

Miss Sarah Maxwell

She suffered saintlike as of old, yea, suffered
Like her Lord. For them she died.

O Canada !

Let not thy thrill dissolve as if a discord
Or a melancholy note, a dream forgot.
But stay thy busy hand. Be hushed. For
God
Hath spoken. God hath showed thee
motherhood
Divine, the majesty of sympathy,
Of fortitude, of love.

Oh ! be dismayed,
Ye men that seek for earthward greatness
false,
Your low desire, and sordid goal. Behold,
A burning woman climb to greatness true,
A maiden-mother seeking not herself,
But searching out the feeblest of the flock,
A lowly woman rise to glory,
And to God.