

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.—Hor., Lib. 1. Ode 24.

In death's cold arms our country's father lies—
When shall his equal glad her longing eyes ?

By distance parted, when her people were
Estranged and separate, scattered here and there.
He by a compact firm and wisely planned
Gave them for country all Canadian land ;
And stretched o'er mountain step and prairie broad.
For friendly intercourse an iron road.

Long with consummate statesmanship he swayed
The councils of the nation he had made,
Contended for the right with tongue and pen
And won by kindly deeds the hearts of men.—
And old-time friends and old opponents vied
In patriot sorrow when MACDONALD died.

W.

Ottawa, 9th June, 1891.

[The above beautiful tribute to the memory of the late lamented Premier was received in this office soon after his death, but through inadvertence was mislaid and unpublished until now.—ED. CITIZEN.]

CITIZEN, 15 June, 1891.