

Would'st thou ask if thy love shall look kindly on thee,
 And smile for thee only, though suitors may throng?"
 The voice ceased, and sudden, there rushed to my tongue
 Words unframed in my mind, and unthought of before,
 And I cried "Oh Great Prophet! all countries have rung
 With the fame of thy wisdom, and depth of thy lore.
 I come not to know how a journey shall end,
 Not to ask if my pathway in life shall be smooth,
 Nor inquire if some fair one, on me only bend
 The glance of affection, or yield to my love.
 But pour, I beseech thee, the light of thy learning,
 On a question more worthy, a matter of state,
 That the people at last, all the future discerning,
 May yield to conviction, and cease from debate.
 Thou knowest that old party lines are extinguished,
 That "Liberal," and "Tory," are words of the past:
 That as Antis or Unionists now are distinguished
 The political factions, so lately recast.
 Thou hast heard how these latter together have battled,
 In Pulpit and Press, on the Platform and Bench,
 What volleys on volleys of arguments rattled,
 As each sought, from the other, the laurels to wrench.
 Now the heroes have wandered to far distant climes
 And other eyes look on the strife that they wage,
 Then read me, I pray thee, the signs of the times,
 And turn, with thy finger, futurity's page.
 Shall Howe's pamphlet succeed and the victory obtain,
 As the swamps won the war for the Turks at La Puit,
 When the Russians, attempting their trenches to gain,
 Found the morass so deep, that they could'nt get through
 it?