THE WAYFARER: LEAVES FROM A WANDERER'S LOG

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649229765

The wayfarer: leaves from a wanderer's log by James Edward Ward

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JAMES EDWARD WARD

THE WAYFARER: LEAVES FROM A WANDERER'S LOG

Trieste

THE WAYFARER

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TOBONTO.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK - BOSTON - CHICAGO - DALLAS ATLANTA - SAN FRANCISCO MACMILLAN & CO., LIMPTED LONDON - BOMBAY - CALCUTTA MELBOURNE

The Wayfarer

Leaves from a Wanderer's Log

BY

JAMES EDWARD WARD

Toronto:

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

1922

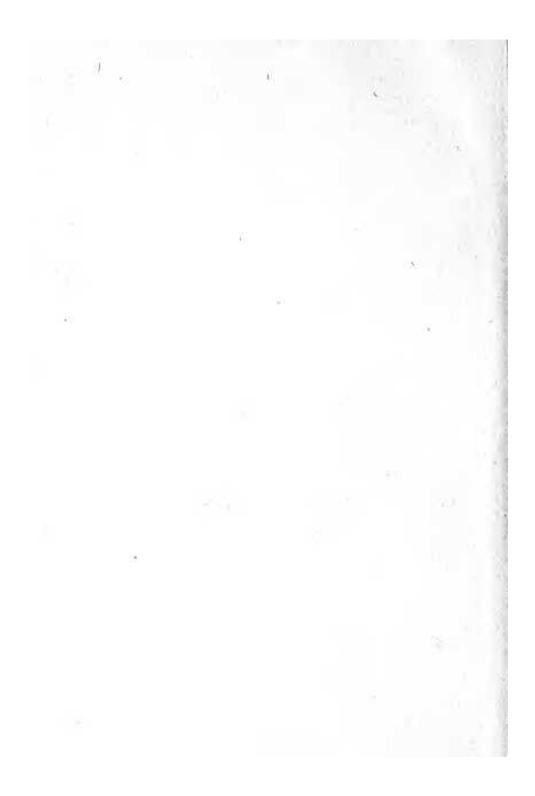
COPYRIGHT. THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TORONTO. PS 8545 A724W3 PUBLISHED 1922.

(All Righls Reserved)

651'785

17

Unto the Little Mother in the Great Unscen



FOREWORD

When some strange whim tempts a fellow out into the faery land of literary dreams, and, still more strange, prompts him' to pen the shaping of them, who knows what then may come to pass? Lines thus turned to fill a leisure hour, here through several years, have come to light. Have dreams so gained a passing reality, or are they not still but echoing harmonies of the friendly past? Had they been made for telling, it may be they would have been told differently. I know not; dreams are not so made. So in part, not wholly, nor unchanged, the letters of Audrey are neither mine nor hers, and there are echoes of Amiel in one or two pages of my thought, yet who was Audrey . . . and what are dreams? Again, I know not.

Friends there are who speak to me as I turn my notebook leaves in retrospect, snatched from a life of promise to a nobler service. Friends there are, still lending of their strength, though long since lost amid the throng . . . Nay, are such friends ever lost?

For the rest, life itself, and this small tome which speaks thereof, belongs not to any Wayfarer, but to all those strong spirits of welcome place, and kindly person, the pledge of whose fraternity it is.

J. E. W.