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## And Protestant Vindicator.

"I have set Watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their pence day nor night."

VOL. I.

BYTOWN, (C.W.) AUGUST 1, 1849.

NO. 3.

### Original Poetry.

#### FOR THE ORANGE LILY.

From the beams of the Sun and the tints of the sky  
We borrow each radiant hue,  
The "Orange" so bright from the fountain of light  
Meet mate for the heavenly BLUE!

The darkness of error can never eclipse  
The glory that shines from above;  
We adore in our hearts, while we praise with our lips  
These emblems of freedom and love.

To the seraphim strains of religion and truth,  
We march 'neath the "Orange and Blue"—  
While an ardor which time cannot rob of its youth  
Comes our heart's dearest hopes to renew.

O 'bright be thy bloom dearest flower of the earth,  
Sacred emblem adored by the brave & the free  
Each heart of pure feeling, and bosom of worth  
Feel pregnant with bliss, while adorned with thee

May the balm which thou bearest pervade every land  
And thy brightness forever chase darkness away  
As the light rose at first at Jehovah's command,  
And shed over chaos the glory of day.

May the true breasts that wear thee be strangers  
to pain,  
Or if pangs come, in thee find a solace sublime,  
Co-existent with honor and virtue to reign;  
Sacred symbol of faith that shall triumph o'er  
time.

BATHURST.

Perth, July 1849.

#### LINES FOR THE LILY.

BY

AIR—"MEETING OF THE WATERS."

'Twas the hand of a Briton  
That planted this flower  
Abroad in the forest,  
And at home in the bower;

'Mongst the leaves of those lilies  
No reptiles repose,  
That to British connexion  
And freedom are foes.

But Canada rebels  
Combined to annoy—  
To root up the flowers—  
Their leaves to destroy;  
But their schemes of rebellion  
Avail them no good,  
For the roots of those Lilies  
Have crossed Jordan's flood.

When they were transplanted  
Duke Schomberg was slain,  
Then the sons of KING WILLIAM,  
Check'd popery's reign:  
And had foes uprooted them  
On Boyne's red shore,  
The heroes of Nassau  
Would plant them once more.

Like true British subjects  
Advance without fear,  
And hand down to your children  
What you hold so dear.  
Ye 'airthright as freemen  
Ne'er barter for gold;  
Let truth be your watchword,  
And union uphold.

The word of God shews you,  
Where you may find rest;  
To heaven it points,  
Where the righteous are blest:  
So continue to walk in  
The path of the just,  
Spurn dark disaffection,  
And in God put your trust.

My soul says Amen!  
To the sons of the wise;  
Look upward like men,  
And your spirits will rise.  
When your last day is ended,  
And the harbor you gain,  
The quicksands of treason  
Will n'er swamp you again.  
Bytown August 1849.

#### SONG FOR THE CENTENARY.

Hail to the day! when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard, with the sea foam  
still wet!  
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,  
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherish'd are waving,  
The Rose of Old England the road side per-  
fumes,  
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are  
braving,  
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is main-  
tained!  
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still  
ours!  
The graves where they moulder no foe has pro-  
faned;  
But we wreath them with verdure and strew  
them with flowers!

The blood of no brother, in civil strife poured,  
In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls,  
The frontier's the field for the Patriot's sword,  
And curs'd is the weapon that faction controls.

Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded,  
Delightful to trace through the mists of the past,  
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly shrouded  
They shine through the shadows time o'er them  
has cast.

As travellers track to its source in the mountains,  
The stream which, far swelling, expands o'er  
the plains,  
Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the foun-  
tains  
Whence flowed the warm currents that bound  
in our veins.

And proudly we trace them: No warrior flying,  
From city assaulted and fanes overthrowing,  
With the last of his race on its battlements dying,  
And weary with wandering, founded our own.

From the Queen of the Islands then famous in  
story,  
A century since our brave forefathers came,  
And our kindred yet fills the wide world with her  
glory,  
Enlarging her empire and spreading her name.

Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens,  
Every field she explores we are beckoned to  
tread,  
Each laurel she gathers, our future day brightens,  
We joy with her living and mourn with her dead.

Then hail to the day! when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard with sea foam still  
wet!  
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,  
Rejoicing to know how we honor it yet.