

When *bards* unto their noblest rise,
And scorn the schemes which advertise ;
Trust us, *ye poets*, we are true ;
And in your noblest one with you.

TO

THAT LANGUISHING CAUSE,

The Regeneration of Canadian Poetry.

WHICH

CANADIAN BARDS,

IF THEY ARE TRUE TO THEMSELVES AND AS *LUCID* IN THE FUTURE

AS THEY HAVE BEEN *TUMID* IN THE PAST,

WILL TAKE TO BE

THE REASON OF EXISTENCE OF *THIS MOMENTO*;

AND

TO THE RECLAMATION OF THOSE SCRIBBLERS IN THE

SERVICE OF *FOLLY*;

THIS BOOK IS

Dedicated.

—*Lighthalls, Dedication improved.*