

EPILOGUE.

My book is now written,
My last song is in print,
And it must stand or fall
By what's found to be in't.
I dream not of plaudits,
Not e'en limited praise;
With all imperfections
It goes forth to the gaze
Of the merciless *critics*,
Who may not even deign
Any notice to take
Of this "pet book" of mine.
Well, e'en so let it be;
Anyhow, it's in print,
And "*a book is a book,*
Though there's nothing found in't."

J. W. R.

Fort William,
November 19th, 1911.