

With ringing volleys for a last farewell—
An honoured soldier in a soldier's grave !
His General followed him and all "The King's,"
With honest grief for one so brave and good,
Who led the storm at Stony Creek and fell,
Willing to die for sake of what was won,
The victory that saved the Forest Land.

So Basil died, and Isa loved him still.
In years to come, and many came, ere she
Rejoined him in the mansions of the blessed,
The grassy grave at Burlington she kept
With her own loving hands, that never tired
To deck with flowers. As every season came
She silently renewed her heart's young vows,
And waited till Christ called her to come in !
So Basil died, and Isa loved him still.

NIAGARA, January, 1880.

