

and treated him with that distinguished affability of which he is a past master.

Colonel Denison's sturdy patriotism was strikingly shown in the organization of the "Canada First" party, of which, with the late lamented W. A. Foster and W. H. Howland, he was a chief originator. He has also ever taken a profound interest in the question of Imperial Federation, and has written and spoken much upon that subject. In 1894 he was in England to promote its interests. Dining at Lord Salisbury's, he met Lord Methuen and Field-marshal Lord Roberts, and

together they proceeded to the conference at Sir John Lubbock's, where the British Empire League was founded. He was also present at the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, and in 1899 was gazetted Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of his old corps in which he had served for over forty-three years. Colonel Denison is, of course, deeply gratified at the new imperialism which is now throbbing throughout the Empire.

Since 1877 he has dispensed justice as police magistrate of the city of Toronto. In this relation he has been "a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well."

VICTORIA REGINA.*

BY W. W. CAMPBELL.

Roll out earth's muffled drums, let sable streamers flow,
And all Britannia's might assume her panoply of woe!

Love's holiest star is gone:

Wind wide the funeral wreath

For She, our mightiest, hath put on

The majesty of death.

Roll forth the notes of woe,
Let the baleful trumpets blow

A titan nation's titan heartfelt throe;

'Mid age and storm and night and blinding snow,

Death, the pale tyrant, lays our loftiest low.

Like some fair mask of queenly sleep she lies,
The mists of centuries in her sightless eyes,
This august woman; greatest of earth's great;
Who ruled this splendour, held this Empire's fate,
And built this purity and white of love's supreme estate.

Low, like a lily broken on its stem,
Passed all her glory, filched her diadem,
She sleeps at His weird bidding who saith, Peace,
And all the loud world's mighty roar is hushed in love's surcease. . .

Greater than greatness, stronger than iron power,
That makes earth's Neros grim, her Cæsars' dower;
Hers was the gift to girdle isles of peace
With woman's nobleness and love's increase.

The century rang with might of sword and flame
And coarser moods. Amid its blight she came,
And love grew purer, life a holier name;
Religion graver, deeper; happiness,
A part of character to aid and bless;
And softer grew life's heart of bitterness,
Man's faith grew godlier, chivalry arose,
With virtue white as winter's winnowed snows;
And art and song awoke from sorrow's long repose. . .

For us remains the grief, the pain, the woe,
The anguish, sorrow, and the boding heart-;
For her, the mighty peace of those who go
Forth from a nobler part.

* At the late meeting of the Royal Society of Canada this poem on the death of Queen Victoria was read by the accomplished author. It is in our judgment one of the finest tributes that has been written in memory of our lamented sovereign.—Ed.