

For whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or since his days, the Red Man's foe, on his father-land have stood—
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrent's roar,
Must have bent 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 wandering 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 lowly bow—
O! Great Creator of the Whole! how passing great art Thou!

Yet, tho' thy Power is greater than the finite mind may scan,
Still greater is thy Mercy, shown to weak dependent Man:
For him thou cloth'st the fertile fields with herb, and fruit, and seed—
For him, the woods, the lakes, the seas, 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.

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