PREFACE.

I CANNOT let this little book go out into the world without a word of apology for offering so slight an object to the public notice. This, then, is what I have to say for myself:

Many years ago, when I was yet in my teens, the larger proportion of these verses were written and printed. They were written in the Canadian backwoods, and were first published in a collected form in Montreal. But, both before and after the gathering of them into a little volume, various single sets of verses (I will not use the word "poems,") found their way into Canadian newspapers and magazines, and thence into American ones. Books were in those days rarely produced in Canada, and mine found many and kind readers, and made a little success.

But I returned to England. Cares and anxieties, and the swiftly-accomplished loss of all those who had had pleasure in my doings, had swept the book and its contents almost out of my mind, when I was startled one day by seeing some verses of my own printed among those to be sung at a great temperance meeting. I asked whence they came, and was told "from Moody and Sankey's Hymn-book." I