

Shall bear the glory of the British name.
 And where a Grecian victor never trod,
 And where a Roman banner never waved,
 East, west, and north, and south, and to those isles,
 Happy and rich, of which the poets dreamed
 But never saw, set far in western seas,
 Beyond the pillars of the heathen god—
 Shall Arthur's realm extend, and dusky kings
 Shall yield obeisance to his conquering fame.

And she, the fourth fair tenant of the throne,
 Heir to the ripe fruit of long centuries,
 Shall reign o'er such an empire, and her name,
 Clasp the trophies of all ages, won
 By knightly deeds in every land and sea,
 Shall be VICTORIA."

The references to steam, the Electric telegraph, the cable which joins the old world to the new, the steam-ship and other marked wonders of recent years are gracefully made, and the whole-souled admiration and love which the poet feels for Her Majesty who reigns contentedly over those portions of the Empire, in the east, the west the north and in the south are worthy of his head and heart, and kindly nature. The poem as it moves along brings up another personage, the blameless prince, the consort of the Queen, and his life and love are fittingly portrayed. How beautiful are these lines, how glowingly written and what a spirit of noble fervency they breathe:

"When all men shall be like him, good and wise,
 Shall, when his work is finished, pass away;
 And the dark shade of sorrow's wings shall blot
 The sky, and all the widowed land shall mourn;
 And chiefly she, his other self, the Queen,
 Shall weep long years in lonely palace-halls,
 Missing the music of a silent voice.
 But, though his voice be silent, in men's hearts
 Shall sink the fruitful memory of his life,
 And take deep root, and grow to glorious deeds.
 And she will write the story of his life
 Who loved him, and though tears may blot the page,
 Even as they fall, the rainbow hues of hope
 Shall bless them with Christ's promise of the time
 When they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Before taking leave of this gem, so gorgeously set in the crown of poetry, this simple story delightfully told, we must make one more extract, and this is excusable as the passage below refers more particularly to our own land—Canada:

"In a far land beneath the setting sun,
 Now and long hence undreamed of (save by me
 Who, in my soul's eye, see the great round world
 Whirled by the lightning touches of the sun
 Through time and space),—a land of stately woods,
 Of swift broad rivers, and of ocean lakes,—
 The name of Arthur,—him that is to be,—
 (Son of the good Queen and the blameless Prince),
 Shall shed new glories upon him we loved."