

THE DEESIDE FIELD

that goodwill between men and women, though they are scattered to the uttermost parts of the world, can bring about a degree of unity and strength comparable to nothing else. That is what we have had at this Coronation. This is the British Empire speaking to the world. We are not talking to the world in terms of armaments, but in terms of goodwill and affection towards all men.

"The Imperial Conference met not for the purpose of framing some single policy for all parts of the Empire, for they have each their own problems, and must face them in their own way; but what we have been able to do has been to see how far, if possible, recognizing our own particular difficulties and problems, our policies can be so related as to form a harmonious whole. That we have been able to do. We are all of one mind and purpose and one heart, and with this kind of unity this great Empire can go ahead.

"The secret of the influence of the Scottish pioneers

who did so much to mould the life of Canada is that they brought with them and practised the old Scottish virtues of industry, frugality, love of learning, and faith in the God of their fathers. What is wrong with the world to-day is that it has largely lost the realization of the old spiritual values. Amidst all the changes of the present day, these spiritual values remain the true secret of power, and we can never express them better than in the words of the grand old Paraphrase which men sung in St. Paul's Cathedral on the day of the great Empire Service:

'O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

'Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.'

"Interwoven."

TO LADY ABERDEEN ON THE OCCASION OF HER 80TH BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Interwoven in my woof as I sit and weave
Are the heather and the mist and the rainbow's light;
All reciprocal thoughts which our minds receive,
All the shadows, the yearnings, and the sunshine bright.

Interwoven in my woof are the friendships rare;
From every side they gather in a river strong and wide;
And its banks are deck'd with blossoms, scented, fair,
In a pattern gay and lovely all its length beside.

Interwoven in my woof are the pools of love,
Very wide and deep and still, reflections holding
Of an olive branch of Peace, and a Holy Dove,
An infinity of faith and hope enfolding!

Interwoven in my woof are all early thoughts, and late,
The wooing, and the wedding, and the little tripping feet!
Now ere I throw the shuttle I shall pause awhile and wait,
Musing on the love and friendship that has made my life so sweet.

G. E. B. McWILLIAM.

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