

surrounded with orchard and garden, a velvet lawn of deep green in front, sloping gently down until its base lipped the lucid waters of the Saint Lawrence, and its varied embellishments of trelliced arbour and shaded piazza, clustering with woodbine and honeysuckle, bearing certain indications of the cultivated taste of its possessor. Gentle reader, this was the domicile of Walter Montaigne and Frances Stanley. It was with them, and the venerable father of Fanny, that we were sojourning during the time we refer to. They had indeed, realized the brightest hopes of their early attachment! Walter, by the easy practice of his profession, was fast acquiring an independency, and what was still more desirable, a truly enviable fame for talent, honour, and integrity; and Fanny was the happy mother of a lovely young family, the fascinating charms which had formerly characterized her, ripened into matronly graces, which left her even more beautiful than when we introduced her to the reader upon the New Year's eve of 1819.

W. S.

### THE FALLS AND RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE good people, travellers, describers, poets, and others, who seem to have hunted through the dictionary for words in which to depict these cataracts under every aspect, have never said enough of the rapids above—even for which reason, perhaps, they have struck me the more; not that any words in any language would have prepared me for what I now feel in this wondrous scene. Standing today on the banks above the Crescent Fall near Mr. Street's mill, gazing on the rapids, they left in my fancy two impressions which seldom meet together—that of the sublime and terrible, and that of the elegant and graceful—like a tiger at play. I could not withdraw my eyes; it was like a fascination.

The verge of the rapids is considerably above the eye; the whole mighty river comes rushing over the brow of a hill, and as you look up, it seems coming down to overwhelm you. Then meeting with the rocks, as it pours down the declivity, it boils and frets like the breakers of the ocean. Huge mounds of water, smooth, transparent and gleaming like the emerald, or rather like the more delicate hue of the chrysopaz, rise up and bound over some unseen impediment, then break into silver foam, which leaps into the air in the most graceful fantastic forms; and so it rushes on, whirling, boiling, dancing, sparkling along, with a playful impatience, rather than overwhelming fury, rejoicing as if escaped from bondage, rather than raging in angry might—wildly, magnificently beautiful! The *idea*, too, of the immediate danger, the consciousness that any thing caught within its verge is inevitably hurried to a

swift destination, swallowed up, annihilated, thrills the blood; the immensity of the picture, spreading a mile at least each way, and framed in by the interminable forests, adds to the feeling of grandeur; while the giddy, infinite motion of the headlong waters, dancing and leaping, and revelling and roaring, in their mad glee, gave me a sensation of rapturous terror, and at last caused a tension of the nerves in my head, which obliged me to turn away.

The great ocean, when thus agitated by conflicting winds or opposing rocks, is a more tremendous thing, but it is merely tremendous—it makes us think of our prayers; whereas, while I was looking on these rapids, beauty and terror, power and joy, were blended, and so thoroughly, that even while I trembled and admired, I could have burst into a wild laugh, and joined the dancing billows in their glorious, fearful mirth—

Leaping like Bacchanals from rock to rock,  
Flinging the frantic Thyrus wild and high!

I shall never see again, or feel again, aught like it—never! I did not think there was an object in nature, animate or inanimate, that could thus over set me now!

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE best of all prayers is undoubtedly that which is commonly styled the Lord's prayer. It was composed not by man—not by the church—but by the incarnate Word himself; nothing, consequently, could be more excellent. It is adapted to every capacity; it is simple; it is sublime; it is short; it is inexhaustible. In it we pray to the father of all mankind; we address him with the familiar affection of children; we acknowledge him to be in heaven, the Lord of all things; we sanctify his name; we glorify and submit to his holy will; ask for the necessities of soul and body; implore the forgiveness of sin; pardon all who have injured us; and beg to be delivered from the worst of evils, the loss of the grace of God.

### VANITY OF THE WORLD.

What then is all this pageant, sad or gay?  
Its elements are seeds of mere decay.  
One thing alone remaineth in the waste  
Of ruined ages; which, when time is past,  
Shall be: when glory's badge hath faded,  
And fame shall be a shadow, shall endure:  
And it is thou, Religion! bright, unshaded,  
By the deep dusk of setting years, and pure.

How long have you been in this nutshell of a room?  
said T. Hooke to a young ensign last week. 'Not  
long enough to become a kernel,' (colonel) was the  
reply.