

His faith-compelling genius-force within their souls
prevailing,
And—yonder—foemen veterans of chivalrous re-
nown—
What marvel e'en that granite wall could baffle not
their scaling,
Nor dash their hold on Canada for her Britannia
Crown?

"Nay, history spreads no bigger page of brilliant,
skill-wrought etching—
So clear the stroke; sharp, swiftly sure; nor blot
nor blur to mar;
A picture set in purposed peace; a continent out-
stretching
In radiant strength; a beacon hold; and Hope its
beckoning star!"

Impassioned of the Past he stood—so stately—soul
agleam,
With joy in thought of knightly good, plumed of
heroic scheme.
Then softer spake as musing mood and vista-trance
beseem:

"With placid smile September sun to beauty woke the
morning
On mountain, forest, solitude, city and steep, and
plain,
And reach of waters primal-voiced—all grouped in
grand adorning;—
But noon beheld the fair land strewn, and stared
upon the slain.