

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

On the occasion of his Canadian tour of nineteen
hundred and ten

By BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

The kingship of true manhood, on his brow
Is written large. Time's hand has failed to trace
Aught but the noblest on his kindly face ;—
So well remembered—ne'er revered as now.

His eyes hold quenchless fires that never fade :
With the prophetic vision of the seer,
He dreams his dream, interpreting it clear ;
And smiles, where lesser souls would be afraid.

His voice holds music for the multitude :
His silver speech has all the power to sway,
That ever won for him the triumph-way,
Among the disaccord of Party feud.

As leaders must be—oft misunderstood
He went his way, but kept his soul serene ;
And through the years his steadfast aim has been,
His country's welfare and her greatest good.

Before the naked gaze of all the world,
The man in him has played a splendid game :
Well has he won the laurels of his fame,
Beneath the flag he never yet has furled.

He viewed the mighty nations of the earth,
And measured issues with unerring skill :
With broad-gauged judgment he pursued his will,
And nourished vital hope to joyous birth.

Truth lit for him a bright propitious star,
Whose light shines round him that all men may see
How Duty can attain a dignity,
That meaner motives have no power to mar.

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Not as the leader of a party creed,
Greet we him now from East to farthest West ;
But rather as a welcome, honored guest :—
Each heart can offer him no less a meed.

Let factions fade before the larger thought ;—
Here is a man, who, for his country's weal
Has striven to achieve his own ideal,
And in the van has ever fairly fought.

For Canada we claim him as our own,
And lift on high the vintage in the bowl ;
Pledging the courage of the stronger soul
That fears and faints not, and can stand alone.