

STANZAS ON READING MR. FROUDE'S "OCEANA."

From the "Pall Mall Gazette."

O FRAMER of a happy tale
 Of marvels strange and manifold,
 Of fields that know not how to fail,
 And hills that teem with hidden gold,
 In the great England over seas,
 Where, giant-like, our race renews
 Its youth, and, stretched in strenuous ease,
 Puts on once more its manhood's thews—

We thank thee for thy fervent hope
 That our dear land, in days to be,
 May orb herself to fuller scope,
 Knit, heart to heart, in bondage free :

Till all the peoples of our Queen
 One undivided Empire know,
 And round the world, in strength serene,
 Our peaceful fleets unchallenged go.

We thank thee, too, for preaching fair
 To those sad millions, grimed with smoke,
 Who yearly, daily, hourly, bear
 The bitter load of Mammon's yoke,

A glad evangel of release,
 Of lessened cares, and lighter toil,
 Of graveward mellowing age, at peace
 Upon its plot of kindly soil.

Who fears the venture ? Who would stay
 To stifle in our murky streets ?
 Who would not fain escape away
 And change the town's unblest retreats

For that bright air, that boundless blue,
 Where Britain draws a deeper breath,
 And patriot souls create anew
 The England of Elizabeth ?