

IV.

mother would not consent. It would perhaps have been better for me if she had ; but it was, doubtless, fortunate for the Church that she did not. But to the point : As a reward for my ability in reading, some of our friends made me a present of a book—a small book of about one hundred pages, bearing on the cover the word “ Poems ” in large gilt letters. It was a compiled work, and was the seed of which this is the fruit. It was to me a great book. I feel its influence at this moment, and will ever feel it till sensation can thrill my bosom no more. During the few months that I remained at school I often begged permission to take it to school, which was sometimes granted, and then I was in my element. As I pored over these poems, I indulged in the fancy that when I grew to manhood I would be a poet ; but I had no idea of fame. About the middle of my sixth year we moved to this province, and in the excitement and confusion of moving my precious book was lost, which caused me not a little regret for a time ; but it wore away, as