

THE BEE.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written on the death of A. W. McMurchy, who departed this life April 6th, 1890, aged 23 years.

In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practis'd that strength."
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

—Rugby Chapel.

"When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
—After Death in Arabia.

Mysterious are thy ways, O Providence!
In fate, chance—all things, Thine the
hidden hand;

We labor with anxiety intense,
So oft, thy purposes to understand;
We fain would see, O Lord, what Thou
has planned;

We long thy will to fathom, and the
why
Thou dost our brightest intellects de-
mand

And snatch from earth, and us!—in vain
we try,
So sable the disguise, the blessing to
descrie.

Wherefore, Creator, is the blooming
flower
Stricken in the flush of its first loveli-
ness?

Why was it not to finish out its hour,
Nor fall 'neath the Sirocco's dread
caress?

Why was it not permitted to express
In the degree of its God-given might,
With all its power, nor in aught the less,
The matchless beauties painted by thy
light,

The wondrous workings of the power
infinite.

Yet, Father, we do not complain; we
feel
Thee near, although we cannot see thy
face.

We humbly wait thee to thyself reveal,
And trust thee, though thy hand we
cannot trace.

No death too soon if but thy warm
embrace
Awaits the changed one in thy change-
less sphere!

No voyage too short if Heaven's the
ending-place!—
If thro' the raging waves the frail bark
steer

In safety to the port to mariners so dear.
* * * * *

And he is dead,—he who has formed a
part
Of all that has been,—all life's happy
past;

And sleeping mem'ry, with a sudden
start,
Speeds backward o'er the path in fleet-
ing fast.

Betraying, hosts of recollections massed,
How closely have our lives been inter-
twined,

Mashed in a bond that will forever last,
Seen yet again when earth is left be-
hind:—
He has a part of ours, we of his death-
less mind.

But is he dead?—we who in budding
youth
By him were taught to walk the narrow
way

Of knowledge, and soul-satisfying truth
Reflect him in our lives, and answer
"Nay."

As pupils all he taught us how to lay
Up treasures bright from wisdom's
store; to drink

Of waters from the springs of endless
day
And quench our mind's hot thirst; to
seek the brink

Of the vast realm unknown;—to sound,
to strive, to think.

But is he dead?—No, not to us who
move,
In intercourse so sweet, on young life's
loom,—
While envious Time in haste the shuttle
drove,—
The threads of our existence; the gloom
Of fateful separation found no room
In hearts where shone alone true
friendship's light,

In trust, whose bands extend beyond
the tomb,
The future's terrors ne'er could us
affright,
In unity we hoped, our aspirations
bright.

We, the companions of his later years,
Can never think of him as passed away.
To us to shed are giv'n but few of tears;
And why?—he's present with us day by
day.

In mem'ry's picture gallery the gay
And happy scenes of yore are niched,
and still
The merry laughs along the wide halls
play

The dulcet ripples of love's limpid
rill,
Remembrances that live, and living,
breathe and will.

Scenes of the happy days in Harriston
When hope rode buoyant on life's stream
so young;

Scenes of the days in Stratford when
were one
The thoughts and aims of all, and each
heart sung

Responsive to truth's strains, when, all,
among,
Were deathless friendship formed that
ne'er shall fade,

Defying power of pen, or might of
tongue;

When life's real worth was first before
us laid,
And boyhood's shadows lost in man-
hood's coming shade.

Scenes of the teaching days, when in
the prime
Of vigorous youth he strove hard to
impart

The knowledge, animating and sublime,
That thrilled us being, and attuned his
heart.

Scenes of more social hours before us
start.
Of confidences given and received,
When mind with mind enclasped,—each
thought a part
Of airy structures in which all believed,
When jest spontaneous sprang, and
laughter care relieved.

Scenes of the days,—the days of joyous
toil,
In halls whence emanates the nation's
light.

On books he feasted long, life's foe to
foil,
His bright, keen intellect enraptured
quite.

When,—just reward of toil, the honors
bright
He reaped, and bore away, he 'gan to
fade;

That fell disease, consumption,—sad,
sad sight!
Seized his young life,—like vampire on
it preyed;

Few months,—then in the earth a
wasted form was laid.

The longings after wisdom that we
feel,
Creations secrets striving so to guess,
Is but the secret Spirit's mute appeal
For good and succor in its sore distress,
The reaching out the soul cannot sup-
press

After the raptures of celestial mirth;
The power the hidden knowledge to
express.

The Infinite beyond the second birth,
The freedom it enjoyed before 'twas
chained on earth.

The scenes are past. Oblivion? No!
no!
Ne'er can that life so short forgotten be.
Its influence will live and breathe and
grow,

As fresh and lasting as eternity.
Think not of death a victim he can be!
Think not he rests beneath the quick-
'ning sod!

But think of him as searching spirit—
free,
For wisdom, scenes amid man ne'er has
trod,
Viewing the heart-throb of the universe
of God.

* * * * *

On, on, Time's billows! o'er thy surging
main
Like driftwood are we toying ceaseless-
ly.

Thy surging waves rush on, as though
they fain
Would hasten us into eternity.
The chilling blasts of cold adversity,
And mild prosperity's sweet zephyrs
blow

Across thy waste of ever heaving sea
And separate us as we onward go;
Now here, now there we float,—beside,
above, below.

There is a power within thy waves, O
Sea!
Guiding thy billows in their ceaseless
swell;

Long has a might enshrined itself in
thee,
Thou art the creature of its will's stern
spell.

Where next thy sport will bear us,—
who can tell?
The future e'er lies hid from mortal ken.
For which of us shall next be rung the
knell

That speaks a soul of one of dying men
Borne on thy crest into the infinite
again?

Yes, we shall meet again, when freed
by death
From life, that binds to this terrestrial
zone;

When draughts of knowledge pure at
every breath
Deep-drinking at the fountain-head,—
God's throne,—
Till, from truth's only source, in truth
full-grown,—

Oh, we shall then our yearnings satisfy,
And praise the great unknowable alone,
Who first,—a privilege that we ne'er
could buy,

Decreed that mortal man Kind Nature's
death should die.

—E. E. Harvey.
Moose Jaw, N.W.T., April 25, 1890.

House, Sign, and Orna-
mental Painting.

The undersigned begs to inform the
citizens of Atwood and surrounding
country that he is in a position to do
all kinds of painting in first-class style,
and at lowest rates. All orders en-
trusted to the same will receive prompt
attention.

REFERENCES:—Mr. McBain, Mr. R.
Forrest, Mrs. Harvey.

W. M. RODDICK,
Painter, Brussels.

ATWOOD

**Pork Packing
House.**

The undersigned wishes to
intimate to the public that
he keeps a choice lot of

HAMS,

Smoked, Dried, and Sugar-
cured, Long Side Meat, well
cured, etc. Those wanting
choice meats should give the
Atwood Packing House a
trial.

Prices Low.

Special reductions made
to these purchasing large
quantities of meat.

Terms Strictly Cash.

W. Hawkshaw.

JUST IN!

NEW SATEEN PRINTS

New Cashmere Prints.

Our first stock of these are sold out already.

NEW Lace Collars, NEW Lace for Collars
Handkerchiefs, and trimmings,
Ladies' Vests. Ribbons and Ties

Our Stock of Staples is Always
Complete.

Grey and White Cottons, Cottonades, Shirtings, &c., al-
ways at close prices.

Our Boots & Shoes

Are the Best Value.

We have the Nobbiest Felt & Straw Hats.

A NEW LINE IN BOY'S SUITS, JUST OPENED.

OUR TAILOR SHOP

Is crowded with Orders, but we always find room
for more.

Just Follow the Crowd

And you will find yourself in the store of

YOURS TRULY,

James Irwin.

Drugs & Patent
Medicines.

Wall Paper and
Books.

MARTIN E. NEADS would inform the public that he has opened a Drug,
Book, and News Store in

BALLANTYNE'S OLD STAND,

Next door to Mader's, where he hopes, by close attention to business, and supply-
ing nothing but the BEST, at reasonable prices, to merit a share of the trade.

Prescriptions and Recipes a Specialty.

Daily Papers for Sale.

**NEWSPAPERS
AND STATIONERY.**

**GARDEN
SEEDS.**

The 777 Store.

The 777 Store is Headquarter in Listowel for

For Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing,
Dress Goods, &c.

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

Lumber, Lath, Muskoka Shingles, Cedar
Posts, Fence Poles and Stakes, Cheese
Boxes, also Long and Short Wood,

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop.

Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Cutters, and all kinds of
Repairing done on Shortest Notice.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Prompt and special attention given to Horseshoeing.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also Agent for Hawkey's and
Begg's celebrated Road Carts. These are two of the best
cars that are made. See and be convinced.

2tf

HENRY HOAR.

GO TO
J. S. GEE'S

FOR YOUR

STRAW HATS!

A large assortment to choose from in
Gent's, Boy's, Girl's and
Children's. Also

Youth's & Boy's

READY-MADE

--SUITS--

A Fine Range selling at Close
Prices.

J. S. GEE,

GENERAL MERCHANT,

NEWRY.

Jas. Henderson

THE PEOPLE'S

Shoe Maker,

ATWOOD.

Keeps a first-class stock of French Calf,
Canadian Calf, Kip, etc., and is prepared
to do fine Sewed or Pegged Boots, in
style and perfect fit guaranteed. Prices
to suit the times.

REPAIRING

A SPECIALTY.

SHOP—One Door South of THE BEE
Publishing House.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

R. M. BALLANTYNE

—THE LEADING—

Merchant Tailor

Of Atwood, is determined to Cut Prices
to suit the hard times.

Biggest Reduction

In Ordered Clothing

EVER KNOWN.

Men's all wool Tweed Suits \$11 for \$9

" " " " \$12 " \$10

" " " " \$15 " \$12

Black Worsted from \$16 up.

WE KEEP THE BEST

TRIMMINGS

AND GUARANTEE AN

A 1 Fit or No Sale.

Call and Examine Our

Goods and see for

yourself.

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

ATWOOD.