

AT NIAGARA.

Here at this awful brink where Chaos throws
A harsh defiance to our stoutest hope,
And all man's aims seem pent in narrow scope—
Here where brute-matter deals its fiercest blows
At all we fain would hold inviolate,
I see how God doth all His creatures keep.
Lo, even at the curving, glassy leap
A tiny swallow dares its thirst to sate!

Dear bird, that drinkest at the source of strength
Unfearing, glad to slake thine urgent thirst,
The water's dreadful roar affrights thee not!
Ah, that I too, through some bright lure at length
May, even when the evil powers are worst,
Know but one need, and all else be forgot!