

JUBILEE POEM.

She—hastily awaked from slumber sweet—
At once appeared ; nor did she stop to change
Her nightly garb ; with slippers on her feet,
Her golden hair in graceful disarrange,
And in her eyes sweet tears—nor think this strange,
For she had lost a friend, and gained a throne,
With all its wide and comprehensive range
Of state affairs : and not of self alone
Was her heart full ; her people's cares were now her own.

Twice twenty years and ten have duly fled
Since that auspicious morn when our young Queen
Arose from slumber sweet, and deftly spread
A shawl upon her shoulders, fair, I ween ;
Of all the hours that ever yet have been
Since Time began, this was the greatest hour !
Of joy most full, and big with hope serene,
And white-wing'd peace—a nation's richest dower—
In all her wide domains no threat'ning cloud did lower.