

before, gleaming like a sapphire in the emerald setting of the spring, or relieved by the rich luxuriance of the leafy summer tide. I had beheld their beauty crowned with the golden glory of the autumn, each peak and crag and islet flaming like an altarpiece with the brilliant foliage of the trees, more beautiful in death than in life, vari-coloured as the iris that spanned the falling flood. I had seen them flashing snowy white in the fervid light of noon; glowing rosy red when the descending sun, like the Hebrew, smote the waters and turned them into blood;



TABLE ROCK, HORSE-SHOE FALL—FROM CANADA SIDE.

glancing in silvery sheen in the moon's mild light, and gleaming spectral and ghastly, like a sheeted ghost, in the moonless midnight. But, as seen with their winter bravery on, richly robed with ermine, tiaraed with their crystal crown, and be-diamonded with millions of flashing gems, the view seemed the fairest and most beautiful of all.

Niagara has as many varying moods and graces as a lovely