

# EPILOGUE.

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TO THE INDULGENT READER.

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Out of several hundred I have chosen the foregoing few poems for publication. (As literary tastes differ so much it would be impossible to select, from such a heap of manuscript as I had before me, a set number of pieces that would please every person.) Consequently I have merely chosen those which afford myself the greatest amount of pleasure. They might be far more artistic, but they could never recall more forcibly the many happy scenes in which they were written. Even the few college poems, at the end, have fond memories and sweet associations, which cling to and cluster around them ; to change one word, or correct one verse would seem, to me, a desecration of the past ; with all their imperfections they must remain. And as to my more recent productions, I can only say that if they are imperfect they are, at least, as perfect as I was able to make them. Should they serve to please, to amuse, or to instruct any reader, they will have performed a two-fold duty, that of being a source of enjoyment and consolation to the author and a source of benefit to others. Muses adieu ! Ye were merry and harmless companions, and I hope that our acquaintance may some day be renewed ; as ye animated me with joyousness in the dawning of my career, ye will bring happy memories to my mind when my sun is declining !

J. K. FORAN.