

THE DEATHLESS VOICE.

I hold him worthier poet's song
Who dies in doing one grand deed
To aid the weak and right the wrong,
Or help his brother in his need,
Than him whose court the nations throng.

For what of worth is in his hands
Whose ships traverse a hundred seas
To bring the riches of the lands
And pour it all about his knees,
While armies wait on his commands,

If men shall point his grave and tell
How all his days were given to seize
The reins of mart ; to buy and sell ;
And say of him, regarding these,
" His work is finished : it is well ! "

Ah, well for him that he is dead,
And well for us that we shall die
If only words like these are said
By those who follow when we lie
At rest, and all our days are sped !

A note of truer worth is heard
In our dear memories of a soul,
In spirit pure, sincere in word,
Whose life hath ever crowned the whole
With deeds by noblest virtue stirred.

The memory of one strong, sweet life,
Unfading thro' the dusk of years,
Wedded to us, as man to wife,
And hallowed with slow-dropping tears,
Hath nerved us for the coming strife.

A light from such high deeds has gone,
Whose glow shall deepen to the last ;
For worth of years is never done,
And voices ringing from the Past
Still lead the glorious Future on.

R. MACDOUGALL.