

fast-failing vigor. More is expected of pastors in the way of fresh preparation for these manifold draughts than mind or body can yield. And the gain in any direction is more than doubtful.—*Cong. Quarterly.*

Poetry.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

(For the Canadian Independent.)

Lines composed by REV. S. SNIDER, on occasion of the war steamer "*Nile*" passing the head land of Cape Canso, while he was contemplating the ocean scene.

Hail Britannia! Mistress of the Sea!
 Whose fame resounds in every clime;
 Home of the generous, brave and free!
 Still rising with the lapse of time!
 Where e'er thy meteor flag is seen
 The sound is heard "God save the Queen."

Tho' modern despots round thee rave,
 Whose counsels fiendish arts employ,
 Seeking thy free born sons to enslave,
 Thy well earned glory to destroy—
 Almighty Power will intervene;
 God is thy help;—God save the Queen.

Dark clouds of superstition rise,
 And o'er the nations fiercely roll;
 Truth is oppressed, and justice flies,
 And priests and tyrants rule the whole.
 No spot on earth so fair is seen
 As Britain's isle.—God save the Queen.

Thy light, Britannia, from afar,
 Shines o'er the nations of the earth,
 And like a brilliant morning star
 It gives to lively hopes a birth.
 Darkness and light, in conflict keen,
 Proclaim the end. God save the Queen.

From North to South, in every place,
 From Burmah's plains to furthest west,
 Thy sons are known, a fearless band,
 The friends of all who are oppressed.
 Fair Freedom in their ranks is seen,
 And only there! God save the Queen.

Britannia! rule for God alone,
 And on the fallen nations call!
 May Truth, which long in thee has shone,
 Make Islam, Pope and Buddha fall!
 Earth's Jubilee shall then begin,
 While Britain shouts "God save the Queen."