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## THE PASSING OF VICTORIA.

BY HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.

Shrouded in clouds arose the sombre sun,  
The bright blue sea grew grey through rain of tears,  
The stately ships in solemn line moved on,  
Sea folk and sailors swarmed the crowded piers.

Mid awful, measured tread of armed men,  
And tramp of bitted war-steeds side by side,  
Lord-mayors, leaders, lords and barons, then  
Great kings, the Emperor, and princes ride.

E'en thieves and beggars, children lacking bread,  
The wise, the good, the rich, the proud, the great,  
A huge black crowd with bowed, uncovered head  
For her, good Mother of great kings, they wait.

The solemn organ and the tolling bell,  
The catafalque, the crape, the long, black pall,  
And bursting sobs, and tears can only tell  
Victoria dead, the Queen beloved of all.

But lo! on high another host in white,  
Great lords and ladies, who lived loving lives;  
Here hastes her Albert, down the dazzling light  
'Mid patriots, heroes, poets, mothers, wives;

Good friends and lovers of the gracious Queen,  
Pale, patient students, who have served her land;  
And ranks on ranks of faithful men here seen,  
Who fought and died; now joyful waiting stand,

With her to fling their earthly glory down,  
Before the Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
In adoration cast aside the crown  
To join the holy song that Heaven sings:

"Now unto Him be wisdom, power and might,  
Be blessing, glory, honour. Worthy He,  
The Lamb, that sitteth on the throne in light,  
Dominion His through all eternity."

—*The Independent.*