

PREFACE.

Prefaces are, I believe, out of date now; nevertheless, at the risk of being counted old-fashioned, I wish to say a few words to my readers on launching upon the market this collection of verse. A few years ago, I had printed a small booklet of verse, and the same received very favorable notice, not only from home papers, but also from many of the leading newspapers, both in the East and West; the whole edition of one thousand copies was sold out in fifteen days, which was very gratifying to me, and since then I have often been importuned to risk something on a larger scale. This I have now done, in issuing the present volume of *WOOD-NOTES WILD*. I may not even be rated as a fourth class writer of verse, but let us remember that every star is not a comet, every flower is not a rose, and every hill is not an alp; and if I have been endowed with a small share of the "poetic fire," surely I am justified in making use of it, humble though it be. There has been no attempt made at classification, but, to please a whim of my own, I have had the pieces printed in the order in which they were written. I now leave *WOOD-NOTES WILD* in the hands of, and to the mercy of, a generous public, and I hope that none of my readers will lay aside this collection of verse without having received some crumbs of pleasure.

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(Bard o' Glen-Eerie.)

Fort William, Ontario,
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