



Father Hennepin at the Falls of Niagara.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.



ALL down the woodland the evening sun was sinking
 And the joyous waves kept blinking as if dazzled by his
 light
 Till, at last, as if forever, he kissed the golden river
 And resigned his holy mansion to the mistress of the
 night.

Whilst with waves of great commotion, greater than the ocean,
 Thundered down the roaring water to the dread abyss below
 And with weary step and slowly like pilgrim pure though lowly
 Came an old man to the river and his hair was white as snow.

The night grew fast around him, o'er the plain its garb descended
 Till its mystic stillness blended with the waters flowing on,
 And alone above the thunder of that great immortal wonder
 Like a star within the heavens stood God's anointed one.

Down on the green sward kneeling this aged priest uplifted
 His voice, as gently drifted his grey locks to the breeze;
 And there as shades grew denser, like perfume from a censer
 Arose the grand "Te Deum" among the startled trees.

Above the thunder of waters he sang that ancient anthem
 And down along the river its echo seemed to glide;
 As if some unseen spirits in passing by had listened
 And caught the sweet strains falling and bore them in the tide.

And he said: "O, mighty waters! In your course unto the ocean,
 Let a hymn of true devotion ever o'er your waves resound,
 To the great God dwelling yonder, in whose eyes ye are no wonder,
 But whose mighty presence ever can in your breast be found."

'Tis two hundred years and over since beside this roaring water
 Stood that hoary old Religious with cross and book in hand:
 Now 'tis filled with strangers sad and joyous-hearted,
 But the name of him departed seems forgotten in the land.