

sharp provocation, and that our American brethren have not quite so much right to be angry with us as they seem to assume.

"But I say no more on this topic. In the United States I found many choice spirits—many noble men, who will live in my esteem and affection to the end of my days. To the Rev. Drs. Anderson, Blagden, Kirk, Stone, Treat, and Adams, all of Boston, I owe much for their Christian courtesy. Not less do I owe to the kind words of the Rev. Henry M. Dexter, whose admirable volume just issued on American Congregationalism will give him a place in the history of his country. Dr. Thompson of New York has done much in the hope of promoting a good understanding between the Congregationalists of England and America, and had urged my being sent to Boston in furtherance of his wishes. Let him not be weary in his good work. Henry Ward Beecher I had never seen until I met him at Boston. He is a man from whom I suppose I should sometimes differ, but with whom I should not know how to quarrel, differ from him as I might. There are brutish men in America, as there are anywhere; but generally, I found Americans ready to grasp the hand of friendship from an Englishman whenever cordially extended to him. 'You little know,' said a young American minister to me, 'what the feeling of some of us is towards your country. The emotion with which I gazed from the deck of the steamer on the first faint line of English land; the feeling with which I watched and watched until the meadow slopes and homesteads came in sight; and with which I first planted my foot on English soil, and looking round me, said to myself—this is England—that feeling has been mine, it can't be yours.' The tears came to the eyes of my young friend as he spoke, and they came to mine as I listened. Yes—after all, there are links of this sort between us, that are tender, deep, and will last!"

We must reserve for a future issue Dr. Vaughan's observations on Religion in America, and one or two other extracts. In the two following we have an immediate interest. Of Niagara, the distinguished traveller and historian eloquently says—

"Of course, we did not visit the United States without doing homage to the Falls of Niagara—the sight of all sights on the American continent. Which impressed us most, the rapids that rushed down to form the two great cataracts, or the cataracts themselves, I can hardly say. Perhaps the spectacle from the gallery at the summit of the round tower was that which moved me the most deeply. Words can tell but poorly what it was to look up to the far-off heights of those descending waters, nearly a mile in width, to see them glide down as so much liquid glass into a thousand rocky hollows, and like enraged forces storming a city, make their way with noise and foam through breach after breach, and over rampart after rampart, until the mighty flood has converged on the dread ridges of enduring rock over which they pass and become—the Falls. All this gives to the eye a vision which seems to belong to a world where the Creator works on a larger and grander scale than in our own; and gives, at the same time, to the ear those booming sounds which may be imagined as telling from afar off the gigantic strife which braced the strength and genius of Milton's angels, and those sounds of many waters, which come up like myriad voices from the battle-field where the victors see that the tide is with them. Such were the sounds heard at Hastings, when the Normans feigned retreat, and the Saxons closing on their track, thundered at their heels; and such at Naseby, when England's Ironsides stood face to face with England's Chivalry, and braving it to victory, sent forth from their lion throats the watchwords of their triumph. In fact, to look upon Niagara was to look upon a scene so foreign to our ordinary experience, that some whispering spirit seemed to say—'Look on, mortal, look on, absorb it with thine eyes, for it is too wonderful to last, it must soon be gone.' But it is not so. Like the sun and moon and stars, the beauty of Niagara does not fade—its grandeur does not wane. Generations droop and breathe their last, but this hoary giant fainteth not, gives no sign of weariness. O Nature, how evanescent is man compared with thee! Still, the scale is on his side. He