

Washington, when the vast panorama is completed, and the world seems spread out at his feet. Yet it does not seem to be a peopled world, for no mighty city lies beneath him. Indeed, were it there, he would pass it almost unnoticed. For why should he regard so small an object as a city, when the world is before him? a world of mountains, bearing the impress of God's own hand, standing in solitary grandeur, just as he piled them up in primeval ages, and stretching away on every side as far as the eye can reach. On that pinnacle of the northern regions no sound of man or beast breaks in upon the awful stillness which reigns there, and which seems to bring the soul into near communion with the Deity. It is, indeed, the impressive Sabbath of nature; and the soul feels a delightful awe, which can never be forgotten. Gladly would it linger there for hours, and converse with the mighty and the holy thoughts which come crowding into it; and it is only when the man looks at the rapidly declining sun that he is roused from his revery and commences his descending march.

Let such a man next accompany me to Niagara. We will pass by all minor cataracts, and place ourselves at once on the margin of one that knows no rival. Let not the man take a hasty glance, and in disappointment conclude that he shall find no interest and no sublimity there. Let him go to the edge of the precipice, and watch the deep waters as they roll over, and, changing their sea-green brightness for a fleecy white, pour down upon the rocks beneath, and dash back again in spray high in the air. Let him go to the foot of the sheet, and look upward till the cataract swells into its proper size. Let him, on the Canada shore, take in the whole breadth of the cataract at once; and as he stands musing, let him listen to the deep thunderings of the falling sheet. Let him go to Table Rock, and creep forward to its jutting edge, and gaze steadily into the foaming and eddying waters so far beneath him, until his nerves thrill and vibrate, and he involuntarily shrinks back, exclaiming,

“ How dreadful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn.”

Next, let him stand upon that rock till the sun approaches