

Exchanges.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

Some of us may have been unaware to what perfection those fruits have been already matured in the virgin soil of Australia, but if there was surprise in any quarter it was pleasurable surprise. The whole country felt a thrill of pride as the work of her sons was revealed to her, and revealed to her at a time when the ties between her and them had been newly consecrated by common effort and by common sacrifice in a righteous cause.—*The Times*.

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall of Our Thousand
Years—

In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers:
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying: "Crown me, my Mother!" And the Old Queen stood and said—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
"Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the notched Kaikouras rise.
"Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—
"How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But the Young Queen answered
swift—

"It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our crown for a gift.
"In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword made sure Our lands—
"Wherefore we come in power to beg Our crown at thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West—
Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—In the Hall of Our Thousand Years—
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled down at the Old
Queen's knee
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head
drooped low:

"Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter so—
"Mother of many princes, and child of the child I bore,
"What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?

"Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride of thy setting forth?
"Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust is worth.
"Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road untrod?
"These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of God.