

PREFACE.

In offering this little book to such as may be pleased to read it, I must give in extenuation the circumstances and events whose influence brought upon me the curse of writing poetry. At the time of my birth and till the middle of my sixth year, my father was a schoolmaster, and dwelling near the school-house, I was taken very early to school; and when a little over five years of age, I could read the Testament with tolerable fluency.

I remember the last time the superintendent, a Rev. Mr. Dose, of the Church of England, came to the school, he selected a chapter and gave it to me to read; and when I had done, he patted me on the head in a complimentary manner. When we moved to this province, shortly after, this clergyman desired that my parents would leave me with him, promising to educate me for the Church; but my