

William E. Curtis

1850-1911

His work is done, his last line has been penned
And 'neath it Fate has written thus—"The End!"
He has departed for a far-off land
 Beyond the deeps of space, to come no more—
He who could make us see and understand
 That which we had not seen nor known before,
Has laid his useful, pleasing pen aside,
The last page turned, the final word supplied.

We who have learned to eagerly expect
His greeting day by day, year after year,
As if to each of us it came direct,
 Shall miss him long and keep his memory dear;
We shall not soon forget the debt we owe
 For all the hours that he has tinged with cheer,
For all the truths that he has let us know
And all the wonders he has made so clear.

The ones whom Fate the privilege denies
Of viewing scenes that he was pleased to praise,
Because he wrote, see through his kindly eyes
 All that he found to gladden and amaze;
We who have travelled where his course was laid
 And followed him through unfamiliar ways
Have learned how well he saw, how true he made
The pictures that he hung before our gaze.

His last long journey has been made; no more
Shall he send back from any far-off shore
A morning message to the ones who learned
 Long since to prize his greeting day by day;
The ink is dry, the last page has been turned,
 He travels on the long and unknown way;
His high reward is won, his last line penned,
And saddened thousands miss an absent friend.

—S. E. KISER.