

gone, and what has become of them. But there again—lower down still—one hundred and sixty feet below the ledge from which they had sprung, there again they emerge from the foam-clouds; dark blue, almost angry black, though breaking occasionally into short, curling, flashing waves—on they go indignant, on they hurry, they roll, they race from the scene of their discomfiture. They dig themselves a channel three hundred feet deep below their own surface; and onwards, in that wild but narrow ravine, between those close overhanging rocks, onwards they hurry, they roll, they race from the scene of their discomfiture.

But is it all over? No: not so. Look above. There where ye marked them first come on majestically slow; there where the rock-bed, cut away in the centre in the shape of a segment of a circle, or of a horse-shoe, fails beneath them; there where transparent, emerald-green, they leapt from the precipice and fell down—down into the foam-cauldron below; there onwards, onwards still they come in their majesty; there they leap: there they fall. A sentiment of infinitude, of eternity,

oppresses the mind. Onwards they ever come ; down, down they ever fall. So have they done since the world was made ; so will they continue to do while the world endures.

“ The voice of the Lord is upon the waters : the God of majesty speaketh in the thunder : the earth trembled and shook : the Lord ruleth the floods : the Lord is king for ever.”

Steps, called Biddler's stairs, lead down from Goat Island to the foot of the cascade, where the water first emerges from its seething foam-cauldron. Here is said to be one of the finest fishing places in the world. I can well believe it. What great fish, that could come and tumble about in such a scene : diving down three hundred feet among the blue waters, or leaping up into the foam-cloud : battling in the current, and triumphing over the broken waters,—what great fish, that could come here, would mope, sleepily, in any other pool ? But it must be a big fish to enjoy this turmoil ! What fins, what a tail he must have to divide and lash the whirling waves !

In the water, at some distance from the land, above the cascade, just at the edge of

the rock before it breaks away under the river bed, a tower is built nearly fifty feet high. A rude bridge, resting upon not very steady natural piers of rock, leads to it from the island. We felt nervous as our children crossed it: for we were all aware, that, should any one stumble on the rude planking, or fall through the open rails, nothing could save him from being hurried into the gulf below. We went to the top of the tower by a flight of easy steps, and there found an open balustrade, from which we looked, in security, on the magnificent uproar beneath us. The spray flew up from below even to where we were, more than two hundred feet above the bottom of the fall; and double, aye triple, rainbows danced upon its curling eddies.

We returned to Goat Island, rejoicing that the so-called Terrapin Bridge, which used to spring out from the rocks at the base of the tower, and project some ten feet over the edge of the Horseshoe Fall, had been recently washed away; so that our nerves were not tried in having to pass to the end of it.

We turned to the left, and skirted the

northern side of Goat Island, below the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall. Again we were overshadowed by lofty oak trees, as we circled round its eastern extremity. They opened: and the American Falls swept down before us. Never was a more beautiful prospect! The branch of the river on the American side of Goat Island is not so wide; the mass of waters is not so great; but the scenery is more broken—more wooded; the height, even, of the cascade is greater. Down, down they tumbled amid the overhanging boughs, and were received into clouds of their own foam at the bottom. Then, immediately mingling with the Canadian branch of the river that had come down the great Horseshoe Fall, they swept on their way together, and sped adown the narrow ravine towards Lake Ontario. I have seen the Falls of Tivoli, of Terni, of Schaffhausen: were there no Horseshoe Fall, the American Falls of Niagara would be incomparably the grandest—as they are, even now, incomparably the most beautiful—in the world.

We could not linger. It was hopeless to

try to look one's fill. We retraced our steps : passed again over Bath Island and its bridge ; across the noisy American rapids ; and prepared to follow the advice of Mr. Geo. W. Sims. His " descending car or steps " are at no great distance. Our children were tired and would not explore farther. My wife and I seated ourselves on a wooden sofa, and were let down an inclined plane to the water edge. There we found a boat capable of holding about ten people, and a young fellow, perhaps Mr. Geo. W. Sims himself, beside it. I had seldom seen a more doggedly-impudent-looking countenance. We seated ourselves in the boat ; but there he stood, silent and heedless. Why did he not put off ? We had not paid our fare, seventy-three cents across and back. Could we not pay it in the boat ? No ; he would not touch an oar till all was paid. Pocketing the money, he leisurely seated himself and pulled out into the torrent. His handbill said that it was a five minutes' passage : it took us double that time to cross ; and indeed good nerves were required to sit unmoved in that cockle-