

came into view. In that framework the bank of mist stood forth. Immediately the wonderful rainbow stretched itself across, and still remained, even when later we could see beyond the spray the clear green of the water. Such was the American Falls! Not an exclamation escaped us, the moment was too intense. A feeling of awe took possession of us as though in the presence of the supernatural. Yet how daring is man! We watched the little "Maid of the Mist," so infinitely little beside its surroundings, receive her passengers, start playfully out on the restless waters and right into the foam near the base of the cataract. With bated breath we watched her course until the landing was safely regained.

The incline now was steep as we came into Niagara city. After dinner at the Clifton House, we spent the remainder of our time in a motor car viewing the Falls from different angles, and asking many questions of our driver. Just above the Falls is Goat Island which divides the river into two parts. The larger portion of the water flows down by the Canadian side in the marvellous Horseshoe Falls. At the base of the Horseshoe Falls, we saw the visitors clad in oil skins form into a procession ready to pass through the "Cave of the Winds."

When it was time to return, we boarded the car on the Canadian side of the Gorge, which skirts the Canadian heights, until Brock's monument at Queenston came into view. At Queenston wharf we had just time to catch the boat which would take us back again over Lake Ontario.

The impression left upon us by the Falls of Niagara has been well expressed by Charles Dickens after he had visited this spot. He said, "E'en now in many a quiet hour I think, still do those waters roar and rush, and leap and tumble all day long! Still are the rainbows spanning them one hundred feet below! Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they seem to crumble like a great chalk cliff, or like a mass of dense white smoke. But ever does the mighty stream appear to die, as it descends, and from its grave rises that ghost of mist and spray, which never has been laid, but which still haunts the place with the same dread solemnity as when the first flood, "Light," came rushing on creation at the word of God!"

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