

EDITORS' NOTE

AFTER Alexander McLachlan's death, his daughter Mary began to collect and arrange his numerous poetic compositions, with a view to publishing a selection of what might seem most worthy of presentation in permanent form. Unhappily, death overtook her before she could complete this work of filial devotion. A few friends of the poet, however, feeling that the work thus interrupted should not be allowed entirely to fail, consulted together, and made the selection here given. Mr. McLachlan left a very large amount of material in manuscript, all of which has passed under review. It is confidently hoped that the present publication includes nearly all that he himself would have wished to see in print. The editors have not attempted to do much more than select, punctuate for the sense, and put here and there a few "finishing touches," large numbers of which were indicated by himself. This fact has restrained their hands: It was known that taking liberties with his verse was something the poet resented. He preferred to let his "wild, warbling measures rise," even when they transgressed the canons of prosody, for