

"IN MEMORIAM."

THOSE KILLED IN THE NORTHWEST. 1885.

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep,
Pillowed where they fought and bled,
The loved and lost, our glorious dead !

Toil and sorrow come with age,
Manhood's rightful heritage,
Toil our arms more strong shall render ;
Sorrow make our hearts more tender,
In the heartlessness of time ;
Honor lays a wreath sublime—
Deathless glory—where they bled,
Our loved and lost, our glorious dead !

Wild the prairie grasses wave
O'er each hero's new-made grave,
Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us.
But the future spreads before us
Glorious in that sunset land—
Nerving every heart and hand,
Comes a brightness none can shed
But the dead, the glorious dead !

Lay them where they fought and fell,
Every heart shall ring their knell,