

Niagara Falls! By what mysterious power is it, that millions and millions, are drawn from all parts of the world, to gaze upon Niagara Falls? There is, no mystery about the thing itself. Every effect is just such as any ^{man} intelligent, knowing the cause, would anticipate, whether it be the water moving onward in a gradual descent, or at a point where there is a perpendicular fall, of a hundred feet in descent, in the bottom of the river, it is plain the water will have a violent and continuous plunge at that point. It is also plain the water, thus plunging, will foam, and roar, and send up a mist, continuous, in which, even during sunshine, there will be perpetual rain-bow. The mere physical of Niagara Falls, is only this. Yet this is really a very small part of that world's wonder. Its power to excite reflection, and emotion, is its great charm. The geologist will demonstrate that the plunge or fall, was once at Lake Ontario, and has worn its way back to its present position; he will ascertain how fast it is wearing now, and so get a basis for determining how long it has been wearing back from Lake Ontario, and finally demonstrate, ^{by it} that the world is at least fourteen thousand years old. A philosopher of a slightly different turn will say Niagara Falls is only the lip of the basin out of which pour all the surplus waters which rain down on two or three hundred thousand square miles of the earth's surface. He will estimate with approximate accuracy, that five hundred thousand ^{cu ft} of water, falls with its full weight, a distance of a hundred feet each minute. Thus exerting a force equal to the lifting of the same weight, through the same space, in the same time. And then the further reflection comes that this vast amount of water, constantly pouring down, is supplied by an equal amount constantly lifted up, by the sun; and still he says, "Of this

much is lifted up, for this one space of two or three
hundred thousand square miles, an equal amount
must be lifted for every other equal space; so
he is overwhelmed in the contemplation of the
vast power the sun is constantly exerting in
quiet, noiseless operation of lifting waters up to a
rain down again -

But still there is more. It calls up the indefinite
past. When Columbus first sought this continent -
when Christ suffered on the cross - when Moses led
Israel through the red Red Sea - nay, even when Aev-
first came from the ^{hazy} ^{of his} ^{Maples}
~~ancient~~ ~~times~~, then as now, Niagara was roaring
has - The eyes of that species of extinct giants, whose
bones fill the mounds of America, have gazed on
Niagara, as our do now - contemporary with the
whole race of ^{men} ~~them~~, and later than the first
man, Niagara is ^{strong} ^{now} ^{is} ^{just} to-day as ten thousand
years ago. The Mammoth and Mastadon now
so long dead, their fragments of their monstrous bones,
alone testify, that they ever lived, have gazed
on Niagara - In their long-long time, never still
for a single moment - Never dreamed, never
froze, never slept, never rested,