

Vain-glorious pomp, as born of earth,
 Time's current sweepeth past ;
 Fame, fortune, life, are moulds of clay,
 True worth alone can last.

Great Leo of the gifted mind
 In science, and in art,
 Gained of a wondering world renown,
 But thou hast won the heart.

For thou—thy deathless monument *
 Stands, like a beacon bright,
 To type thy faith in Him who blessed
 The darkened eyes with sight.

Who values not the creed most pure
 Without the willing hand ;
 The life which acts the precepts taught
 In judgment it shall stand.

Then wreath we laurels rich to crown
 The brow of righteous age ;
 Thy virtues write we on our hearts,
 If not on history's page.

Time narrows down thy hold of years,
 Yet, when thou'st passed away,
 Thy teaching of that nobler life
 In life will last for aye.

As waning sun of summer's eve
 Descends in golden light,
 So shall thy graceful eventide
 Merge into cloudless night.

Which ushers in that better morn,
 Lit by that purer Sun,
 Whose tender rays illumine the soul
 Which hath its duty done.

* Charlottetown Hospital, the first charitable Institution of the kind on P.
 E. Island, was presented to the city by His Lordship Bishop McIntyre, in 1878.