

Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
 Thine awful features with our pencil's point
 Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak
 Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop
 From His right hand—bidding the soul that looks
 Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
 Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
 And lose itself in Him.

SIGOURNEY.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
 And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 "The sound of many waters;" and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks.
 Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime?
 Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
 Yea, what is all the riot that man makes
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
 Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
 That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might!

BRAINARD