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TRENTON FALLS.

“Of all inorganic substances,” writes Ruskin, “water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty of the clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent—in the iris that spans it, in the morning mist that rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power—the wild, various, fantastic, tasteless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.”

In few places has this wonderful element wrought such marvels of picturesqueness, or does it display such varied beauty as at Trenton Falls. It has here, with the tireless energy of perennial youth, channelled for itself a deep chasm in the rocky strata; and chiselled and fretted those strata into a thousand fantastic forms of crag and precipice and pinnacle; and deep down in its shadowy gorge disports itself—leaping from ledge to ledge, plunging headlong over wild cliffs, and dimpling and dancing in whirling eddies beneath the boscafe of its verdant banks.

These charming falls, by the common consent of tourists