



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL.]

NIAGARA FALLS.

I hear thine awful voice—the sound of rushing water,
 And see thy billows white cizah o'er thy mountains;
 What art thou like, eternity! Nature's wonder,—
 The water-spout forever of exhaustless fountains

That awful voice for countless years has cleft the sky,
 Thy waters leapt in glorious whiteness o'er thy rocks,
 Encircled by thy rainbows bright that rose on high,
 To greet the golden Sun in his diurnal walks.

Egypt's mighty towers in age compared to thee
 Are works of yesterday,—though grand, will pass away;
 Nation 'gainst nation will arise—forgotten by—
 Empires and their glories fade—their monuments decay.

But thou wilt young remain—and pour thy crystal streams
 In grandeur o'er thine everlasting mountains,
 Mingled with the beauteous rainbows' sunlit gleams,
 America's majestic, wondrous, cataclysm of fountains.

I gaze on thee—and then upon the midnight sky,
 And think of time—that was, and is, and will ever be;
 And think of space which hath no bound—infinity!
 Then oh mighty cataract, thy grandeur see.

Roar on, roar on as thou hast done ten thousand years,
 Cutting through rock, an adamantine wall,
 A theme for thought—the poet's muse—the maiden's dream—
 The world's desire—roar on thou mighty water-fall.

C. X. S.

THE LANGUAGE OF SCRIPTURE—THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

"His head and his hair were white like wool—as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the voice of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars, and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun when it shineth in his strength." Rev. 14, 15, 16, Chap. 1.

The above language has never been equalled by any human author, and never can be surpassed in sublimity of imagery. Yet it is said to be the production of an uneducated fisherman of Galilee, the beloved of Jesus. There are some passages in the Book of Job, written, as it is said, by Moses, and others in the Prophecies of Daniel and of Isaiah, which are exceedingly beautiful, but none equal to the above or the following. Again we find in the same Book of Revelation these sublime passages:

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the Sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth,—and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices." Rev. chap 19, 1, 2, 3.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." Chap. 14, v. 2. "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mixed with fire, and then that had gotten the victory over the Beast, and over his image, and over his name, and over the beasts of his name, stand upon the Sea of Glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the" Chap. 15, v. 2, 3.

Here is sublimity of language and sublimity of thought, with the grandest imagery. No man uninspired, whose lips had not been touched by the wand of divinity, could in the lone Island of Patmos, have uttered such glorious words.

Nature is full of beauties and wonders, and one of the greatest and most picturesque of her works are the Falls of Niagara. In miniature our prospect gives a tolerably good idea of them, as seen by a spectator standing some distance below.

Niagara Falls are the greatest and most magnificent on earth, and the best representation of the power, beauty, and purity of water. The waters of three mighty lakes, Superior, Huron, and Erie, and of a thousand small and large rivers and streams, are poured in everlasting thunder over their rocky tablet. The voice of many waters has gone up to heaven for over ten thousand years from this mighty cataract. Tens of thousands of years will elapse before they can reach Lake Erie. Superior

alone is almost an inland ocean. Huron is a mighty lake deep and gloomy. Yet their surplus waters from thousands of square miles of prairies and woods tumble over this awful cataract. The noise and grandeur of this wonder of the world, always call up before the mind's eye the beautiful passages above cited. The more we reflect on the power and antiquity of these Falls, the more amazing to the imagination do they seem. We liken them unto the lightning that shineth athwart the gloom of a dismal night from the far East to the distant West. They are like the sound of the belching ocean awakened by the coming storm. Like the voice of the distant hurricane—the roar of the lion in the lonely desert—the scream of the Condor among the snow-clad rocky cliffs of the towering Cordillera Mountains—or the approach of the raging sand storm of the desert, that walks like a spectre of night over the mighty wilderness of sands. What are the ruins of empires compared with this work of nature? Nimrod was an infant to it. See the mighty canal—furrowed through solid rock for seven miles by the power of their waters in a vast antiquity. Imagine the mighty mammoth as he gazed into the abyss thousands of years ago, when America was probably more populous than now. That beautiful rainbow has appeared and disappeared in the light of the sun ten thousand years ago, and will appear forever. America may again become a desert—our memories, like those of the ancient races whose shadowy traditions hang over the land, may be buried in the oblivion of the thousands of years; yet other men and genius maidens—birds with glowing pens, the representatives of new nations, may come to gaze on this mighty wonder, when it shall have cut its way several miles higher through the yielding rocks. As you look upon the above prospect, to the right is seen the largest water fall, being about a quarter of a mile in width, of a deep glowing water blue, streaked with white. Over the verge of the precipice the height of which is about 170 feet from the water's edge there pours with tremendous velocity and weight, the waters of a mighty river. Who could weigh or calculate the immense bulk of the water that passes over this space every hour, or even every minute. Consider that during day and night it never ceases,—has never ceased, and will not cease for ten thousand years. Here we behold an emblem of eternity.

It is this mighty power and pressure, combined with the softening effects of water and the action of frost and heat, that have crumbled beneath them a mountain ridge, and dug a rocky canal over one hundred and seventy feet deep,—a quarter of a mile in width, and seven miles long. For several hundreds of yards above the awful leap, the floods come rushing at the rate of near twenty miles an hour, tumbling over shelving rocks, dashing their white breakers on high, and then with an awful crash they bury themselves in the fashionless gulph of gurgling, whirling foam. The foam and rain drops arise in the air several hundred yards high, and form in winter and summer, a hovering cloud of water, that hangs in the air an emblem of purity, to be seen for over fifty miles, glistening in the sun. In the warmest days of summer a delightful coolness surrounds the vicinity of the Falls for many hundreds of yards—and in a warm July day, to gaze upon this scene, upon which the scorching sun is shining with his strength: to behold the rainbows—seen two at a time—arching the abyss—amid the green shrubbery and the rocks glitter with brightness, and the blue streamers and beds in hundreds intermingled with the wreath of rising steam, is a delight extremely refreshing and lovely. At the same time thousands of human beings—young, old, lame, deaf, vigorous, weak, disabled, beautiful, and deformed, of all classes, occupations, and countries, are continually gazing upon this wondrous and sublimity of the precipice. The fall to the left is a miniature of the American material, of steel, although rarely adapted to any use, and is to the other—a great nature. It is bright as silver, the same as the other, but its width is less, and its color a bright wine, like the mane of a mighty steed. This waterfall pours from east to west, and the other from south to north, only at right angles to the smaller one. They are separated by an island, which is surrounded by a narrow riv to the east, which river forms the small fall. The male figure is that of a Son of Temperance with his plain white regalia and his scepter in his right hand rests on the figure of a glorified dove—signifying that the truth, was and being—giving outcasts of the order ought to prevail over the globe. The female figure on the right is that of a Daughter of Temperance, in the act of passing a goblet of the pure element of life to the thousands of serpents beneath her feet. These serpents are emblems of that terrible

surge of the modern world, intemperance, which mars the happiness of the fireside, and stings the peace and welfare of woman in all American and European countries. The wrongs of females and families arising from the dissipation of parents, husbands and sons, are terrible—terrible. Pen hath never described their enormity, and our Father in Heaven, who seeth in secret and heareth the secret sigh only knows them. These serpents are about to perish in the floods of everlasting waters. The dove of peace with her olive branch floats in the air,—the emblem of Sonship rises and the sun's rays towards heaven, and the bow of promise arcs out of the cooling beverage of nature, with the determination of temperance men as a motto emblazoned thereon—**WE MUST CONQUER.**

WHAT THOUGH AGE O'ERTAKE THEE.

<p>What though age o'ertake thee, Heart never to leave Could I'er forsake thee, Love more true than mine I (use thy power to part, Though the world decay, Yet the next, each instant, I love with thee)</p>	<p>What though age o'ertake thee, Eternity shall stay thee, From the Water's sky I As the Sun there shineth, On the restless tree, So our spirit's truth, Ever true shall be.</p>
<p>What though age o'ertake thee, I never thy love will give Weary youth, love, shall thee, And tender eyes have that; Still thy heart's remembrance, Faithful in its truth, Still thy love's remembrance, Shall be our joy.</p>	<p>What though age o'ertake thee, Eternity shall stay thee, Could I'er forsake thee, Love more true than mine I (use thy power to part, Though the world decay, Yet the next, each instant, I love with thee)</p>

A TALE OF TERROR.

The following story I had from the lips of a well known Astrologist, and nearly in the same words:

It was on one of my ascents from Vauxhall and a gentleman of the name of Mayor had engaged himself as a companion in my aerial excursion. But when the time came his nerves failed him, and I looked vainly around for the person who was to occupy the vacant seat in the car. Having waited for him till the last moment, and the crowd in the gardens becoming impatient, I prepared to ascend alone; and the last cord that attached me to the earth was about to be cast off, when suddenly a strange gentleman pushed forward and volunteered to go up with me into the clouds. He pressed the request with so much earnestness, that having satisfied myself by a few questions of his respectability, and received his promise to submit in every point to my directions, I consented to receive him in lieu of the absentee; whereupon he stepped with evident eagerness and alacrity into the machine. In another minute we were rising above the trees; and in justice to my companion, I must say that in all my experience, no person at a first ascent had ever shown such perfect coolness and self-possession. The sudden rise of the machine, novelty of the situation, the real and exaggerated dangers of the voyage, and the chattering of the spectators, are apt to excite some trepidation, or at any rate excitement in the boldest individuals; whereas the stranger was as composed and comfortable as if he had been sitting quiet at home in his own library chair. A bird could not have seemed more at ease, or more in its element, and yet he voluntarily assured me upon his honor, that he had never been up before in his life. Instead of exhibiting any alarm at our great height from the earth, he evinced the liveliest pleasure whenever I emptied one of my bags of sand, and even once or twice urged me to part with more of the ballast. In the meantime, the wind, which was very light, carried us gently along in a north-east direction, and the day being particularly bright and clear, we enjoyed a delightful bird's-eye view of the great metropolis, and the surrounding country. My companion listened with great interest, while I pointed out to him the various objects with which we passed, and I happened usually to observe that the balloon must be directly over Hutton. My fellow-traveller then for the first time betrayed some uneasiness, and anxiously inquired whether I thought he could be recognized by any one at our then descent from the earth. It was, I told him, quite impossible. Nevertheless he continued very uneasy, frequently repeating, "I hope they don't see me," and ever and anon earnestly to discharge our ballast. It then struck upon me for the first time that his offer to ascend with me had been a whim of the moment, and that he feared the being seen at that perilous elevation by any member of his own family. I then fore-warned him if he resided at Hutton, to which he replied in the affirmative, saying again