

spray, and behind it a dazzling sheet of snow; but her cousin hurried her on into the hotel and up to her room, which, to her delight, commanded a splendid view of the Horse-shoe Fall, on which she could feast her eyes at leisure to her heart's content. And now, indeed, anticipation and faith were swallowed up in sight! She had, of course, frequently seen photographs of the great cataract, so that the outlines of the view were familiar enough; but the exquisite coloring, the ceaseless motion, the sense of infinite power, no picture could possibly supply. As she lay dreamily back in a lounging chair, on the veranda, scarcely conscious of anything but the grandeur of the scene, a line or two from Wordsworth's "Yarrow Visited" flitted across her mind:

—“this is the scene  
Of which my fancy cherished  
So faithfully a waking dream!”

“No!” she mentally decided, “no ‘waking dream’ could picture Niagara.”

“Well, dreaming as usual?” May looked up with a start, as she felt Mrs. Sandford's plump hand on her shoulder. “Kate wants