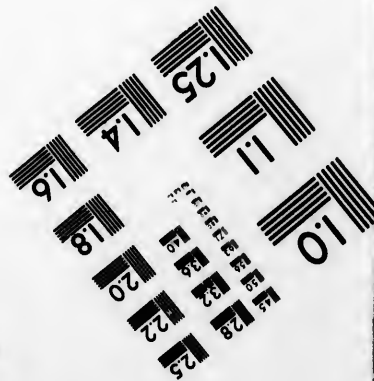
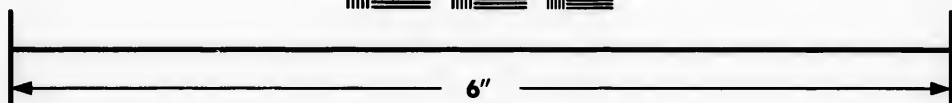
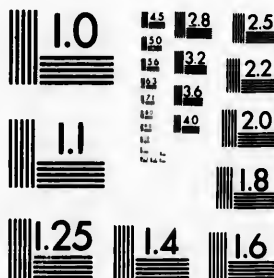


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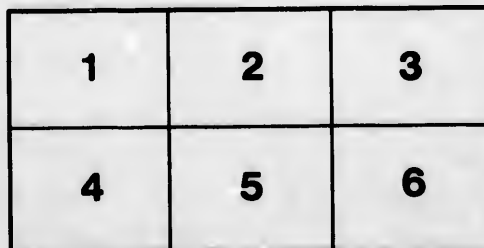
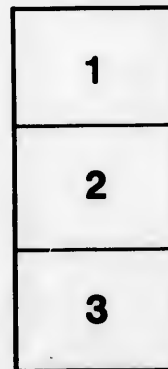
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A POEM OF WELCOME

TO

Her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS LOUISE,

ON HER

ADVENT TO CANADA,

WITH

A POEM

ON THE

Wreck of the Steamer "Waubunc."

ON THE

GEORGIAN BAY, NOV. 22ND, 1879.

BY

REV. J. T. BREESE, M. A.

COLLINGWOOD

PRINTED AT THE "BULLETIN" OFFICE, MONTAGUE STREET,

1879.

A RIGHT LOYAL WELCOME

—TO—

PRINCESS LOUISE
TO CANADA.

BY REV. J. T. BREESE, M. A.

*Royal Letter to Rev. J. T. Breese, Congregational
Minister, Alton.*

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, March 6th, 1879.

Lieutenant General Tonsonby has received the Queen's commands to thank the Rev. James T. Breese for sending his Poem on Princess Louise, which Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Ottawa, Jan. 29th, 1879.

SIR.—I am desired by Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, to thank you for so kindly sending the Poem which arrived to-day. And at the same time I am desired to say how much touched Her Royal Highness was by it.

I am, Sir your obedient servant,

RICHARD MORETON,

To Rev. J. T. Breese,
Alton, Ont.

Private Secretary.

Welcome, loving gentle Princess,
To our humble forest shore,
Million hearts do throb to greet thee,
With the love their depths can pour.
Leave the throne of ancient glory
With its glitter and its show,
And enthrone thy beauteous nature,
In the love our bosoms know.

Come with all thy native graces,
From the pomp of Europe's pride,
Bring them with thy gifted nature,
Briskly o'er the ocean's tide.
We do need the higher culture,
To refine our heart and soul,
Let us read thy finer instincts,
As they'll on our country roll.

Rough and rude to thy fine spirit,
Will be all around thee here,
With the absence of a presence,
That was always to thee dear.

Yet our humble hearts will love thee,
 Rude, unpolished though they be,
 And the streams that will flow from them,
 Will not be despised by thee.

If some genius could ere raise us,
 It would be thine own so pure,
 Gentle as the holy sunbeam,
 Thou wilt our rude hearts allure.

It was thine own soul of lustre,
 Eagle-eyed, undimmed by art,
 That the royal glories always
 Doth on lower minds impart.
 It was thine to choose a consort
 For his native worth and light,
 As his moral nature brightened
 With a true sense of the right.

Blessed be thou for the honor
 Thou didst pay to royal man,
 Just because truth's holy image
 Through his noble nature ran.
 Therefore it is meet we welcome
 One so beautiful and true,
 Who loved nature's high-wrought bearing
 As true manhood dazzled through.

We'll half yield thee our affections,
 As thy mother ruled our heart,
 Take her sovereign love and rule us,
 Never from us more to part.
 Thou hast placed the soul of empire
 In the human heart and soul,
 Not in ivory nor in topaz,
 Shall the sceptre o'er us roll.

But nobility of genius,
 Robed in beauty of the truth.
 That shone through a manly nature
 In the bloom of glowing youth.
 And humanity shall prize thee
 As thou didst this honor place
 On our rank by loving freely
 One for his own many grace.

Thou hast made it royal ever,
 That our love shall royal be,
 Flowing in our bosoms freely
 In its richest forms to thee ;
 Touch our nature, gifted angel,
 Who true art dost represent,
 Shed upon our souls the beauty
 That thy God to thee hath lent.

Bring again the lustrous genius,
 Offspring of the father's *mind*;
 With the higher love thy mother
 Sheds on empires vast, so kind:
 Come then with the native graces
 That are shining in thy soul,
 Touch Columbia's sons of freedom,
 Bring them back from Pole to Pole.

Heaven may have her secret purpose
 In thy matrimonial life
 In descending from the *Royal*,
 To become a *subject's* wife.
 This will e'er endear thy nature,
 To the great democracy,
 That their love will echo proudly,
 Back in thunder tones to thee.

Come and win them who have wandered,
 Like a truant child away ;
 Tell them thou wilt gladly welcome
 Them beneath Britannia's sway.
 And thy own sweet sceptre's power,
 Democratic and alive,
 To development of genius,
 That may always 'neath it thrive.

That one language and one people,
 We might yet sway all the world,
 With Britannia's simple banner,
 O'er them in pride unfurled.

'Neath one "vine and fig-tree," freely,
 America and Britain dwell,
 Giving to earth's tribes the blessings
 They enjoy from heaven so well.
 Looking forward for the dawning
 Of a sweet Millennial day,
 When one Sovereign and one Saviour,
 Will on earth His sceptre sway.

'Twas an error and a weakness,
 In them both at first to part ;
 Time hath healed the wound that error
 Fastened in each other's heart:
 For their Jeffreys and their Websters,
 Had our blood flow in their veins ;
 And 'tis highest wisdom in us
 Both to live beneath one reign.

It is right that proud Columbia
 Should return with all their store,
 And confess they are our brothers
 Coming home to roam no more.

We would gladly hail and welcome
 Them beneath thy mother's throne,
 We would kiss the truant brother,
 Call him fondly yet our own.

Come, loved Princess, sway the magic
 Wand of power o'er them now,
 Like a gentle shepherd lead them
 'Fore their former throne to bow.
 Be a link to yet unite them
 To Britannia's hallowed shore,
 That one law of true affection
 May rebind them one o'er more.

Touch them with the magic beauty
 That adorns thy gifted mind,
 That a throne could not allure,
 Nor the proudest sceptre bind.
 Bring thy high-wrought sense of beauty,
 Chase the rudeness we may know,
 And, with native polished graces,
 Cause our humble land to glow.

We are only in embryo,
 Crystalizing to come forth,
 Come and guide our forms to beauty ;
 Kin to those of highest worth.
 Come, direct the eye of Europe
 To our Province, wealth and power,
 Come, and o'er this vast dominion,
 More than Royal blessing shower.

Gentle one, O come, and quickly,
 Panting hearts of loyal love
 Wait to pour their fervour on thee,
 As some child of heaven above.
 Give us art and strike the rudeness
 Native to our shores away ;
 Give our habits inspiration,
 Of a holier, brighter day.

We shall then embalm thy memory,
 In our country heart of fire,
 And Victoria's children's children
 Will be valued higher and higher.
 So our hearts will long retain them,
 Gentle in their folds of love
 Until borne on brighter pinions
 To seraphic thrones above.

A POEM

—ON THE—

WRECK OF THE STEAMER WAUBUNO

—ON THE—

Georgian Bay, November 22nd, 1879.

BY REV. J. T. BREESE, M.A.

AIR: "*The Cottage by the Sea.*"

Come my comrades, stop the rapture
Of your hurried footsteps now ;
Turn aside while I may tell you
How the Waubuno did bow ;
Cruel was the fate that struck her
After laboring many a day,
Nobly plowing o'er the billows,
Through the storm, so bright and gay.

Laughing at the whistling fury
Of proud nature's angry frown,
As she many a stormy hour,
Threat before to plunge her down ;
But her day of youth and glory
Had passed like a cloud away,
Leaving nature as she ever
Was in one strength and proud array.

In the wild storms of November,
She came in an angry mood,
Like a woman in a passion,
Forgetting to be good
But broke forth in storm and frenzy
Of wild frowns that fatal hour,
While the proud Waubuno vessel,
Sank beneath her bitter power.

Captain Burkitt launched her broad sides
In the morn 'fore break of day,
Waited not for tide or sunshine,
He must be in pride away.
Darkness hung then o'er the heavens,
Like a veil on nature's face,
Hiding all the sullen purpose,
That would it that hour deface.

Thirteen brave, heroic sailors,
 Ventured with him on the deep,
 In the proud-ill-fated vessel,
 For which we this moment weep.
 Shall we blame him, he was daring
 Who defied the stormy sea ?
 He had fought in many a battle,
 And returned to home in glee.

So did proud Napoleon also,
 As he beat down many a throne,
 And at last sank 'fore the terrors
 He created round his own.
 The incaution and the daring
 Should then curb our ruling power,
 That may sway the breast the highest
 And enslave us any hour.

Was the vessel safe to venture ?
 Was it wise to load so well ?
 Let the caution in the future,
 Other wiser sailors *tell*.
 Genius of the sea ! what fury
 Didst thou brave, when sea and cloud
 Came arrayed to break in battle,
 And thy noble darling bowed.

Fighting with the storm was mighty,
 But a storm rose in each soul,
 Throwing waves upon their spirits,
 That their *wills* could not control ;
 Parting with the helm had sorrow,
 Parting with the ship had woe,
 But the parting with home loved ones
 Was to them the fatal blow.

What ! his spirit echoed sadly,
 Never see my home and wife,
 Must I part with them for ever,
 Leave them in this world of strife !
 Genius could not now manœuvre
 Any way to find the shore,
 Though the life boat is found has'tly,
 And strong nerves do ply the oar.

Down the passengers and crew must
 Bow before the angry storm,
 Leaving all so dear and tender,
 Loved ones, too, of slender form ;
 Never will their loving footsteps
 Echo at their homes again.
 O ! unhappy memories threaten,
 Yet to wreck the aching brain.

Where is God our tender father
 Who has wisdom, might, and love ?
 Is He sleeping, can he see them
 Through the dark clouds from above ?
 Where's the ministry of Angels,
 Sent us in each evil day ?
 Why did they not stop the captain
 Plunging in the foaming spray ?

Why not rush, then, intervening
 'Tween the hasty captain's plan,
 To deter his purpose starting
 And check back the daring man ;
 He has love and power and wisdom,
 And he gives us each a share,
 Makes responsible our senses
 In this deep and sad affair.

God will ne'er perform the labor
 That for us he has assigned,
 That would not fulfil his purpose
 To bring forth each power of mind ;
 He must answer from the heavens,
 I was present there and felt
 All the keenness of your sorrow
 As you 'fore My footstool knelt ;

But the prin'ry laws of nature
 Were the first I had to hear,
 Or the millions enclosed in them
 Would, too, shed to me a tear.
 God has buried them like Moses,
 No one knows their lonely grave ;
 Wife nor children cannot gather
 There to let their tears lave.

And no weeping willow marks it,
 Winds that dash'd them down alone
 Meet to sing their saddest requiem,
 And on each its passion moan ;
 In the deep inquiet beauty,
 Rests their forms here loved so well,
 Love cannot awhile ealm them
 Where they all in sorrow fell.

'Side the shore we stand a weeping,
 Dropping down our tears of woe,
 Asking the proud waves to pass them
 On where they our loved ones know :
 God of wisdom we are folly,
 We cannot thy purpose read,
 Thou art 'bove the clouds and reigning
 Where their spirits all are free'd.

Send them in our dreams to tell us
Where the mystery of it lies,
Our philosophies do fail us
And our oldest wisdom dies ;
We will wait to hear thy lesson
With the wisdom God doth know,
When it shall in riper glories
On our higher powers flow.

God of tenderness and mercy,
Break the fury of the storm,
Come and heal the hearts thus broken,
Lift their sorrow-beaten form,
Kiss them in thy love, and tell them
All shall work for future good,
When they'll meet them in the morning,
Robed and washed in Jesu's blood.

