

PREFACE

Dear pupils of my school-teaching days, and dear readers of my ephemeral newspaper writing:—these verses have been published, from time to time, in "my own papers," in other Canadian newspapers, in magazines in Canada, the United States and England—one of them forty years ago, many of them over twenty years ago, some of them since the Great War began. My only excuse for the folly of collecting them in book form is—that I do not want to be forgotten. This vanity alone is responsible for what will bring me very limited fame and no fortune. All I ask, when I sleep on the hill near Mount McKay, is that my poor verses will be read by old friends and old pupils to remind them of one who loved to record their many good deeds, with the hope that some of the verses may be worth remembering.

This confession I make in hope of absolution by loyal friends and my old pupils.

FLORENCE N. SHERK,
(Gay Page.)