

THE PROSPECTOR'S HYMN.

I.

THE cattle on a thousand hills are Thine,
The endless forest, or the lonely pine;
The mighty glacier's resistless force
Does but Thy will through all its grinding course.
The rain-drop clear, with frost its ally strange,
By Thine own laws tears from the parent range
Immensities of rock, which downward fall
To make on moving fields of ice a pall.
Then these through crystal canyons, yawning deep,
Once more reach rock against which they shall sweep,
To end in boulders, clay, and powd'ry silt,
Of which are our most fruitful valleys built.
Thy creature man—proud in Dynamic's aid
That he commands, and by the which has made
The modern engine of colossal force—
First seeks the laws that have in Thee their source.
Great though that engine be and human 'most
(The triumph of the day and of the host
Of those who worshipped at the mystic shrine,
In days gone by, in each and ev'ry clime,
Of fair Invention—and did thus gain fame,
Or martyr'd died, bequeathing scarce a name),
Though that be great, yet ill does it compare
With Thine own hand throughout this world so fair.