

Canada has but few literary men of note. Yet among us are many who are doing creditable work on the old lines. I am, I suppose, "one of the least of these my brethren."

Outside of my own circle of personal acquaintance or such like, I am not, probably, (that is by my writing), known to ten men in the Province, and none outside thereof.

It was in '84 that I published my first volume of verse—*Maple Underwood*,—but nothing since. Sold for the most part in our own county, Huron. However, this was all that I expected from it. But I expect the present volume, with its complement of prose, to widen my circle and ascribe me a place among those, at least, of our people, who are of kindred sympathies and spirit with my own.

Without writing much about Canada, still I write all for and to Canadians in the meantime, assured that this only goes to make me more highly loyal, with the chance of becoming a world's man.

J. A. M.

Blyth, Ont., Dec., 1893.