

The treasures and the honors of a day,
The glories that grew dim and turned to
clay,
The dust of empires in our faces blown—
Huge, huge the pile hath grown !

But thou, fair Queen—thy holy zeal for
truth

Keeps an unfading youth :

Thou hadst the vision clear, the enlighten-
ed eyes

That could discern true greatness. High
emprise,

And deeds of greatness evermore must
seem

To craven souls, a dream ;

But Faith that hath looked up and seen
the stars

Clear shining, tho' the clouds be cold and
grey,

Thro' seas of danger, and thro' hindering
bars

Can find its way !

Thou hadst a fearless strength that could
defy

All dread of loss or failure, purpose nigh,
Unswerving trust and loyal constancy !

Thou hadst a courage, born of noble thought,
Which to thy woman's heart a true love
taught

For all brave deeds by brave men bravely
wrought !

Thou hadst the beauty of self-sacrifice,
More lustrous than thy jewels, and a prize
Of richer, holier worth ; and thou had'st
power—

The Queen's, the woman's dower ;

And thou didst use it wisely, and thy name
Is spoken with Columbus, and thy claim
Is one with his to an immortal fame !

So, to you twain the wealth of every clime
Shall come in tribute—homage of all time,
The prize of labor and the laurel crown,
Of Learning's fair renown !

The measures of the science-marshalled
spheres,

Pride of Invention and Discovery,

The prophecies and visions of the Seers,

Bright hints of things to be !

The spoils of all the lands and all the seas,
The drift and flotage of the centuries !

—MARY [^]BARRY SMITH.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

