

THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

In Memoriam.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

BY "ESPERANCE," YORKVILLE.

THE day is over, and the strife;
Our hearts are starless as the night,
Too darkened to discern the right
In short'ning such a noble life.

God comfort, for He only can!
The wife who mourns her dearest one,
The mother weeping for her son,
And us who mourn the friend and man.

One thought alone brings purest balm:
The storm of pain, the billows' roll,
Served but to speed his willing soul
More swiftly on to Heaven's calm.

Unselfish love would hail his gain,
But we are selfish; and our love
So fraught it cannot rise above
Our own poor personal loss and pain.

He wears the crown; we bear the cross,
Made heavier by this bitter pain,
For some *must* lose when others gain,
And unto us has fall'n the loss.

But this is finite, as must be
All earthly sorrow, earthly bliss;
His gain is infinite as is
The circle of Eternity.

Oh that our hearts the height could reach
Of perfect union with God's will!
We shall not lack for sorrow till
This lesson is no more to teach.

We are as children—needing school,
And wise but loving discipline,
Our poor rebellious hearts to win
To true submission unto rule.

God bring us quickly to the home
Where union shall replace control,
Where, nor in body or in soul,
We shall have will or power to roam.

And since this sorrow *has* been sent,
Teach us to recognise the need,
And e'en while our affections bleed
To own it loving chastisement.

THE FUNERAL DAY.

September 26th, 1881.

BY "FIDELIS," KINGSTON.

GOD's will be done! Alas, we know not why,
In spite of longing love and tender care,
And a great nation's mighty voice of prayer,
The foul blow triumphed, and the good must die!

Yet, in this time of heavy loss and pain,
All party cries are hushed in one great grief,
And in its mourning o'er its fallen chief,
The land divided breathes as one again!

Nor North nor South it knows, nor East nor West,
Its mighty heart throbs with a single beat,
While fall its tears upon the winding-sheet
That wraps to-day its noblest and its best.

Nor North nor South! *All* boundaries are fled
Where noble manhood falls for Truth's
dear sake;
We know no frontier line on land or lake,—
A Continent is mourning for the dead!

And far across the sea that rolls between
Old England and the New, the grief is shared;
Both nations bow their heads in sorrow
bared,
And with the mourners weepeth England's
Queen!

From Biscay's Bay to Tiber's yellow wave,
Wherever freemen's hearts beat true to-day,
Unseen they join the long and sad array
That bears the martyred ruler to his grave!

Yet still, perchance, his high heroic soul
May guide the people's destinies—"his
trust"—

And from the treasure of his sacred dust
His voice still urge them to the nobler goal.

And from the sorrow—since it must befall—
May seeds of blessing for the future grow,—
A closer human brotherhood below,
More love and service to the Lord of all.