

SPINA CHRISTI.

PART II.

Atlantic gales come winged with clouds and voices of the sea,
 The misty Capes uncap to hear the ocean melody—
 In broad St. Lawrence rise and fall the everlasting tides,
 Which come and go with ebb and flow—
 While every ship that rides
 At anchor swings, and east or west the passing flood divides,
 Or westward ho ! mid seamen's shouts still onward gently glides,
 Tasting the waters sweet from lakes, of boundless solitude
 Where thousand isles break into smiles
 Of nature's gladdest mood.

Where trees and waters clap their hands as sang the Hebrew King,
 God's voices in them thundering, that to the spirit bring
 Deep thoughts—far deeper than the thoughts that seem, and are not so
 Of men most wise in their own eyes,
 Who vainly toil to know
 The meaning of this universe—life's pamoply—a *No* !
 To pride of godless intellect—a *Yes* ! to those that go
 With lamp alit—the Word revealed—and see amid the gloom
 And labyrinths—the mighty plinths
 Of temples, grandly loom.

A hundred leagues and many more towards the glowing west—
 Amid the forests' silences, Ontario lay at rest—
 Keel rarely ploughed, or paddle dipped its wilderness of blue ;
 Where day by day life passed away
 In peace that irksome grew.
 In old Niagara fort, a cross stood loftily in view *
 And *Regnat. Vincit. Imperat. Christus* the words did shew
 Carved on it, when the Rousillon came up in early spring
 To close the port—and guard the fort,
 And keep it for the King.

O ! fair in summer time it is, Niagara plain to see,
 Half belted round with oaken woods and green as grass can be !
 Its levels broad in sunshine lie, with flowerets gemmed and set,
 With daisy stars, and red as Mars
 The tiny sanguinet,
 The trefoil with its drops of gold—white clover heads, and yet,
 The sweet grass commonest of all God's goodnesses we get !
 The dent de lion's downy globes a puff will blow away,
 Which children pluck to try good luck,
 Or tell the time of day.

Count Bois le Grand sought out a spot of loveliness, was full
 Of sandworts silvered leaf and stem—with down of fairy wool,
 Hard by the sheltering grove of oak he set the holy thorn
 Where still it grows and ever shows
 How sharp the crown of scorn
 Christ wore for man, reminding him what pain for sin was borne,
 And warning him he must repent before his sheaf is shorn,
 When comes the reaper, Death, and his last hour of life is scored,
 Of all bereft, and only left
 The mercy of the Lord.

* In the centre of the fort stood a cross eighteen feet high with the inscription : *Regn. Vinc. Imp. Chrs.* The interpretation of which admits of as much ambiguity as a Delphic oracle.