

sides to the sympathies of the initiated, yet are there many localities where the imposing grandeur of the spectacle never fails to awake a sense of rapture and admiration even in the breasts of the least discerning of those who look upon them. And foremost amongst these world-renowned shrines, where the higher educational development of the emotional faculties becomes a living reality, are the far-famed Falls of Niagara. Here the great Author of nature has established for the joint use of worshippers from every clime, an "Island Temple,"\* whose foundations are upon the caverned rocks; whose roof is the dome of heaven, and whose sacred grove is an expanse of primeval wood; whose ablutionary tank before the vestibule is a troubled abyss, fed with the waters of a continent, arched with the rainbow, and draped in white with clouds of sheeted spray; whose choral music is the deep voice of a mighty cataract; whose vestals are Naiads, and whose warders are the aerial spirits of the flood! Many are the altars and high places around this hallowed fane, from the vantage-ground of which the assembled worshippers, absorbed in silent adoration, hold communion with the Eternal. There, on the angle by Biddle's Stairs, they look into the deep gorge of the Niagara, scanning, as it were in thought, the volume and majestic flow of the sea-green river as it glides swiftly on towards the great "whirlpool rapids," where it is again tormented and lashed into

---

\* A large island unpoetically named "Goat Island," which separates the American from the great Canadian fall. It contains about 70 acres, and is covered with virgin forest.