

NOTE.

The somewhat peculiar and composite flavour of this little book has resulted from an attempt to epitomise the various humours, idylls, loves, and tragedies of moorland life in Scotland well-nigh half a century ago. The places are real, and the local colour exact; but the characters are wholly ideal, and cannot be identified with any actual men and women, alive or dead. I have taken the title, "Lads' Love," from the old name for the Scented Wormwood, or Southern-wood, a sprig of which wooers used to wear when they went courting, and our grandmothers to carry with them in their Bibles to church.

S. R. C.