

THRENODIES ON THE QUEEN.

Innumerable poetic contributions have been called forth by the nation's sorrow for the loss of their beloved Queen. A notable one is that by the poet laureate, Sir Alfred Austin, of which we quote the closing lines :

Dry your tears and cease to weep,
Dead I am not ; no, asleep,
And asleep but to your seeing,
Lifted to that land of Being.
Lying on life's other shore,
Wakeful now for evermore.
Looking thence, I still will be,
So that you forget not me,
All that, more than, I was there,
Weighted with my Crown of care.
Over you I still will reign,
Still will comfort and sustain,
Through all welfare, through all ill,
You shall be my People still.
I have left you, of my race,
Sons of wisdom, wives of grace,
Who again have offspring, reared
To revere and be revered,
Those on Mighty Thrones, and those
Doomed thereto when Heaven decrees.
Chief amongst them all is One
Well you know, my first-born Son,
Best and tenderest son to me,
Heir of my Authority.
He through all my lonelier years
Tempered with his smile my tears,
And was, in my widowed want,
Comforter and confidant ;
Therefore, trustful, steadfast, brave,
Give him what to me you gave,
Who am watching from Above,
Reverence, Loyalty and Love !
And these gifts He back will give
Long as He shall reign and live.

Of greater poetic merit in our judgment, however, is that of Edwin Markham, who wrote "The Man with the Hoe." It is something to be thankful for that this noble tribute to England's noble Queen comes from an American pen, and was read by the author at a memorial meeting in New York :

THE PASSING OF VICTORIA.

Homage and hush of heart belong to Death,
When at the door the Dread One entereth.
The courteous departure of the soul
To seek its high imperishable goal,
The still withdrawal of that inward Thing
That gives the shapen clay the aureole,
Sends on all hearts the ancient wondering.

And so a stillness falls across the day,
Now that the Queen has pushed aside the Crown

And, with no heralds telling her renown,
Has gone the august unattended way—
Gone down the way where all of earth
recedes,
Leaving behind a fragrance of good deeds,
A wreath of memories for ever green

Above her name, mother and friend and Queen.

Whatever fortune came to shape event,
She carried in her heart the Good Intent.
And surely, too, since that far fragrant hour,
When first the boughs of Eden broke to flower,

Nothing has shined more kingly than kind deeds ;

Lo, out of these the Golden Heaven proceeds !

The memory of good deeds will ever stay
A lamp to light us on the darkened way,
A music to the ear on clamouring street,
A cooling well amid the noonday heat,
A scent of green boughs blown through narrow walls,
A feel of rest when quiet evening falls.

The kindly deed will live in memory
When London, in far centuries, shall be
As still as Babylon, and both a dream—
When London dead shall be some poet's theme—

When all her tombs and towers shall be a flight

Of ghostly arches in the noiseless night,
Then as some bard on legends borne along
Shall build her faded glories into song,
Some Homer sing her daring and defeats,
Filling with crowds again the grass-grown streets,

Placing dead kings back on their crumbled seats—

There suddenly will start into his rhyme
Victoria's name long lavendered by Time ;
And at the poet heart of him will stir
At some small heart-warm chronicle of her,
The obscure whisper of some kindly deed
Of this dead Queen, her quick reply to need ;

And lo, his song will brighten and will shine

As though a star should be along the line !

Greater than any king with wolfish hordes
That ever climbed the pathway of the swords

Was this Queen mother, gracious, gentle,
good,
A white fair flower of Christian womanhood.

Her banners felt the wind of every sea,
And yet she held a wider realm in fee,
The pure high Kingdom of the Womanly.
Peace to her spirit as the years increase—
Peace, for her last great passion was for peace.

O God of nations, on the dark of things
Send down the white fire of the King of kings,

Until all rulers shall be lifted up
To drink with common man the equal cup.
Send wisdom upon nations, and send down
On kings the deeper meaning of the crown.
Come, God of Kings and peoples, breathe
on men
Till Love's heroic ages flower again.