

## IV.

High on the bank, 'mid beauteous setting  
 Of leathery willow, chestnut-tree and pine,  
 By which the river flows, as if forgetting  
 Its leap sublime ; its seething, swirling, fretting ;  
 Its rush and roar, adown the steep decline ;  
 The deep and massy goblet, never quaffed,  
 Held in His hidden hand, Who made and lined  
 It of a russet hue, with gold unfined ;  
 And yet around which demons oft have laughed,  
 If helpless victim drawn adown its shaft  
 To them give joy, whose depths we cannot sound ;  
 Within whose lips the water, bright blue-green,  
 With foam-flecked surface as each age has seen,  
 Must wind and whirl as though the gods had spoon  
 Deep plunged therein, and stirred in turn from e'en  
 Till midnight, then to morn, anon to noon,  
 And yet to night again—repeating round  
 And round within its awful circle's bound :  
 Anon in sober majesty to flow,  
 In stately grandeur now its way to find  
 Into Ontario's arms, which round it twine,  
 As if, at length, embrace of mother sweet.  
 Returning child, after adventurous feat,  
 With welcome eager, happily did greet ;  
 Of both the love and life—so it appears—  
 To make complete and back on thee to throw  
 Their happiness, in such bright, golden glow  
 As rests on faces which have done with tears,  
 Thou hast been placed Centurion of years.

## V.

Away down yonder, at thy feet below,  
 Where breezes raise the swell, and onward waft  
 Beyond the bar, where danger's stealthiest  
 Steps pursue, to rob us of our very best  
 As to their sorrow our poor hearts well know—  
 For by the door we read their tale of woe—  
 On the lake's heaving bosom may be seen,  
 Between and on some white and foamy crest,  
 Like silvered fold on robe of pale blue-green,  
 Well manned by such as little know of fears,  
 All hidden now, anon each one appears,