

Subdued your spirits at the House of Prayer,
And checked each trifling thought intruding there.
So at this temple, solemn and profound,
One feels as if they trod on holy ground,
While the dread torrent and the stormy maze
Roars forth in thunder the Eternal's praise.
Loud is the anthem and the hymn sublime
Sung through all ages since the birth of time,
And still sets forth as when it first began
The power of God, the nothingness of man.
The ancient forest, silent and serene,
Surrounds with grandeur the imposing scene
Where God is seen in nature's varied form,
The smiling sunshine and the raging storm.
The shady foliage of the maple trees
Is scarcely quivering in the gentle breeze,
While the proud rapid river, strong and deep,
Is dashed with fury o'er the awful steep ;
The mighty basin, girded by the rock,
Receives the torrent and sustains the shock,
Obstructing masses 'mid the falling floods,
Send the wild waters half way to the clouds ;
The drizzling spray a mild and constant shower
Like gentle dew falls on the forest flower,
The boiling waters from the fearful whirl
Escape in rapids down the edying swirl,
To where the channel soon becoming wide,
Gives scope and freedom to the rushing tide,
When all the tempest's wild commotions cease
And the smooth river glides along in peace.
Much of the rocky bed is now laid dry,
Which partly forms the Fall when floods are high,