

## L'ENVOI

History has moved very rapidly since I began to get the "stories" poems and pictures for this book, together.

The War is ended. The War Book has become, thank God! a Peace Book. A tribute from a few authors and artists to the men who fought our battle overseas has grown, to some extent, into a book of historical interest.

I could not leave out, when offered by returned soldiers,—GOLD STRIPE men,—material which has merit and sentiment combined.

To many friends who have generously sent me contributions, I can only offer thanks, apologies, and express the hope that a second volume may give an opportunity to utilize work of much merit, and again aid a good cause.

Let the cause cover many shortcomings.

A personal note may be forgiven.

I pen these lines on the Seventieth anniversary of my birth, the fifty-third anniversary of my first appearance in print. Through all those years I have never had a task of greater difficulty,—nor yet one which has given me more pleasure. I could fill three such books as this one, and not exhaust the material kindly forwarded by many friends.

With all the contributors, I salute the "GOLD STRIPE."

We are glad to have been useful to the men so decorated.

The names of the heroes of the GREAT WAR will endure forever. May those who have humbly tried to aid these heroes be also remembered, for:—

" 'Tis infamy to die and not be missed."

(I thank thee, unknown poet, for that line,) Let me imagine lips that I have kissed, Will still, in memory, press these lips of mine.

When I shall journey to the Unknown Land,  
Shall I some memories leave Death cannot kill?  
Will men, with manly grip, still take my hand?  
Will children listen for a voice that's still?

Death hath no sting for me, if when I sleep  
Children—and dogs—remember where I lie;  
If—missing me—some gentle women weep,  
And men, recalling me, shall heave a sigh.

If word I speak, or write, helps fellow man,  
To nobler, braver life, to aspirations high,  
I shall not cease. When I have filled life's span  
To be remembered thus is—NOT TO DIE.

"FELIX PENNE"

(J. Francis Bursill)

Vancouver, December 11, 1918.

