surging foam: there by "Table Rock" on the further shore, fronting the full sweep of the great Canadian fall, they look bewildered upon that amazing torrent, vainly endeavouring to realize even dimly the force and magnitude of the mighty flood, whose green waves breaking into snowy masses lose and shroud themselves eternally in a wild vortex of mist and spray, on which still, as the sun shines out, the bow of the "covenant" gleams full of beauty and promise as in the days of old: there by the "Cave of the Winds" they look up with astonishment on the falling deluge, which seems to rush as from the heavens, dashing itself into vapour with the roar of a thousand thunders as it strikes upon the rocks below: there by the ruined site of the Terrapin Tower they contemplate in mute wonder, awe-struck as in the presence of God, the tremendous rush of waters hurrying towards their giddy leap, where, converging in their might, the tumbling billows in unbroken line shoot downwards into the unfathomable gulf beneath; and there, too, by the "Sister Islands" they gaze intently outwards, as in abstraction, upon the wide expanse of tumultuous water, sweeping past in its fury, heaving and tossing itself into billowy mounds as it hastes towards its final plunge, till, like Hindoo priests before their temples on the Ganges, they become entranced by the magnetic power of the rushing torrent, for in the commotion there is calm, in the wild turbulence there is peace! Then, rapt in meditation, the mind sweeps back into bygone years-visions of the past, ere the strife and turmoil of civilisation broke upon the solitude