

ODE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(On his arrival in Quebec, August, 1860.)

Son of a race whose thrice-illustrious name
Fills many a niche within the "House of Fame,"
And gilds the page where history unfolds
Time's storied treasures on its Cloth of Gold,
And from oblivion forth as willing brings
The deeds of peasant as the acts of kings;
Son of a race that Fortune's hand has crowned
With every glory that on earth is found,
And yet whose proudest glory 'tis to own
Not the mere fading tinsel of the throne,
But noblest virtues, that alike command
The love of high and lowliest of the land;
Hope of each British heart we welcome thee,
Safe from the perils of the raging sea,
That stilled its angry waves and threatening roar
To waft thee safely to our Western shore.
Welcome! uncounted voices mingling cry,
Loud as the thunder peal that rends the sky,
Till from the dwellers of our mighty land,
From Huron's wave to Labrador's bleak strand,
The swelling chorus of a nation's voice
Proclaims high holiday, and bids each heart rejoice.
Nor do we greet thee as a hero come