

NIAGARA FALLS.

Oh ! Niagara ! as at thy brink I stand,
 My soul is filled with wonder and delight,
 To trace in thee that wonder-working Hand,
 Whose hollow holds the seas in balance light

Worthy art thou to be a nation's pride,—
 A patriot's boast—a world's unceasing wonder ;
 Like some bold monarch calling to thy side
 Subjects from every clime in tones of thunder !

Deep on my soul thy grandeur is impress'd,
 Thy awful majesty—thy mighty power—
 Thy ceaseless tumult and thy great unrest,
 Like nations warring in dread conflict's hour !

Rainbows of glory sparkle round thy shrine,
 Cresting thy waters with effulgence bright ;
 And in thy foaming currents intertwine
 Rare coruscations of commingl'd light !

Like roar of battle, or like thunder's call,
 Thy deep-toned echoes roll with solemn sound !
 Great pillar'd clouds thy vapors rise, and fall—
 Like sparkling pearls—upon the thirsty ground !

Rush on ! rush on ! in thy uncheck'd career,
 With avalanchic power thy course pursue ;
 While rending rocks quake as with mortal fear,
 And stand in awe to let thy torrents through !

Naught but the hand of God could stay thy course,
 Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful keep !
 Then onward press with thy gigantic force,
 Till in Ontario's bosom lull'd to sleep !

Emblem of Freedom ! who would dare essay
 To bar thy noisy progress to the sea ?
 Then onward press ! while bord'ring nations pray
 For strength and wisdom to be great and free !

"SCOTTY."

Yes ! ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
 For sic' a name can mean nae ill,
 O' a' nick-names jist tak' yer fill—
 I'm quite content wi' "Scotty !"

To be a Scot is nae disgrace,
 Maist folk can trust a guid Scotch face,
 He's never lang oot o' a place,—
 The honest, faithful "Scotty !"