He surely cares for all,
And keeps us night and day;
And though our faith be small,
He will protect our way.

ON REVISITING MY BIRTHPLACE.

Long years had passed away, I came
Where first I saw the light;
I tuned my harp but not to fame
For scenes of childhood bright,

Before me in their beauty rose,
They caught my eager view;
And now permit me to disclose
Some of those scenes to you.

The mountains all sublimely stood.
And drew my earnest gaze;
Here was the rock, and there the wood,
As in my childhood's days.

The lofty pine, the mountain crowned,
The laurel 'neath did grow,
And as I viewed the scene around,
I saw the brook below.

It had a voice—a friendly voice—
Familiar to my ears;
Its rocky banks had been my choice,
Far back in childhood's years.

Its murmurs rose like music's sound;
They long had been at rest
To me, where different scenes abound,
Within the mighty West.

They woke an interesting tale
Of years all passed away,
Of scenes within my native vale,
In boyhood's sunny day.

By that meand'ring, purling stream,
In springtimes balmy days,
I often went, to muse and dream,
And sing my youthful lays.

In summer too 'neath ancient trees,
Which gave us shade at noon,
I wander'd forth, as Scotia's bard
Did on the banks of Doon.