

AUTHOR'S LAST WORDS.*

Go little book ! and meet what greeting Canada gives thee,
Good report or ill, purchasers many or few—
Go with thy verse-wreath, sought from woodland, river, and hillside,
Record of fifteen years lived in the Maple Leaf land,
Quinté's calm blue bay, and Ottawa's hurrying waters,
Or where the City Queen sits by Ontario's wave ;
Now 'mid the stately streets, and now 'mid wilderness sylvan,
Home and mirror and bath, still of the Dryad unscared,
Yet they have soothed my days, those well-known classical echoes,
Yet 'mid life's losses and cares, HOMER and HORACE were mine.
Yet in our own poor home were gleams of Beauty ideal—
Weimar's sage and Ferney's, glories of Hellas and Rome.
Yet shall this page recall the friends that Canada gave me,
Friends most true and tried, ever remembered and dear,
Ballads of Faces Fair, that in the Past or Present
Read of erst or seen, lived in my fancies again.
Last, with the lighter strains, the heart's mirth born of the moment,
Some more serious chords come from the parsonage cell,
Sounding in fancy oft, when through the aisles of the wildwood,
Solemn sequence and hymn heard I from ages afar ;
Studied for many a year, that strange, quaint, barbarous Latin,
Monkish tomes, my work oft for a long summer day :
Have they been lost, those hours ? those rhymes, for what do they profit ?
Barbarous Latin at best, art of a barbarous age.
Yet to the student shall art be art, though the age be a dark one—
Struggling in turbid dawn on to the brightness of day.
Art to the few so dear, so scorned by the Philistine many—
Art which sufficeth itself ever for praise and reward.

TORONTO, May, 1880.

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