

To
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
Queen Victoria,

THESE PAGES ARE, BY KIND PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY, whose fair woman's hand
Has held so firm and well for three-score years,
Through changing cloud and sunshine, smiles and tears,
The sceptre of our Britain's sea-girt land,
Extending far, as with a magic wand,
Order and peace, the freedom that endears
That ancient name which all the world reveres!
About thy throne two generations stand
And call thee blessèd, for each peaceful year
Thou, 'by God's grace,' hast kept thy sway serene.
More prized by thee than gems of lustre clear,
Or minute-guns, or pomp of martial sheen—
The love that binds to thee thy people dear,
And wakes the world-wide prayer—'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !'

June, 1897.