

To the author, there is hardly one that has not its little, local history, and that does not awaken reminiscences of some quiet Canadian home,—some rustic Canadian school-house,—some dreamy hour in the beautiful Canadian forests,—some morning or evening walk amidst Canadian scenery,—or some pleasant sail over Canadian waters.

They have been written under widely different circumstances; and, in great part, in brief intervals snatched from the arduous duties of teaching, or the more arduous ones of domestic life.

Of the personal experiences traceable through many of them, it is not necessary to speak. We read in God's word that "*He fashioneth their hearts alike*;" therefore there is little to be found in any human experience, that has not its counterpart, in some sort, in every other; and he alone is the true Poet who can so interpret his own, that they will be recognized as, in some sense, the real, or possible experiences of all.

Trusting that these unpretending lyrics may be able thus to touch a responsive chord in many hearts, and with a sincere desire to offer a worthy contribution to the literature of our new and prosperous country, they are respectfully submitted to the public by the

AUTHOR.

INGERSOLL, ONT.,
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