

THE MCGILL GAZETTE

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No. 1.

DIED—A HERO.

They say the day of chivalry is past,

And but its mantle clothes the present age;
That foes be not so fierce nor friends so fast
As once, when war was manhood's heritage.

They say that with the lance and hammer'd helm
Has passed away the dauntless flush of youth,
And that the sneers of fashion overwhelm
The little left of earnestness and truth.

But there survives within the modern soul
A courage high as that of Uther's son,
And many an ocean heart's full tide waves roll
As grandly yet as those of knights have done.

Out of an alien land the western breeze
Comes ringing, with a tale to warm our veins,
Of one of those whom Azrael sometimes frees
To teach the world the greatness it retains.

At noon, in Northfield, everything was still;
The busy bustle of a prairie town
Had calmed itself awhile against its will,
And people to their meal had settled down.

The bank was open, but the listless wind
Bore in a sound of hurried steps no more;
Two clerks were chatting leisurely behind
The counter, and no tradesman stood before.

So thus sat Haywood with another there,
When, suddenly a sound alarmed the street—
A sound as of fast freebooters that swear.
Of shots and shouts, of hoofs and running feet.

And straightway, too, before the very door,
Those desperadoes stopped in full career;
And three sprang fiercely in, across the floor,
While Haywood's friend fled through a portal near.

On Haywood, then, the thieves seized angrily,
And held their bright revolvers at his head;
"The secret of the safe?" they cried, all three,
"The combination? Quick, or you are dead!"

Surprised at first, yet quiet in his mind,
He saw it profitless to fight or fly;
The burglars raved, their steel arms glittered clean,
But stolidly he set his face to die.

No word he spoke; but visions met his gaze
Of mother and his native northern land,
While youthful years and earlier childish days
Rose up, as at a mighty spell's demand.

And then he saw his dear, sweet children, rise;
And lastly, too, his dearest, sweeter wife;
Yet, though this agony burned in his eyes,
He still set honor higher than his life.

And all this time the fury of the three

Grew hotter, and their oaths came loud and fast;
They stormed, they shook him, but his soul was free,
And that, at least, kept steady to the last.

The town was roused. Again a sound was heard
Of shots and shouts, of hoofs and running feet;
But now the whole community was stirred,
And poured pursuers on an echoing street.

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"Christ help us, friends! was that a pistol shot?"
And be those murderers that just now fled?
And is this Haywood here, or is it not,
Who lies so still, for trust and honor dead?"

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Is this not nobler than the warlike deeds
Of those that for a worthless glory fought?
Is such ambition less than that which feeds
Upon the ruin that an arm has wrought?

Canadians! he was one of you; a youth
Born in a land of snow and just now fled;
And many like him walk your soil, forsooth,
And many like him shall ye know again.

THE SUN-GOD.

Baldur was the youngest of Scandinavian deities, and his story the most beautiful of Northern myths. Odin his sire, is the great, mysterious All-Father, that Gothic Jove, who was so far above the Olympian in much of his character. His wife, Freyja, Baldur's mother, was the ideal type of a grand, lovely goddess, golden haired and blue-eyed. She was entrusted with the secrets of the future, a knowledge entailing vast anxiety on even a divine mind. At any rate, when her youngest son was born, she grew restless, and in spite of the reigning joy, could hardly raise a smile, till finally, to satisfy herself, she journeyed through all the earth, exacting a promise from everything, never to aid in harming her boy. A ready response was given; rock, river, tree, shrub, man, and all the animals returned glad answers, for they loved the splendid being who even now drew hearts to himself. At last, her duty almost done, Freyja turned towards Asgard, city of gods, and came to the wood near it. Here she enlisted the straight ash, swaying linden and calm, gnarled oak, but just as she turned from the latter, her eye caught the thick-leaved mistletoe clinging to a bough. But her feet were weary, her home was near, and she went away with the thought, "It is not worth the trouble." Just as she was turning, a shadow glided from behind her, and disappeared in the gloom, while she herself made straight for Asgard and told her story to the other divinities.

Years passed by, each adding grace to Baldur's form, and geniality to his heart, till in process of time, an event occurred