

sentinel, the Terrapin Tower. For a moment the waters seem to pause and shudder before they make the fatal plunge.

“Still do these waters roll, and leap, and roar, and tumble all day long; still are rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always



TERRAPIN TOWER, HORSE-SHOE FALL—FROM AMERICAN SIDE.

does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from the unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—Light—came rushing on creation at the Word of God.

“Stable in its perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be ‘pondered in the heart’ like the revelation to the meek Virgin of old: with no pride in the brilliant