

His descendent, our blind kinsman, Ambrose M. Shotwell, of Concord, Mich., offers to supply Jacob Lindley and Joseph Moore's interesting accounts of the incidents of that excursion in promotion of the cause of peace, with a brief memorial of Joseph Moore, and Oliver Parson's letter to Joseph Simpson on the settlement of Friends in Ohio, in pamphlet form, at twenty-five cents per copy, or cloth bound volumes of the Pioneer Collections, containing the same with other matter fully indexed at \$1.25 per copy

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA.

The summer's sun had gone down gently to rest—the noise of the locomotive was no longer heard, which had so rapidly conveyed its expectant passengers to their place of destination. 'Twas a moonlight scene, a fitting time to listen to the roar of this mighty cataract, which sent a thrill of rapture through my soul, as I beheld in mute astonishment, the grandeur of the sight before me. I could then well exclaim, "No description can convey a true picture of this far famed wonder of nature," for one must see it to feel its vastness, to appreciate its awful magnificence; then it is that we can realize our own littleness, and feel like offering up the *spirit of praise* to the Almighty, who formed and fashioned it to His own glory.

Come with me now to the bridge just over the *rapids*, stand there in silent wonder and admiration to behold them roaring and foaming as the angry torrents are rushing in eager haste to take their final leap into those unknown depths never yet fathomed by finite man, sending up as they do, those ceaseless mists that encircle them, from the deep recesses of its bosom.

As we gaze at this vast body of water, about three-quarters of a mile in width, on the American side, with a fall of 60 feet in a mile, some idea may be

formed of the vast quantity of water which for ages past have been pouring into the river below, gradually wearing away its rocky bed until geologists have formed the conclusion, it has taken about *35,000 years* to gain its present position from Queenston, a distance of seven miles. The view from the Canada side is far more grand and imposing. There the *eye* takes in the whole scene at one glance, there the *ear* listens with rapture at the sound of "many waters," and a feeling of awe impresses the beholder into solemn silence. From this lofty eminence we look down to the river below, and watch with intense interest the beautiful little steamer, the "*Maid of the Mist*," as she moves steadily on her fearful course, almost into the foaming torrent, where she gracefully wheels around, and is soon out of apparent danger.

Many melancholy events have taken place here, by which human life has been sacrificed, and the *rock* is still shown where that poor German (Joseph Avary) hung on for many sad hours, while hundreds stood upon the bridge, to witness the heart rendering scene, doing all in their power to save him, but, alas! human efforts were in vain, the last rope was thrown, and just escaped his grasp when his strength was exhausted, and in a moment more his body went over the falls.

No spot on earth has been more visited. It is said millions have witnessed this grand monument of nature's handiwork. ELIZA H. BELL.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.

The only saint is the one who compels life to be a paradise.

I have never known a man who habitually and on principle absented himself from the public worship of God who did not sooner or later bring sorrow upon himself or his family.—*Dr. Bellows*.