

THE OLD LOYALIST

A few days later the old Loyalist and Curtis took the steamer for Kingston, to attend the funeral of the late Premier. The remains were brought from Ottawa, and lay in state in the Kingston City Hall—the Parliament building of former years.

Sir George wept as he stood beside the bier and looked for the last time into the face of his former Chieftain and lifelong personal friend. They followed the great funeral cortège to the outskirts of the city, where they saw the coffin lowered into a grave in the quiet little Cataraqui Cemetery. They heard the final words of the officiating clergyman as he concluded the burial service.

While standing there, with bared heads, amid a vast concourse of people awaiting the filling up of the grave, the old Loyalist listened to the sighing of the wind in the tops of some tall pine trees near by. He looked and listened, looked and listened again, and concluded he heard from the tree-tops a low, distinct mournful call to himself from the invisible world. He could not divest his mind of that weird thought, but spoke of it again and again after they had turned away from the cemetery.

The Earles, who had come up from Ottawa to attend the funeral, accompanied the Clintons to their old home that afternoon, which they reached in the early twilight. The reunited family spent a happy evening together. Listening to the chatter of the children, the old Loyalist was again reminded of the time when the four parents of the little ones were children themselves, and made the old house ring with their merry laughter. When ready to retire for the night, their feeble grandfather said:

“My dear children, I firmly believe I heard God’s voice to-day in the whispering of the wind in yonder pine trees, near our late Premier’s grave, bidding me come to join our friends and all the saints who have gone before,