

# THE WEEK.

Fourth Year.  
Vol. IV., No. 29.

Toronto, Thursday, June 16th, 1887.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
The Queen's Jubilee Prize Poem.....	Agnes Maule Machar ( <i>Fidelis</i> ) 459
The Queen's Jubilee Prize Oration.....	W. H. Cross 459
Letters in Canada.....	George Stewart, Junr. 461
Sunday Cars.....	462
Extracts from the <i>Woman's Journal</i> , May 2, 2001.....	Garth Grafton 463
Some Striking Terms.....	F. Blake Crofton 464
Italy.....	464
TOPICS—	
Government Policy in the North-west.....	466
North-west Troubles.....	466
The Senate and the Chinese.....	466
Prohibition by Provinces.....	466
Mr. Wiman's Pamphlet on Commercial Union.....	466
Reasons for Denouncing the Old Reciprocity Treaty.....	466
Some Canadian Advantages.....	467
The United States' and Canadian Views of the Situations.....	467
American and Canadian Farmers.....	467
The Parnell Letter.....	468
American Opinion on the Irish Question.....	468
Mr. Gladstone in Wales.....	468
Rack-renting on Lord Lansdowne's Estate.....	468
The Eastern Question.....	468
WAGNER THE DRAMATIST.....	H. H. L. 469
A FRENCH TOURIST ON THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.....	470
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	470

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE POEM.

"*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*"

FROM west to east,—from east to west,—

The glad bells ring, across the sea,  
They echo o'er the ocean's breast,  
With sound of song and minstrelsy ;  
Wide as our world-wide empire, swells  
The mellow music of the bells  
That ring Victoria's jubilee !

Back through the mists of fifty years,  
They bid the lingering fancy stray,  
Through all their changing hopes and fears,  
Through summers green and winters gray ;  
And, looking both ways o'er the stream  
Of Time, we see, as in a dream,  
The vision of a gala day !

A chapel royal, through whose vaulted height  
Deep organ tones majestic music pour,  
While, through emblazoned panes, the rainbow light  
Falls, in soft colours, on the marble floor,  
On Britain's chivalry, on ladies bright—  
And effigies of kings and knights of yore,  
And a young princess, on whose sunny hair  
A crown imperial rests—too stern a weight of care !

In the dim splendour of that ancient shrine,  
Again the maiden stands,—but not alone ;—  
Love's snowy blossoms with her jewels twine ;—  
A dearer kingdom,—a more fitting throne,  
The crown of womanhood the most divine,  
This fairer pageant gives her for her own ;  
And onward now, in love's sweet strength, serene,  
Shall walk with firmer tread,—the woman and the queen.

So ran its course, through many a peaceful year,  
The happy idyl of a royal love,  
Rich with all blessings human hearts hold dear ;  
Nor set, in lonely majesty, above  
All lowly lives,—but, with its radiance clear  
Brooding o'er all the nation, like a dove,  
Till fate came sudden,—deaf to prayers and tears,  
And cut in twain the current of the tranquil years !

The woman's heart clung, mourning, to the grave,  
The queen must brace herself alone to bear  
The burden of her station,—and how brave  
The heart that bore so well its load of care  
And bitter grief—He knows alone, who gave  
The balm to sorrow, and the strength to prayer ;  
—Whose unseen guidance, through the light and dark,  
Guides men and nations to th' appointed mark !

So must the stream of human progress flow  
Through light and shadow, to the brighter day,  
Now seeming backward on its course to go,  
While lingering evil smites us with dismay,  
—Wrong and oppression,—dumb beasts' helpless woe,  
The burdens men upon their fellows lay,—  
While yet, through all the turnings, all the strife,  
Still, through our Empire flows a tide of fresh'ning life !

The dusky Hindoo, 'neath his sheltering palm,  
Ceases to muse on those dim, shadowy days  
Of mystic contemplation, dreamlike calm  
That brooded o'er the cradle of our race,—  
Loses, in music of the Christian psalm,  
The jarring tones of conquest and disgrace,  
Till he, too, catch the nobler impulse nigh,  
And hope and progress kindle in his pensive eye.

In the far islands 'neath the Austral skies,  
Where the dark, low-browed savage chased his prey,  
But fifty years ago,—great cities rise,  
And a new empire, at the gates of day,  
Owns, as the moulder of its destinies  
The sea-queen isle, of northern waters grey ;  
While,—where the sun burns hot on Afric's sands,  
New peoples wake to life, and stretch to it their hands.

Our fair Dominion spreads, from sea to sea,  
Her pine-clad mountains, prairies, streams, and lakes ;  
Where late the hardy Indian wandered free,  
The throbbing life of a young nation wakes,—  
A greater Britain of the West, to be,—  
While yet no link of happy concord breaks  
With the dear land from whence our fathers brought  
Heir-looms of high tradition, poesy, and thought !

And when another fifty years have sped,  
May the old red-cross flag still float on high,—  
The sacred sign of evil phantoms fled,—  
Of broken power, of wrong and tyranny,—  
Where'er its free-born standard-bearers tread,  
Ne'er may the weak for rescue vainly cry,  
No voice of brother's blood for vengeance rise,  
Nor smoke of ruined homes defile the clear blue skies !

First in the files of Progress may it be,  
First in the march of Science, Freedom, Peace,  
Bearing the truth that shall make all men free,—  
The brotherhood of man, whose blest increase  
Shall merge in it, as rivers in the sea  
All hearts in love, till every discord cease,  
And every warring symbol shall be furled  
Before the ensign of a Federated World !

So let the bells ring o'er the sea,  
From west to east, from east to west,  
Bearing the anthem of the free  
Across the ocean's azure breast,—  
A world-wide song of love and liberty,—  
VICTORIA !—in this symbol bless the brighter age to be !

Kingston.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (*FIDELIS*).

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE ORATION.

How many have been touched by the oft-told story of the royal maiden, who, when the heralds proclaimed her a Queen, hid her face on her mother's shoulder and wept ! The reign of Queen Victoria, begun in tears on that June day fifty years ago, has proved the brightest and best in her country's history. Politically her rule has been that of her Parliaments, where free discussion has favoured the claims of truth and justice. Religious, moral, educational, sanitary, and social progress have illumined its course. Literature, Art, and Science never before enriched any reign with so many products of the highest merit ; wonderful adaptations to practical uses of purely scientific discoveries ; and amazing engineering feats have impressed mankind with the sense of unbounded power over nature. We have the evidences of material improvement everywhere around us, bewildering in their profusion. Our mode of life and habits of thought even have been gradually altered by these material changes. They have brought increased powers for good and evil ; increased means of happiness, and the promise of still further advances. They have brought with them also new dangers and problems.

We are called upon to pause for a moment whilst we join our kin in distant lands in celebrating an event unique in history—the jubilee of a Queen regnant.

Her Majesty's domestic life is so well known that we need not dwell upon it. The Prince who won her love proved worthy of it ; and she has said of him, that he was "the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands."