

**A BOOK OF
CHRISTMAS VERSES**

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A book of Christmas verses by Philip Francis Gould Barry

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PHILIP FRANCIS GOULD BARRY

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Christmas Verses.

HOBBART TOWN : . . . J. WALCH AND SONS.
LAUNCESTON : . . . J. WALCH AND SONS.
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A BOOK

OF

Christmas Verses.

BY

PHILIP FRANCIS GOULD BARRY.

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J. WALCH AND SONS :

1885.

280.k.160.

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
COLONEL THOMAS GORE BROWNE, C.B.,
GOVERNOR OF TASMANIA,
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF APPRECIATION OF THE GENIAL
COURTESY WHICH INVARIABLY DISTINGUISHES HIS
INTERCOURSE WITH THE COLONISTS, OVER WHOM HE
HAS BEEN DELEGATED BY HER MAJESTY TO PRESIDE,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS,
BY PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S
OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

Preface.



IN presenting to the public this little volume of verses I desire to offer a few words of explanation, chiefly because some portions of its contents have been printed in newspapers with which I was formerly connected in Victoria, South Australia, and Launceston. The bulk of the collection is, however, now issued from the press for the first time.

I have called it a book of verses as I am far from being sufficiently presumptuous to regard any part of it as worthy of the name of poetry, and I have no desire to force it into circulation by false pretences. I constantly derive pleasure myself from the perusal of literary compositions whose only merit consists in their conveying in correct metrical form and harmonious and accurate language the thoughts and sentiments of common daily life. I cannot doubt that there is a large section of the community whose members experience equal gratification from the same harmless source.

Such verses as I venture to hope may be found in the annexed collection are, I believe, capable of affording a passing enjoyment to many persons by whom the highest triumphs of poetic genius would be imperfectly, if it all, appreciated. And this I think is peculiarly the case in societies like our own, where men, being for the most part engaged in business pursuits, and women in household duties, require as a consequence in their few leisure hours, reading which is intelligible without effort rather than such as to the earnest student, only, reveals its recondite beauties.

There is, however, one ground above all others on which I ask a lenient consideration for this unpretending offspring of my pen. It is, that it is intended merely as a Christmas book. This is my reply to an objection which I anticipate will be raised against it based upon the homely simplicity of its language. Homeliness, indeed, I look upon as the appropriate characteristic of everything connected with the great festival of the Christian world. Its Founder was a child, and the spirit of the season tends, I think, if rightly understood, to make us all child-like, not in intellect, but in sentiment and feeling. Let any one who has seen half a dozen

sensible old gentlemen in a theatre treating their grandchildren to the Christmas pantomime say if the fact be not so.

One word more and I have done. I cannot lay claim to any extensive knowledge of Australian and still less am I familiar with Tasmanian literature, but in the few specimens of either which I have had the fortune to peruse there has always appeared to me a want of national distinctiveness. In some of the accompanying pages I have endeavored to suggest a few of the more prominent and agreeable characteristics which distinguish the settlements of the southern hemisphere from the little islands at our antipodes, to which most of us cannot fail to look back across the ocean with sentiments of pride and affection. I should have carried those efforts to a somewhat greater length, but that my final determination of venturing into print was formed so very recently as to render that course impracticable.

