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EDWARDUS REX.

The velvet night engulfs the lofty towers
Under whose high-flung heads the watchers wait.
Hushed are the birds. The trees, the new-born flowers
Hold breathless with the Empire at the gate,
While skilled, yet helpless healers strive in vain
To win from Death what only Death may gain
* * * * *

The King is dying.

Slowly with sadness and with voices hushed
The concourse melts with silent grief away.
The shadow of a tragedy which brushed
Across our midst unnoticed yesterday,
Has wrapped its sombre folds around us now
And to its cold, relentless will, we bow.
The Greatest Empire mourns.
* * * * *

The King is dead.

F. BEECHER EDWARDS