



TERRAPIN ROCK IN WINTER.—Let the reader of these lines, if he can, conjure up in imagination anything more wondrously beautiful than this view of Terrapin Rock in winter. The distant Falls are swathed in mist. The faraway Canadian bluffs are masses of silvery whiteness. The nearer foreground is a tangled mass of snow and ice and denuded foliage. Yet beneath this iron clasp of winter the torrent of Niagara rolls on unchecked, knowing no master, stayed by no barrier