

the trickling sheet, or detached portion of the American Fall, a child may safely pass behind it. No object which attracted my attention at this visit appeared new to me. This was my warning for departure from the neighbourhood, having previously resolved to quit the scene before the vividness of my impressions should be impaired by familiarity.

It was not without regret that, on setting out for Brock's monument,

“ I cast a longing, lingering look behind,”

and sighed my farewell.

Before I had advanced far, all my attention was arrested, by a break in the forest, or a turn in the road, affording a sudden burst of the music of The Falls. As that music died away, and I awoke to impressions from the objects immediately around me, I found myself revolving in my mind those sentences of Holy Writ—“ The voice of the Lord is upon the waters,” “ The glory of God thundereth.”

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Having left The Falls of Niagara, I asked myself—Have they disappointed me? Have they equalled my expectations?