

AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

"Take care, Old Man!" "I thank you, sir."

"What street is this I'm on?"

"King-street." "And can you tell me where  
I'll find the Helicon?"

"There's no such place. But if you are

A stranger, you can go

To the Rossin, it is not far."

"Across the street?" "Just so."

King street—a stranger—let me think

Rise up, ye stones, and tell

The memories that sweetly link

Crocus with asphodel.

The faces look Toronto-like.

I feel my mother earth.

St. James' clock! I hear it strike.

This is my place of birth.