Creek, while awaiting our Sunday meeting. We passed through seven tunnels

on our way from Butte to Wolf Creek, two of which are over one mile each. Once more before reaching Florence, our next move, we shall pass through and over the Rocky mountains, which will be four times for us in this well named state, Montana. After our visit to Wolf Creek, where there is more missionary work to be done, we got notices published in the Helena Herald. The Independent gave us about one-half column in the Sunday morning paper, and on Monday morning nearly two columns—a synopsis of discourses and the Articles of Faith; this paper goes to thousands of readers. Our success at the capital has been quite satisfactory.

EDWARD STEVENSON,  
M. F. COWLEY.

POST FALLS, August, 26th, 1896.

Leaving the capital city of Montana, Helena, we felt as though we had made a successful visit to this city, of about 12,000 people. Our meetings in the G. A. R. Hall and the publications in the press which we obtained we considered of no small importance as we had the opportunity of sending the articles of our faith before many thousands of the reading public.

From Helena we went to Florence, where we were met by a Mr. John Jones who lives two miles from the small new town of Florence. Mr. Jones married one of Patriarch Milo Andrew's daughters, and located here some few years ago, on 160 acres of land. They have made a good home—plenty of fruit on the farm of good quality; grain grows well; the stacks of hay and grain with fresh vegetables looks like civilization, after spending so much time in mining camps. The change is very agreeable; to find summer and rural life once more.

We think that there is much missionary work to be done in Bitter Root valley. We soon arranged for two meetings in a log house and school for Sunday the 23rd of August. The people are very busy haying and harvesting. We visited and made friends, and on Sunday attended a Sunday School, had the opportunity to speak in the school and gave out our appointments. In the afternoon we had a slim but good meeting, and at night a crowded house with excellent results. We visited twenty miles up the valley and found a sister Weyett who will entertain our Elders, and so will others. The opening here is good. In this valley there is much fine timber and favorable soil, wild goose berries, huckleberries, cherries, service berries, etc. Sister Jones' sons kept us well supplied with pheasants, grouse, and prairie hens, which abound; and Sister Jones has flocks of tame chickens and turkeys.

The Flathead Indians have been bought out and moved some distance away, we are told that they were mostly made Catholics by a Catholic Priest named Ralla, from whom this country takes its name.

On Tuesday, August 25th, Brother and Sister Jones, took us in a carriage to Florence Station and gave us some money. They have treated us with that kindness which the Lord's blessings follow. We blessed three of their children during our stay there.

E. STEVENSON.

SPOKANE, Spokane County;  
Washington, August 31st, 1896.

After our picturesque ride over Lake