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## THE TRIBUTES OF FRIENDS

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### MR. G. A. WARBURTON

I feel that first of all I should thank these intimate friends of Mr. Ryrie for coming to us and speaking as they have to-day out of their hearts. Surely this is not a formal service; this is a service in which we who loved him speak of him as we knew him. And at whatever cost of feelings and sympathy these men have spoken to us in that way and we are grateful to them. They have endeared themselves to us more strongly, as well as having given voice to what we all, I am sure, are more or less conscious of in respect to our departed friend.

Harry Ryrie as we knew him had a refined and cultivated nature. His love of the beautiful was instinctive. It was not a veneer laid on by a mechanical process after he had acquired the means for its gratification, but it sprang out of the centre of his being. It showed itself in the subtle harmony of beauty in his dress, and in the quiet, unostentatious charm of his home. But more than this. He had found life to be a school for the learning of the lesson of friendship. Nor was he ashamed to practice this finest of the arts, and his friends in the clubs, the church and the Association will miss his cheerful greeting with his hand on their shoulder.

Yet how far he was from being a sentimentalist. We all knew that he lived in the midst of a world of reality and that he saw that world as it really was, but the knowledge did not blind him to the finer values. He was familiar with the priceless things of life. He had learned what true values are. Dealing in gold and precious stones as a means of obtaining a livelihood, he had found out that there were some things worth having and within his reach the price of which was beyond rubies. He had somehow discovered the coin which is current in the higher realms, and so he came to possess a large circle of friends. One very rich Toronto man recently said: "I am lonely and I have no friends." Surely he was what quaint old Isaac Walton called "a poor rich man." But Harry Ryrie had learned and practiced the rare art of binding others to himself by those wonderful bonds which make men enter into each other's lives and share each other's joys and sorrows. So now we and hundreds of our fellow-citizens are in the circle of his friends.

Can we ever forget the things which led us to be friendly with him. Some of those who are here have known him almost from boyhood and they are his friends still. Hugh Black says: "Some men shed friends at every step they rise in the social scale," but Harry Ryrie was not of that sort. The friends of his early life touched elbows with those of later years and with the boys and young men who have come to know him but recently, and each one can recall, as I can, many, many acts of kindness, expressions of sympathy, deeds of sacrifice of means, time, or pleasure, for friendship's sake. I have often thought of the remark of a Samoan Chief at the funeral of Robert Louis Stevenson, "The day was no longer than his kindness," and I have applied it to our friend. We were his friends because we knew that he was ours—patient, constant, unobtrusive, wise, sympathetic and loyal.

Then we knew Harry Ryrie as a Christian man who felt the obligation which that profession brought him and whose conscience never wavered in keeping him busy at those public tasks which he was called upon to perform. It was not an