

tended to subvert the dignity of the Crown or the safety of the Empire. But we may search his works in vain for any evidence of undue regard for exalted rank, or of lack of sympathy with the aspirations of a free people. Surely there are Canadians, not a few, whose hearts beat fast and give a generous response to the poet's toast :

“ First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
 Then drink to England, every guest ;
 That man's the best cosmopolite
 Who loves his native country best.
 May freedom's oak forever live
 With stronger life from day to day ;
 That man's the best Conservative
 Who lops the mouldered branch away.
 To all the loyal hearts who long
 To keep our English Empire whole !
 To all our noble sons, the strong
 New England of the Southern Pole !
 To England under Indian skies,
 To those dark millions of her realm !
 To Canada, whom we love and prize,
 Whatever statesman hold the helm.
 Hands all round !
 God the traitor's hope confound !
 To this great name of England drink, my friends,
 And all her glorious empire, round and round.”

Before leaving this part of our subject, I think it well to remark a feature in Tennyson's addresses to the Queen which cannot fail to strike the least attentive reader. There is in them a beautiful blending of a friend's affection with the reverence due to a sovereign. With what tender delicacy does he offer his sympathy after her irreparable loss in the death of Prince Albert :

“ Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure ;
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past and left
 The Crown a lonely splendor.
 May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,
 Till God's love set thee at his side again.”