

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE UPPER RAPIDS.

Summer has glory and winter has gloom,—

Hurry!

But ever the rapids, rebelling at doom,
Recoil and engulf themselves, flee and entomb,
Drawn into the web of the swift-plying loom,—

Hurry!

THE FALLS.

Supple and sheer the cliff must we spurn,

Whither?

We rush and we leap, and we overturn
Downfalling, downfalling, till dimly we learn
Of the Mecca beyond and the Spirit astern.

Whither?

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

Up to the surface and up to the sky,

Joyful!

Sped we are, driven by hopes that are high,
Sobbing and laughing—the haven is nigh.

O joyful the journey and joyful the cry:

Joyful!