

rest recovering, he will rise his heart to the God that created it, and will presently sink down into the depths of his own nothingness. For a while he is completely absorbed, as it were, in God; he gazes on himself, and cries out, "Praise, Praise be to thee, O Lord, Our Lord, how adorable is thy name in the whole earth." To speak now is unbecomingly to him. His whole soul is filled with God; he wants to be alone. Fear, with an irresistible force, will relieve his heart, and he shall soon exclaim, "What, O Lord, is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou shouldst visit him?"

He looks upon that broad, deep and turbulent volume of water, dashing over the precipice about one hundred and sixty feet in height, and two thousand eight hundred feet in its whole span, with a thunder echoed from the lake below, with its mountain banks, and thinks of the awful power of Him who speaks in the "voice of many waters," and of his own last leap into eternity. In hope, he raises his eyes, and sees, partly a glowing cloud, formed from the spray, and set in the centre by a beautiful rainbow. Again he cries out, "Let my prayer ascend as incense in thy sight. Let my heart be one of love, after making my peace with God and the world."

The water, as it sweeps over the Fall, sinks deeply by its weight, and momentum, and after gurgling, seething and foaming, rises again to the surface. One is reminded of that purification which takes place after death, and the trouble and agonies of the pure soul in the process of purification, to be cleansed before its rising to enjoy the brightness and glory of God's sweet countenance.

The water of the lake below has also its warning lesson. It is solemn and still as death after a busy and turbulent life. Death holds many a deep secret of a good or an ill spent life. He is aroused from his reverie by the shrill and noise of an engine, as it whisks on by the banks above, with a string of cars filled with the fashionable and the gay, some intent on pleasure, others on gain.

"O," he may say, "poor mortals, how long will you hunt after vanity and be in love with lies. In a few years you will be all gone, and what will be the fate of your immortal souls for all eternity?" Let us return with the pilgrim to the Monastery, and rest a little, and from the windows of his temporary cell contemplate the rapids above the Falls. It is morning. At the horizon, where the waters and the cloud appear to meet, all is calm and tranquil. Soon the river contracts, and peacefully running for a while, it meets with ledges of rock, and dashing itself into foam and whirling eddies, forms hundreds of small waterfalls, which, catching the rays of the morning sun, appear as so many white and foaming billows of the sea after a storm. Joy and gladness are typified in those sparkling waves. Occasionally tiny rainbows may be seen encircling the brows of those miniature cataracts; and as innumerable bubbles fall, pearls and jewels are reflected in prismatic colors in the foam. In these are seen emblem of the morning of life, when candour, humility and loveliness portray the innocence of a happy soul basking in the sunshine of God's love.

Everything now is gay and joyful, and bright with hopes of wealth and pleasure, and a long and happy life. The world presents itself in all those gorgeous colors that dazzle the imagination; but the time shall come when disappointments, sorrows and sickness will overtake him; a troubled and stormy life may be his lot; and he shall be, when the soul shall tremble on the precipice of eternity, awaiting to be