

THE EVENING GAZETTE, SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1889.

# THE EVENING GAZETTE

is published every evening (Sundays excepted) at 10 o'clock at the City of St. John by the following firm:

JOHN A. BOWEN, Editor and Publisher.

Subscription prices: One Month, 35 CENTS; Three Months, \$1.00; Six Months, \$1.80; One Year, \$3.00.

The Subscription to THE GAZETTE is payable ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

General advertising \$1 an inch for first insertion and 50 cents an inch for continuations. Contracts by the year at reasonable rates.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1889.

## THE SCOTT ACT.

There is to be an election in Fredericton, in the course of a few weeks, with a view to decide as to the continuance of the Canada Temperance Act in that city. We understand that many temperance men seeing the impossibility of the act being carried out are in favor of its repeal while other temperance men, whose real is perhaps greater than their vision, are preparing to engage in a vigorous campaign in favor of retaining the act. The notable feature about this election is the fact that the temperance men are for the first time divided on the Scott Act question and that many of them, while taking no active part in the agitation against it, will quietly vote for its repeal.

When the Canada Temperance Act was first put in force in Fredericton high hopes were entertained of the beneficial results likely to flow from it. This was many years ago and it would appear that the experience gained of the working of the act in Fredericton ought to be sufficient to enable reasonable people to judge whether the act is worthy to be retained in force. We believe the almost universal verdict of reasonable men is that the act is a dead failure. Its object was to prevent men from drinking but it would not do so; on the contrary it would appear that there has been rather more drinking in Fredericton since the Scott Act than before it was put in force. No man whether resident or stranger was ever prevented by the Scott Act from obtaining liquor in the city of Fredericton, if he wanted it. Under its operation the number of places where liquor is sold in that city has multiplied three fold, and this fact and the money obtained for a few fines is all there is to show for ten years working of the act.

The city of St. John furnishes in itself a singular proof of the superiority of the good license system to the Scott Act. The population of the old city on the east side of the harbor was in 1881, 21,260, that of Portland was 13,238. This year there are 45 licensed taverns in old St. John; in Portland there are about 185 places where liquor is sold under a high license system, similar to that which prevails in the old city of St. John, there would be about 20 licensed taverns in Portland, or one-sixth the present number. In 1874 the number of licensed taverns in St. John was 252, of which 235 were on the east side. This number of licensed taverns in this district of the city, therefore, only one-fifth what it was fifteen years ago. There are, of course, places where liquor is sold without any license, but their number is small.

The present position of affairs in the North End is that liquor is sold there openly at 150 places without any license. There is a rum shop in that part of the city for every one hundred inhabitants, coming men women and children, or one for every twenty families of five persons. This is what the Scott Act has done for Portland. The arrestment of the North End by the police for drunkenness are much more numerous than in this part of the city, although the population of the North End is much smaller than that of the city. The places at all hours and every day in the year, Sundays included, indeed there are some of them which are never closed. This condition of affairs is no doubt highly satisfactory to those who sell liquor without paying any license, but it is hardly to be believed by temperance men.

## ANOTHER GLOBE BLUNDER.

We have frequently had occasion to expose the ignorance of the Globe in regard to all matters relating to Canada.

The Globe on Monday said: "Should the Canadian Pacific Railway carry out its intention of bridging the Niagara River, a great deal of its business will be lost."

This statement involves the absurdity that the Canadian Pacific Company will deliberately take business away from its own road, which has its terminus in Montreal, in order to send it over roads in the state of New York. Nature, however, would prevent any such sacrifice on the part of the Canadian Company, even if they had it in contemplation. The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway which does the business of Manitoba and the North West of Canada, and the line from St. John to Montreal (the Soo Line) which is competing for the business of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, both unite at Sault Ste Marie (the Soo Line), which runs direct to Montreal, has no branch going south until North Bay is reached. At that point a branch of the Grand Trunk runs to Toronto. Now, taking North Bay as a common starting point, goods on the Canadian Pacific going to New York would have to pass over the following distances:

North Bay to Suspension Bridge..... 444  
Suspension Bridge to New York..... 444

Total 750

To go from North Bay to Montreal they would have to traverse just 363 miles, so that the route to Montreal has an advantage of 389 miles over the route to New York.

New York. To carry out the Globe's idea the Canadian Pacific people, after bringing their freight over their own line to North Bay, instead of taking it 364 miles farther over their own line to the wharves at Montreal, would have to shut it off to the Grand Trunk, take it 313 miles over that railway to Suspension Bridge, and 444 miles over the Erie to New York. As a matter of fact the Canadian Pacific people, so far from being likely to prefer New York to Montreal in summer as a port, could carry their goods either in winter or summer more cheaply to St. John than to New York, for the St. John route is over lines which they either own or control. The comparative distances are as follows:

North Bay to New York..... 750 miles  
St. John..... 845

The object of the Canadian Pacific people in building a bridge over the Niagara river is to obtain facilities for their United States trade from Chicago. They are extending their lines west from Quebec to Halifax by the St. Lawrence route, and are making connections with the lines in New York state, for the rapid carriage of goods and passengers from Chicago across the peninsula of Ontario to New York. This is something which every newspaper man ought to know but the Globe appears to be wholly ignorant of the matter.

## THE OLD CENTRAL ROUTE.

The line of railway from Edmundston to Moncton, which it is now proposed to build for the purpose of obtaining the shortest possible line in "Canadian territory" from Quebec to Halifax by the St. Lawrence route, has been defeated by the old Central route which the people of St. John were so anxious to have adopted for the Intercolonial instead of the present circuitous route by the North Shore. St. John's wishes were defeated then by a combination of Quebec and Nova Scotia interests, the false pretence being put forward that the British government would not sanction or assist any line which did not go by the North Shore. Now we find Quebec clamoring for the construction of this central line because that city finds itself side tracked by the shorter Megantic line through Maine to St. John.

The Edmundston-Moncton line will probably be built and certainly one in St. John will oppose it. Its adoption will seal the fate of the Harvey Salisbury line which Mr. Verdon Smith has been industriously surveying all summer. The people of Quebec may be relied on to effect the efforts of Fredericton and Halifax to carry the Short Line through the heart of the New Brunswick wilderness. The claim is made that the line surveyed by Mr. Verdon Smith would reduce the distance from Montreal to Halifax by 32 miles that is from 735 to 703 miles but this claim can probably not be sustained. The Edmundston-Moncton line is to cross the Miramichi at Doaktown and from thence goes to the head of Grand Lake where it will connect with the Central to Norton on the Intercolonial. The direct line to Halifax from the head of Grand Lake will probably go by way of the Canaan River to Berry's mills on the northern division of the Intercolonial.

If we estimate the distance from Edmundston to Moncton at 210 miles the whole distance from Montreal to Halifax by this route would be 707 miles against 820 by the Intercolonial and 758 by the present Short Line via St. John. We are more concerned, however, to know how far from Montreal to St. John by this route than the distance from St. John to Halifax. This estimate may vary a few miles but it cannot to any serious extent. The line will also bring the city of St. John into closer connection with the rest of the province and will point some what shorter than the Intercolonial.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Boston Herald, in referring to the splendid performance of the U. S. Cruiser Baltimore in her speed trials, remarks that it is a countryman that has been built from plans furnished by an English architect Mr. W. H. White, now chief constructor for the British Admiralty. It says:

The greater part of these immense improvements in naval construction which have first been applied to merchant vessels and which now are utilized in the development of the navies of the world, are the discovery of foreign naval architects. Our naval constructors have had the good sense to take advantage of the ingenious devices of others, and possibly in the case of the Baltimore they may have slightly improved upon the design of the last quarter of a century. It is to be hoped the latter part of this programme will be carried out. So far only the papers of Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence have seen the light, although we understand many others, some of them of great merit, have been ready.

A contemporary reminds its readers that when John V. Ellis was appointed post master of St. John, an official, who was then fully competent to perform the duties of the office and who is still living, was forced out and superannuated. Since then the country has paid \$16,800 in superannuation allowances to the ex-postmaster, all as a result of the greed of Mr. John V. Ellis for office. And yet this man in his paper, bewails the growth of the public debt of Canada which he has aided so materially to increase.

It is announced that a number of gentlemen read papers before the Historical Society this autumn and during the coming winter and that some of the papers which have already been read before the Society will be published. It is to be hoped the latter part of this programme will be carried out. So far only the papers of Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence have seen the light, although we understand many others, some of them of great merit, have been ready.

The Telegraph and Sun are instructing each other in the use of the English language, with a special view to the correctness in regard to small points of grammar. The Sun says that the schoolmaster of the Telegraph will find more sentences to be corrected in his own column than in any other daily journal in this Province. This is no doubt quite true, but we would forgive the Telegraph its blunders if it would only publish good grammar.

## OUR NORTH END SUPPLEMENT.

The GAZETTE for tomorrow will contain a supplement devoted exclusively to the north end of the city. Among the features of this supplement will be a number of interesting articles from the pens of various members of THE GAZETTE staff. They include an interesting article on Old Portland; a description of the larger half of the new city of St. John; Mount Pleasant and the Douglas road, the residence portion of the old city of Portland; Indian town, its harbor and trade; the proposed steam ferry; Main street as it was and is; the proposed new park, and other shorter articles.

No North End man should fail to be a reader of THE GAZETTE.

## At Mother's Grave.

Our mother—lovely breathe the word  
"Let us die with her rest."  
Our mother lies in slumber here  
"You earth's quiet breast."  
And there the sweet and mellow light  
Of this September day,  
We pause to visit again the place  
Where our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the little grave  
Up to the Father of all good.  
"Thee the soft light shies—  
And kneeling daily by the spot  
Where she lies low,  
We turn our eyes in current faith  
Up to the silent skies  
And then the saddest from our hearts  
Is wept, and a great calm  
From God—His healing balm.  
And from our hearts in vision  
We see the