

Niagara Falls.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

The girl was awakened from a sweet slumber by a vicious shake.

"Do get up," said the other girl. "It's half past five."

"Well, what of it?"

"The boat starts at seven, sleepy head, make haste or we shall be late."

"The boat? Oh, of course, I forgot! I was dreaming about picking up money when you woke me. I had already picked up two dollars in silver."

"Well," said the other girl, "dreams always go by contraries, you know, so you will probably drop some money instead of picking it up."

The morning was slightly cloudy with a rather stiff breeze blowing; the Chippewa was lying against the wharf, taking in a supply of ice, her big Indian firehose looking as calm and stolid as nature. The two girls betook themselves to the luxurious ladies' cabin, where the pleasant faced stewardess was bustling about, dusting and putting things in order. It was nearly seven, passengers began to arrive rapidly, the steamer sent one of her hotelmen on shore with a big sack of washing, and prepared to depart.

The town was just waking up, a train rumbled out of the station to the accompaniment of a musical clang from the bell; at a neighboring wharf lay the Empress of India, and across the dock the Chippewa's sister, the Chieftess, looking almost as large as an ocean liner, was awaiting her time to start.

A small tug scudded along, puffing and screaming importantly. At last the signal was given, the cables were unhooked, the gangplank drawn in, the engines started, and the big steamer sailed majestically out of the harbor.

It was a study to watch the way in which women settled themselves down; one could almost describe their character. A few of them placed their baggage where it would be out of the way, and either lay down on a couch, or eat in one of the comfortable rockers, and troubled themselves no further. Others put their things down first in one place and then in another, and hurried about utterly unable to settle down to their own satisfaction. One woman stowed the whole of her impediments, including a heavy valise, over one of the couches, and then calmly appropriated a rocker and sat down in front of her belongings. Presently the stewardess came along, quietly removed the valise and brushed the dust off the plush couch.

"Well," murmured the other girl, "I'm not greedy, thank goodness."

The wine had irritated the face, and Madame Ontario began to buffet the good steamer, which oared not a jot, but rolled calmly along, bowing and courtesying with a peculiar ston to stern motion.

"I shall have to go up on deck," said the girl. "I don't like being cooped up here."

The other girl assented. "Put your sea legs on," said she. But sea legs were no use, old Ontario disdains to do anything like the sea, so she rolls her boats about in the most bewildering manner.

Everybody was deceptively cheerful, even hilarious; but it was no use, half of them collapsed and became pictures of object misery—they wouldn't have cared if you had pitched them overboard, it would have been a welcome release from suffering.

But the girl and the other girl were sailors, they liked the motion, and made unsteady but seaworthy expeditions all over the boat, and went and watched the engines, and peered inquisitively at the ticklers, and suffered, as is the unfeeling wont of the mortals who have never tasted the pangs of mal de mer.

Niagara on the Lake, with its bowers of greenery, its soft swart sloping down to the transparent water and its glittering white buildings, surely an ideal place for a summer holiday.

The sun had come out and lighted up the river, flowing so tranquilly with never a suspicion of the mad turmoil that rends its placid bosom some miles further on.

"That's America on the other side," remarks the other girl.

"It's all America," says the girl, placidly. "Most people in the Old Country seem to imagine that Canada is a sort of small offshoot, so to speak; I've had half a dozen letters addressed, 'Canada, America.'"

"The idea!" said the other girl indignantly. "We shall have to put up a notice presently. 'No connection with the people over the way.'"

Which is the correct theory of the origin of Niagara, that it first discharged directly into the lake, and gradually wore its way back, or that a tremendous cataclysm rent the enormous chasm through which the lower part of the river now winds? The scientists all assert the former, but the average mind absolutely refuses to grasp the idea of the millions of years that must have elapsed before the falls could have eaten their way back to their present position.

We had been before, but still the fascination of the place and its majestic beauty held us spellbound. Historic Queenston with the monument to the brave old warrior, Brock, towering on her heights, the splendid tree clad hills and the stately river, what thoughts do they not suggest!

The great battle is not even a memory to us of this generation, but when one stands upon the spot where it took place an involuntary thrill passes through one's whole being.

Over the brink they go, Pressed backward sure and slow, One by one, hurrying down, Over the brink they go!

It was a splendid position, and Brock and his handful of men know how to hold it; brave old Tecumseh and his warriors were invincible allies, peace to their souls!

We boarded the electric railway company's cars, and started on a long ride to the Falls. What a contrast between our luxurious and easy method of progress and the slow and laborious march of Father Hennepin! Little did the great missionary think either of the stupendous wonders with which he was to meet or the scarcely less marvellous achievements of man's ingenuity that were to peopple this vast wilderness with the wonders of mechanical science, and harness the very cataract itself.

"I wish we had gone by the Gorge railway," remarked the girl, discontentedly, "it's impossible to see the water to advantage at this height."

"There it is!" exclaimed the other girl, excitedly, "the whirlpool!" There it was, the tremendous chasm, hewn out of the solid rock by the terrific force of the water. Hissing, swirling and boiling the vast maelstrom surged madly round its basin, fighting the incoming stream, and whirling round huge blocks of wood as though they were feathers. How the river came to take such an abrupt turn, almost at right angles, will ever remain a mystery.

It is impossible to obtain an idea of the enormous force of the water from such a great height, it looks, in fact—almost sluggish. Not so the rapids, however; the rushing, boiling masses of foam race over the rocks, impelled by the terrific attraction of the vortex, towards which they are hurrying with lightning speed, to swell with their mad turbulence the circling eddies. And now a sudden roar begins to be audible above the noise of the cars; it is the voice of the giant, that great, hoarse awful voice that has echoed through the centuries since first the Divine thunder commanded the waters and the land to part, and that shall continue to sound until creation ends. Gradually the sound increases in volume, until at last the vast cataract bursts upon the sight, and there seems to be nothing on earth but Niagara and that great angry booming roar.

Whether that night first met the gaze of Father Hennepin who can picture his sublime astonishment and awe? What mind can ever conceive, what pen can paint

The troubling awe of the astonished saint? Down on his knees he sinks, his hands doth raise, And lifts his voice in God's adoring praise.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since those awestruck explorers first saw the wondrous sight, and still the endless torrent falls.

The mighty rush of waters hath not ceased, Still may we gaze, as gazed the won: Doring priest; But not as he midst nature's calm serene, Unchanged the cataract, but how changed the scene!

Now sovereign man in all his pride arrayed, Puts to his use the beauty God hath made. Thus shall man be until the end of time, Grasping at all, and snatching the sublime, For one brief hour, from earth, air, and sky.

To feed the flame of his desires, and die!

The other girl was shouting "I've spoken to you four times, I think your wits are woolgathering." "No they are not, they are composing," retorted the girl.

"You are not going to put all that in, are you?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, dubiously, "the editor has a big blue pencil and is very fond of using it, I'll send it in anyway."

"Oh, no, it would be a shame to deprive people of such an effort of genius," with some sarcasm.

"You have no poetry in your composition."

"Neither poetry," retorted the other girl, crossly, "I want my dinner."

So they took their lunch basket, and went up through the park, past the Indian grave to the sandpiper, and sat down to eat sandwiches and cake and fruit, and listened to old Niagara, roaring his unintelligible language in his ceaseless, hoarse voice.

The wind was rough, and great clouds of spray were floating across the path, above Table Rock House; the girl wanted to go and look at the rapids, but the other girl objected to getting her feet wet.

"Well, lend me your umbrella, then," and away tramped the girl, her skirt tucked up, amid a drenching shower of fine rain. There is a railing around the edge of the precipice now; they waited till several people had fallen over before they put it up, as usual. They say the swiftly hurrying water has a strange fascination; you gaze at it too long, and impels you to throw yourself in; it did not have that effect upon the girl, however, perhaps she did not stop long

enough. The angry gusts of spray were drenching, there was not another soul near, and the loud roar of the falls had a depressing effect, the girl hurried back.

Several people were emerging from Table Rock House, clad in an exceedingly picturesque costume, consisting of rubber trousers, and a coat not conspicuous for fit or elegance, having a capucium over their heads that made them resemble a novel kind of religious order. The ladies were attired in the same manner, only their coats resolved their ankles. "Splendid example of a rational costume," whispered the other girl. Some of the women giggled nervously, but the majority stared stolidly in front of them, with a set expression of countenance, they would go through it to the bitter end.

"Are you going below?" asked the other girl.

"No, can't afford it."

The Maid of the Mist was strung up to the Falls, looking like a toy boat with dolls on it. On she went at full speed, till at last the awful force of the water brought her to a full stop, and began to turn round. She struggled and shrieked a defiance at the majestic giant, who roared his commands at her to go back. It looked so much like dignity and impudence, this effort of the little cockle-shell boat to carry her passengers under the Falls.

A great mass of rock has fallen from the centre of the Horse Shoe Fall, for about a quarter of the distance down, and the water falls upon this ledge, and rebounds again in a mass of creamy foam. There is a peculiar looking rock in the rapids just above the Falls that exactly resembles a boat with one man in it, many people took it for a boat, until convinced that no boat could live a moment in such a position.

"We have got the biggest fall," said the other girl, gleefully.

"But half the Horse Shoe Fall belongs to the Americans," says the girl.

"Oh, well, they've got to come over here before they can see it properly, anyway," retorts the other girl, who is intensely Canadian.

Two ladies and a gentleman were passing. The latter remarked, pointing across in the direction of Goat Island, "The water comes from there, and falls over that there!" (Fact.)

"Clever man!" murmured the other girl, "hadn't we better run after him and ask him to explain everything?"

The girls took a walk through the bazaar, with their funny Indian dolls, wampum belts and queer pipes, carved to represent such savage looking Redskins that they cannot have been copied from the painted features of the god-damned Six Nations.

The steamer was timed to leave Lewiston at six, all too soon for the reluctant visitors, who cast many a backward glance at the green and purple waters of the cataract.

"We have forgotten something," said the girl, suddenly.

"What?"

"Why, to go and see the Convent." They stared at one another in consternation.

"We shall catch it."

"Oh, we cannot help it now, it's impossible to see everything in a day." And almost impossible to describe what one does see!

TERESA.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

The erection of the new addition to Loretto Abbey has been watched with interest all summer, and now that it assumes definite proportions its aspect is most favorable.

On account of the steady increase in the community and school it was found necessary to enlarge this already commodious institution. The building now in process of erection will answer every possible requirement, fully completing this thoroughly organized establishment. The new suite of rooms at the disposal of the pupils leaves nothing undesired. Furnished as they are with every modern convenience, they offer the luxury of solid comfort which tends so much towards making school life pleasant.

For the immediate present, this delight must be enjoyed in prospect, but it is a reality growing more definite every day, and before the termination of the scholastic year it is hoped that all will enjoy its completion. The erection of the new building will not retard the opening of school, it has been satisfactorily arranged that no inconvenience will be suffered, and the classes will be resumed as usual on September 7th.

Knights of St. John.

It is with a feeling of sorrow and regret that we announce the demise of Mrs. Anna Kane, mother of our esteemed supreme secretary, M. J. Kane, at the family residence, Buffalo, N. Y. In her death one of Buffalo's best known Catholic families loses an ideal wife and mother. Deceased was born in county Clare, Ireland, about sixty years ago. The funeral was held from St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday morning, Rev. John D. Bidden, rector, celebrated solemn Requiem Mass, and preached an eloquent and tender sermon, drawing many consoling lessons from the beautiful Christian life of the dead wife and mother. The pall-bearers were six members of the

Knights of St. Columbkille commandery. Mr. M. J. Kane has the sincere sympathy of all the many thousands of his fellow members of the Knights of St. John of which he has been the faithful and energetic supreme secretary for the past three years.

Evidence of Want of Faith.

Nothing is a more striking evidence of the want of faith in the present generation of State Churchmen than the fact that, with the exception of St. Paul's, built to take the place of Old St. Paul's, burnt down in the Great Fire of London, they have built no magnificent temple to God. All the English cathedrals were built ages ago by Roman Catholics; yet, although the population has increased thirtyfold since their erection, no single new building of equal importance has been raised. The ugly, tawdry, jury-built churches which have been "run up" remind us more of rough nursery toys than of religious edifices. It is to be judged the death of their religion by their style of ecclesiastical architecture that, indeed, it is one of the most gilt ginger-bread faiths that the world has known.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

The Catholic Almanac

The publishers of 'The Catholic Almanac' for Ontario have mailed post cards to all the priests of the Province asking that any corrections, additions or alterations necessary for the 1898 publication be sent in as soon as possible. The Almanac has become an indispensable clergy list and Catholic business directory, while its literary features are improving every year.

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