

the field of battle or in the haunts of disease, is well entitled to his country's deepest gratitude and to its everlasting remembrance.

There are names which I have missed, that will shine in undying lustre upon their country's story, and there are other well-deserving names which will neither be inscribed upon glory's annals, nor even engraved upon monument of stone ; there are names of those for whom the gay songs of gladness shall ascend in many a joyous homestead, and of those for whom the bitter tear of anguish shall fall by many a lonely hearth—Farewell ! a sad and yet a glad farewell—God bless them ! each and all ; and graciously grant, Oh Power Supreme ! the fervent supplications of the sorrow-laden throng, that, beyond the weary hours of darkness, there may soon arise the glorious dawn of that holier, happier day, by saintly seer foretold, when

“No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall
And study war no more.”

THE END.

