

## PREFACE.

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IN submitting "Canadian Battlefields and Other Poems" to a discerning public, I realize it may be marred by many errors; the harp may not always be in tune—some chords may jar upon the fastidious ear. Rhythm and harmony may not always present that mysterious appeal to the soul that approves, and proves the worth of all. Yet, withal, I feel that some thoughts and emotions of patriotism, love of home, the song of nature, the mystery of creation, and the impenetrable depths of infinitude, may be found and approved.

The subtle voice of nature, the voices of love, home, and country, have ever appealed to me, and impelled me to sing my humble song. And thus, in doubt and uncertainty, I cast it out on the world—the reading, critical public—asking that the pure, white veil of charity may conceal its rough edges and inequalities.

Seek but to benefit thy fellowman;  
Let smiles, not frowns, his rugged path assail;  
Better with blinded eyes his faults to scan  
Than let the sin of wrong and scorn prevail.

J. R. WILKINSON.

LEAMINGTON, 1899.