

THE DEAD LEADER.

He hath calmness, great and grim,
That death hath granted him,
The wisest and the mightiest of our days.

Let the sad drums mutter low,
And the serried ranks move slow,
And the thousand hearts beat hushed along the street ;
For a mighty heart is still,
And a great, unconquered will,
Hath passed to meet the conqueror all must meet.