

In twilight of the deepest wood
 We've listen'd for His voice ;
 And where the mighty, gleaming flood
 Pours down in thunder-noise,
 We've heard His footsteps passing by,
 And listen'd, but He came not nigh.

We've sought amid the starry train
 Of midnight's solemn sky,
 And gazed o'er all the heaven in vain,
 His dwelling to descry ;
 But 'midst the dim and starry sheen,
 No trace of His bright home have seen.

Holds He his court within the sky
 Where twilight builds her bowers ?
 Or loveth He the majesty
 Of morning's gorgeous towers ?
 Say, will the Indian's feeble prayer
 Enter His dim pavillion there ?

Or dwells He in the far-off west,
 Where sky and ocean meet ;
 And the loud billows, rock'd to rest,
 Gleam bright beneath His feet,
 And spirits of a world unknown
 Harp, with sweet music, round His throne ?

Or dwells He in some marble dome
 Far down beneath the wave,
 Where man's proud footsteps never come,
 Unless, to find a grave ;
 'Midst ruins of a world o'erthrown
 In silence, buildeth He his throne ?

The music of His voice to hear
 Our souls would gladly bow ;
 Haste! the dark Indians home to cheer,
 He waiteth, Christian, now :
 From rites of blood, from error's sway,
 O call his darken'd heart away !

J. T. M.

THE HARVEST HOME.

God of the rolling year! to thee
 Our songs shall rise, whose bounty pours
 In many a goodly gift, with free
 And liberal hand, our autumn stores ;