

A shadow of thy ever-rolling tide ;
 But centuries shall pass, thou shalt be,
 Unto each new-born age unknown and new
 As when of yore the forest warrior gazed
 With awe-struck spirit upon thee, and saw
 In thy dread grandeur all his untaught soul
 Had dreamed of as a Temple meet for him
 The spirit whom his fearless heart evoked
 As the Red Indian's God ! I love to dwell
 Amid the turmoil of thy surging waves,
 Falling like music on my fancy's ear,
 Which fashions into song most rude and wild
 Thy never ceasing din.

I come ! I come ! in my bounding glee--
 The will of my lord obeying--
 And the avalanche is a child to me,
 O'er the cloud-capt mountain playing !
 The woods and wilds with my echoes ring,
 When my sun-born ray hath crowned me--
 And the eagle fears when he dips his wing
 In the spray I dash around me !

The path of the whirlwind is tracked in death,
 And the voice of storm is wailing,
 For thousands have felt his withering breath
 When far on the wide sea sailing !
 But the hour is brief when the whirlwinds rave,
 And the surge is no longer riven,
 When the tempest-king to his dreary cave
 By a mightier power is driven !

But I—with the earth into life I sprung,
 And the wilds at my footstep quivered
 When the ark of old on the mountain hung,
 From the whelming waves delivered !
 My wild billows scattered their incense high,
 On the wing of the wind, to heaven,
 When the glad earth shook with the joyous cry
 That hope unto man was given !

And my voice shall mix with the peals that wake
 The dead in their sea-graves lying,
 When the buried of ages their fetters break,
 From their caverned prisons flying !
 And only when earth and air and seas
 Are stilled into rest forever
 Shall the din of my terrible thunder cease,
 At the nod of my being's giver !

'Tis done !

The waters, in their terrible array,
 Have passed the giddy height, and from their bed
 Rise up a thousand vapour-clouds, which weave
 Into a fleecy veil the myriad hues
 Lent by the beam of the fast closing day--
 How softly beautiful, when all around
 Is clothed in terror !

Again the waves
 Are hushed and stiller as a "cradled babe,"

Or with their murmured cadence, gently lave
 The base of cities born amid the wild,
 And noble ships, with "golden commerce" fraught,
 Ride on the bosom of the mirror-stream ;
 "The beautiful" and vast "Ontario" seems
 Like the wide ocean, when no blast awakes
 The angry spirit of the deep—when all
 The azure arch reflected in its depths
 Appears another heaven ! * * Yet even here,
 Where all is typical of endless peace,
 The mariner has heard the howling winds
 Keep their wild revel with the wintry storm,
 And while his feeble barque was wildly tossed
 Upon the heaving wave, his heart hath felt
 The bitter pang of an unshriven death,
 While shrieks of agony—"hope's withering knell"—
 Lent their dread horrors to the midnight gloom.

And this is life !

Today we launch our boat upon the sea—
 With mirth and gladness laughing at the helm !—
 Tomorrow comes the storm—friends, kindred, all
 Have perished round us, and if one survive,
 'Tis but to weep for all that he hath lost !
 Oh ! if there were no other home than this,
 No joys but those the weary world bestows
 The birth of man, instead of joy, should be
 A season meet for sorrow's bitterest tear

Hail, mighty River ! Lake of Thousand Isles,
 Which clustered lie within thy circling arms,
 Their flower-strewn shores kissed by the silver-tide—
 St. Lawrence, hail ! As fair art thou as aught
 That ever in the lap of nature lay ;
 And while I gaze on thee, my raptured soul,
 With lowly praise and grateful homage, bends
 To HIM, who from His bounty limitless,
 Gave thee to aid the ends of busy man ;—
 Taught him to ride on thy translucent breast—
 To stem thy currents in his fragile bark,
 With its rich freightage, safely as he treads
 The solid earth !

The dawn of morn—

The burning noon, and the rich golden eve—
 All show thee beautiful—but when the moon
 Climbs through the starry sky, when not a sound,
 Save thy low murmur, mingles with the sigh
 Of the glad breezes, playing with the leaves,
 Methinks 'tis sweeter all thy charms to scan,
 Devotion mingling with the blessed thoughts
 Born of thy loveliness. At such a time
 Mine eye can gaze with pleasure unalloyed,
 For, dear art thou, with recollections fraught,
 As ever to the gallant lover's heart
 Was lovely maiden's smile !—for here I played,
 In the first flush of jocund boyhood—here
 My sisters and my brothers nursed the flowers
 That bloomed within the garden that we loved ;
 And here my first essay upon the wave
 Was, in life's spring-time, made.