

loyalty on former public occasions. Happily, this wayward and pettish, I will not call it disloyal spirit, has passed away, and most of the "Annexationists" are now heartily ashamed of their conduct.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save the Queen. The time has been
When these charmed words, or said or sung,
Have through the welkin proudly rung ;
And, heads uncovered, every tongue
Has echoed back—"God save the Queen !"
God save the Queen !

It was not like the feeble cry
That slaves might raise as tyrants pass'd,
With trembling knees and hearts downcast,
While dungeoned victims breathed their last
In mingled groans of agony !
God save the Queen !

Nor were these shouts without the will,
Which servile crowds oft send on high,
When gold and jewels meet the eye,
When pride looks down on poverty,
And makes the poor man poorer still !
God save the Queen !

No !—It was like the thrilling shout—
The joyous sounds of pride and praise
That patriot hearts are wont to raise,
'Mid cannon's roar and bonfire's blaze,
When Britain's foes are put to rout—
God save the Queen !

For 'mid those sounds, to Britons dear,
No dastard selfish thoughts intrude
To mar a nation's gratitude :
But one soul moves that multitude—
To sing in accents loud and clear—
God save the Queen !