

Nor trifle ev'n to classify the few,
 Illustrious dead that Nova Scotia knew.
 But, what the gifted, and the great have won
 By services unto their country done.
 What sanctities their sepulchres invest,
 Who boldly dared to battle for the best.
 So that we may some estimate obtain,
 Of what hereafter Amateurs may gain.

We pass the splendid list of warriors by,
 Went forth into the battle fields to die.
 The *Welsford's* and the *Parker's*, who became,
 Illustrious in the roll of Crimean fame.
 The gallant *Inglis* and the *Westphall's* brave,
 When living prized, and glorious in the grave!
 'Tis not the heroes highest in renown,
 But, the civilians that are smitten down.
 The statesmen and the honorable—those
 That in the city of the dead repose.
 And vestiges that Time consents to spare,
 Have left behind, now claims our special care.
 To learn, how lasting, on their narrow beds,
 Posthumous fame, a lustrous halo sheds.

There is a time, there is a season too—
 Tho' undefined, to neither say nor do.
 So is there, both a season and a time,
 When silence and supineness is a crime.
 Between such scylla and charybdis, we