

POETRY.

The following was read before an extraordinary meeting of Queen's College, Kingston, of which its author, Mr. May, is a student, and afterwards presented to His Royal Highness on board the "Kingston," and received with thanks.

UNIVERSITY ODE

IN HONOR OF THE VISIT OF H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Whence to thy Royal eye that parting tear?  
Why does the "Farewell" tremble on thy lip,  
Thou anxious mother Queen? God guides the ship!  
The winds, a Nation's love, the ballast, England's prayer.  
Not on the deep alone: ten thousand hearts are there.

All hail, thou restless Deep! Thy waves control;  
Dismiss rude passion from thy boisterous soul;  
Bear thy precious burden; faithful be;  
Give back thy priceless charge, thou treacherous Sea!

What if thy glassy face should part in twain,  
And down the slippery steps the youth descend  
To thy dim liquid streets! O God, forefend!  
Rule Thou the rudder! rule the treacherous main!  
Restore a Nation's Hope! O guide him back again!

And thou, all hail, thou hope of Britain's shore!  
Illustrious scion of a kingly line!  
May the best guardianship of all be thine!  
Thine on the deep, and thine for evermore,  
Thy strength in life, thy rest when life is o'er.

Never since when of old that wizard seer  
Essayed the perils of the hoary deep,  
Rousing a world from its eternal sleep,—  
Never so joyous hope, so gloomy fear  
Laded the breath of the unfathomed sea,  
Lest the dumb senseless Wave should cruel be!

Ring your wild music forth, ye merry waves!  
Let there be feasting in the deep-sea caves!  
Let there be sound of revelry and glee  
Down in the long halls of the sunny sea!  
Ring merry peals, thou Deep!—this be thy Jubilee!

Auspicious morn! the first from England's shore  
An heir of England's glorious crown to bring;  
Long shall the echoes of thy glory ring

In history's page and in poetic lore,  
Tho' thou awakest not the cannon's murderous roar.

O would some kindly Muse inspire my lay,  
And fill the unequal verse with poet-fire,  
Wake the sweet echoes of the sounding lyre  
To celebrate the glories of the day!

What *would* the thronging multitudes to-day?  
What mean this martial music and the tread  
Of warrior bands? "the young, the fair, the gay,"  
The youth, and he of white and drooping head,  
Eager to get a look, if only one,  
At their beloved Queen's illustrious Son!

Thou comest not in the crimson robes of war,  
Dipped in the blood of slandered Liberty!  
Yet see the countless hosts that wait for thee!  
What rapturous welcome greets thee from afar,  
As didst thou now return in the triumphal car?

Heaven-favored Prince! born to a wondrous store  
Of loyal love and firm fidelity.  
What blood-stained conqueror can vie with thee?  
Even from the glorious battle-fields of yore  
When the dire Roman ruled Italia's shore?

Not so, great Prince, hast thou high honours won;  
Thy helmet gleams not with a warrior's sheen;  
Thou art the offspring of our noble Queen!  
'Tis fame enough to be Victoria's Son!  
This the first jewel in thy future crown!

In the dark shades of the primordial wood,  
Erewhile the haughty Red Man's wild abode,  
Where the lone stream in sullen silence flowed,  
Or, furious rushing, chased its routed flood,  
Waking wild strains 'mid the vast solitude—

What rises now before the wondering gaze?  
Wide-waving fields of yellow-tinted corn  
Smile plenteous in the blush of rosy morn;  
While the bright dome reflects the evening rays  
In showers of gold on the close thronging ways.

What wizard hand has hid the forest flee,  
And, Orpheus-like, these busy cities rise  
Where yesterday the tall pine brushed the skies  
And jocund lambskins skip the grassy lea  
Where erst the hungry wolf howled dolorously?

The great magician lives in yonder cot,  
Strong is his arm, and stern his manly brow,  
At his firm fiat see the forest how!  
Toil on, thou brave one, in thy humble lot!  
Thou laborest not in vain, then fear thou not.

Brave toiler! 'tis a courage nobler far  
To do stern battle with the stubborn soil,

To pillage *Nature* of her hoarded spoil,  
Carving home in the rough wilds afar,  
Than didst thou dauntless ride in the red ranks  
of War!

Such virtue in thy sires was seen of yore  
In the red lines of many a gory day!  
Such virtue on that melancholy shore  
Where the brave Franklin lost his weary way!  
Sadly the lone blue sea doth sing his requiem  
aye!

Why name the martial deeds of Britain? War  
Knew but one-half his thunders till she came  
Riding resistless the devouring flame  
At glorious Waterloo and Trafalgar!  
Ah! how the Nations quake when England  
mounts the car!

Yes! Rule Britannia! rule the mighty sea!  
Still may thy honored banner o'er it wave  
Terror to tyrant, hope to trembling slave!  
Still may the wronged his trust repose in thee,  
Peerless asserter of true liberty!

Now booms afar the cannon's rumbling roar,  
Low-muttered murmurs fill the listening ear;  
Old England! shake thy locks, thou knowest  
no fear,  
Thy day of warlike triumph is not o'er,  
Thou'rt still the glorious England that thou  
wast of yore.

In all things great and good still lead the van.  
The echo of thy martial deeds has run  
From burning zone to where the niggard sun  
Doles out the tepid beam to shivering man.

But not alone in slaughtering hosts appear  
The lasting laurels of thy favored race:  
Here Science finds her master-piece a place,  
The noble arch, the sure-imbudded pier,  
Great Stephenson, thy monument is here!

Noblest achievement of the human race,  
How pales the bright star of the Sphinx's fame,  
Even the Great Pyramid has lost its name,  
"Victoria Bridge" does every name efface,  
Even as before the Sun the Star doth veil his  
face.

Now must my Muse the pleasing theme resign  
With cordial welcome to Britannia's heir.  
Give him such greeting now, that everywhere  
Down life's uncertain, tortuous incline  
His visit to our Forest Home may seem a dream  
divine.

Canadians! well ye'll honour him, I ween,  
Pouring your fairest tribute at his feet;  
And, still to make the offering more meet,  
On every loyal lip be heard, on every banner  
seen,  
"Long live and reign Victoria!" "God bless  
our gracious Queen!"

SELECTIONS FROM THE SYNOD MINUTES.

To the Honorable the Legislative Assembly of Canada, in Provincial Parliament Assembled.

THE PETITION OF THE SYNOD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

HUMBLY SHewETH,

That the public University Endowment for Upper Canada was from the very first designed for the promotion of a higher education generally in different University Colleges, and not for the benefit of one College alone, as appears from the terms of the original grant, by which it was expressly declared to be for the establishment of Academical "Seminaries of a larger and more comprehensive nature for the promotion of religious, and moral learning, and the study of the arts and sciences."

That the centralization of a higher, no less than that of a lower, education, and a monopoly of educational funds, in a land of such vast extent, and so rapidly increasing in population, as Upper Canada, are a state of things which no one who has at heart the moral and intellectual

elevation of the Province can approve, or support, as well as the very opposite of what was designed in the original grant, and nothing is more calculated to promote its educational prosperity than the rivalry of different University Colleges, fairly and adequately endowed from the common University fund, each inciting the other to successful exertion, and striving by zeal and efficiency to merit the confidence of the country.

That Your Petitioners have always felt a deep interest in the advancement of education, and were the first among the religious denominations of Upper Canada to provide for the setting into actual operation a University for the higher instruction of the youth of the Province by obtaining, in 1840, a Charter from the Provincial Legislature for "The University at Kingston," and that the last clause of this Act made provision for a portion of the public University fund being assigned for its support.

That, under the Royal Charter which followed in 1841, and which left the pecuniary clause of the Provincial Charter, now referred to, to