

NIAGARA FALLS.

Sunday the 12th January, 1879 was an exceedingly fine day at Niagara Falls. In the morning a dense fog hung about the great Falls, and the sharp frost of the early hours covered everything with a thick hoar-frost. The glitter of the advancing sunlight among the snowy tinsel that hung on every bow and branch the changing forms, and the changing hues of the sturdy column of spray spreading over Niagara, and marking high up among the clouds, the place where the "father of waters" poured its incessant floods—the solemn roar of the great fall, and the wintry slumbering of all else besides the one great object of the stranger's admiration, made a picture of surpassing interest. As the day advanced crowds of visitors lined the banks of the river and filed the pathway leading to the ice bridge. Hundreds, and probably thousands, plodded their way across this natural, rugged thoroughfare before the day was ended. The bridge is reached from the Canada shore at the foot of the Ferry Road, in front of the Clifton House. The pathway across the ice is narrow and exceedingly crooked—winding about in all directions to avoid the breaks, and cracks, shoves and piles, and hollows that make up the surface of this icy structure. Teams drive to the foot of the Ferry Road on the Canada side, and to the top of the bank in Prospect Park on the American side. At the foot of the American Falls are the usual ice mounds, formed by the falling spray, while the irregular surface of the "bridge" itself is glazed over for hundreds of feet around. The path across the ice and the mounds about the fall were black on the twelfth with pleasure seekers all the afternoon, and far down in the evening many clambered to the top of the highest mound, but the ascent was accomplished with great difficulty, and in many cases after several slips and tumbles. The view from the top of this mound was well worth an effort to obtain. Facing southward, on the immediate left, high up was the American Fall, pouring its never-ending flood into an abyss filled and darkened with a cloud of spray. Further forward, and across the rushing, boiling, roaming green water, was the great Horse Shoe. Facing northward, on the left again, was first the laughing, shouting, pleasure-seeking crowd, then the ice-bridge, and then the rocky bank of the Canada shore. Further forward, and hanging away up in the air, was the frail and airy looking Suspension Bridge. On the right, at the top of the bank, was a row of human heads peering over the stone wall guarding the edge of the precipice for hundreds of feet at Prospect Point. Leaving the bridge, the visitor ascended the inclined railway some five hundred feet, and found himself in comfortable quarters in Prospect Park. If he was making the trip with a conveyance, and had quitted his sleigh at the foot of the Ferry Road, the vehicle would meet him again at this point. The Park was thronged with people, and is well worth a visit at this season of the year. The ice scenery is very interesting. The archway leading down to the point, as well as the trunks of the trees, are drawn out, so to speak, on the side nearest the fall to two or three times their natural size. One

must see the place to understand its peculiarities and appreciate its beauties. Passing around Goat Island, the ice scenery is even grander than at any other point. The view at Luna Island is a wonder in itself. The little iron rod that marks the northern and western limit of the island is now no less than sixteen feet in circumference; the projecting icicles hang a hundred feet down towards the rocks below, while every bough and sprig supports a gigantic snowy form with proportions similar to its own. Near the Horse Shoe everything is crushed with the weight of ice. Huge trees are broken down, and only that the mass of ice in most cases helps to support its own weight, every shrub and tender growth would be utterly destroyed. Hundreds are visiting these wonder scenes, as well as the great bridge. With fair weather a most pleasant day can be put in about Niagara Falls just now, and there is every probability that the bridge and other icy structures will last for some weeks at least, and possibly months. The Prospect House on the Canada side, and the Spencer House on the American side, are doing a driving business.

AN UNSEEMLY HABIT.

We mean the habit of rushing hastily out of Church, which includes the domineering of out-door wrappings during the closing hymn or prayer. Who has not noticed it? How few that have not been guilty of it? An American paper, as quoted by the *Presbyterian Witness*, refers to it thus: "While the minister is pronouncing the benediction there is a rustling of garments, an adjusting of shawls, umbrellas, &c. Then comes the 'Amen rush for the door!' It is very unbecomely and very needless. The odd thing is that it makes no difference whether the service is long or short. Let it be ever so brief, the 'Amen rush' takes place. This behaviour, so unbecoming the house of God and the people of God, is a purely 'American' institution. In Scotland there is a becoming pause in the pews after the blessing is pronounced. It is the same in England. It is the same in well-trained congregations in this country. We are sorry to say that the 'American' system has a considerable hold on some of our congregations. They do take most enthusiastically to the 'Amen rush' for the door. It is time it were stopped in all our churches. Ministers could do it, perhaps."

DESCRIPTION OF THE TALE-BEARER.

In the common form of a prying disposition, the tale-bearer incurs the penalty of no one trusting him with a secret, except for publication. In this case they use him for a live advertisement, like the bill carriers in the streets, with whom he only differs in the fact that they carry their bills openly and "above board," and he secretly, and like a spaniel between his teeth. Every social circle has some such amateur gazette, who lives like a soldier's dog on the bits and scraps he picks up in the barracks, and whose office it is to fetch and carry for every man in the regiment.

Thus it is no such honorable pest, nor half so innocent as its animal prototype. The poor dog, at least, wags no man's tail but his own; but the biped tale-bearer is a mischievous wag with other people's. Whether his motive be gossiping or malevolence, it is equally annoying and destructive of peace and confidence. "The words of a tale-bearer," says Solomon, "are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts."—J. B. Owen.

An American contemporary says that female costume is perhaps the most expensive result of the fall. No sooner had Eve bitten the apple than she discovered she "wanted a dress;" and that want has been increasing in intensity and comprehensiveness among her daughters ever since that unfortunate hour.

STATUE OF PRINCESS ALICE.—The Queen has commanded Mr. Boehm to execute a monument of the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, to be erected at Darmstadt. The design has been settled, the chief feature being a recumbent figure of her Royal Highness. The work is already commenced. Mr. Boehm is also executing a bust of the Grand Duchess for the Prince of Wales.

MONUMENT OF POCAHONTAS.—A correspondent writes with reference to the Princess Pocahontas: "Effective measures are being taken for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of this illustrious and heroic lady. She died at Gravesend, as certified by the following entry in the register: '1616, May 21, Rebecca Wrolfe, wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginia lady born, was buried in the chancel.' Up to the present time there is not even a tablet by the grave."

HEADS AND HAIR.—An Ottawa letter writer says nearly everybody in Canada wears a cap in the winter, and every fifth man who has reached his fortieth year is bald, and his head looks like a shining billiard ball—only the head is the larger of the two balls, but may not be so hard. On the American side fewer caps are worn, yet the Yankees are more hot-headed. It is marvellous how their hair stays on.

A REASON AGAINST THE ORGAN.—The "kist fu' o' whistles," and the Devil's music box, were among the milder terms by which our covenanting forefathers were wont in their holy zeal and detestation to characterize the organ. The most sarcastic thing, however, against the introduction of this instrument into our churches in modern days was overheard from an old and withered "flower" of Ettrick Forest the other day. "Gae wa' yer organs in kirks," said our forest Jenny Geddes: "for me' part, I'll never bring my mind to praise God by machinery."—*Border Advertiser*.

A NEW MARVEL.—The English scientific journal, *Nature*, announces an invention which, if proved to be successful, is likely to revolutionize telegraphy. It is a real telegraphic writing machine, and when the writer at one end of the

line moves his pen, another is simultaneously moved at the terminus of the wire, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions. Experiments which have been made with the new invention have been entirely satisfactory, and its marvels are quite as startling as those of the telephone. Mr. E. A. Cowper, a well-known mechanical engineer, is the inventor, and the apparatus is soon to be made public before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,843,275,075,845. These figures when divided by 3,095,000 (the number of square leagues of land on the globe) leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land on the globe, which being divided as before give 134,622,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,699,000, which, being divided as before, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod; which being reduced to feet will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery—1,283 human beings lie buried in each square rod, scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead.

SAID A CUSTOMER to a Bookseller, "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression? What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket books," was the laconic reply.

AN OLD SALT sitting on the wharf the other day very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A terse and suggestive biography.

THERE are two eventful periods in the life of a woman. One, when she wonders whom she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her.

A LITTLE BOY who was near starved by a stingy uncle (his guardian) with whom he lived, meeting a lank greyhound in the street, was asked by the guardian what made the dog so thin. After reflecting the little fellow replied, "I suppose he lives with his uncle."

LOOK AT YOUR CARDS.—A Des Moines druggist sent his clerk out to drum for sale of oils. He carried the card of the Proprietor and the picture of his girl in his side pocket. He called upon a tradesman at Newton, and tossed a card upon the counter, saying that he represented that establishment. The tradesman picked it up, and gave it a steady look, and said it was a fine establishment, and was informed by the clerk that he had represented it about three years, whereupon he remarked to the youth that he supposed he would soon be a partner. The youth said he should be pleased to sell him some coal oil, and that his establishment handled more oil than any other in Des Moines. The tradesman took another look at the card, and asked the boy if he wasn't mistaken. He blushing guessed he was, as he returned his girl's picture to his pocket