

Our brief story now is done. The bitter memories of the war have passed away. The long reign of peace has effaced its scars alike from the face of nature and from the hearts of the kindred peoples who dwell side by side in kindly intercourse and friendship. The broad Niagara sweeps on as ever in its might and majesty to mingle its flood with the blue waters of Ontario. The banks, in steep escarpments, crowned with oak and elm and giant walnuts, or in gentle turf-clad slopes, sweep in graceful curves around the windings of the stream. The weeping birch trails its tresses in the waters like a wood-nymph admiring her own loveliness. The comfortable farmsteads nestle amid their embowering peach and apple orchards, the very type of peace and plenty. The mighty river, after its dizzy plunge at the great cataract, and mad tumultuous rush and eddy at the rapids and whirlpool, smoothes its rugged front and restrains its impetuous stream to the semblance of a placid old age after a wild and stormy life.

The slumberous old town of Niagara has also an air of calm repose. No vulgar din of trade disturbs its quiet grassy streets. The dismantled fort, the broken stockade, the empty fosse, and the crumbling ramparts, where wandering sheep crop the herbage and the swallows