

The bison skin of tawny hue,
And signed to the priest to follow.
He led him through a dense dark wood
Where many a lofty pine tree stood,
Then through a winding hollow;
Whence, as they suddenly emerged,
The rushing rapids 'neath them surged
O'er many a rocky ledge.
Taking, down stream, their silent way
Toward the rising cloud of spray,
They reached the Cataract's edge;
And, from a jutting shelf of stone,
Saw Ni-a-gáh-ra, then unknown,
Save to the red man's race alone.
Earth's grandest sight, conceived to be
The emblem of God's majesty.

Ne'er has the scene which 'neath them lay
Been chronicled aright,
For no one, in a fitting way,
By pen, nor pencil, *can* portray
The grandeur of that sight.

The Priest, as by the view amazed,
Long at the Falls and Rapids gazed,
But not a word he spoke,

Then crossed himself, as if in awe,
And 'twas a holy sight he saw.
At last he turned him to his guide,
Who stood, like statue, by his side
And thus the silence broke:

" For two years past I've often longed
This wondrous sight to see,
And memory has oft been thronged
With stories told to me
By one, upon whose brow I traced
God's holy Cross, a chief
In whose narration I have placed
An absolute belief.
The glories, which I now behold,
In words, somewhat like these, he told:

' Towards the Sun's ascending beam,
Whoe'er his journey takes,
Will reach a broad and rapid stream
Which joins two mighty lakes.
Midway in this river's course
A wondrous fall is found
Where, with an overwhelming force
The waters, rushing in their might,
Plunge downward o'er a fearful height
With a stupefying sound.