

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 seems great to us who humbly bow,  
 O Great Creator of the Whole, how passing great art Thou!

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 globe 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.

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### 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,  
 The brow of beauty and the form of grace,  
 The passion and the prowess of our race,  
 The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,  
 The unresisting sweep of Roman power,  
 Britannia's trident on the azure sea,  
 America's young shout of liberty!

Oh, may the wars that madden on these deeps,  
 There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps;  
 And till the conflict of their surges cease  
 The nations on thy banks repose in peace!

LORD MORPETH.