

LAURA SECORD

We come a name to place on this grand height,
Not to a general, king or statesman wise,
Poet or peer, author or man of might,
But to a woman good, whose name we prize.

Who here sought painfully among the slain,
In grief to find her husband wounded sore.
And saved his life mid watches long of pain,
With prayers to the All Father to restore.

Who on another day a daring deed
Performed to save her country and our land
So that this Canada of ours be freed
To us a heritage from s' ranger's hand.

Mid dangers dire o'er wry toilsome ways.
From floods, wild beasts and still more cruel man.
And now we twine her brows with fragrant bays,
Deserved long ere these modern days began.

Never did noble shaft survey such scene.
Such wealth of fruitful trees, rich fields of grain,
Of river blue, broad lake, never I ween,
Far as the eye can reach such smiling plain.

Upon this height made sacred with the blood
Of men of different race of whom we boast,
Who gave their lives in an unstinted flood,
A little patriot band against a host.

Upon this height where once nor twice alone.
Have vast processions wended slow their way,
In memory of our dead, their dust here strewn,
Who nobly fell or held the foe at bay.

To place of noble Brock on high the name,
And when that shaft was marred by miscreant hand
Indignant friends in thousands trooping came,
And generous treasure flowed from all the land.

The red man with his stately stride, here came.
The steadfast Gael in striking garb arrayed.
Then the young Prince, Peace Maker, well earned name,
And rulers of our land their tribute paid.

These scrolls to those who did and dared have told,
And still shall tell to all in future years,
Such names are not forgotten, but enrolled,
Enrolled with sympathetic pride and tears.

And when in future days the tale is told
To whom this stone? they ask in tones subdued.
To one who as the Master said of old
In words of praise "She hath done what she could."

JANET CARNOCHAN.

Niagara, July 5th, 1911.