

And its wild rage in churning mist expends ;
The scatter'd tides mount up in clouds of spray,
And Iris spans them with her varied ray.

Again in peace the tranquil river glides,—
Two rival powers its unpre course divides,
The mingled stream, by strife perplexed no more,
Calmly salutes ONTARIO's pine crown'd shore ;
So the ag'd Warrior greets secure repose,
Reliev'd at length from martial toils and woes —
In Kingly pride St. Lawrence issues hence,
And onward flows in broad magnificence,
Till to the deep the giant river takes
Its far-borne tribute of embodied lakes ;
Upon its shores in smiling order stand,
The beauteous daughters of one parent land ;
The fairest there Canada stands confess'd
With nature's varied gifts profusely bless'd ;
Where justice reigns upheld by virtuous laws
Whence guardian freedom life and vigour draws ;
Where nature joins with industry and art
The heaven-sped gifts of plenty to impart ;
Where Science thron'd amidst her new-found seats,
Her twin-born sister education greets ;
And opes benignant to a-pring youth,
The flower strewn paths of wisdom and of truth.

These may we trace with never-tiring zeal,
And as we trace them, cease we not to feel
The glow of grateful hearts to Him* whose care
For our's and learning's weal, these walls declare ;
Nor e'er forget we that the good we prize,
Owms for its source those dear maternal ties
Which link our hearts and fate to Britain's name,
And all our fondest, proudest feelings claim,—
But this appeal no faithful heart requires,—
Who *must* not love the birth-place of his sires ?
As the soft prelude on the lyric strings,
A sil'ry influence o'er the spirit flings,
So, Britain, must thy cherish'd name impart
A glow of pride to each Canadian heart ;
To all who hail thee as their natal clime
Thy name recalls their childhood's laughing time,
And by gone joys their raptur'd vision fill,
Sweet as they were, in mem'ry sweeter still ;
And o'er them yet in untold thought they dwell,
Bending with gladness to the high-wrought spell :
Then, when around them floats the thrilling chain,
Shrouding their souls in feeling pure and warm,
When in their breasts the island heart beats high,
Oh ! *then* their tongues shall boast that kindred tie,
And patriot love shall twine its mystic chain,
Which time nor force may neither break nor strain.

* Sir J. C.

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