

have been forgotten, or whether their author shall be encouraged to strike his lyre in a higher key, to accompany his Muse, while she tries to sing in a loftier strain.

In passing an opinion on my literary venture, of course the youthful state of our country will be taken into consideration, for it is a state which necessarily tinges all of our productions, literary or otherwise, with a certain amount of crudity. Consequently, reasonable men will not expect that felicity of expression, and that ripeness and happiness of thought, which would be expected in the productions of an older country, although they may be aware that true poetry is not the result of education, or even the refinements of a nation long civilized.

With these words by way of introduction and explanation, I dedicate this little book of mine to the Canadian public, hoping that whatever they may think of me as a poet, they will not forget that I am a loyal Canadian, zealous in behalf of anything that may tend to refine, instruct and elevate my country, and anxious to see her take an honorable stand among the other nations of the earth.

THE AUTHOR.

PORT ALBERT, March, 1887.