



THE  
**POET'S**  
RAMBLES THROUGH TORONTO.

A POEM,  
ON THE  
*Scenery, Institutions, and Ministers of the City.*

BY  
J. T. BREEZE,  
PICTON, C. W.

DEDICATED TO HIS LORDSHIP, THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.

TORONTO:  
PRINTED AT THE "GUARDIAN" OFFICE STEAM PRESS, COURT STREET.  
1864.



THE  
POET'S RAMBLES  
THROUGH TORONTO.

A POEM,  
ON THE  
*Scenery, Institutions, and Ministers of the City.*

BY  
J. T. BREEZE,  
PICKTON, C. W.

DEDICATED TO HIS LORDSHIP, THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.

TORONTO :  
PRINTED AT THE "GUARDIAN" OFFICE STEAM PRESS, COURT STREET  
1864,



## DEDICATION.

---

TO THE RIGHT REV. J. STRACHAN, BISHOP OF TORONTO.

MY LORD,—

Your Lordship will pardon me in the liberty I have taken in dedicating my Poem on Toronto to you. Indeed, my Lord, when the writer was consulting some of the most distinguished gentlemen of the City, the sentiment was unanimous as to the propriety of this. The high regard, therefore, in which your Lordship is held in the estimation of the Clergy and Laity; the high position to which the Great Head of the Church has called and sustained you in unblemished purity of life, through sixty years of your able Ministry, and your early and wide connexion with the History, Education, and Progress of this land of our adoption—all these considerations seem to claim that reverence and tribute that any rising talent could present at your feet.

Hoping, my Lord, that when the time of your departure will have come, you will have an abundant entrance into the joy of your Lord!

I remain, with great regard,

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

J. T. BREEZE.

---

NOTE.—There were many of the Clergy and other distinguished men of the City away from home, whom I had not the pleasure of seeing. My health having failed a few months since, I came to Toronto for medical attendance, and having only a short time to stay, I could only write upon those things that came under my notice in that time, though there are other objects of great interest that I have not here mentioned, which would take too long a time to embrace them all in this Poem.

---

## POET'S RAMBLES.

---

Like the noble band of England,  
Cast upon this chequer'd world,  
Doth the poet lift his standard,  
With his banner all unfurl'd.  
Plants it in the world's vast centre,  
To attract its eager gaze;  
Round him gather novel spirits,  
Catching ought that may amaze.

Ah! I touch a friendly bosom,  
And inspire affections pure;  
'Cause the object which the poet  
Sings of, may their heart allure.  
And what though some eye of mischief,  
Pregnant with some venom'd sting,  
Aims to pierce the poet's spirit,  
And abate his towering wing.

Yet he heeds nor friends nor foemen,  
Onward genius breaks her way,  
Pouring forth her native lustre,  
Radiant with celestial day.  
Facts inflexible she scatters,  
Broke up from the mine of truth,  
And looks forth at every object  
With his naked powers of youth.

Wrecked in health, and broke in spirit,  
Still the muse doth him inspire,  
To uplift the harp and tune it,  
Like some sweet Eolian lyre;  
Dash'd the bark against the breast-works  
Of the waves that roll between  
Kingston and thy shore, Toronto,  
That are still in summer's green.

Summer's suns have scorched the white brow  
That oft ached with pain and woe;  
Hasten! Autumn fade and wither  
Every scene on earth below.  
Fade its beauties, as have faded,  
Joys of youth within my soul;  
Grant the poet fitting emblems  
Of the fate of mortals all.



To suppress those deep emotions  
 Which may rise within my soul,  
 That no thirst no pride nor passion  
 May within my bosom roll.  
 Then my soul may get inspired  
 By some theme of heavenly birth,  
 And desert ambitious objects  
 That are loved by men of earth.

Dip thy brush in nature's beauty,  
 Stroke it on thy canvas o'er;  
 Give a charm to every object  
 Seen around Toronto shore.  
 O! the bard is fond of nature,  
 Courts her sweet bewitching smile;  
 And doth tune his harp to praise her  
 With a spirit void of guile.

He doth love her varied glories,  
 From the wildest thunder-storm,<sup>s</sup>  
 Down to gales that fan the lily,  
 And wave o'er its beauteous form;  
 Are there beauties round thy precincts,  
 That can move a happy strain,  
 From the poet who may homage  
 All thy glories once again.

What a vast and glorious city  
 Spreads around this placid shore,  
 Where the wild untutor'd Indian  
 Rambled a few years before.  
 Now the woodman's axe is silent,  
 That once echo'd o'er the plain,  
 And the arm that often swung it  
 Ne'er will wield it here again.

Could he rise and see the glory  
 That doth shade his dust alone,  
 He'd declare his humble grave lot  
 Was entire to him unknown.  
 No poor red man now to guide him  
 To those sacred spots he trod,  
 Where, perhaps (alone), he found him  
 Offering homage to his God.

Trying to preserve so sacred  
 In his heart those germs of truth,  
 That some Christian mother planted  
 In his mind since days of youth.  
 And to gaze on the wild glories  
 That o'erspreads this neighborhood;  
 Which, when he was young and happy,  
 All was one wild waste of wood.

He would want to flee, as David,  
 Like a dove whose wings would press  
 Swiftly to some sacred silence,  
 To his former wilderness;  
 And be buried 'neath some willow,  
 Where the gentle streamlets lave,  
 To revive the beauteous flowers  
 That adorn his humble grave.

---

### ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL.

Shaded beneath the waving trees,  
 In the Cathedral's hallow'd grove,  
 Fan'd by the cool of Autumn's breeze,  
 The poet humble layers move.  
 The power and gift divine I ask,  
 Forbid me not what I implore,  
 Power, according to my task,  
 That I its beauties may explore.  
 With ease the heart soars up above,  
 Free from the cares of mortal life,  
 I gaze upon his throne of love,  
 Forgetting all this world of strife.  
 Yea, I may see, without a cloud,  
 The heavenly hosts in glory fall,  
 And every knee in honour bow'd  
 Low 'fore the triune Lord of all.  
 There 'mong the burning throngs doth shine  
 Lambert and Hooper's spirits pure;  
 Who honour'd once the truth divine,  
 And martyrs suffering did endure.  
 'Fore they'd betray the precious word,  
 They seal'd it with life's purple blood;  
 Hail'd the white flames their stakes afford,  
 And yielded up their souls to God.  
 This, this the channel from whence flowed  
 The truths our mother church hath taught;  
 Yea, many a head in flames were bowed,  
 Who preach'd the glories Jesus bought.  
 The contrast wide doth now appear,  
 'Tween present times and days of yore;  
 Under our vine and fig tree here,  
 None dare molest the sacred hour.  
 O! are those virtues in the heart  
 So deep as those who kiss'd the flame;  
 Or were we tried 'fore life departs,  
 Could we, too, die for Jesu's name.  
 How peaceful is the Christian hour  
 In life given us to worship God,

While veteran's souls through flames did tower  
 To heaven that seal'd it with their blood.  
 The poet now may chime his lyre,  
 While sitting in this sacred grove ;  
 None dare attempt to quench the fire  
 That burns from out his heart of love.  
 Here, round St. James's mighty walls,  
 The muse doth linger willingly,  
 As once of yore, round old St. Paul's,  
 When home in England, young and free.  
 O ! dare the lambent flames consume,  
 Once more this treble sacred wall ;  
 Or will its artful work illumine,  
 And 'fore its dreadful fury fall.  
 May heaven, who holds the thunderbolt  
 Safe in the muscle of his hand,  
 Control the elements whose holt  
 Could yet consume it from the land !  
 May heaven's protecting arm o'ershade  
 The sanctuary on his name ;  
 And all the offerings that are made  
 Reach his bright throne in hallow'd flame.  
 Here, oft beneath these sacred walls,  
 The vener'd Bishop's voice is heard ;  
 The God who sees the sparrows fall,  
 Hath long preserved him by his word.  
 Full three score years his tongue of fire  
 Hath taught the way to heaven and God ;  
 Whose spirit early did inspire,  
 To point the sinner to the blood.  
 The weight of four score years or more,  
 Do rest upon his vener'd head ;  
 Soon will his voice be heard no more,  
 But silent lie among the dead.  
 Bedew'd by many a Christian eye,  
 Whose tears will fall upon his grave ;  
 Keeping alive what flowers may lie  
 In beauty on his sacred grave.  
 And may his spirit bright and free,  
 Abundant entrance then receive  
 Into Christ's kingdom joyfully,  
 Where no sin can his spirit grieve !

His sons in the gospel will love then to follow  
 His path that shone brighter to the perfect day,  
 Forsaking the pomp of the world that is hollow,  
 They 'll seek for that glory that 's now far away.

Time creeps to the brow of Grasett, who is rector,  
 And scatters some silver locks over his face ;  
 Who through thirty years hath given them sweet nectar,  
 While truth's bright effulgence oft beam'd rich in grace.

May Baldwin and Cartwright long live to shed glory,  
 And with hallow'd eloquence always proclaim  
 The beauty and fullness of Calvary's story,  
 With music that dwells in their Redeemer's name!

Directing the masses to flee to that fountain  
 Once open'd for sinners on Calvary's brow;  
 For the Pearl of great price is sure hid in that mountain.  
 And Jesus can save them in mercy there now.

Its inward forms are laid with works of arts,  
 Replete with beauty are its various parts;  
 Six massive arches hold the pondrous roof  
 That fain would say 't was now all fire-proof.  
 This house of God doth tower like one of old,  
 Though not deep laid as it with purest gold;  
 Its massive walls threats here long to remain,  
 Till time will lay its head in dust again.  
 May the Shekinah always linger here,  
 Pouring its light to scatter human fear;  
 Assuring man that God is still his friend,  
 And will remain till time's short journey 'll end.  
 God of our fathers, let thy sacred face  
 Shine on this spot with every gospel grace,  
 That those who hear the Word of Life below,  
 May yet in heaven eternal glories know.  
 A thousand voices on God's Sabbath day  
 Pour hymns of praise, and chant an heavenly lay,  
 Mingling with throngs that crowd the eternal throne.  
 And bow in awe to worship God alone.  
 How like those songs that chime in worlds above  
 Are these betimes, when wafted there in love;  
 When every voice, mingled with organ power,  
 Pour sweetest praises on the Sabbath hour.  
 Jehoavh bows to them a list'ning ear,  
 Accepts their praise, that comes from hearts sincere,  
 While every heart, like Peter, cries 'tis good,  
 This can be naught but thine own house, O God!  
 The gate of heaven now breaketh on their view,  
 And God is seen in all his glories new;  
 The heart is drawn to those bright scenes above,  
 Where prayer is lost in praise of endless love.

---

### THE WESLEYAN METHODIST.

DR. RYERSON.

Wesley! thy name doth sound on many a shore,  
 Thy deeds ne'er die nor give their virtue o'er;  
 Thine acts of love in characters of light,  
 Shine on to guide the world to glory bright;

Thy spacious mind stored with the truths of God,  
 Directs yet millions to the purple flood ;  
 Thy matchless faith that moved the glorious throne,  
 And brought the presence of the Eternal down ;  
 Inspires the hearts of all thy followers here,  
 To claim those mercies that were bought so dear ;  
 This world was set on fire of hallowed flame,  
 When thou didst sound the power of Jesus' name ;  
 Its face was changed as with some magic wand,  
 When thy lips taught the gospel through the land ;  
 Thy sons are clothed still in that matchless grace,  
 That offers pardon to the human race ;  
 The acorn seed that fell deep in one heart,  
 Sends forth its branches the wide world apart ;  
 And thousands nestle 'neath its hallowed shade,  
 Some in the ear more in the tender blade ;  
 A bow hath spread o'er sweet Toronto's shore,  
 Casting its shadows where proud billows roar.  
 Wesley ! thy sons are clothed in gospel light,  
 Betraying glory of its precepts bright ;  
 Their zeal and love to the eternal truth,  
 Bloom ever young as in their days of youth ;  
 Bowing the world beneath imperial power,  
 By grace divine that heaven doth deign to shower.  
 Ryerson, thy God did early call thy name,  
 To feel his grace, the Gospel to proclaim,  
 And formed thy mind with wide proportion here,  
 To preach the doctrines of that gospel clear ;  
 Thou towerest high above thy fellows far,  
 Like Saul whose head was 'bove the rest in war ;  
 Those giant powers were early stored in youth,  
 And inlaid deep with heavens eternal truth  
 Till now thy fame resounds in every land,  
 Obeying mandates of heavens high command ;  
 Thy heart benign ruled by deep sympathy,  
 Doth lend its power to aid the student free  
 Where mental power if seen of native worth,  
 Struggling to bring its energies all forth ;  
 Thine eye not slow its genius to perceive,  
 Nor last its wants in kindness to relieve ;  
 But with some thought that will his breast inspire,  
 Dost move his mind to hopes of glory higher,  
 And point him on the way to future fame,  
 To honour here and an immortal name.  
 Thy tongue and pen two swords of brilliant power,  
 In battles brave have laboured through lifes hour ;  
 Yea, many a foe in weakness did retire,  
 Vanquished in war before thy tongue of fire ;  
 But thou alone on the wide battle field,  
 No power essays to cause thy sword to yield ;  
 Thy brethren love to crown thy lustrous brow  
 With wreaths of fame while with us here below ;

O ! how much more when death will lay thy head  
 Low in the confines of its earthy bed,  
 When towers thy soul free to its native air,  
 Which mortals powers on earth fail to declare.

REV. DR. W. JEFFERS.

Fearless and brave are all the hallow'd words  
 Which thy pure tongue of eloquence affords ;  
 Keen is thine eye to read the human heart,  
 Keen to discern the words of truth apart.  
 Apt in enforcing, on the Sabbath hour,  
 The elements of truth with more than mortal power ;  
 A genius thine, superior to thine age,  
 Towering above its fury and its rage ;  
 In quiet beauty breaks its light apart,  
 Pouring truth's lustre in the sinner's heart.  
 Sin, like the hydra, with a hundred hands,  
 Writhes 'fore the power of thy great magic wands,  
 Owning the God that moves thy tongue of grace,  
 To stir the wicked from their hiding place,  
 Bringing the wretched to the Gospel store  
 For food, and raiment, and life evermore.

REV. H. POLLARD.

Within thy mind dwell attributes of fire,  
 That claim some music from the poet's lyre ;  
 Thou art a sample of those souls that trod  
 Britannia's shores, teaching the way to God.  
 Where Wesley's tongue did fall in hallowed flame,  
 Preaching the glories of his Saviour's name ;  
 His doctrines pure, find in thy heart a place,  
 Bedewed divinely with salvation's grace.  
 Stern are the virtues that reign in the mind,  
 Stern as the oak before the furious winds ;  
 No thunder roar, no forked lightning bright,  
 Could from thy heart these moral virtues fright.  
 There they remain, till death will make them shine  
 Bright in the glory of the throne divine ;  
 Leaving in death one word to testify  
 Their power to bless in its last agony.

---

DR. CALDICOTT, *Bond Street.*

Seated within the spacious walls,  
 Where art displays her noblest powers ;  
 Where mental eloquence oft falls  
 Upon the soul in Sabbath hours.  
 Sweet, sweet the hour of hallow'd rest  
 We spent upon the Sabbath eve,

In Bond Street, where we were addressed,  
 And urged in Jesus to believe.  
 O, Caldicott ! thy mind acute,  
 Can see the sinner's wavering heart ;  
 Play on its strings as on a flute,  
 And move its various powers apart.  
 Deep in the mine of sacred truth  
 Thine eye espies the precious ore ;  
 'Tis seized by thee, and given to youth  
 Who learn to love the Gospel store.  
 How clear thine arguments do prove  
 The living Word of God aright,  
 To teach all men His name to love,  
 By bringing each to Gospel light.  
 There 'fore the mirror of the word  
 Hung the ungodly in his guilt ;  
 " Believe," said he, " in Christ the Lord,  
 Thou may'st be cleansed whole if thou wilt."  
 Then list'ning to the Word of Life,  
 That fell upon the soul from thee ;  
 Cease did the tumult and the strife  
 'Fore purple streams of Calvary.  
 How well thou knowest the human mind,  
 And its relation wide to sin,  
 And all its mighty power to bind  
 The soul to crime it welters in.  
 " Madness is in their heart," he said,  
 And did portray the picture true ;  
 That Solomon, if from the dead,  
 Could not have drawn a deeper hue.

---

DR. JENNINGS.

God's naked word thou pourest on my ear,  
 Teaching me virtues, and my God to fear ;  
 Stealing the mind beneath thy Gospel strain,  
 Back to Judea's Mount and hallowed plain,  
 Where Jesu's lips did teach the word of life,  
 Causing convictions and reproving strife,  
 Bringing the wounded in his arms of love,  
 For peace on earth and hopes of bliss above.

---

JAMES BEATY, ESQ.

I cast mine eye across a forest wide,  
 And gaze on trees that tower in mighty pride ;  
 One brow doth tower above another far,  
 Striving to hold communion with a star.  
 I see the rock and peak, on peak aspire,  
 One pointing high, another towering higher ;

I see a star adorn the evening sky,  
 Breaking its lustre on the traveller's eye.  
 I see a number, and they all do shine  
 In quiet beauty 'neath the throne divine ;  
 One after one, I mark them, each retire,  
 When morning dawns and none their light requires.  
 One as a sentinal lingers on to see  
 Aurora's car riding in majesty ;  
 Her blushing eye then quietly retires,  
 Before the glory of Aurora's fires.  
 These trees and rocks, and that one faithful star,  
 May with Toronto's varied minds compare ;  
 Beaty, 'tis thee I see amidst the throng,  
 Moving the masses with thy pen and tongue,  
 Like a brave warrior on the battle field.  
 Not thou in war to a proud foe would'st yield,  
 Thy lofty mind doth tower above the mass,  
 Bestrewing thy knowledge among every class,  
 Blessing the world with its all radiant light,  
 To guide their footsteps to heaven's bliss aright,  
 And in the world where politics do rage,  
 Thy mighty mind the desperate battle wage,  
 To bless the leaders of the coming age.

---

HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Scotia ! how oft the poet sings of thee,  
 Thy hills and dales have heard sweet songs from me ;  
 Home of the brave, land of the martyr'd good,  
 The beauteous face blushed often with their blood.  
 Thy towering hills have shaded many brows,  
 Where bloom'd their wreath with more than mortal blows  
 The bards and statesmen from thy sacred shore,  
 Have shook the world with gifts we all adore.  
 Brown, of Toronto, did the fates above  
 Brood o'er thy nature like a guileless dove,  
 And pour the spirit of old Scotia's power  
 Upon thy brow, throughout life's checquer'd hour.  
 How far and wide is thy deep influence felt,  
 Upon the heart of every Scotia Celt ;  
 Gladstone, of Europe, see an equal mind,  
 Fraught with a power of a similar kind.  
 Quaint is thy mind, keen is thy native ken,  
 Strong are the words that issue from thy pen ;  
 Thy country's youth may copy oft from thee  
 The way to honor, through deep industry.  
 Thy labouring mind seized the great facts of truth,  
 They moved thy breast since early days of youth ;  
 And now thy mind can shed their light afar,  
 Breaking in lustre of an evening star.  
 The "*Globe*," thy means, were columns of thy power,  
 Are seen to prove its fullness every hour.



## THE UNIVERSITY.

God of the universe! inspire  
 My burning breast with hallowed flame;  
 Aid me to touch my native lyre  
 With reverence due thy holy name;  
 Savor my song with unction pure,  
 That drops from the eternal throne,  
 That every thought may long endure  
 A monument to thee alone;  
 Aid my frail powers to gaze aright  
 On nature, and her beauties wild,  
 And feel her yielding to my sight  
 The glories I saw when a child,  
 Around my humble cottage home,  
 Where first my heart did love her face;  
 Nor less now, though from there I roam,  
 Far from its deep bewitching grace;  
 Or should mine eye fall on the work  
 Of art, in pomp around this shore,  
 Grant me the beauty that may lurk  
 To grace my lines 'till they are o'er;  
 Or should some attributes of power  
 Be found within the human mind,  
 May genius round their lustre tower,  
 And their true source of greatness find!  
 Judea's birds had found a nest,  
 Beneath the temple's sacred shade,  
 Where they could lay their young to rest,  
 Save from the poison'd arrows blade.  
 So 'round Toronto's sacred shore,  
 Learning doth raise her head on high,  
 Safe from the darts that wander o'er,  
 Sent forth by infidelity.

Here, 'round the shore of wild Ontario's lake,  
 Again I ask my sacred song to awake;  
 Nature and art, in wrestling pride conspire,  
 To claim my song and all its native fire.  
 The first adorn'd in Autumn's fading green,  
 And art in glory rarer seldom seen;  
 Thy shores, Toronto, labours to outvie  
 The native pride of ancient majesty.  
 These walls enrich'd in subtle works of art,  
 Carved and recarved are all its stone apart;  
 Its solendid front doth fall upon the eye  
 With treble force and potent majesty;  
 And all serene, its wide dimensions lies  
 Within the park, 'neath Autumn's silvery skies.  
 Thy glorious plans, O Cumberland! whose thought  
 Of rich design are ever always fraught;  
 Thy name, in praise, will ring around this wall,  
 Till all its strength in distant time may fall.

Within its walls dwell minds, whose ample store,  
 Reflect deep glories of truth's ancient lore ;  
 Their realm of thought in learning all unknown,  
 But to themselves, who sound its depths alone.  
 Doctor McCall, thy mind of native power,  
 Right full of fruit doth hang throughout life's hour ;  
 How ripe doth fall thy knowledge of all truth,  
 Gathered by labour since thy days of youth !  
 Learning hath wreathed thy brow with glory bright,  
 And time doth weave her laurels there aright ;  
 A radiant lustre falls from thy mild face,  
 Deep'ning the beauty of thy mental grace.  
 The brilliant youth do feel thy mental power,  
 Stamp'd on their own, to bless them through life's hour.  
 May distant years alone bow low thy head,  
 And hide its lustre in earth's dusty bed !  
 Till then, bright star, shed on thy lustre bright,  
 Guiding young minds to hells of learning's height ;  
 Thy name and memory hallowed evermore,  
 Through distant time around this favoured shore.  
 Within its walls a rich Museum lies,  
 Scattering rich beauties 'fore our wond'ring eyes ;  
 The Indian relics, stored of ancient date,  
 Are here depo'd by thoughtful minds of late.  
 The tomahawk, which wielded a foul blow,  
 To lay in death his fellow mortal low,  
 With implements the native Indians hewed  
 While wandering free, untutor'd, through the wood.  
 And here are birds of every coloured wing,  
 Whose powers were free, their melody to sing ;  
 Some cruel hand hath paralyzed their song,  
 And hushed the music warbling on their tongue.  
 The varied host of Canada's vast wild,  
 That charm the heart to raptures pure and mild,  
 And moved the breast with hymns they often sung,  
 Now praise sits silence on their palsied tongue.  
 But yet the plumes that those bright wings supply  
 Are fraught with beauty that can never die,  
 Reminding all of Eden's lustrous host,  
 From whence they flew when happiness was lost.  
 Yea, Heaven's own host are represented here,  
 And ranged according to their varied sphere ;  
 From Austria's Emu to those insects all  
 That deem it bliss on lower scales to crawl.  
 Those creatures, too, of thy wide lake and sea,  
 That plowed their depths when they were swimming free :  
 All telling man how wide Jehovah trod,  
 To leave the imprints of his name as God.  
 Canadian sons do labour here to know  
 Their nature's all and history here below,  
 That they may learn the works of God to love  
 On earth below, as well as things above.

THE PROVINCIAL LUNATIC ASYLUM, AND DR.  
WORKMAN, GOVERNOR.

Land of the brave and happy free!  
How many charms belong to thee!  
Virtues abound around thy shore,  
That can hush man's deep sorrow o'er.  
O! that great heart of boundless love,  
That bent o'er thee once from above,  
And with a sacrifice untold,  
Bought for thee more than gifts of gold,  
That angels fail their depths unfold.  
Blessings divine, all rich and free,  
Covering man's deepest misery;  
That wond'rous sacrifice was made  
For every form and human grade,  
To give to us a sample bright,  
Moved by its deep celestial light,  
To act to fellow mortals right,  
And with a God-like charity,  
Copy the love of Calvary.  
His government of love, we know,  
Has wond'rous phases here below;  
In nature, contrasts doth appear,  
'Tween beauteous vales and deserts drear,  
'Tween sunny climes, where her pure smile  
Hath no false shadows to beguile,  
To plague the traveller in his way  
Throughout the sweet scenes of the day.  
Forests may murmur music sweet,  
And birds in heavenly accents greet,  
While rivulets answer at his feet.

So in the intellectual realm,  
Though Providence stays at the helm,  
The same great contrast still is seen  
'Tween those sweet lawns in summer's green,  
And those minds parch'd by sin and woe,  
Defacing earth's glad joys below.  
See intellect desert her throne,  
And in such frightful aspects groan,  
That none can feel but they alone.  
Parch'd by some source of sin and woe,  
From whence eternal sorrow flow;  
Some by the secret hand of God  
May groan their deep eternal load,  
The wond'rous cause to all unknown,  
Save to the great eternal throne.  
And more, by reckless passion's power,  
Have blasted all life's joyful hour  
Every way; still here they are,  
Claiming benevolence and care;

Each do appeal, by silent tones,  
 To hearts who'll feel their ceaseless groans.  
 Remember Canada, the deeds  
 Of Jesu's love to all thy needs ;  
 Then thou wilt not forget those here,  
 Left by his will to claim thy tear.  
 But deep compassion from thy breast  
 Will soon wake from its slumb'ring rest,  
 And imitate those acts of love  
 That still flow from his throne above.

Yea, Canada, like England dear,  
 Has her colossal foot-prints here ;  
 Her deeds heroic, of all kind,  
 Claim admiration from our mind.  
 Her sympathy hath raised on high  
 These massive walls to greet the sky,  
 Where full four hundred insane poor  
 May shelter in its gen'rous door,  
 Watch'd by the skilful mind of one  
 Whose life of lust'rous deeds have shone,  
 That noble sacrificing love,  
 Angels doth court from realms above.  
 His soul allied, yea constantly,  
 By deep unerring sympathy,  
 To this part of the realm of God,  
 For whom the Saviour shed his blood,  
 And still are noticed by his eye,  
 Amid their mind's deformity.  
 His government doth reach them here,  
 Shedding for them a crystal tear  
 Which angels (seeing) love so dear.  
 This fact his soul doth recognise,  
 It moves tears from his tender eyes,  
 And then allies his destiny  
 To all their woes and misery,  
 And offers to his God above,  
 The service of his heart of love.  
 That lofty, noble, towering brow,  
 In which compassions streams do flow,  
 Betrays high principles of mind,  
 To guide them not in passions blind,  
 But each conducive to their best  
 And highest form of interest.

God of compassion, in whose breast  
 Doth deep infinite goodness rest,  
 And in whose heart doth labour free  
 Affections pure eternally,  
 And on whose mighty arm divine,  
 The universe doth all recline.

How can thy broad Omniscient eye  
 Gaze on this scene of misery,  
 And looking on the Cross, whose woe  
 Atoned for all man's guilt below,  
 And not sweep from the face of earth  
 These scenes of woe of human birth?  
 God of infinite wisdom, thou  
 Dost chain my lip, and my knee bow,  
 All, all these wonders I resign,  
 In meekness to the will divine.  
 Shall not the eternal world reveal  
 The marvels of thy glorious will,  
 And tell the principles and cause  
 On which were wrecked these mental laws?  
 And why in frightful aspects groan  
 These victims 'neath thy generous throne?

Poor maniac mind, how strange thy visions are!  
 My pencil fails their various forms declare;  
 Strange hosts appear to affright thy weakness still,  
 And shadows wild thy mental visions fill,  
 Who knows the depth of thy profound despair,  
 Produced by shadows floating in the air.  
 Let that blanch'd cheek, and that deep sunken eye,  
 Bespeak thy woes and mental agony.  
 Thy shipwreck'd mind stands proof of that great fall  
 Which less or more we have experienced all.  
 And still a proof of those great attributes  
 That raises man above the common brutes,  
 And proof sublime of immortality,  
 In which the soul will be forever free.  
 O! from its hills thy soul may yet look down,  
 And see the abyss in which thy mind did groan,  
 And see the way which God hath dealt with thee,  
 To save thy soul from deeper misery.  
 Thou'lt turn thine eye and smile upon his throne,  
 And bless his name for all that he hath done,  
 And say 'tis well, the power be ever thine,  
 And mine the worship 'fore its throne divine.

Full fifty acres is a lot too poor,  
 As much again, or more, thou shouldst ensure;  
 That the wild feet of patients oft may stray,  
 To catch, perchance, the thoughts of youthful day,  
 When passions pure did in their bosoms play;  
 And should some thought their wandering minds o'er rule,  
 And strike the mind of days, of youth and school,  
 That thought, through God, may yet the soul redeem,  
 And break the chains of life's bewildering dream.  
 What though the flowers in beauteous forms may grow,  
 Shaping their hue white as the driven snow,

And every colour break upon the eye,  
 Reflecting back to days of youthful glee,  
 Give them the sway that they afar may stroll  
 To feel the freedom of their youthful soul,  
 It may give power to break the spell that bound,  
 As with a chain, their spirits to the ground.

---

#### OSGOODE HALL.

Within a grove of velvet green,  
 Dwell the wild splendours of a Hall,  
 Rarer in beauty seldom seen,  
 Lifting to heaven her pond'rous wall.  
 I sit beneath its glorious dome,  
 Where beauteous colours meet the eye ;  
 And wherever it doth roam,  
 Some majesty approaches nigh.  
 Taste hath here lavish'd all her store,  
 And art her ablest cunning work ;  
 Here both have stamp'd their wond'rous power,  
 Here their triumphant glories lurk.  
 Within its spacious walls do dwell  
 The various courts of Civil Law ;  
 Where legal eloquence may tell  
 On wond'ring crowds that thither draw.  
 A Library of law, immense,  
 Here student's ardently devour ;  
 Its pungent truth, with minds intense,  
 Thirsting for knowledge every hour.  
 The dead and living, great, are here,  
 Painted by some neat skilful hand ;  
 Perpetuating memories dear,  
 Who once shed rich lustre in our land.

---

#### THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Toronto ! thy brow reflects here many a gem,  
 In princely pride do'st wear thy diadem ;  
 Genius is here shedding her radiant light,  
 To lift all minds to purest bliss aright,  
 And save the world from curses that have fell,  
 Plunging earth's millions to the depths of hell.  
 She tempts all minds to drink the knowledge pure,  
 Which she for them doth labour to secure ;  
 To raise on high the wondrous mass of mind,  
 That former years did labour oft'n to blind.  
 That chain is broke, thank God, now light doth shine,  
 Its radiance falls in lustre all divine ;

Scattering the darkness that o'erhung our earth,  
 By truths now owned to be of heavenly birth.  
 Where are ye now hobgoblins that of old,  
 Threw out your shadows and your lustre bold ;  
 Where are the spirits that disturb'd the mass,  
 And shook the fears of the lower class ;  
 Knowledge hath poured on them the light of day ;  
 They stood it not but fled from earth away,  
 Children of darkness and deep ignorance,  
 Illegal sons by some foul act of chance ;  
 Unknown to days of knowledge and of power,  
 And genius pure that to true bliss doth tower,  
 The friends of truth and knowledge pure are here,  
 Dispensing light and chasing human fear ;  
 And build on truth an edifice of power,  
 Where mind may flee for shelter any hour.  
 What makes thy land, O Canada, surpass  
 Italic shores, and all its lower class ;  
 Thy days are fewer yet thy blooming youth,  
 Betrays more light and lustre of the truth ;  
 Life's sacred truths are poured upon thy mind,  
 With knowledge pure of a celestial kind ;  
 The guilt of Rome doth not rest on thy soul,  
 On its own breast those conscious billows roll ;  
 She bound in chains the millions mass of mind,  
 And veiled their eye with ignorance so blind ;  
 No ray of light to raise their soul on high,  
 To guide to bliss that lies beyond the sky.  
 Not so our land, sweet Canada, O no,  
 Thou lovest all minds eternal truth to know,  
 This Institute that lifts her head on high,  
 Towering in pride to kiss the silvery sky ;  
 Holds in her power six thousand volumes bright,  
 That pours the rays of truth celestial light ;  
 Ten hundred members feed upon the fruit,  
 Of mental power that flows from minds acute ;  
 Their spirit strengthens on the light they feel,  
 That through these means doth o'er their spirit steal ;  
 And carry light to many a distant shore,  
 To bless the world which they may wander o'er.  
 Lesslie and Baldwin were the noble sires,  
 That kindl'd the flame which now thy breast inspires ;  
 Thy Bates and Leach and others are alive,  
 To see the fruit of all their labours thrive ;  
 Dunlop and Sewel that are now 'mong the dead,  
 Slumbering in peace low in earth's dusty bed ;  
 Their spirits live among us ever more,  
 Treasured their names in memory's sacred store.  
 O would some power from some celestial hill,  
 Awake my song and move my slumbering will ;  
 That I my voice in righteous accents raise,  
 And hymn sweet truth of one in lasting praise ;

Yea heavenly virtues surely in thee shine,  
 And claim encomiums from this pen of mine.  
 Edwards thy praise doth fall from every tongue,  
 Why not from mine in an immortal song ;  
 Thy steady virtues shine of lustre mild,  
 No moral breach hath e'er thy heart defiled ;  
 With what fond ease they rest their trust on thee,  
 And thy returns are hailed in joyfully ;  
 Yea all thy actions shine of brightest hue,  
 To bless the world with all their lustre true ;  
 Thine efforts here contribute e'er to raise,  
 Thy country's fame worthy of constant praise.  
 The labours vast of Storm and Cumberland,  
 Did raise on high these walls by their command ;  
 Which stand a credit to those noble men,  
 Who claim encomiums from my humble pen ;  
 It well bespeaks of energies that lie,  
 In human breasts that sleep but never die ;  
 Brave benefactors of the human race,  
 May heaven redown his mercies on this place ; }  
 And bless the means ye always here employ,  
 To raise young minds by truth to endless joy.

---

#### THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

I seem to sit, within this grove,  
 Like the immortal bards that sung,  
 Asking eternal powers above,  
 To aid thoughts that fall from my tongue.  
 My native lyre hath chanted oft  
 To nature in her robes of green ;  
 And soar'd from thence to heaven aloft,  
 Where deeper glories still are seen.  
 Where is a scene to which my lyre  
 Did not yet sing on sea or shore ;  
 But yet one theme will it inspire,  
 Before its melodies are o'er.  
 Land of the brave and free, thy soil  
 Can boast of men of giant power :  
 Who led by intellectual toil,  
 Their country where it now doth tower.  
 Through them the finer arts allure  
 And steal the nobler powers of mind ;  
 To gain a name that may endure  
 In blessed memory here behind.  
 A Raphael's soul may slumber here,  
 With naught to raise its power to fame,  
 Did not these pictures, bold and clear,  
 Inspire him to an equal name.



The sacred scenes of Canaan's plains,  
 Are brought by art before the eye ;  
 Fruit of those geniuses whose gains  
 Were crowns of immortality.  
 The lovely tales of ancient song  
 Are stamp'd with more than mortal power,  
 Which once moved poet's harps along,  
 In angel beauty in life's hour.  
 The sculptor, too, may ramble here,  
 And know what mighty minds have done ;  
 Like thine Apollo, Belvidere,  
 Whose brow has worn a fadeless crown.  
 Here Laocoon's unhappy fate  
 Is stamp'd in features of despair ;  
 How helpless is his dreadful state,  
 And his two sons entangled there.  
 Some master mind hath drawn them fine,  
 Suffering Minerva's penalty ;  
 She sent with attributes divine  
 Those serpents from the foaming sea.  
 The mighty destiners of earth  
 Are chisell'd here by art sublime.  
 By minds whose power of heavenly birth  
 Outlive the fading wreaths of time.  
 O, Canada ! thy youth should come  
 From every pleasant dale and hill,  
 And round these halls of classics roam,  
 To drink sweet nectar to the fill.  
 O, Ryerson ! thy mind alone  
 Can boast of attributes so fine ;  
 Whose cultivated taste hath grown  
 To love the beautiful divine.  
 The impress of thy mind we feel  
 Is stamp'd upon the present age ;  
 Its influence doth o'er us steal,  
 In mental power on many a page.  
 Far in the ages yet to come,  
 When art will raise her head on high,  
 The memory to thee will roam,  
 With dew-drops nestling in her eye.  
 Nor dare the poet's pen forget  
 A name long to it here allied ;  
 Whose heart is on its int'rest set,  
 A friend to Education, tried.  
 Hodgins ! thy works shall speak thy praise,  
 Should human tongues cease to extol ;  
 May thy dear name on this spot raise,  
 Long as Ontario's billows roll !

## THE 16TH REGIMENT—MAJOR GENERAL NAPIER.

The crown of Britannia casts shadows afar,  
 Illuming the nations of earth, as a star  
 Does Venus shed lustre deep, deep in the night,  
 Dispensing its gloom with its silvery light.  
 So Briton in glory more radiant doth shine,  
 Reflecting the lustre of truth all divine;  
 A throne that is founded on this rock will stand,  
 Illuming the nation and blessing the land.  
 An hand-maid for heaven, and true to her trust,  
 Will prosper when other thrones crumble to dust;  
 The principle in her will raise her to power,  
 And arm her with valour in each trying hour.  
 These principles burn'd in the soldier's deep heart,  
 When he from the home of his youth fain would part:  
 The kiss and the tear that his mother did yield,  
 Were naught to the laurels that hung on the field.  
 The fame of the kingdom had won his proud soul,  
 It ruled in his spirit and govern'd it whole;  
 His life is a morsel, how proud would he die,  
 To seal the dread battle with true victory.  
 How fondly he'd lie on the field with the brave,  
 No flower declaring the place of his grave;  
 But his one idea was to gain a bright name,  
 And stamp it in letters of gold and of fame.  
 Britannia! how num'rous the hearts that do beat  
 In love to thy sceptre so powerful and great;  
 The sun ne'er goes down on the plains where thy sway  
 Does not in some measure her proud visits pay.

Toronto shore has strong defences made,  
 Should war arise, her plans are ready laid;  
 Her breastworks bare to hide the canon ball  
 That from the foe like hailstone here may fall.  
 Our guns are here, each waiting for their load,  
 And knees may bow, to ask success from God;  
 Thy towers are built, thy forts all ready are  
 Waiting the terrors and the woes of war.  
 But not thy towers, nor yet thy strength or power  
 Can yield protection in the trying hour.  
 Thy forts must lie deep in the soldier's breast,  
 There loyal power must wake to interest,  
 And break the slumber of a peaceful rest.

Then can thy shores, Toronto, boast of men  
 Who 'll freely die for Briton's throne again;  
 Give me their name, that I may stamp a line,  
 With all the power from out this pen of mine.  
 Mine eye must pierce their heart, to see its hue,  
 Then stroke the picture with a pencil true,  
 That all may see and love the picture fair,  
 And go in pride its beauty to declare.

Hero's of battles, where are ye  
 Who once did tread this happy shore;  
 Shall we your equals never see  
 On earth among us evermore?  
 Havelock and Nelson, from above,  
 That once did tread the battle plain,  
 Shew us your loyalty and love,  
 Baptize us with it once again.  
 O, Wellington! has earth no place,  
 Where equal footsteps yet may tread,  
 And imitate thy strength and grace,  
 That slumbers now among the dead.  
 O, Canada, awake! put on  
 Thy strength, thy country soon to save;  
 Why should we cry for Wellington  
 To rise up from his peaceful grave.  
 There is a shade of British soul,  
 A mind unknown to coward's fear;  
 Whose able powers do well control  
 The wide affairs of armies here.  
 That spirit, Napier, is thine,  
 Son of a sire immortal, brave;  
 Who fled, as though on wings divine,  
 His country's glory e'er to save.  
 Why are the memories of the great  
 Untold by British bards again?  
 'Tis theirs to save them from that fate,  
 By lines immortal from their pen.  
 Peace to thy dust! O, Napier, dear!  
 In peace it sleeps, on England's shore;  
 Whose heart ne'er vibrated to fear,  
 When thunders of the battle roar.  
 Thy mantle fell upon thy son,  
 Who treads the way to high renown;  
 And gain the victories others won,  
 And add bright gems to Briton's throne.

TORONTO, thy shore did resound to the harp string  
 That pour'd on thine ears deep music and love;  
 And a bard o'er thy spires did soar on his proud wing,  
 And fain would he leave thee for glories above.  
 Down deep in his spirit dwells music and fire,  
 Touch'd once by the glories of thy happy shore;  
 They soon would resound on the strings of the lyre.  
 Nor give their deep melody and music all o'er.  
 But born for a world of far deeper beauty,  
 They fail to have full scope in a world such as this,  
 Where's naught to inspire the proud soul to its duty,  
 Till she flees to that city of glory and bliss.  
 There all dormant powers will shed their full glory,  
 And pour out their fullness of music and love;  
 E'er moved by the Cross, and its wond'rous story,  
 'Mid glorified spirits and seraphs above.

