

AN
APOLOGY
FOR MY
WAIFS IN VERSE.

GENTLE READER AND FRIEND,

Except only in the matter of *dollars*, any intention of making which by the sale of my Waifs I utterly renounce, the Preface I wrote for my good friend Mrs. Grant's "STRAY LEAVES" so nearly states the inducements which led me to print this little volume, and the spirit in which I wish you to read it, that on the points which that preface touches I need scarcely say more;—and I have, therefore, (contrary to my general rule,) placed it first in my table of contents. But the reasons therein given for bespeaking your favorable criticism, relate only to the quality of the articles, and I must therefore say something about their matter and spirit. **They** are indeed **WAIFS**, born of the occasion and with no object beyond it; and so little care had I taken of them, that many were lost altogether, and but for the kindness of some of my friends who had kept copies of them, and more especially of my brother and my excellent friend, the late Honorable Judge Black of Quebec, I should have been unable to collect enough to make this modest little book; and as **WAIFS**, written each for its own special occasion, and generally at the instances of some friend whose views and feeling it was to express, I wish them to be judged. Many of those which may seem most trivial to the general reader, will be most acceptable to some of my dearest friends, from the pleasant memories they will awaken. For the rest, I must not hope entirely to escape the application of Mrs. Grant's confession: *I may* have a modest wish for honorable mention in