

Alas ! Francis Parkman is no more,  
and in the words of New England's  
singer, Oliver Wendell Holmes,

" He rests from toil ; the portals of the tomb  
Close on the last of those unwearying hands  
That wove their pictured web in History's  
loom,

Rich with the memories of three distant  
lands.

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He told the red man's story ; far and wide  
He searched the unwritten records of his  
race ;

He sat a listener at the sachem's side,  
He tracked the hunter through his wild-  
wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eaglescreamed ;  
The wolf's long howl rang nightly ; through  
the vale

Tramped the lone bear ; the panther's eye-  
balls gleamed ;  
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife.  
Two proud, strong nations battling for the  
prize ;

Which swarming host should mould a nation's  
life,

Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict ; on the crimson sod  
Native and alien joined their hosts in vain ;  
The lilies withered where the lion trod,  
Till peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win  
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian  
fold,

To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin ;  
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er  
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so  
well,

While through long years his burdening cross  
he bore,  
From those firm lips no coward accents fell

A brave, bright memory ! his the stainless  
shield

No shame defaces and no envy mars !  
When our far future's record is unsealed,  
His name will shine among its morning  
stars."

