

The knightly souls of Albion's mythic youth
Upon his page live o'er their lives again :
His seer-like thought reflects the light of truth
On the great problems of the heart and brain.

He loved Old England ; of her glory proud
Her weal and woe were of his life a part ;
Oft as his bugle-blast rang clear and loud,
It stirred the blood in every patriot heart.

His ashes rest with England's kings of song ;
But his freed spirit chants a loftier strain,
And his great thoughts and scorn of selfish wrong—
His truer self—shall evermore remain.

Though the wide ocean spreads its stormy sway
Between us and the land he held so dear,
These maple leaves in grateful love I lay
With English roses on his honored bier.

TORONTO, *October*, 1892.