

That ruled the world—when in thy maiden fears
 Thy prayers ascended with thy queenly vows.

Those prayers are answered.—In thy people's love
 The surest bulwark of thy throne is found,
 And round the world with loud acclaim will prove
 Thy empire in one brotherhood is bound.

God bless our gracious queen, whose sea-girt throne
 Three hundred million subjects shall defend,
 To thee they turn from every clime and zone,
 And in this year their loyal greetings send.
 May, 1887.

Elegy on the Year 1888.

THE years, like mile-stones, which we pass, are gliding,
 But yesterday to Eighty-eight we bade adieu,
 The record which it carries is abiding,
 We cannot change it, whether false or true.

Backward our faces may be turned, regretting,
 Perchance, how ill each one has done his part
 Within the year that just has had its setting,
 And left its record graven on each heart.

The retrospect, to most, may not be pleasant,
 And but for future guidance vain must be ;
 The past is gone, we live but in the present,
 The future all is veiled in mystery.

This century—now Eighty-eight—is waning,
 We write the figures Eighty-nine to-day,
 We cannot change them—vain is our complaining,
 And vain our wish the fleeting years to stay.

January 1st, 1889.