

The Spanish commander ordered a day to be set apart for solemn thanksgiving and public rejoicing, in honor of the great victory achieved under the banner of the Cross. Thus fell the mighty Empire of the Aztecs. In the short space of two centuries it had risen from an insignificant territory, with a cluster of wretched huts, to take its place as mistress of the Western World. In the days of its prosperity it had held the language of another city:—"I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow;" and well might the lamentation poured over the mystic Babylon apply to the prostrate Mexico:—"Alas! alas! that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come. The merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls, and of silver and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of ivory and of most precious woods, and the fruits that thy soul lusted after, are departed from thee. Alas! alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, for in one hour so great riches is come to nought. What city was like this great city?"



[For the Maple Leaf.]

## ORIGINAL.

Away to the glad, green fields, away  
From the city dusty and dim,  
With its walls of brick, and skies of gray,  
And its ceaseless, deafening din.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,  
And drink in the sweet-scented air;  
And joying to see the hills so gay—  
Throw away to the winds each care.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,  
And ramble o'er hill and in vale;  
And cull the brightest roses to-day,  
For the cheeks so haggard and pale.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,  
For the sun seem'd never so bright—  
Nor the sky so blue, as in the ray  
Of this beautiful morning light.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,  
Let your heart swell with new delight—  
And revel 'mid flow'rets while you may,  
For 'twill only too soon be night.