

of ice in the days of the early summer. At Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases, and is never diminished—as it has done from time previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away, back to the upper lake.

Up above the Falls, for more than a mile, the waters leap and burst over rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This colour as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chief charms. This will be best seen from the further end of Goat Island.

But we will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the upper fall of waters. We are still, let the reader remember, on Goat Island. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight. After stretching for some little way from the shore, to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stood a tower upon the rock—after stretching to this, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the flood—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable. Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. You will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious, and soft withal, though loud as thunder; it fills your ears, and as it were envelopes them, but at the same time you can speak to your neighbour without an effort. But at this place, and in these moments, the less of speaking I should say the better.

It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying colour, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. Your eyes rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you are looking at is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth