

The Halibuton.

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

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THE FUNERAL DAY,

SEPT. 26TH, 1881.

BY FIDELIS.

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!