

fall? go and see how nature paints in outline and color, in tint and mass.

If ever you visit Niagara in winter, go down into the depths of that mighty chasm, whose walls reverberate to the everlasting thunder of Niagara's cataract; and as you stand among and upon the ice blocks which bridge the river, and look around, you will see an illustration of majestic nature, of sublimity, of grandeur in light and shadow, form and color. As you look at the glittering water as it rushes over the cliffs above you, repeat with Brainerd:—

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
When I look upward to thee."

Carefully note the language and scene before you, and, if you are not satisfied, try your own descriptive powers, and candidly compare the two. If you succeed in producing a sketch equal to Brainerd's, we shall be happy in its perusal; if superior, we shall be happier to place it as a literary gem upon the pages of our CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Suppose the sun is descending and nearing the horizon, as you look towards the great fall, your eyes are dazzled by his glorious rays; turn round, and you will see those rays decomposed by the prismatic mist, and reflected in a many-coloured bow, spanning the gulf like a bridge of glory.

You can't paint the bow in the cloud with living colours, but you can note the advancing shadows, the changing play of light in dalliance with cloud and spray, with tree, and rock, and water.

And, as the crepuscular shadows gather, and you ascend the heights with careful, measured step, you may profitably moralize upon the great picture you have been studying, and the lessons to be learnt from its history.

It has been often stated, that in this country we have not the means, the facilities, the surroundings for literary work. To a certain extent, this is true, we have comparatively little material in our history, our public works, our general business, or private life, to supply us, as journalists, with subjects for popular, interesting writing. We have not those old, historical, and picturesque topographical associations and memories,—those ancient mansions and castellated buildings, with their family histories and adventures, to enrich our pages with interesting story; and if we must go to Europe for such subjects, we must either go in person, or we are at once placed at a disadvantage for want of those opportunities for reference to be obtained from local scenery or in *their* public libraries and museums.

It must not, however, be inferred that we have nothing to work upon,—the heavens above, and the earth beneath and around us, are rich in subjects for thought. Wherever man is to be found, there will be something to interest us,—his peculiarities of character and habit,—his virtues and vices,—his sympathies and repugnances; loves and hatreds; joys and sorrows; hopes and fears; beliefs and unbeliefs; victories and defeats; triumphs and reverses; man at his best, and man at his worst. But to treat these subjects effectively, requires much patient study and prac-