

To tell the triumphs of Agricola's pen,  
 Which tower'd sublime o'er valley, waste and fen,  
 Swept frowning forests from the mountain's side,  
 And art and science scatter'd far and wide :  
 Which rous'd ourselves and did our neighbours rouse  
 And Canada the sacred flame avows ;  
 The States, St. Andrews, Montreal, St. John  
 The genial spirit of his writings own ;  
 And future times will bless the hour when first  
 Agricola forth from his retirement burst,  
 Much still remains, the muse forbids to tell,  
 This second struggle may now cease to swell,— }  
 But now enough—Agricola fare thee well.

*End of Canto 4th.*