

Leaving England.

The morning cold and gloomy broke
 Across the waters heaving,
When parting words we sadly spoke
 With friends we grieved at leaving ;
And as our vessel bore away
 The tear drop fairly started,
To think for many a weary day
 From trusty hearts we parted.

Still fresher blew the whistling breeze,
 The cordage strained and rattled,
While striving with the rushing seas
 Our good ship bravely battled ;
Dark clouds rolled up before the wind,
 The dim night gathered o'er us,
And faded far away behind
 The dear old land that bore us.

Farewell, we cried, though toil and care
 To other shores may lead us,
We'll hear where'er we chance to fare
 The lips that wished God speed us :
And that warm prayer beyond the main,
 When faint our hearts are beating,
Shall still, dear friends, the hope sustain
 Of one day surely meeting.

HOME DREAMS.

Ah yes, beneath unclouded skies,
Amid a purple sea,
Before these tearful dreaming eyes
The place, where I would be,
Comes ever with a tender glow,
That tells of April time
And winds that round the woodlands blow
Within mine own green clime.

In sweeping curves the smoke wreaths go
Between the elm trees tall,
And, through the open door, I know
Their mingling voices all,
Who seated round the morning board
Amid their converse stray,
And murmur still a kindly word
Of one so far away.

At even, from the hill top green,
Along the dim wood side,
I mark below the peaceful scene
Where still my brothers bide :
Trim cots in fields of springing corn,
The little church tower gray,
Whose bell on many a Sabbath morn
Has summoned me to pray.

Thrice happy nights the fire-side round,
When rest and social cheer
The day's long hours of labour crown'd,
And those I loved were near !
The warm tears with the vision come,
While by me clearly still
I seem to see the friends of home
Their wonted places fill.

O not in empty dreams alone
May I the homestead see,

The greenwood and the meadows known
In other days to me :
Once more beside the ingle bright
If fain would take my place,
And hear the song and see the light
On many a dear lov'd face!

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL ABROAD.

In slow and solemn order see the sad procession come,
With the mournful measured beating of the darkly muffled
drum,
With the piercing wail of trumpets filling all the Autumn air
While the busy way grows silent and the brows of all are
bare.
'Tis a simple soldier only, from beyond the western wave,
Far away from all his kindred, being carried to his grave,—
To his grave beside the stranger on a lonely distant shore,
Having done the will of England as his fathers did of yore.
In the sandy desert spaces after many a fiery fray,
All unscathed by spear and bullet he had stood at close
of day :
But the baleful fever seized him when the march and strife
were done
And the gloomy foeman smote him when the victory was
won.
Ah, the heavy thought to harbour, while he pressed the
bed of pain,
That his gaze would never linger on the fields of home
again :
That his ear would never hearken to the kindly welcome
more,
That was wont to wait his coming at his mother's cottage
door.
And the bitterness of dying, seemed it not intenser still,
That his bones among the alien an unheeded grave should
fill,

That the tears of those who loved him would not come to
him below,
Nor the daisies of his childhood o'er his narrow chamber
grow ?
Ay, uncover as he passes, breathe a blessing on his dust,
For his heart was fast and faithful to his country's sacred
trust :
And his country o'er his ashes throws her banner red and
Paying mournfully the tribute to her soldier fitly due. [blue,
And you, his gallant comrades, lower him gently to his rest;
Let your rifles peal their honours o'er his brave and
youthful breast :
He has kept a soldier's pledges, played his part with
steadfast men,
And with you at God's reveille from this sleep shall
wake again.

GENERAL GORDON.

KHARTOUM

JAN: 1885.

His was the Roman's heart who yielded life
To save his city gaping wide with doom,
And yet with hope and strength within him rife,
Plunged fearless down the dread, mysterious gloom.
The desert peril called him, and he rose
With earnest will, obedient to the cry,
Foregoing years of honour and repose,
When England's fate demanded he should die.
And well and valiantly he served his land,
Through many a shameful many a glorious day,
Alone amid the waste of tropic sand,
Keeping the frenzied rebel tribes at bay,
The while the nations, all in breathless awe,
His mighty spirit, like a beacou light,
Through clouds of death and gloomy conflict saw
Still shining forth unquenchable and bright.

How fared his soul through all that bitter space,
When girt with traitors, hemm'd with foes around,
Abandoned by the rulers of his race,
His only succour in himself he found !
The weary days to fatal months drew on,
While North and East he turned his wistful eyes,
To mark if yet across the desert shone
The trusty steel that ever wins or dies.
Then, even as the mountain draws the cloud,
Or as the strong man, battling bravely still,
With fate prevails, till meek before him bow'd
It serves the breath of his resistless will,
He drew the weaker natures far away,
And wrested strong deliv'rance from their hand
Who urged him forth to be *their* tower and stay,
Yet left *him* fenceless in a savage land.
O evil chance, when proud success seemed near,
And brave man poured their blood to win the brave,
The chief who mocked despair and knew not fear,
Past all relief, lay mangled in his grave !
What boots it now to say by whom betrayed
He met his fate,—or by the secret foe
He trusted, or by masters who delayed
The help that shame constrained them to bestow?
He sleeps beyond the sound of wail or blame,
And o'er the struggle, whether lost or won,
His ransomed spirit asks no larger fame
Than having faithful still his duty done.
But he has left a name that will outlast
The wonders of the land for which he died,—
The starry-pointing pyramids and vast,
Stern kings of old uplifted in their pride.
And down the echoing years the tale shall grow,
How one great heart withstood a host alone,
No less than that famed band which long ago
The Persian myriads had not overthrown,
Did guile not lend its aid. And as the tide,
Which o'er the Pharaohs' kingdom swelling flows,

Endows the land with plenty far and wide,
Creating golden harvests where it goes,
So his great record on his country's page
Shall mould the heroes of the race to be,
And give to Britain many a deathless age,
Achieved by simple faith and chivalry.

HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE.

21st JUNE 1887.

I.

In days when rulers keep their lofty place
For some few seasons, and descend again
To mingle with the crowd of common men,
When sudden tumult wrecks an ancient throne,
And reverence is shaken from its base,
And war's uncertain chance sustains alone
A monarch and his race,
Tis no light hap, O Queen, o'er all thy peers
To glory in the plentitude of years
Accorded to thy sway,
To have thy people's pray'rs and hear their cheers
Proclaim thy solemn Jubilee to day.

II.

And this thy people deem no blessing light,
That, while their privilege was larger made,
A stainless life was given to their sight,
And all queenly part was nobly played :
For so a liberal time was made to keep
The forms that link it to a famous past,
So worth and grace were fenced with homage deep
And not from out our portals madly cast ;
So faction and the selfish littleness
Of common-wealths, where high respect is dead,

Were held aloof ; and turbulent excess,
'Fore grave Authority with Freedom wed,
Despairing hid its multitudinous head.

III.

Nor shall the millions of thy land
Be scant of their acclaim,
For lo they rise on ev'ry hand
And thunder-call thy name :
Come forth and take thy stately place,
Revered amidst them all,
Behold them queenly face to face,
Beyond thy castle wall:
No cause to set close guard thy steps around,
Or shake with terrors dreaming and awake,
Thy people's voices jubilantly sound,
Their swords are swift to battle for thy sake.
Long years that shatter power and sovereign state,
That dim the gilded splendour of the great,
And weaken love and service at the core,
Have seen thy sceptre's limits wider made,
While Peace before thy feet her trophies laid,
And thou wert ever loved and honoured more.
For not the old who knew thee glad and young
Thy dawning promise heard so warmly sung,
As youth and maiden, through the land, to-day
Exalt thee crowned with years of widow'd gray.

IV.

Wide lands the Roman never knew,
Strange isles amid the seas,
Where star ne'er led nor fair wind blew
The daring Genoese,
Such tribute send thee as in ages old
The Cæsars could not gain,
Such tribute as in teeming pearl and gold
Ne'er filled the lap of Spain.
What prince hailed Conqueror and Great
Of all thy line was ever throned like thee,

Whom many a dusky race and offspring state
Call Queen and Empress o'er the subject sea !
Thy name in Indian temples crowned with light
Has thrilled the sacred echoes with its might ;
Tall Afric palms and Nile's historic tide
Proclaim that victor name's Imperial pride ;
While far Canadian lakes and forests dim
Roll westward still the high exulting hymn,
Till o'er the mighty breast of Earth's chief sea
Earth's chiefest island swells the myriad harmony.

V.

And these great voices of the Earth
That rise from mountain plain and sea,
If numbers only weigh their worth
Are more than crown and sceptre be.
But freemen, lords of power and skill,
Of mighty hand and steadfast will,
Whose banners rule the swelling main
And boast of many a glorious plain,—
'Tis these who hail thy sovereign name,
And fill their festive cities with acclaim.

VI.

Yet not for wealth of years alone
Thy people greet thee with rejoicing song :
They see in bloom of manhood round thy throne
The chiefs and princes of the future throng :
Thy children's sons will follow in thy place,
Proud mother thou of many a king to be,
More blest than queens of old who saw their race
Effaced or bann'd beyond the bitter sea.
And these beholding thy maternal sway
Shall make their people's love their surest stay,
Shall shape their life and lofty part by thine,
And rule by goodness more than, right divine,
And so shall future generations see
Kings worthy Britain's crown and types of thee
Shall bless thy gracious memory many a year,
And hold thy name of all a hundred rulers dear.