

Than the charging word, the flashing sword,
 Or the foeman's cloven mail.
 Wh'er their joyous breath is heard,
 There Tyranny's dark throne is stirr'd—
 There man's worst despots fly—
 Upsprings the slave, his chain is riven—
 The Christian altar points to Heaven—
 And Freedom's triumph's nigh.
 And while a dwelling rests on earth
 For genius, chivalry, or worth,
 Shall grateful millions pray :
 " Let victory bless fair Britain's clime,
 " Darling of Fame's heroic rhyme—
 " And perish but with failing Time
 " The Christian Empire's sway."

AN EASTER HYMN.

He is risen ; Christ is risen ; Death's destroyer from his prison,
 Glorious in the Paschal sunlight, treads our God the ransomed
 Earth ;
 Lo ! the Angel-shape descending—Lo ! the rock-band dungeon
 rending,
 Victory to the seed of woman—Holy be our Easter mirth.

Gone the earthquake and the wonder, and the black graves yawning
 under,
 Sheeted phantoms upward gliding—fiery lightnings launch'd
 abroad,
 And the veil-screen rent asunder, and the war of judgment thunder
 Earth in fear and darkness hiding from the death scene of her God.

He is risen—joyful voices on Tiberias' sparkling sea ;
 Spring hath strewn her fairest colours on the vales of Galilee ;
 Grey Tabor stands transfigur'd in the flush of golden light,
 And Jordan through his bursting vines is flashing clear and bright