

*In Memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.* 141

For this they slew him ! Now

We lift his abused brow

And in our anguish vainly cry to Thee

Who art our God ! How long

Shall hellish crime be strong

And slavish spirits tamper with the free ?

Alas, that all our days are bleak

With hate which chills, and crime which pales the cheek.

Yea, these our days are cold

With driftings manifold

Of keener sorrows deep'ning with the past ;

And time, slow-swift in flight,

Still brings its ancient blight,

And shadows from increasing clouds are cast ;

And hearts still ache, and heavy hands

Grow weary with their toil in many lands.