

THOMAS KIRKLAND.\*



UPON his coffin, heaped with tender flowers,  
 Make place for this white blossom I would bring  
 From his old pupils, for we claim him ours  
 By sanction of sweet memories that cling,  
 Like odors of some far-off, mystic spring,  
 To hearts that loved him in the days of yore,  
 Albeit knowing scarcely anything  
 Of his great soul of virtue and of power,  
 As now we know, with sight and judgment more mature.

In those dim days, when study was a task  
 Set by stern Fate, and Play the saving sun  
 That lit our world ; when School wore Terror's mask,  
 And sore we grieved when holidays were done ;  
 'Twas then there came to be our teacher, one  
 Who, in his gentle dealing, made anew  
 The lesson-time ; the books we used to shun  
 Were now no longer irksome in our view,  
 Love rose where fear had reigned, and there forever grew.

To what was noblest in us he appealed,  
 Not in set, formal phrase, but by the air  
 Of kindness he spread ; we could but yield  
 A glad obedience to a guide so fair ;  
 The rein he held was lighter than a hair,

\* See Note XVI.