

H. A. HARPER,

Drowned in the Ottawa River While Trying to
Save Miss Blair.

We crown the splendors of immortal peace,
And laud the heroes of ensanguined war,
Rearing in granite memory of men
Who build the future, recreate the past,
Or animate the present dull world's pulse
With loftier riches of the human mind.

But his was greatness not of common mould,
And yet so human in its simple worth,
That any spirit plodding its slow round
Of social commonplace and daily toil,
Might blunder on such greatness, did he hold
In him the kernel sap from which it sprung

Men in rare hours great actions may perform,
Heroic, lofty, whereof earth will ring,
A world onlooking, and the spirit strung
To high achievement, at the cannon's mouth,
Or where fierce ranks of maddened men go down.

But this was godlier. In the common round
Of life's slow action, stumbling on the brink
Of sudden opportunity, he chose
The only noble, godlike, splendid way,
And made his exit, as earth's great have gone,
By that vast doorway looking out on death.