

JUBILEE ODE.

I SAW Night die upon Time's far sea sands,
 No longer violet-robed, and clothed with stars,
 But like a grey nun on her bier stretched dim,
 In her still hand a pale rosebud of dawn ;
 At head and feet star tapers glimmering,
 The while the waves of ocean moaned and sighed,
 And kissed her garment's hem, and sighed again.
 And lo ! a miracle : Into the bud
 Passed the red life-blood of expiring Night,
 And all its petals opened wondrously,
 And glowed and grew into a golden rose
 That filled the East, till from its ruddy heart
 Uprose a radiant form, whose rosy arms
 Stretched far athwart the arch, and cleft the mists,
 And furled them, and made entrance for the sun.
 Then looking upward I beheld, like clouds,
 Great troops of angels floating toward heaven ;
 In their strong arms upbearing tenderly
 The souls of such as perished in the night,
 Perished while prophesying of the light ;
 And sweet-voiced larks soared singing after them,
 And there was music in the leafy deeps,
 And in the fragrant fields, and in the trees,
 For all the birds o' the air sang gleefully,
 For joy o' the light that through dark travail came,
 For joy of the Present, born of the dead Past ;
 And, through the gladness of the century
 A voice rang clear, " Rejoice, 'tis Jubilee ! "

From clime to clime the clarion call resounded,
 From land to land the echoes glad rebounded,
 " Jubilee ! "

The lightnings flashed the joyful word again,
 " Jubilee ! "

The wandering winds sang loud the happy strain,
 " Jubilee ! "

Far o'er the main
 Rolled the refrain,
 " Jubilee ! "

It startled from her reverie of despair
 A noble form, crouched on far northern steppes
 With pale, defiant face and pain sealed lips,
 That parted at the sound far echoing there.
 But as she turned with sad, despairing eye
 Towards the land whence came the joyous shout,
 Oh God ! her bleeding back, torn with the knout,
 Was turned toward me ! Then with piteous cry,
 And pleading arms uplifted to the sky,
 She moaned, as in a dream, " Oh Lord ! how long ? "
 For, in the gladsonie burden of that song,
 She heard and knew the voice of *Liberty* ;
 Clear, sympathetic, strong and full and free,
 Leading the Anthem of the Jubilee.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Blessed her reign hath been,
 God save our Queen !
 Full half-a-century,
 Fruitful, progressive, free,
 Hail year of Jubilee !
 God save our Queen !

O'er many an orient land,
 Over swart Afric's strand,
 Her sway hath been.
 Freedom's true pioneer ;
 With her they know no fear,
 Hark ! how they swell the cheer—
 God save the Queen !

The fair-haired Teuton of that dreamy race—
 Sons of the steadfast Goth—his thoughtful face
 Turned east and west, and north and south, whence came
 Glad greetings from each clime and tongue and name ;
 The voice of England's children sending love,
 Love born of Freedom ; and their words did move
 That dreamer to strange musings—" These are free,
 A people ruled, yet with full liberty.
 We, too, are free !—nay—are we then our own ?
 Not ruled by bit and curb as wills the throne ?
 Meek cattle, subject to one iron will ;
 For good mayhap—mayhap one day for ill ! "

And other nobler forms I saw look out
 With smiling approbation, as the shout
 Of " Jubilee ! " from land to land did rise,
 Such over seas stretched kind hands greeting wise.
 But from that land of mist-robed hills, whose lakes
 A changeful hue from skies as changeful takes ;
 That land of rugged form and poet soul,
 Whose sons are wanderers from pole to pole,
 I heard the echoes of a love song roll :—

Come, sing the year of Jubilee,
 Be ours to lead the anthem grand—
 God save our Queen ! and who but we,
 Who love her as we love our land.

When by the cotter's lowly bed,
 In yonder sheiling on the hill ;
 Full many an hour she sat and read,
 A cripple's weary days to fill.

We thought not of her Majesty,
 Forgot alike was crown and throne ;
 Her real true heart, her piety,
 'Twas these endeared her as our own.

Make holiday in all our marts !
 Float high our flag o'er Holyrood !
 Long may she reign o'er loyal hearts,
 Thrice crowned with perfect womanhood ?

J. K. LAWSON.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ON-A-TEAR I.O.U. SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WHILST engaged in concluding the first chapter of my " Jubilee History of Canada," I was interrupted on Tuesday evening last by the strains of a brass band, which was straining considerably around the front door-steps of my new boarding house—I was about to empty the water jug on the strainers, when the door opened and a huge crowd filled the gap.—Three of them advanced respectfully, bearing a huge roll which they deposited in my hand-painted stovepipe. The roll contained over 1,500 signatures to the following short address, which the leader of the crowd chanted in a copper-miner key:—" To the Illustrious Peter Quill: Honored and Respected Sir, We, the citizens of Toronto, feeling our utter ignorance of the principles of art, and not believing that the valuation in dollars placed on his own work by any artist, however impartial, is a true criterion of its merit, desire you to visit the exhibition now open and give us the benefit of your vast experience through the pages of GRIP. As a further inducement we beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse, contributed in one day by ourselves.—We remain, etc., etc."

To say I was dumbfounded is not accurate.—I was deaf-and-dumbfounded ; and should have fainted had not the leader produced a flask of *eau de vie*. After nearly recovering, I said, " Gentlemen, why am I like many old frescoes in Italian churches ? " They gave it up. " Because I am not nearly as well as I was, though partially restored." The glory of the Renaissance sounded in the ripple of laughter that followed. However, I agreed to their request and they retired to their homes, taking the band along with them.

I opened the purse at once and found a 25 cent piece wrapped in a paper, on which was written " To pay your admission fee." I felt touched by the generosity and determined to do justice to my labor. Accordingly the next day I visited the exhibition and was struck firstly, with the number of frames in the room—there must be several hundred dollars' worth of gilding and carving alone to be seen, and many of the designs I found to be exceedingly pretty, quaint and original. The canons of