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To John Reade

As a slight appreciation of his invariable kindness, this booklet is respectfully dedicated to Dr. John Reade, poet and scholar, to whose generous encouragement the author owes any success that he may have achieved in the literary field.

The author may here be permitted to quote the lines addressed by him to Dr. Reade on his recent birthday anniversary, on which occasion deserved honor was paid by literary men throughout the Dominion to one of Canada's finest poets, most eminent scholars, and truest men.

Scholar and poet, true man and steadfast friend,

What wishes shall be ours this joyous day?

We cannot wish thee fame, its fulgent ray
Brightens thy path and shall until the end.

We shall not wish thee gold, for gold is dross.

Nor may we wish thee friends, for friends thou hast

Innumerable, by links of love held fast.

What wish bespeak that shall not suffer loss?

"Health, joy and peace"—the wish is from the heart.

Health in the golden years of well-earned rest,

Joy in thy friends, thy books, the scholar's zest,

Peace in the restful hours of evening's chimes.

Crowned in the annals of thy Country's Art,

Thy works shall bear thy name to distant times.