

screams of the steam whistle and the bluff announcement of the brakeman that the train is at the Water Gap.

We speedily find ourselves slowly creeping up what, in the darkness, seems to be a very steep ascending plane. Fifteen minutes of this slow travel and we emerge from the gloom of a tree-lined road into what looks at first like a scene in fairy-land, but which, when approached, resolves itself into the brilliantly-lighted hotel with its hundreds of guests moving to and fro on its broad piazzas.

In the morning we resort to the broad piazza, where we find abundant charms both for the senses and the æsthetic tastes. As we look south, the northern end of this remarkable "Gap" lies at our feet, for we are now three hundred and sixty-five feet above the river. The wood-crowned sides and heights of Mounts Minsi and Tanmanny exercise an indescribable influence over the spectator. Their ever-varying lights and shadows delight him, their majesty impresses him with a kind of awe; and as he looks on the beautiful river winding through the narrow channel at their feet, his mind wanders back into the mighty, the unknown past, and wonders how those mountains, once evidently united, were cut in twain by the river. Did the stream, like the Yellowstone and the Niagara, working through long geological periods, gradually wear away the strata which once filled this mighty chasm? he asks himself. Or did it burrow its way beneath them, until, their foundations destroyed, they fell with a fearful crash? or, was the mountain cut in two by a sublime convulsion which shook the continent during the pre-adamite ages? Brooding over these questions one loses himself in the fog of unsatisfactory speculations. Finally, in view of the quality of the rocks which form the sides of this chasm, and of the evidence, written in geological characters on the face of the soil, of the former existence of a vast lake above the Gap, he sagely concludes that probably nature wrought the wonder violently, but hid the secret of her method beneath the overwhelming mass of *debris* which she swept out of this marvellous gulf.

While absorbed in these and other nameless imaginings, we were aroused by a companion, who enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Come here! the view north is perfectly delightful."