

No firstlings of our flock we slay,
 No soaring clouds of incense rise,
 But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
 Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Borne on thy breath, the lap of spring
 Was heaped with many a blooming flower :
 And smiling summer joyed to bring
 The sunshine and the gentle shower ;
 And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
 The ripening seed, the bursting shell,
 The golden sheaf and laden bough,
 The fullness of thy bounty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
 Here wait a titled lord's behest,
 But many a fair and peaceful home
 Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest ;
 No groves of palm our fields adorn,
 No myrtle shades our orange bowers,
 But rustling sheaves of golden corn,
 And fields of waving grain, are ours.

Safe in thy care, the landscape o'er,
 Our flocks and herds securely stray ;
 No tyrant master claims our store,
 No ruthless robber rends away ;
 No fierce volcano's withering shower,
 No fell simoon, with poisonous breath,
 Nor burning sun, with baleful power,
 Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee,
 Where lengthened vale and pastures lie,
 And streams go singing mild and free,
 Beneath a blue and smiling sky ;
 Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
 Where crowned oppressors never trod,
 Here at the throne of heaven alone,
 Shall man in reverence bow to God.

TEARS OF LOVE.

I saw her watch the child,
 While peacefully he slept ;
 And, O, full oft he sweetly smiled,
 But yet the mother wept.

She pray'd the child might dwell
 With saints in heaven above ;
 And as she pray'd, there swiftly fell
 The tears of love.