

## PREFACE.

In publishing "Poetical Meditations" the writer is not ignorant of the fact that there are critics in the world, but hopes that his little production may be generously spared by these sharp-eyed gentry, on the same principle that the mouse is spared by the lion, because it is too small game to be hunted by that noble beast.

The subjects brought before the reader in these verses are taken from the home life or the history of our country. The verses have been written by request, and at the last time. In all of them the writer has endeavored to tell the truth, remembering that

Falsehood may be set in rhyme,  
But poetry is always true.

That there are mistakes in this work it would be useless to deny, to one of which it is necessary to call attention. In the verses entitled "My Boy Is Dead," in the first line of the third verse the words "sweet smile" should read "sweet song."

There is a gem more pure and bright  
Than stars which grace the brow of night,  
Which hides beneath its generous glow  
All fault or error it may know;  
I wish my verses each to be  
In the light of charity.

L. J. H.