

level a few years ago, since which time it has been fed from the lake.

Stand on this bridge for a few minutes and look away down the stream below you. It can be seen for more than a mile, flowing through the wide marshes and low grounds on either side of it. Then a sharp bend and a point of higher land hide it from our view.

How gloriously the waters sparkle in the morning sunlight! How intensely white seems the sail of that boat, heading up stream for Dunnville! She is probably bringing a cargo of fresh fish home from the lake, to be sent by railway to Buffalo.

To-day these waters are calm and peaceful as a standing pool, but in spring and fall they sometimes go rushing over the dam with a mighty roar, bubbling and boiling down below

Fair and beautiful does it appear in the soft light of this summer morning. The cattle are wandering over it, cropping the fresh, juicy grass. A few of them are gathered in a picturesque group, close to those low-hanging willows by the water's edge. Some of them stand out dark and distinct against the sun, while others are half hidden by the bushy trees.

I admit that it is a great flat piece of reeds, and flags, and wild grass, a slushy mixture of land and water, with no tree for the eye to rest on, except those few scraggy willows, and two small elms. But do not say that it lacks the charm of variety. Look at the thousand different lines which the light of early day sheds over it. See how the dark, rich green of the reeds contrasts with the lighter shades of the grass, and with the gleaming



THE GRAND RIVER ABOVE THE DAM.

there, till the river for some distance is one sheet of foam.

We have passed the bridge now, and are on the embankment—that very, very long barrier which reaches across to the opposite shore. On the upper side it is protected by a wall of timber and a bank of stones; on the lower by a row of willows, whose roots twine in among the clay and gravel which compose it, and help to resist the action of the waters.

Away below us lies the marsh, a "level waste," extending from the foot of the embankment to the mouth of Sulphur Creek, which flows into the river about a mile and a half away.

waters of the channels which cross it here and there and connect the river with the creek.

Bright and pleasant as it seems, there are times when it presents a very different appearance. In spring, freshets have swollen the stream across the entire flats, and, far down as the eye can reach, is one vast sheet of rushing, surging water. Nothing else is to be seen except the tops of the low trees peeping above the flood; not a speck of dry land is visible.

To properly understand and appreciate the beauties of the marsh, you should visit it at every season. You should look on it in the golden au-