

If we fail, "but then we'll not fail" we shall feel that we have made an effort, have done our duty. And if we succeed we shall feel that we have done something to help our town and our country to a higher place in the scale of being, remembering the words of the poet, used indeed by him in a different sense but we think equally applicable to our work.

We have not wings we cannot soar
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.

The distant mountains that uprear
Ta-ir frowning foreheads to the skies
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted wholly vain
If standing on its wreck at last
To something nobler we attain.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Niagara, Oct. 13th, 1903

The 13th of October has again, in the due course of events, arrived, and as is customary at this date the Niagara Historical Society will expect the usual Annual Report from the same secretary. I should have thought that our society would be tired by this time, listening to such a hum-drum composition by one whose forte is not letter writing. However I shall try and give a few extracts from the minute book.

I first find that our President has been most unrelenting in herself imposed duties, which she so zealously performs for the love of the work, and without reward, except that which she receives from her conscience.

During the past year we have held three open, four regular, and one special meeting, beside several committee meetings.

The following papers have been read:—"Wife's Devotion," by Miss Carnohan—"Vicissitudes of a Public Library during a period of fifty years" by the President—"Hannington Letters" by Miss Manning—"Historical Rooms as a means of making history" by the Rev. J. C. Garrett,—King Edward's visit to Niagara Falls in Sept. 1860, as Prince of Wales" and "Reminiscences of Two days in Quebec in 1838 by the author of *Le Chien D'Or*," our patron, read by the President.