

DEATH HAS CROWNED HIM A MARTYR 7

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(WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S DEATH)

IN the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship
of State

Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a derelict of
fate,

One that drifted from its moorings in the anchorage of
hate.

On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or
time,

Victim of a mind self-centred in a Godless fool of crime.

One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's un-
reasoning tools,

In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger
cools,

He who sought for Crime's distinction shall be known
as Chief of Fools.

In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of
fame

(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or
blame),

Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light, will
shine his name.