

For years of sunshine, calm and bright,
And storm-clouds always rainbow-spinn'd;
For her sweet home, which sheds its light
On every home within our land:

And with our praises one stroffig prayer,
From morn to night, from night to morn,
Breathes on the universal air,
And to the Throne of thrones is borne—

God save the Queen! save, bless, defend
The Mother-Queen of land and sea;
God save the Queen, world without end,
Till earth keep Heaven's great Jubilee.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(Adapted for the Year of Jubilee.)

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

Seed sown through fifty years,
Ripened through smiles and tears,
Grant her to reap:
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard thou and keep!

O'er land and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call:
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be the anthem sung:
God save us all!

OUR SONG OF JUBILEE:

Where shall the cannons thunder out
Their martial roundelay?
Where shall the sons of Britain shout
"God save the Queen" to day?
Where India's hills of orient light
Above the palm trees loom,
Or where, beneath the sultry night,
The groves of Cyprus bloom?
Where Ceylon's green and lovely isle
Is set with shining sands,
Where Canton's sweeping rivers smile,
And "sweet streams" Island* stands,
Where Saint Helena's scented trees
Above the old flag wave,
And rippling tides of shining seas,
The Gold Coast gently lave,
Where the broad Transvaal's valleys sweep
Adown the harvest lea,
And Gambia's golden waters leap
In gladness to the sea,
Where green Australia's cloud-capped hills,
Are rich with golden grains,
Or where the tender south-wind fills
Tasmania's sunny plains,
Where old Gibraltar's wave-worn rock

Looks up in rugged guise,
And the blue waves of Malta mock
Her deep cerulean skies.
Where the Bermudas laugh in light,
And soft Honduras sleeps;
While the glad ocean's crest of white
Round western India leaps—
Where lonely hills of snow look down;
On Greenland's valleys hoar,
And icebergs set with diamond crown
Float on to Labrador.
Where green Vancouver's gentle breeze
Sweeps round the pleasant strand,
And broad Ontario's maple trees
Crimson her forest land—
Where great Niagara thunders out
Its anthem to the sky,
And to Saint Lawrence joyous shout
Saskatchewan makes reply—
As England's dear old mother land
The swelling echo hears,
Her sons return from cliff and strand
The thunder of their cheers,
These sundered lands, where millions throng
Each fair and fertile scene,
All to Great Britain's realm belong;
All call Victoria Queen!
On southern slope and northern crest,
Old England's flags have met;
On golden east and crimson west,
Her sun has never set!
We see her in the distant light
Of girlhood's tender glow,
Standing upon the mountain height
Of fifty years ago,
A rosebud, fair with folded leaves,
Promise and fear in strife;
To-day she brings her golden sheaves,
The harvest of her life.
God's gracious hand adown the years
For peace and splendor led,
Love's tender eyes have watched her tears
Rain down upon her head,
Through all her glory, power and pride,
She stood so sweetly human,
By love and sorrow sanctified,
A true and noble woman!

And thus to-day the nations come,
On either side the sea,
To raise from altar, tower and home,
The shout of Jubilee.
She holds our hearts and love in rest—
On this Canadian land,
The little birds have built their nest
Within her royal hand,
Where, on her noble form and face,
The early sunbeams fall,
And crown her brow with queenly grace
On heights of Montreal.
Type of her own protecting care,
To all beneath her sway—
We lieges of a rûc so fair
In grateful love to-day
Would humbly ask the King of kings
Her guide and shield to be,
To fold His own protecting wings
Around her Jubilee;
His peace and blessings manifold,
On her for years 'o pour,
And when her tale of days is told
To crown her evermore.

Halifax, June 20th, 1857.

† Where the bronze statue of Her Majesty stands on the square at Montreal, a little bird last summer built its nest in the outstretched hand of the queen.

M. J. K. Lu

* Hong Kong.