

DEDICATION.

THESE first-fruits, gathered by distant ways,
In brief, sweet moments of toilsome days,
When the weary brain was a thought less weary,
And the heart found strength for delight and praise,—

I bring them and proffer them to thee,
All blown and beaten by winds of the sea,
Ripened beside the tide-vext river,—
The broad, ship-laden Miramichi.

Even though on my lips no Theban bees
Alighted,—though harsh and ill-formed these,
Of alien matters in distant regions
Wrought in the youth of the centuries,—

Yet of some worth in thine eyes be they,
For bare mine innermost heart they lay ;
And the old, firm love that I bring thee with them
Distance shall quench not, nor time bewray.

FREDERICTON, July, 1880.