

Mr. Howard has behaved munificently to Toronto. High Park, which contains 165 acres, was his property, and had cost him \$50,000. Having been largely employed as an architect and civil engineer in Toronto and Canada generally, he considered it his duty to return a portion of the property he had accumulated to the Corporation of Toronto, and the land has been conveyed in trust to the citizens for a public park. One hundred and twenty acres they already occupy, and the other forty-five acres, with all the buildings thereon, they will have after his death, with the exception of the consecrated eighth of an acre, on which is erected the tomb we have illustrated.

TO JOHN G. HOWARD, ESQUIRE,
OF COLBORNE LODGE, HIGH PARK.

Some sing of the heroes that battles have made,
Of genius surpassing the glitter of arms ;
They eulogize men who made carnage a trade,
Tho' heroes indeed ! they for me have few charms.

With them I've no quarrel, but mournfully lay
My wreath of immortelles with tears on the grave
Of the vanquished and victors who fell in the fray,
Who doubtless alike were heroic and brave.

They fell in the quarrels that statesmen had made,
In conflicts, perhaps, without reason or right ;
But on them the burden of battle was laid,
And true to *their* country they fell in the fight,

Peace, peace, to their ashes ! They merit the crown
I gratefully yield them, the laurel and bay ;
Their exploits of valour deserve more renown,
Than many who boast of their knighthood to-day.

But dearer to me are the men who have won,
In peaceful arenas the laurels they wear ;
Who viewing the past, and the work they have done,
Behold through its vista a vision more fair.

No widows bereft mark the steps they have trod,
No blood-curdling scene rises up to their view ;
But duty performed leading nearer to God,
Is the record of lives that were noble and true.

Of such is the subject of these humble lines,
A man of high purpose, with rich gifts endued.
Whose life, by his acts of benevolence, shines
A star among men of the first magnitude.

Of such would I sing with a hope to inspire,
To highest endeavour such deeds to excel ;
And leave to the world the accomplished desire,
And all future ages shall say, " They did well."

More lasting their fame than the beautiful stone,
Affection has reared where lov'd ashes repose ;
And when the dear name is no longer alone,
Her mem'ry with *His* will be sweet as the rose.

July 12, 1881.

ROBERT AWDE.