

yearning in your heart to plunge in and join the mad whirl, and see the mystery out. Yet, even with this thought at the strongest, you shrink instinctively from the dreadful brink, where the very waters seem hurrying to destruction. Faster and faster, and wilder and wilder, it pours with every minute, bent into crooked channels in the stones, but always rushing on, as if the river were mad. Trees tumbled over trees, their wet branches out of water, as if they strove for help against their enemy, and clung for one brief instant to the banks, to be whirled down the next more rapidly than ever. At last, near Goat Island, where the great Rapids commence, the waves 'headlong plunge and writhe in agony,'—a perfect 'hell of waters,'—the Charybdis of the Western World. It is here that the resistless might of the Great Falls can be best appreciated, as you note the tumbling waters gathering strength for that great avalanche of waves, where, racing and struggling on the cliff, they fall at last, and a mighty river is dashed into bells of foam.

"Let the traveller pass the frail wooden bridge which stretches from rock to rock on the very verge of the Great Fall. The idol of all the worshippers of Nature, the goal and object of Western travel, the cataract of all the cataracts of the world is before you, and you pause with devotional sadness, as 'deep calleth unto deep' with thundering roar, and the great amphitheatre of green waters pouring down in sullen majesty, is lost for ever in the clouds which rise so dense beneath them. Here words are powerless, guides are useless, and he who wishes to see and feel Niagara, must watch it for himself. He must watch it hour by hour, as the deep green mass always keeps nearing the edge, and, flowing smooth as oil nearer and nearer, comes slowly and solemnly over the cliff like a green curtain, and, with one stately massive plunge, pours down and down, till the eye loses its rush, and the bright emerald hill shades into dazzling white, and, broken at last in its long fall, it parts into spray and disappears in the mist below.

"Niagara has flowed from all time as it thunders now, yet in its mighty rush fresh beauties may be seen every hour, though its eternal waters never alter in their bulk for summer suns or the melting of Canadian snows."

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