

"Though strength and youth and hope conspire  
To animate your soul,  
Your heart may droop, your feet may tire  
Before you reach your goal.  
But Wilful must if Wilful will ;  
God bless you, lad ; good-bye.  
At least we're son and father still,  
And must be till I die."

Only six years since there was a possibility of such an ending. To-day it seems remote indeed, and the words which record its likelihood have no more interest than attaches to a land-mark.

THE END.