

Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven  
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems  
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk  
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace  
Thine awful features with our pencil's point  
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak

Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop  
From His right hand—bidding the soul that looks  
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,  
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,  
And lose itself in Him.

SIGOURNEY.

#### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand,"  
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,  
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade

(17)

Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks.  
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung  
From War's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?  
Yea, what is all the riot that man makes  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave  
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might!

BRAINARD.

#### VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO NIAGARA

*In September 1860.*

ABRIDGED FROM "THE TIMES."

"His Royal Highness may almost be said to be here in private. He rides or walks about without a mob at his heels, and can sit and watch for hours the tremendous majesty of the scene around him. It is just as well, perhaps, that state is dropped before Niagara. The shout of a mob, or the little