

By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud
acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the great Eternal's
name.

For whether, on thy forest-banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his day, the red man's foe on his fatherland has
stood;
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents
roar,
Must have knelt before the God of all to worship and adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!
From this primeval altar, the green and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee whose shield has guarded me through all my wan-
dering way.

For if the ocean be as nought in the hollow of Thine hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament in Thy balance grains of
sand;
If Niagara's rolling flood seem great to us who humbly bow,
Oh, Great Creator of the Whole, how passing great art Thou!

(17)

But though Thy power is far more vast than finite mind can
scan,
Thy mercy is still greater shown to weak, dependent man:
For him thou cloth'st the fertile earth with herbs, and fruit,
and seed;
For him the seas, the lakes, the streams, supply his hourly
need.

Around, on high, or far, or near, the universal whole
Proclaims Thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
And from Creation's grateful voice the hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back to Earth the chorus—"God is
love!"

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THERE's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirrings of the chambers of the deep;
Earth's emerald green and many-tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies;
The tread of armies, thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum;