

rocks around me fairly tremble. The power, the sublimity, the beauty, the bliss of the scene -- it cannot be told."

Some three score years ago a pilgrim to Niagara was inspired in manner partially as follows :

Hail ! thee -- Colossal Flood ! thy majesty and might
Amazes -- then enraptures -- then o'erawes the sight ;
The glare of lordly kings, in every clime and zone,
Is dim beneath the splendor of thy o'erpour'ng throne.
No hindrance to thy lusty flow, no power bids thee stay,
Onward -- ever onward -- thy current holds its way ;
The rising mists that veil thee -- thy grand overpour,
Proclaim thee -- Creation's Wonder ! with an endless roar.
Thy diadem -- a . . . emerald green -- of the rarest, purest hue,
Set on waves of snowy foam and spray of fleeting dew ;
Tresses of the brightest pearls adorn thy stately sheet,
The rainbow lays its radiant gems in homage at thy feet.

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If mountains are as naught in the hollow of Thy hand,
If continents, in Thy balance, are but grains of sand ;
If Niagara is so very great, to us who lowly bow,
O, Creator ! of all, how surpassing great art Thou !

For seven miles below the Falls the river courses through a deep gorge, about 800 feet wide, lined by towering walls, the tops of which are on a level with the river banks above the cataracts. At the foot of the gorge is Lewiston, where the river again expands, and from thence peacefully flows seven miles further to Lake Ontario. For nearly two miles below the Falls the current is sluggish, with a depth of 250 feet. Then, again, the flood rushes on with