

My broad lands greened by God,
Gold and jewels and power and wealth of field and
sod,

Tempest and sun-shine and shower
And flowers, too, for the shrine,
While their children laugh in my meadows
Where graze they their lowing kine.

Let of your will spake you of the chill,
My white heart holds in its rest ;
I would have you know
My robes of the snow
Hold the riches that give me best
Tho' I kiss the hand of the motherland,
Sovereign—beloved and Queen

Yet I bear no yoke"—
And the Princess spoke
In the pride of her jewels' sheen.

* * *

"There are swords in my courts to protect me,
There are those in my lands that expect me
To hold my state as I ween."

"Nay ! 'tis enough, Sir Poet ;
You can lay your lips to my hand,
Your verse at our feet as you choose Sir,
We accept and understand.

May, 1897.

LALLAH BELL.