

Could not return to aid, or see
The light beneath his eyelids fail,
Or hear the words he gasped in pain
For those he ne'er would meet again,
Who waited for him far away,
Weary with watching day by day.

He fell, and all seemed blotted out.
Would valor he had wakened go?
Would victory be turned to rout?
That day of battle answered, No.
His mighty spirit lingered still;
It urged us forward up the hill
Each time we charged, a ranging flood
Of men who mourned a hero slain.
His presence was with us again
When we began the slow retreat,
Plodding our way with aching feet
Through miles of swamp until we swept
Down on the panic-stricken foe.
Our Indians avenged his blood,
But we, who knew the goal was won
And that the work he planned was done,
Moved with a deadly silence when
We hurled our solid line of men
Across the space and cleared the height.
And like a curtain fell the night.

Yet in the triumph we still kept
A thought of him. We learned to know
His code of war, his honor pure,
His call to act and to endure;
And through the darkest months they stayed
Among us to inspire and aid;
Until at times I saw him stand,
A figure guarding our fair land.

NOTE:—Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of the war of 1812, fell on October 13, 1812, at Queenston Heights, in which battle he led the British troops, who, inspired by his leadership, won the battle after his fall. He was born in the island of Guernsey in 1769 and entered the army in 1784. He came to Canada in 1802 with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. In 1810 he was commissioned as Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada. A magnificent monument stands to his memory on the battle-field on which he lost his life.