

poured, as it were, out of the deep blue sky above our head. Only the glowing language of Ruskin can depict the scene. We can "watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken in pure polished velocity over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unscanned, except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how, ever and anon, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; whilst the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine."

Unable to tear myself away, I let the guide proceed with the rest of the party, and lingered for hours entranced with the scene. I paid for my enthusiasm, however, for I became so stiff from prolonged saturation in the water that I had to remain in bed all next day.

Scarcely inferior in interest to the falls, are the rapids above, as seen from Street's Mill, on the Canadian shore, or from the bridge to Goat Island or the Three Sisters. The resistless sweep of the current, racing like a maddened steed toward destruction, affects one almost as if it were a living thing. This is still more striking as we stand on the giddy verge where rises, like a lone sentinel, the Terrapin Tower. For a moment the waters seem to pause and shudder before they make the fatal plunge.

But unquestionably the grandest view is that of the Horse-shoe Falls, either from the remains of Table Rock or from the foot of the fall. Here the volume of water is greatest, and the vast curve of the Horseshoe makes the waters converge into one seething abyss, from which ascends evermore the cloud of spray and mist—like the visible spirit of the fall.

At its narrowest part, two miles below the Falls, it is spanned by the fairy-like railway Suspension Bridge—a life-artery along which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave old England, the great mother of nations. Unhappily a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the recent treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. As treason against humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of friendship, or stir up strife between the two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer—

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!"

While I was musing on this theme the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will, doubtless, devoutly join:

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long
Withstood;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the Mother and the Daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is doftly woven now, in that firm page
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true
alway:
Perish the hand and palsied be the arm
That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

One striking phase of the Niagara river is often overlooked—the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls. Its wild and lonely grandeur is wonderfully impressive. The river here turns abruptly to the right, forming an elbow, and as the waters rush against the opposite banks, a whirlpool is formed, on which logs, and human bodies, have been known to float many days. The river in the centre is estimated by the engineers to be eleven feet and a half higher than on each shore.

Through the Whirlpool the tortured river chafes and frets between the rocky cliffs, like a huge giant tugging at its chains, till at last it glides out in a broad and placid stream at Queenston Heights, crowned to the left with the lofty monument of Canada's favourite hero, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. Broad smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river rolls on in might and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue unsalted sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more fair, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

WHO SHALL BE MASTER?

"TOM WILLIS, I fear, has a new master," said Mr. Irwin, entering the sitting-room where his boys were busy with their studies.

"A new master? Why, father, he said only yesterday he meant to keep right on in his studies with Mr. Wilcocks."

"That may be, Ned. I was not referring to his teacher. There are other masters besides those who impart instruction, and who may gain a much stronger influence and control over the mind when allowed to do so."

"Now, father, you are talking in metaphor," said Will. "Please explain what you mean."

"Let me first tell you an Arab fable; Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

"'It is very cold outside,' said the camel. 'I wish only to get my nose in.' The miller was an easy kind of man, and so the nose was let in.

"'The wind is very sharp,' sighed the camel. 'Pray, allow me to get

my neck inside.' This request was also granted, and the neck was thrust in.

"'How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?' This, too, was granted. So the camel asked for a little and a little more until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

"The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had allowed into his room, which was not large enough for both; and as the rain was over he civilly asked him to depart.

"'If you don't like it you may leave,' saucily replied the beast. 'As for myself I know when I am well off, and I shall stay where I am.'"

The boys laughed heartily at this, when their father rather gravely added:

"You may laugh at the fable, boys, but I trust a certain door possessed by each of you will never give entrance to anything likely to do you harm. I spoke of Tom Willis having a new master. I scarcely meet him of late but I see a cigar stump in his mouth. At first he tried to hide it from me as though ashamed of the act. But now he openly smokes whenever he can get a bit of a cigar in his mouth. I fancy, until it has probably become his master, and may lead to worse evil."

"It is shocking to see a young lad of his age soiling his lips with tobacco! It will affect his brain, make him dull after awhile, and possibly lead to a craving for drink—soda-water and ginger-pop, perhaps, at first, then for something stronger and stronger. And thus, step by step, the pure body will be encroached upon until enemies to soul and body will gain the mastery and take entire possession of him."

The boys glanced at each other, then Ned, in a frank way, said: "What you say, father, is true. Tom is not the same boy he was. He constantly complains of a headache, is behindhand with his studies, and yesterday wanted me to go with him to Jones' to get something to drink. He said he felt all out of sorts and needed a little strengthening. I tried to dissuade him from going in there, but could not, so left him."

"Never go into such a place, my son; never be tempted by another to indulge in any kind of drink, no matter how harmless it may be represented to you. Shun everything of the kind as you would an evil spirit. Never think it manly to swear, chew, smoke, or drink. Give either but an inch of entrance upon the doorstep of your mouth and it will soon become your master.

"I would not have my boys become slaves to anything on earth, but noble in heart and spirit. For you have a crown and kingly heritage to win, and to attain to it you must keep yourselves pure and unspotted from the world and its evil temptations."

RETIRED merchant, confidentially: "When I gave up business, I settled down and found I had a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up, I should not have had a cent."

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels in alphabetic order? If you write and examine facetiously, you will find that there is.

IN HARBOUR.

I think it is over, over—
I think it is over at last:
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet, and the bitter, have passed,
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,
Those lights of the Harbour at last—
The heavenly Harbour at last!

I feel it is over, over—
The winds and the waters surcease:
How few were the days of the Rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release.
From the ravage of Life and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in this Harbour at last?
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
That throbb through the sanctified river,
Which girdles the Harbour at last—
The heavenly Harbour at last!

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last:
Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover;
For the stress of the voyage has passed,
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver,
Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,
Those lights in the Harbour at last—
The heavenly Harbour at last!
—Paul H. Hayne.

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.

I WENT to see a lady once who was in great trouble and darkness on account of the great afflictions of the Lord. When I went in she was working on a bit of embroidery, and as I talked with her she dropped the wrong side of it, and there it lay, a mass of crude work, tangled, everything seemed to be out of its order.

"Well," said I, "what is this you are engaged at?"

"Oh," she replied, "it is a pillow for a lounge. I'm making it for a Christmas gift."

"I should not think you would waste your time on that," I said. "It looks tangled, without design, or meaning," and I went on abusing the whole bit of handiwork; and belittling the combination of colors, and so on.

"Why, Mr. Pentecost, she said, surprised at the sudden and abrupt change of the subject on which we had before been talking, and on the persistency with which I had opposed her work, why, Mr. Pentecost, you are looking at the wrong side. Turn it over.

Then I said:

"That's just what you are doing: you are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but He has a plan—here a stitch, there a movement of the shuttle, and in the end a beautiful work. Be not afraid, only be believing. Believe him in the darkness, believe Him in the mysteries. Let him that walketh in the darkness and seeth not the light, yet trust in the Lord God.—Dr. Pentecost.