

His dignity of truth unto the end—
All marked for Canada her nobler trend.
No need of stately pomp nor loud acclaim
To mourn the memory of Mackenzie's name!

THE HOSPITAL.

BIRD of the mothering wings,
How the whirl of thy motion sings
Of balm and peace!
From earth's old bond of pain,
And anguish of cruel stain
Brooding release.

Bird of the plumage quiet,
Settling e'en mid the riot
Of sword and shell;
Bringing the hove of Christ
And all His sacrificed
In sight of hell.

Of all-encircling love
Our world's harbinger dove!
Thy healing clings
Where creature pang is heard;
Hallow'd thy touch, O bird
Of mothering wings!