

tread be steady, and your legs firm, you dip your foot into the water exactly at the spot where the thin outside margin of the current reaches the rocky edge, and jumps to join the mass of the fall. The bed of white foam beneath is certainly seen better here than elsewhere, and the plunge seems unfathomable.

Close to the cataract there is now a shaft, down which you will descend to the level of the river, and pass between the rock and the torrent. The visitor stands on a broad, safe path, between the rock over which the water rushes and the rushing



FATHER HENIPEN'S SKETCH OF NIAGARA FALLS, IN 1674.

water. He will go in so far that the spray rising back from the bed of the torrent does not incommode him. And then let him stand with his back to the entrance, thus hiding the last glimmer of the expiring day. For the first five minutes he will be looking but at the waters of a cataract—at the waters, indeed, of such a cataract as we know no other, and at their interior curves, which elsewhere we cannot see. But by-and-by all this will change. He will feel as though the floods surrounded him, coming and going with their wild sounds, and he will hardly recognize that, though among them, he is not in them. And they, as they fall with a continual roar, not hurting