

Here, in your ordered festival, O Queen,
 Mixed with the crowd and all unseen of these,
 On their long swords the wild Norse rovers lean,
 And watch the progress of your pageantries,
 And on this young June breeze
 Float the bright pennons of the Cressy spears—
 Shine shadowy shafts that fell, as snow falls, at Poitiers.

Here flutter phantom flags that once flew free
 Above the travail of the tournament ;
 Here gleam old swords, once wet for Liberty ;
 Old blood-stiff banners, worn with war and rent,
 Are with your fresh flowers blent,
 And by your crown, where love and fame consort,
 Shines the unvanquished cloven crown of Agincourt.

Upon your river where, by day and night,
 Your world-adventuring ships come home again,
 Glide ghostly galleons, manned by men of might
 Who plucked the wings and singed the beard of
 Spain ;
 The men who, not in vain,
 Saved to the children of a world new-trod
 The birth-tongue of our land, her freedom, and her
 God.

Princes who lived to make our England great,
 Poets who wreathed her greatness with their song,
 Wise men who steered her heavy ship of State.
 Brave men who steered her battle-ships along,
 In spectral concourse throng
 To applaud the consummated power and pride
 Of that beloved land for which they lived and died.

The thousand un-named heroes who, sword-strong,
 Ploughed the long acre wherein Empire grows
 Wide as the world, and long as Time is long—
 These mark the crescence of the English rose,
 Whose thorny splendour glows
 O'er far-off subject lands, by alien waves,
 A crown for England's brow, a garland for her graves.

And faces out of unforgotten years,
 Faces long hidden by death's misty screen,
 Faces you still can scarcely see for tears,
 Will smile on you to-day and near you lean,
 O Mother, Wife, and Queen !
 With whispered love too sacred and too dear
 For any ear than yours, Mother and Wife, to hear.

Lady, the crowd will vaunt to-day your fame,
 Daughter and heir of many mighty kings,
 The Queen of England, whose imperial name
 From England's heart and lips tumultuous springs
 In prayers and thanksgivings,
 Because your greatness and her greatness shine
 Merged each in each, as stars their beams that inter-
 twine.

Yet in the inmost heart, where folded close
 The richest treasures of the poorest lie,
 Love, whose clear eyes see many secrets, knows
 A nobler name than Queen to call you by,
 And breathes it silently ;
 But, 'mid His listening crowd of angels, One
 Shall speak your name and say, " Faithful and good,
 well done ! "

The Queen's Day has come and gone, and the enthusiastic reception given by all classes to Her Majesty Queen Victoria was indisputable proof of the

loyalty, generated in the loving admiration, of the British people for their Sovereign Lady, who was evidently strongly moved by their heartfelt expressions.

The Queen's Message to her People—pulsated with feeling—and touched a responsive cord—the words were her own. " From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them.—V. R. and I."

The note of the Jubilee Procession was the pre-eminence of armed force as the factor of power. The procession was picturesque, but it was barbaric, and an object-lesson to the world of the unstable basis upon which modern civilisation is founded—and secured.

To have been a true representation of the beneficent progress gained for the nation by the personal influence of the best of Queens, all the great glories of the sciences, the arts, and the true beauties of life, should have found expression in the pageant. That this was not attempted is deeply to be regretted ; but we must bear in mind that, although the enthusiasm of Queen's Day was inspired by the nation's gratitude for the unprecedented ability with which Queen Victoria has reigned and ruled—for she does both—her sex still remain voiceless, as they are voteless, in the affairs of the nation, and it will be long remembered, with deep feeling, that on the completion of this great sixtieth and most glorious year, the splendid work, effected by women for the State during that time, was absolutely unrecognised by word or deed.

We are glad to observe that at a recent meeting on the subject of Women's Suffrage, Sir Richard Temple spoke some home truths. Women have far too long been treated as children, and told as much only as it is considered good for them to know. Sir Richard Temple was of opinion that no fair-minded man could deny the validity of Women's Suffrage. He did not refer to women at large, but to those duly qualified. All the inequalities under which women at present laboured, would be to a great extent removed, if they had a Parliamentary vote. Some of the causes retarding the movement were doubtless due to men, but he believed they were chiefly due to women. They were :—

(1) The want of union amongst the women themselves ; if women were united he believed they would get what they wanted within the next five years.

(2) The great indifference on the subject, more especially among married women.

(3) The action of a large number of married women who held that it would be an insult to them if widows and spinsters were allowed to vote and they were not.

We have always advocated in this journal the belief that if women were once united, there is no end which they are desirous of attaining which they would not be able to compass, and we hope that this plain speaking on the part of Sir Richard Temple will clear their vision, and help them to co-operate boldly, disdaining all littleness, disregarding all secondary consideration, and laying aside all pettiness, to attain the great end of justice, and equality before the law for their sex.

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