

Sir John A. Macdonald.

Born at Glasgow, Jan. 11, 1815; Died at Ottawa, June 6, 1891.

DEAD! Dead! And now before
The threshold of bereaved Earncliffe stand
In spirit, all who dwell within our land
From shore to shore!

Before that black-draped gate,
Men, women, children mourn the Premier gone,
For many loved and worshipped old Sir John,
And none could hate.

And he is dead, they say!
The words confuse and mock the general ear—
What! can there yet be House and Members here
And no John A.?

So long he lived and reigned
Like merry monarch of some olden line,
Whose subjects questioned not his right divine,
But just obeyed

His will's e'en faintest breath,
We had forgotten—'midst affairs of State,
'Midst Hansard, Second Readings and Debate,
Such things as Death!

Swift came the dread eclipse
Of faculty, and limb and life at last,
Ere to the Judge of all the earth he passed
With silent lips,

But not insensate heart!
He was no harsh, self-righteous Pharisee—
The tender Christ compassioned such as he,
And took their part.

As to his Statesman-fame,
Let History calm his wondrous record read,
And write the Truth, and give him honest meed
Of praise or blame!

J. W. B.