

about one hundred feet. The surroundings are much more beautiful than at Niagara. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with the richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries commanding superb views. The moonlight view in our frontispiece is particularly fine. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara and the Yosemite.

NOT SHUT IN.

[The following lines were written by a lady who lay upon a bed of extreme suffering for many years.]

"SHUT in!" did you say, my sisters?

O no! Only led away
Out of the dust and turmoil,
The burden and heat of the day,
Into the cool green pastures,
By the waters calm and still,
Where I may lie down in quiet,
And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come round me,
With faces kind and sweet,
And we sit and learn together
At the loving Saviour's feet;
And we talk of life's holy duties,
Of the crosses that lie in the way,
And they must go out and bear them,
While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,
For the four walls fade away,
And my soul goes out in gladness,
To bask in the glorious day.
This wasting, suffering body,
With its weight of weary pain,
Can never dim my vision,
My spirit cannot restrain.

I wait the rapturous ending—
Or, rather, the entering in
Through the gates that stand wide open,
But admit no pain or sin.
I am only waiting, sisters,
Till the Father calls, "Come home!"
Waiting, with my lamp all burning,
Till the blessed Bridegroom come.