

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Victoria's Jubilee.

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

Nor as our Empress, do we come to greet thee,

August Victoria,

On this auspicious Jubilee:

Wide as Old England's realms extend,  
O'er earth and sea—

Her flag in every clime unfurled,  
Her morning drum-beat compassing the world—

Yet here her sway Imperial finds an end,

In our loved land of Liberty!

Nor is it as our Queen, for us to hail thee,

Excellent Majesty,

On this auspicious Jubilee:

Long, long ago our patriot fathers broke  
The tie which bound us to a foreign yoke,

And made us free;

Subjects thenceforward of ourselves alone,

We pay no homage to an earthly throne—

Only to God we bend the knee!

Still, still, to-day and here, thou hast a part,

Illustrious Lady,

In every honest Anglo-Saxon heart,

Albeit untrained to notes of loyalty;

As lovers of our old ancestral race—

It reverence for the goodness and the grace

Which lend thy fifty years of Royalty

A monumental glory on the Historic page,

Emblazoning them forever as the Victorian Age.

For all the virtue, faith, and fortitude,

The piety and truth,

Which mark thy noble womanhood,

As erst thy golden youth—

We also would do honour to thy name,

Joining our distant voices to the loud acclaim

Which rings o'er earth and sea,

In attestation of the just renown

Thy reign has added to the British Crown!

Meanwhile no swelling sounds of exultation

Can banish from our memory,

On this auspicious Jubilee,

A saintly figure, standing at thy side,

The cherished consort of thy power and pride,

Through weary years the subject of thy tears,

And mourned in every nation—

Whose latest words a wrong to us withstood,

The friend of peace—Albert, the Wise and

Good!

—Robert C. Winthrop.

## Canadian Loyalty.

A NATION'S love in gentle diapason wakes

The land to sing in chorus—Jubilee. [breaks

Sweetness gains strength, a rising tide, and

Around the throne in spray of loyalty.

The pomp of festival love needeth not,

Since bloom it may its best, whate'er its lot;

Yet rouse Canadians! in the love that's free

Find strength of heart and jubilation of song

Whose laughter's like the tide that sings both

sweet and strong.

Sing fifty years of greatness born of love,

The harmony of power in woman's reign—

Gift of the law that sceptres realms above,

Gift of the centuries growing young again.

Sing ye the Majesty of Britain's might,

The tribute to her fame read ye aright;

The loyal strains that glorify our Queen

Are but the symbols of a sweeter lay—

The harmony of life that's born of liberty.

—J. M. Harper.