

"Then waters murmured requiem; the breeze its wonder blended;

Sad nature veiled her gorgeous garb in haze of woven tear.

Wolfe lay amid the silent fallen; their giant combat ended.

Death, hovering, smiled; his kindly touch hallowed the field-won bier.

"O, keep your heroes, Canada, enshrined in memoried splendor;

Their sturdy fibre fed not on sapless, weakening ease;

A nation's burden staunch they bore; their vigor grew not slender;—

Reap ye the endless harvesting, beyond encircling seas."

The old man's voice in ceasing left some thrill of deep desire;—

War seemed of glory all bereft, yet wore its halo-fire;—

And Peace, bedight of holy weft, sang from her love-lit spire!

#### THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

**N**O need of stately pomp nor loud acclaim  
To vaunt the honor of Mackenzie's name;  
True hearts o'er all the land his worth revere;  
Aye must our country hold his memory dear.  
To her a stainless record he bequeaths—  
Let history entwine his modest wreaths.  
Indelible the stamp his rugged zeal  
Has left upon the nation's higher weal.  
His bold integrity, his pith of scorn  
For ought of selfish power or baseness born,  
His upright loyalty of manly front  
While feeling keen a losing battle's brunt,