

MR. J. S. WILLISON

rounded his closing years, he could surely have 1903
said with Whittier :—

“How softly ebb the tides of will; how fields once
lost or won,

Now lie behind me green and still beneath a level
sun;

How hushed the hiss of party hate, the clamour of
the throng !

How old, harsh voices of debate flow into
rhythmic song.”