

PREFACE.

IT is a common practice among writers, when they make their appearance—especially for the first time—before the public, to offer some general remarks to their readers (if they have the good fortune to have any) on the subject of their productions ; and the present author must, though the task be hard, follow the prevailing custom.

“ ’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print,
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t,”—

says Byron, and some critics will probably give that as the only reason why the author of “Fancies of Boyhood” saw fit to publish. The remark may be true in part, but not as a whole. It is undoubtedly pleasant to see your name in print, that is providing it be not printed in the criminal list of some newspaper ; but the pleasing sensation of seeing my name in print is not the only reason that led me on to the present undertaking. As a certain poet says :

“ Lowly my lay, but yet, methinks, not wrong
To pen these stanzas with an idle hand ;
The grey bird twitters out his rugged song
Beside the robin with the note so grand ;
The heavens do not but for one songster stand,
The earth but for great bards was never made.
To all who sing, her glorious realms expand,
Some in fame’s sunlight stand, while some in shade.
The last O may I claim its lesser realm to invade.”

The writer strikes the point exactly. Although Acadia boasts such favored children of fame as Roberts, Vivien, Lockhart, Eaton, who occupy heights which the lowly author of these poor lines may