

with blinding spray. It drives into our eyes, our ears, and our mouth, if we open it. A deep thunderous roar shakes the solid rock, and upward gusts of wind almost lift one from his feet. A dim light struggles through the translucent veil. All communication is by pantomime—no voice could by any possibility be heard—and often the guide has almost to carry his charge through this seething abyss.

Pressing on, we cross galleries fastened to the face of the cliff, and bridges springing from rock to rock; and clambering over huge boulders, gradually emerge again to the light of day. And what a scene bursts on the view! we have passed completely behind the falling sheet—not the main fall, of course, but the one between Goat and Luna Islands. We are right at the foot of the cataract, enveloped in its skirt, as it were, and drenched by its spray. Clambering out on the rocks, we can pass directly in front of it. When the gusts of wind sweep the spray aside, we get dazzling views of the whole height of the snowy fall, poured, as it were, out of the deep blue sky above our head. Only the glowing language of Ruskin can depict the scene. We can “watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken in pure polished velocity over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen, except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how, ever and anon, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; whilst the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine.”

Unable to tear myself away, I let the guide proceed with the rest of the party, and lingered for hours entranced with the scene. I paid for my enthusiasm, however, for I became so stiff from prolonged saturation in the water that I had to remain in bed all next day.

Scarcely inferior in interest to the falls, are the rapids above, as seen from Street's Mill, on the Canadian shore, or from the bridge to Goat Island or the Three Sisters. The resistless sweep of the current, racing like a maddened steed toward destruction, affects one almost as if it were a living thing. This is still more striking as we stand on the giddy verge where rose, like a lone