

groped among the writings of those who have felt the influence of the Canyon, but none, no not one, seems capable of putting into words an impression of what the Canyon really looks like.

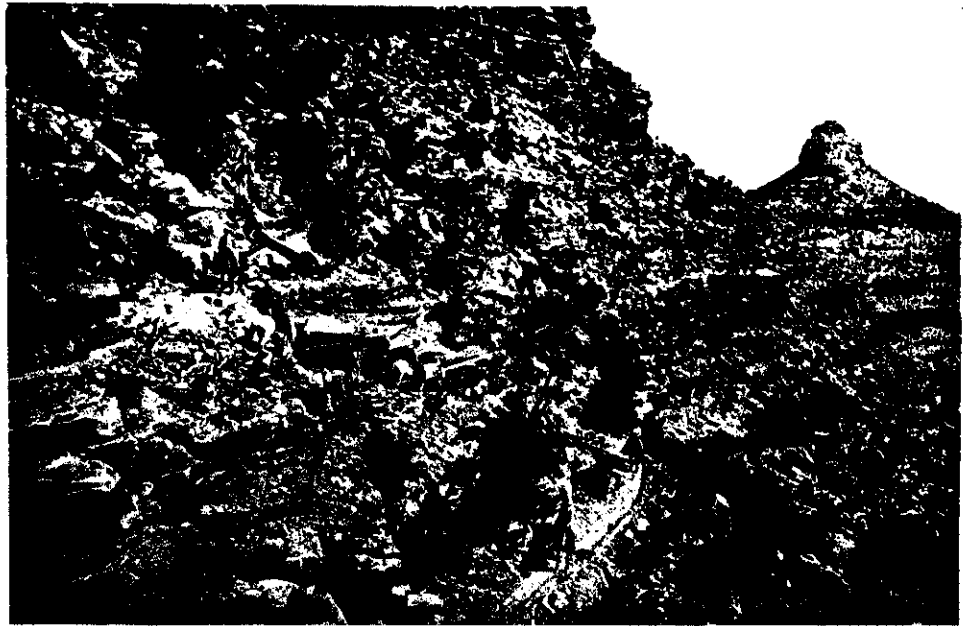
Nothing one has ever heard, or seen, or thought of, affords a basis of comparison. It is the queerest, hugest, most awe-inspiring work of nature imaginable, and even while one is there standing on its brink or winding down the trail to the rushing Colorado River, its meaning and the wherefore of it remains shrouded in a mystery impenetrable by human minds.

In the centre of that great Arizona desert suddenly the earth is rent by an awful, enormous crack. Not a simple widening of the earth, but a gap which measures thirteen miles from brim to brim, and between those almost razor edges the earth is, for 217 miles, broken into all manner of queer shaped mountains; ranges and ranges of the most uncanny hills the eye ever rested upon. Deep, deep down, 6,000 feet below, through the heart of this terrible Canyon rushes the mighty, muddy Colorado River.

In and out the trail wound, at one time bringing us above a great precipice, then slowly but surely our mules followed its winding course down, down, down until we were looking up the face of the same rock on the summit of which we had been standing some short time before. We were below this one 'tis true, but only on a level with another rocky cliff or range of similar cliffs extending for miles—before, to left, and to right of us. Our goal was the Colorado River, so for four hours our splendid sturdy mules carried us down, down, and ever down.

From the brim of the Canyon one obtains the best bird's eye view of the ranges of coloured hills, but only by descending the trail does a realisation of the stupendous depth creep in on one, and then the mind is assailed by a very real and human fear of the stupendous power that must have been at work when the placid face of the desert was torn and rent and cast about in this awful manner.

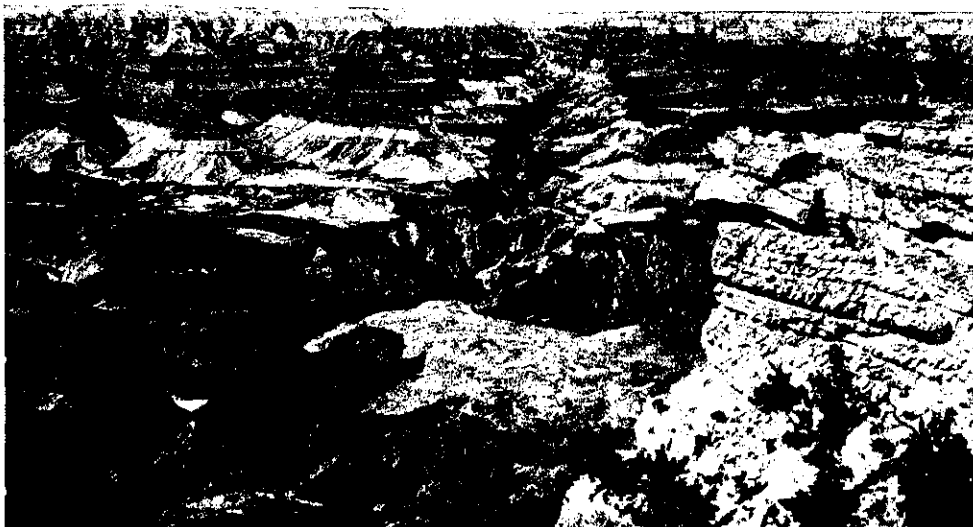
While its hugeness and queerness is impressive the deep colours of the rocks add much to the peculiar effect. For the first few hundred feet below the brim the rocks are yellow, next comes a strata



THE ZIGZAGS, BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL, GRAND CANYON.



A SNOW-STORM ON THE EDGE OF THE CANYON.



BRIGHT ANGEL CANYON, FROM O'NEIL'S POINT.

of crimson rock and then the black granite, so when the sun shines into the Canyon a startlingly brilliant picture is formed.

We lunched beside the swirling Colorado River, into the muddy waters of which all the Americans of the party dipped their hands for luck; and then began our five hours' ascent of the trail. Each time we paused to rest our mules fresh exclamations of wonder were heard from all lips. I think most of us agreed with the man who, at one of the pauses, turned to me saying: "Each time we stop I reckon this is the best view, yet when we get on to the next stop it looks grander than before."

"You see we are only beginning to grasp it," some one answered.

"I guess you're right, only we'll never grasp it," he replied.

And he was right. We didn't grasp all nor anything like all the wonder of it.

But there was a strange weird stillness about it all, a lack of all animal or vegetable life, that was almost terrifying, and there came over me more than once a powerful foreboding of danger, such as animals are said to feel before an earthquake; making me desire to hasten away out of the uncanny place. So though the Grand Canyon is larger and a thousand times grander, I felt in my heart I liked the Yosemite Valley, with its winding Merced River, its delightful waterfalls and high protecting walls, best.

**Next Week—**

THREE GREAT AMERICAN CITIES.  
1.—Chicago.

In an obscure country chapel a young minister had, as he thought, preached with considerable emotion. He had used in his sermon, for an illustration of storm and peace, the storm on the Lake of Galilee. That storm was depicted as one of lightning and thunder, and rain and wind. As he came out of the chapel one of the members tackled him in the midst of the people. He began by saying:

"That was a wonderful description of thine of the storm; the only thing about it was, it wasn't true. Who told thee it thundered and lightened and rained?" "Why," said the preacher, "those are the natural accompaniments of a storm." "Ah," said he, "but if thee had read thy Bible thee would have seen that it was a storm of wind, just like thine."