

tinself of a procession, would look poorly beside this great altar of Nature, where a misty incense is always rising to heaven, and the eternity of waters speaks only of ONE. In this scene, princes, powers, and dominations are all forgotten, as you stand before the Falls of Niagara, which pour down with such a majesty of power, that you can only gaze with solemn awe upon the grandest and most terrible of all God's works in nature. It is a scene which poets and authors have tried for years, but always failed to tell. Artists have studied here, poets have drawn their inspiration from its huge green billows, and some of the ablest penmen of the Old World have written less what they saw, perhaps, than what they thought of these mighty cataracts. But Niagara is still, and must always be, unpainted and unsung. You miss, in all the best attempts, its might, its ever-changing play of colour, its hideous rush—its roar. Words, in fact, are powerless before the stupendous force and terror of this cataract, and all the wealth of language would be exhausted before one could tell how the great hill of waters which drops from the monstrous cliff so smooth, so green, so deep, changes, ere one can mark its rush, into millions of columns of spray, which, darting out like white fire-works, shoot down and down, till lost in the clouds of mist which always wrap the Falls in dim and

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grand obscurity. Let the visitor gaze from the Suspension Bridge *down* the stream. There is enough to occupy the attention, as the masses of deep blue water rush madly through the gorge below him, checked here and there by a sunken rock, over which they storm and rave, and seem to turn upon their hidden enemies in a circle of dreadful whirlpools, the ring of angry froth in which shows the vortex where beams, and trees, and logs of timber are dragged beneath, and hurried down for miles and miles, till they emerge at last in the quiet, solemn-looking waters of Lake Ontario. Who that has ever gazed from this bridge can wonder at the belief of the Indians, that an evil spirit resided beneath these dreadful waters? For ever and anon, out of the least angry spots, a huge green wave will suddenly upheave, and seem to choke and struggle with the rest. For an instant it spreads, dark and terrible, from cliff to cliff, as though it strove for room; then, tumbling forward, is carried off with a rush like the sweep of destiny. As you gaze on the rush of waters from above, you feel a horrid yearning in your heart to plunge in and join the mad whirl, and see the mystery out. Yet, even with this thought at the strongest, you shrink instinctively from the dreadful brink, where the very waters seem hurrying to destruction. Faster and faster, and wilder and