

PREFACE.

THE following poems have been printed in this form at the request of many of my friends who have read a portion of them as they appeared from time to time in *The Examiner*. That they are deficient in many respects I am well aware, but I know that the learned will consider their author's humble position and learning, and thereby overlook their shortcomings. I feel that I can say without boasting that they contain nothing which will in any way injure those who may read them. To do good has been my only object in writing them, and if they will fulfil that object even in the smallest degree, I shall feel that the time spent in their composition has yielded an abundant harvest. Upon the poem entitled "Ireland's Wrongs," I have spent no little pains and thought, and my hope is that it may be the means of enlisting some in the battle against that deadly evil, intemperance, which is fast spreading over our happy Island a cloud of darkness to shut out the sunlight from many a bright and peaceful home. The longer as well as some of the shortest poems have never before appeared in print, and my prayer is that a blessing from the Giver of all good may follow their publication.

J. B. D.

Southport, P. E. I., April 1st, 1889.