

## 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!*