

TO ONE OF THE ABSEET.

You bade me good-bye with a smile, love,
And away to the west wild and drear ;
At the sound of war's bugle shrill calling
You went without shadow of fear.
But when I complained of your going,
To face dangers untold in the west ;
You chided me gently by singing :
" Encourage me dear 'twill be best."

" I know you will miss me each hour
And grieve when I'm far, far away :
But its duty's demand and I'm ready :
Could I show the white feather to-day ?
Oh ! Now, you're my own bright eyed blessing
And show the true spirit within :
Those eyes now so fearlessly flashing
Shall guide me through war's crash and din."

With your men you went cheerful and willing,
To defend and take peace to the poor
Helpless children and sad prisoned women
Who had homes on Saskatchewan's shore,
And now I'm so proud of you darling
I can worship a hero so brave,
While I pray for your safe home returning ;
When the peace flag shall quietly wave.

O'er the land where poor Scott's heartless murderer,
Has added much more to his sin ;
By the cold-blooded uncalled for slaughter,
Of Gowanlock, Delaney and Quinn,
Who like many others now sleeping,
Shroudless near the sky of the west,
May be called the sad victims and martyrs
Of Riel who's name we detest.