

## If We Knew.

Could we but draw back the curtains  
That surround each other's lives,  
So the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should had it better,  
Purer than we judge we should—  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all steadily motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we teach the sin.  
Could we know the powers working  
To overthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

If we knew the care and trials,  
Knew the efforts all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain.  
Would the grim, external roughness  
Seem, I wonder, just the same?  
Would we help where now we hinder?  
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force;  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source,  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden gains of good;  
Oh, we'd love each other better  
If we only understood.

## A Bright Career Cut Short.

## DEATH OF MR. FRED V. MASSEY.

THE death of few young persons has ever so profoundly affected the community where he lived as that of Mr. Fred. Massey, whose bright career was cut short at the early age of twenty-three. His genial disposition endeared him to all who knew him. Few young men have had such opportunities of education and travel as he. A journey around the world, and through the Bible lands of Palestine and Egypt, is an experience that few youths enjoy before they come of age. But most of all was he beloved for his exemplary Christian character.

The following is the beautiful tribute paid to his memory at his funeral, at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., where many hundreds took a last look at the beloved face and form they should see no more:—

In the death of Fred. V. Massey, a young and precious life has been taken from us. I remember well the Sabbath when the whole family stood at the altar to be received and welcomed into this Church—he a mere lad, the youngest of the household—and this is the closing scene. There, shrouded in that casket, lies all that remains of this Benjamin of the flock. His death was beautiful, as those flowers that surround him. Beautiful as the song of spring birds, when winter is past and gone. I stand in this place in accordance with his wishes; for he asked me, as his friend, and the friend of his brother Charles, to speak a few words at his funeral. "But," said he, "I do not want anything of eulogy. My friends have been kinder to me than I deserved, and have thought me better than I am. I could do nothing without Christ. It is not I, but Christ in me. He can make a noble person out of the most miserable sinner."

He continued, with broken whispers: "I do not think of self. I have given up all—all to His will. And when I am gone, use this body to the glory of God, and in any way that will do the most good. My own feelings would be to have the service at home, but I am afraid it would be too much

for mother and Lillie. I would like all the men at the works, too, who wished to be there. I think it would do more good to have the service in the church. Then," he added, with emotion, "when it is all over, take my body to Mount Pleasant, and lay it by the side of Charles's, and I will be with him in heaven."

The arrangements for his journey around the world were not so completely made as were the details connected with this last journey to the house appointed for all living. Even to the selection of the hymns, and of the pall-bearers from among his choice companions.

In paying my tribute of respect, I must bear in mind his request. But how beautiful is the perspective which death gives to our friends! Mrs. Browning speaks of a very common thing—a windmill—

"Near it, what a roar and tear it makes!  
How it grinds and bruises! But,  
Seen at a distance, radiating  
Its delicate white vans against the sky,  
So soft and soundless—it is simply beautiful!"

So, when death buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment, we get the true perspective. We remember the loving spirit—the gentle words—the faithful service—the peaceful end; and all is "simply beautiful!"

Frederick Victor Massey was born at Newcastle, on the 24th of May, 1867. The child of Christian parents, he was brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." When a child, he loved the Saviour; but, during special services in Cleveland, by Mrs. Vancott, after a meeting one night he followed his mother into her room, and told her of the great joy that had come to his heart in the sense of acceptance with God. At once he joined the Church, and a children's class led by his brother Walter; and though a mere child, fond of play, he no more thought of missing that afternoon meeting than of missing his meals. After he came to Toronto he united with this Church and Sunday-school, and was ready to do his part in all Church work. He took his part in the Lombard Street Mission, and night after night would be down there playing his flute, and otherwise helping to "rescue the perishing." From the Collegiate Institute he entered the University, but his undergraduate course was interrupted by a journey with his brother around the world.

He greatly enjoyed his travels in Egypt and Italy; and his pilgrimage to scenes made sacred by the Saviour's presence, greatly strengthened his faith, and helped to make his Christian character more strongly marked. There was a simplicity and straightforwardness that formed the basis of his noble young manhood. There was nothing in his young life to cover up. He had no young man's follies. He was pure, true, temperate, a pledged teetotaler; and, travelling in hot climates, where it was considered dangerous to take water, yet he never compromised his principles.

He loved his own Church, and stood by it and for it wherever he went. He had a manly independence about him. Oh, these rich men's sons, whose only purpose in life is to spend what somebody else has earned for them! He was not one of them.

Another characteristic was his indomitable industry. The conviction, "I must work," never slackened. All through his illness there was ringing through his soul a bell, whose tolling seemed to say: "There is something to be done—something that must be done. Do it!—do it quickly—do it with all your might. The night cometh, when no man can work."

On his return home, he continued his University work, studying hard to take the course of Mechan-

ical Engineering, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He moved along at high pressure, taking no vacation throughout the summer. On his way to Boston he caught a severe cold, which he never shook off. But he was plucky, and worked on till, at Thanksgiving, he was utterly exhausted. But he wrote in high spirits to his friend, the Rev. W. T. Perrin, of Lowell, informing him that he would spend a few days with them.

On the evening of the 27th of November, he was with his Lowell friends, talking and coughing to their alarm. Next morning he did not rise early, and had a slight hemorrhage, but he insisted on coming down to dinner. The following night came a more serious and alarming hemorrhage, and his sister and brother were summoned from Toronto. Then he seemed better. But a week later came another message, summoning father and mother to his bedside. Oh, the protracted anxiety—the torturing suspense of these weeks!

He greatly desired to reach home; and in Mr. Van Horne's private car—kindly tendered—the journey was accomplished. He had prayed for strength to get home. The day before starting, the cough was very severe, and the heart's action feeble, and fears were entertained that the journey could be attempted. Next morning the doctor said, "You are much better." "Yes, doctor, but it is not so much from your medicines as in answer to prayer."

During his illness in Lowell he had a vision, whose rapture filled his soul. He seemed in a valley—the dark, dim valley of the shadow of death. Just across the river was the Celestial City; the glorified Saviour, with shining face and form, stood before his enraptured sight. He longed to rush to His embrace—to be clasped by those dear hands that were pierced for him; but the Master said, "Not now; you must wait a little while, and I will come again and call you." And so he waited through those twenty long weeks—never once off his back—amid sufferings from throat and lungs and heart and nerves—through which few are called to pass. But no murmur ever escaped his lips. He bore up like a hero, saying: "I am trusting in the Rock of Ages: He is the best of all hopes." He said: "If I had not been a Christian, I don't see how I could have endured this suffering. But it is worth all the suffering to experience such happiness as I have at times."

Calling upon him one day, he looked up to the "Silent Comforter," and quoted one of those texts which cheered him,—“Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will be with thee.” He said, “It seems to mount higher and higher: ‘Yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’” Then he pointed to another passage: “Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;” and told me how, one after another, of his cherished plans had been given up; how the sweet will of God was better than all else—better than health, education, yea than life itself. I said, “Have you no desire to live?” He answered, with a smile, “Oh, no! Of course I am sorry to leave them here. My home is like heaven to me.”

I looked at this young man. I thought of his prospects in life—with wealth, culture, friends—everything to make life worth living, and said: “What wonders grace can do!” Right through-out his illness, his ruling passion would manifest itself. His friends would be gathered about him, expecting each moment to be the last, yet the moment relief came, he would call for his desk, or box of tools, etc., thinking and planning for others, or writing to them.

There was a naturalness and reality about his