

In Memoriam



WILFRED H. BURGOYNE

God is love

In Memoriam

WILFRED HENRY BURGOYNE

Born Aug. 30th, 1880

Died Nov. 1st, 1913

"Sunset met Noonday on life's plains,
And left a silent tent."

Halifax, N. S.

1914

Jesus wept

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1914

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Can a woman forget her child?

DEDICATED
TO
WILFRED'S
MOTHER

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

890735

Our life is but an autumn day,



Its glorious noon, how quickly past!

PROEM

This booklet is printed for private circulation, in response to a desire expressed by some of the friends of the late Wilfred H. Burgoyne, whose sudden death occurred at Winnipeg, about a year after leaving his home in Halifax.

Wilfred was always noted for habits of observation and deduction—traits which he rightly attributed to his mother; and he was ever ready to discern the good points in his fellows. He was fond of music, and good at its interpretation; had a poetic vision, and the power to express it; and although generally reticent, these features of his companionship were greatly valued by his intimates.

None of the writings here printed were meant for publication, although a few of them have appeared in local prints. Most of his effusions were written "on the spur of the moment"—a favorite expression of his—and only a few of these are given; besides some extracts from his letters while away from home.

His subjects—many of them humorous—were of great variety, including thoughts of a love-lorn swain to his charming lode-stone; a description of a modern newspaper press; the power of the press; recital of the week's events, domestic and otherwise. Very much of his writing was purely of a personal nature, concerning family experiences, and therefore of no general interest. It is hoped

"What I do thou knowest not now,

enough to know that we are serving Thee

however, that the extracts here preserved will be appreciated by his friends, for whom they are intended.

One of Wilfred's boyhood hobbies was the sketching of little brownies, a few of which are reproduced, as well as one of his first childish expressions in rhyme.

Besides these writings of Wilfred's it has been thought well to print a few extracts from the many letters of sympathy which were sent to the bereaved family, as well as words of appreciation of the deceased; and also some selections, in prose and poetry, which may prove a comfort and inspiration to others called upon to mourn.

While it is quite true that adequate expression of sympathy is not possible in words, yet the language of the heart is revealed in an attempt to express it; and the poignancy of grief is assuaged by the loving message, and a new meaning given to the words "sorrow," "grief," "sympathy" and "love."

The sadness of Wilfred's passing away was deepened by its suddenness; for only two days previous to his death his usual weekly "Western Breeze" had been received, brimful of good things. It was learned afterwards that, after a few days' illness, his speedy recovery was looked for, but—

“ . . . he never saw the morn,
But fell asleep, outwearied with the strife—
Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn
Of Everlasting Life.”

but thou shalt know hereafter "

[To My Mother]

MY PARADISE

I listened to the singing of the birds,
As through the woods they trilled their
wondrous song;
I saw the sleepy trees nod to and fro,
And croon the chorus to each other long.
But sweet though be the carol of the birds,
And charming to the sense their paeans of
bliss,
I long to hear again the mellow lilt
Of your loved voice, far, far transcending
this.

I watched the lazy clouds go drifting by,
And saw old Sol caress them with his beams,
Until they paused and blushed in sweet surprise,
Yet lingered there, and basked in golden
dreams.
But more than glory of that western sky
I see in your sweet face: I love the while
To watch the play of thought, the tender glance,
The fascination of your fleeting smile.

I watched the bright stars pierce the azure sky,
And one by one send forth their silver light;
I watched them as they hung in endless space—
The fittest setting for that perfect night.
But they were cold and distant, and their eyes
Looked down, unblinking, on our little
sphere;
Ah, dear! those countless stars completely fail
To match the beauty of your eyes, so near.

June 1908

happiness was born a twin

TRIFLES

"What trifles," do you say? they may be so—
"Trifles," just like the "trees that clap their
hands,"

The flowers that blossom in the woodland dell;
The streams that wander through the thirsty
lands;

The breezes that in frolic sway the trees,
And bear, unthinking, perfumes from the fields
And forests; the song birds, who on joyous wing
Pour forth in ecstasy their thrilling notes;
The silence of the night, when Nature holds
Her breath, and spreads with loving care her
cloak

Of darkness, pinned with jewels of the sky—
The time of day which poets love the best.



CAUGHT IN A RAIN-STORM WHILE BOATING

How the little drops laughed as they fell with a
"plunk"

And a whisper of worse yet to come;
How the clouds opened out with a flood of abuse
While the four wished for shelter at home!
How the ladies' fine dresses and "fixings" they
wore

Were explored by the raindrops so searching;
How the erstwhile blue sky was soon overcast
With the thunder-clouds gloomy and smirching!
But it's all over now; it is past, it is gone,
And the sun shines as brightly as ever;
And in future I hope that sweet Nature will smile,
And furnish some beautiful weather.

At evening time there shall be light

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,

LIFE ON THE FARM

Oh, what joy there is in farming!
When the cows are on the milk,
And the good wife wears her gingham frock
In place of party silk;
When the kiddies chase the chickens,
And the chickens chase the feed,
And you swear it's what you pined for,
And it's what the children need.

Oh, the glory of the morning,
When the sun begins to wake,
And the rooster calls his harem,
And the ducks are on the lake!
Oh, the fun there is in hunting
For the eggs the bantams lay!
What a pleasure just to tumble
In the sweetly-smelling hay!

Oh, the rapture of the moment
When the dinner bell is heard!
And the morning's troubles vanish
As the table-spread is cleared;
And your "tummy" is contented,
And the sky above is clear,
And the scent of many flowers
Comes wafted on the air.

Oh, the grandeur of the sunset,
When the sky's a golden glow!
'Tis the time the birds and children
Have their bed-song sweet and low.
In the quiet of the evening
We enjoy the silver moon
As she shines above the tree-tops,
And I'm with my sweet aroon.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her

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as more of heaven in each we see

**BOATING ON THE NORTHWEST ARM,
Halifax, N. S.**

On such a night as this, oh let me float,
Upon this inlet of the mighty deep,
When Nature's at her best—above, around—
And Father Neptune's eyes are steeped in
sleep.

How beautiful the little fleecy clouds
That travel slowly onward through the air,
Touched here with pink, and there with golden
hues,
And near, old Sol with crimson tints most
rare!

And stretching up the Arm, what tongue can tell,
What pen describe the glory of the scene?
A liquid path of light the eye discerns,
Transcendent in its scintillating sheen.

Look! how the shadows of the evening fall
In sable folds; see how the countless stars
Come, twinkling like rare diamonds in the sky,
While Luna smiles, and yonder is fair Mars.

How swift and noiseless is the light canoe
Upon the mirrored surface of the Arm;
How full of life and beauty is the scene!
How captivating is the music's charm!

On such a night as this, oh let me float
Upon this inlet of the mighty deep,
With company the fairest and the best—
When Father Neptune's eyes are closed
in sleep.

"Peace, be still!"

· · · · · A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE · · · · ·

I had a dream, and in my dream I met
One whom I know, and one I know not yet—
 Ah, lackaday!
I dreamed that on a train I hurried far,
Through fields of green, where (like the morning
 star
 In Heaven holds sway)
I saw the nodding daisy, clear and bright,
Sprinkle the green with petals fair and white
 Along the way.

And suddenly, again the scene was changed—
Through Wolfville's quiet streets and fields I
 ranged,
 Now here, now there.
My wandering eye discerned, 'mid this and that,
A cottage small, on steps of which there sat
 A happy pair.
I listened as they sat and talked awhile,
And noted, when "John" spoke, the happy smile
 Of Lola dear.

Methought I saw in each, familiar face:
There surely sat enthroned a wondrous grace
 In maiden fair.
Resolved I was to further progress make,
To see who could such interest keen awake—
 Such things are rare.
A minute more, and three were at the door,
Myself "a friend well known in days of yore"
 They did declare.

I found in truth I was among my friends—
My brother "John," whose sweet companion
 lends
 An added charm

To him whom long as "Stanley" I've admired;
He's now as perfect as could be desired—

His strong right arm
Has found a champion worthy of his steel—
A lovely sister, for whom I can feel
An interest warm.

'Twas but a dream, you say? Well, yes,
But not contrary, as they're apt to be,
For that night's vision I regard no less
Than Lola's portraiture to me.

Dec. 1903



At the end of a letter:

"Words fail me, and my pen runs dry;
But just before it doth so,
I send best love to all the folks—
Mer, Per, Der, Ber,—Scott also.
And then I'll wield with old-time skill
My fast-dissolving fountain,
And lay my name upon this page—
Gee! naught will rhyme with "fountain."



Though news is scarce this week, good folks,
We always can complain—
About the cost of living here;
The frost upon the pane;
The extra "movies" going up;
The stretch of treeless plain;
The cost of transportation, and
The lust of getting gain.
But let us leave these sordid views
For just a little while,
And put the "pot of good cheer" on
And wait for it to "bile."

Writing a home letter on his mother's birthday, Wilfred enclosed a poem written by Cora Dolson, as follows:

THE PRAYER OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

Not at some future time, dear Lord,
But now, just now, the boon I ask,
That on my soul Thy grace be poured
To help me in my God-lent task.

A wisdom far above my own
I ask, dear Lord, in this my need;
A soul from Thy white sinless throne,
Is mine to mould by word and deed.

Not of myself have I the power
To teach as should my child be taught;
But Thou hast promised for each hour
Unfailing help if it be sought.

To lead aright, since lead I must,
This life entrusted to my care,
I need, and ask in sacred trust,
Soul-strength from One who taught us
prayer.

This poem pleased him greatly, as it harmonized with his lines on "The Way of Life." In a subsequent letter he reverted to the poem as follows:

"When I read a poem like that I always have a desire to meet the writer and discuss it." He then referred to the wish one sometimes has to have little children always remain little ones, and to the invariably prompt dismissal such a thought receives, and continued: "Then I turned in meditation to the little spirits that dwell in the perfect little bodies, and wondered if the mother considered them as little individuals that

were n't altogether hers—spirits that were little lives entrusted to her care. Would she try to keep their souls clothed always in garments of purest innocency? and would she let the little feet put on the shoes of virtue, so that they might walk, if need be, alone along the path of life, and with growth of body have also growth of soul, until the glad day when he or she would be no longer but daughter or son, but rather 'chum.' To be merely son or daughter is but an incident—the highest human level is that of comradeship."



THE POSTMAN.

I passed the postman on the street,
Nor dreamed that in his bag a treat
Was stored for me;
An unexpected pleasure too,
A calendar from someone who,
'Tis plain to see,
Can use the pen with skill quite rare—
You almost listen for the air
The bells do chime,
And watch the little cherubs swing
Upon the ropes, so light of wing
In perfect time.
Suspended in the air, a spray
Of holly marks the merriest day
Of all the year.
The sounding bells cheer toilers' hearts,
Who on this day leave busy marts
For Christmas cheer.
And through the Gothic window I
Can see the bright stars in the sky,
Which send their light
Down through the crisp and rimy air,
And make the hours more sweet and fair
On this glad night.

Jan. 3, 1904

"Where I am, there ye may be also"

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A NEW YEAR'S WISH

[Hold this page to a mirror to read]

My hidden message now is clear
I've had your hair held to the glass
"Hair cut top" was my bid, my bid
That here I send you, away has:

May all the year be bright for thee -
The words, the words, the words with good
And may your health be unimpair'd,
And fortune smile in generous mood.

M.A.B.

To M.A.C.B.

Speech is a mirror of the soul

As a man speaks, so is he

THE TOUCH OF AUTUMN

Winnipeg, Oct. 5, 1913

Last week the trees were just a perfect picture, but to-day the sere and yellow leaf lies on the pavement, but an empty reminder of its summer beauty. I have just come in from a walk, and the spirit of verse whispers thus to me:

The goddess Autumn came the other night,
And kissed the slumb'ring leaves of many trees;
So now they're blushing all this perfect day—
An undulating glory in the breeze.



[The following impromptu was occasioned by a picnic incident in which a basket of lemon tarts belonging to another party was "requisitioned" by mistake, the error not being discovered until the contents of the basket had disappeared.]

THOSE LEMON TARTS

Lost, strayed or stolen—
Gone to unknown parts,
One heavy basket
Filled with lemon tarts.

Oh, say! good fellows,
Lemon tarts are great,
When you accept them
From propitious Fate!

Hand me the lemon
Every day, I say,
If it's surrounded
In that heavenly way.

Lost, strayed or stolen—
Gone to unknown parts,
One happy party
Filled with lemon tarts

GIVE ME THE FAULTY LINE

After facetiously proposing a typewriter for his
weekly letters, which he fancifully named
The Western Breeze, he subsequently wrote

Typewrite me never a single line,
With its uniform, even words,
With its cold and passionless lettering—
Don't type me any such words!

Give me instead the faulty line,
The pen in the human hand,
With its quaint little slips and well-known ways—
That is what I demand.



A VALENTINE

Now would you believe it? on Valen-
tine's Day
There came through the post an enclos-
ure for me!
And a wee little birdie came over the
way,
And warbled this song on the branch
of a tree:
"Chickadee! chickadee! I know very
well
Who it was sent the postcard; but sure
I won't tell.
You'll just have to guess—you'll get
no help from me;
So good-bye to you miss! Chickadee!
chickadee!"

Through faith we understand

you free
shall be free indeed

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THE CAKE.

The cake is gone, alackaday!
Such is the way of life;
A pleasant dream it still shall be
Amid the daily strife.

Pray let me say I do not dwell
Upon the cake alone,
But on the act, and wishes too—
The cake itself has gone.

Do you believe (now, honor bright)
That I might hope retain
To taste such fare, such luscious fare,
When August comes again?

Why, e'en "the cakes that mother makes"
Do not surpass your skill;
It was a dream of "Rorer"-dom
Which brought all good—no ill.

The cake has gone; it leaves me well,
In health and spirits strong.
May this brief note my thanks express
As though 't were twice as long.



Well, the great stampede is over. As Uncle Charley said: "Where on earth do they get the name of Stampede? It is no more a stampede than a concert is. It was a collection of cowboys and cowgirls, who gave exhibitions of riding bucking bronchos and roping steers. On the average two steers a day were killed—neck broken, legs broken, or a horn broken. The S. P. C. A. got after them, but as the mayor "saw nothing out of the ordinary" nothing was done. The head man cleared \$60,000 or \$70,000, and Winnipeg made \$1,000 by it—license fee for a week. I didn't go. I think a Spanish bullfight is more civilized, almost.

Aug. 23, 1913.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast

"WHEN THE JOURNEY IS ENDED."

From the region of snow, through a pathway of
icebergs,

Past many a peril, through many a storm,
Where the fiends of the air shrieked in impotent
fury

And the surge of the tempests revealed Neptune's
form.

On, on, o'er the ocean, with masterful guidance
He steered the frail craft, thinking nought of
himself;

He saw but his duty, and unswervingly did it,
With no thought for power, for fortune, for self.
Then into the heat of the tropics he guided

The vessel he's cruised on for many a day,
When the tar in the rigging would drop to the
poop-deck,

And the heat would come forth with intention to
stay.

And so he had cruised, from the tropics to frigid
And turned him about, and gone back to the heat.
In storm, and in sunshine, in summer and winter

Just a day with the wife in their little retreat.
But now he has sailed his last trip on that
freighter;

He soon will be landed on old England's shore;
No more will he sail from Quebec to Havana
To Cuba, et cetera, as he has done of yore.

"What then?" is the question, so weighty, so
doubtful;

What reward will they give for the service he's
done?

"What reward," do you ask:

Oh, you innocent worldling!

Do you think that they care what befalls the
brave man?

They paid him to work— that's the end of their
contract;

He may shift for himself just the best way he can

He hath said, "I will never leave thee"

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To

it is not night if Thou be near

ED."

TWO CHUMS.

Two comrades shared the self-same room,
Two mortals sat at meat,
Two fellows chased away the gloom
That hung o'er "Lonely street."
Two spirits cheered each other up,
Two souls rejoiced in life;
Two compeers supped from friendship's cup,
Which braced them for the strife.

—
But one has gone to Porcupine,
Has left the busy mart;
Has stepped from off the beaten line
To do his little part;
And on the highway, as he went,
He left a lonely friend.

—
Kind friend, my tale is nearly spent,
I've nearly reached the end.
But he must smile, tho' wan it be,
And face the "Lonely street."
And as he smiles he soon will see
He walks on "Happy street."

Feb. 23, 1913.



THE WAY OF LIFE.

Mysterious pathway, which for ages past
The peoples of the earth, perforce, have trod!
I pray for wisdom and a world of grace,
To walk its way in full accord with God.

"Lo! I am with you alway"

THE VISIT.

"Come," said my friend, "let us call on our
neighbor;
Bright is the day, and the walking is fair.
Come! let us go while the sun still is shining,
Go while we know we will find our friend
there."

Bright shone the sun in the wealth of his glory,
Ambient the air with the whisper of Spring;
All the birds joyed in the pleasure of living,
Restless for all that the Springtime would
bring.

"Ring!" said my friend. "Let her know we are
waiting;
Soon we shall enter and see her again.
Listen! dear Mildred, a footstep approaching!"
Straightway she listened, but listened in vain.

Dim waned the sun on the distant horizon,
Chill grew the air with the keen touch of
night,
All the birds' singing was stilled in the gloaming;
Stars were beginning to send forth their
light.

"Mildred! dear Mildred, oh, why don't they
answer?
Why are they silent? The quiet is grim!
Ring just once more, for they surely will hear us";
Mildred obeyed, and she rang with a vim.

Far in the west sank the sun in his grandeur.
Mournful the wind as it sighed on its way;
Darkness enveloped the town in her mantle,
Gone was the warmth and the brightness of
day.

"I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine"

and man hath but today

"Hark to the footsteps we now hear approach-
ing!

Someone is coming; it must be our friend.
Cheer up, my comrade, our vigil is over;
All hours of waiting must needs have an end."

Aye, it was someone! The boy of the household
Opened the door to the shivering maids;
Asked them to wait while he went with their
message—
Left them alone in the gathering shades.

Far in the distance the murmur of voices,
Faint as a zephyr, arose on the air;
While down the roadway the moon shed her
lustre,
Beckoning homeward the famishing pair.

Once again, slowly the boy returned, saying:
"Sister and aunt cannot see you, they say;
Endless the manifold duties that hinder—
Housecleaning duties that stand in the way.

"Come again, maidens, when housecleaning's
over;
Come when the brunt of the labor is past;
Come when the afternoon's hurry is ended.
Pleasure is pleasant when pleasure comes
last."

Homeward returned the two maidens with
sorrow;
Stygian the darkness, deserted the road;
Hoarse was the wind as it soughed through the
tree-tops;
Weird was the wail of its dolorous ode.

So run hat ye may obtain

CHEER UP!

Cheer up, dear heart! there's a bright blue sky
'Neath the leaden clouds that are passing by,
For the sun will smile at your whilom fears,
And speedily dry the black cloud's tears.
What if night does come? why, the moon will
shine,
And the stars come out in their ordered line.
Dear, this is the message I have to tell:
"God's in His Heaven, and all is well."

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DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

Whew! Christmas is handy, just two weeks left
yet!

Did it ever occur to you?

Folks just have to rush some to finish, you bet!

Did it ever occur to you

That it might be near Christmas before you
began

To worry and hustle, and bustle and plan—

And then simply wonder where all the time ran—

Did it ever occur to you?

Now there's lots to be done before Christmas
arrives,

Did it ever occur to you?

And the wonder remains that a body survives;

Did it ever occur to you?

There are presents to buy and send off in the post,
And plum puddings to make, and the turkey
to roast,

While we've no chance to sit by the fire and toast:

Did it ever occur to you?

and no man dieth to himself

Dedicated to E. M. S.

MY OWN FAIR PROVINCE.

Oh, Dr. McCarthy once went to the West;
Through all that wide country his skill was the
best.

He travelled with folk, and he travelled alone;
He crossed rushing rivers where ford there was
none;

He pressed toward the coast where the sun goes
to rest;

He "autoed" alone in the Land of the West;
He roamed o'er the prairies, where wheat-fields
abound;

He joyed in the limitless verdure around;
He whipped all the streams that he came to,
with zest;

He thought he had come to the "Land of the
Blest."

He found he was wrong when he claimed he had
come
To the "land of his dreams," to the place for his
home.

Far away in the East he could hear, faint, but
clear,

The call to come back to the friends he held dear.
But his resolute will kept him firm at his post,
Until the poor man was reduced to a ghost.

Then one day he started the long journey back,
With his automobile and his medicine pack.

Oh, Dr. McCarthy's come back from the West,
From the land of the harvest, the land of unrest.
He's now settled down in his dear native place,
And placid contentment shines forth from his
face.

His native home deep imaged in his soul

If there's peace to be found in the world,

WINNIPEG'S PARKS.

What a fat budget awaited me the other day! With my hands full of letters, I went over to Central Park, two blocks away, and while the zephyrs from the infinite prairies fanned my brow, and the genteel mosquitoes navigated the atmosphere in ever-narrowing circles round my head; while the future business men and domestic managers sported on the level stretches of greensward, and the birds of the air were busy in a search for daily sustenance, I opened my letters and read in deep content, all the more enjoying them because all else rejoiced, barring the mosquitoes, whose enjoyment was one-sided.

May 18.

This little park is a welcome oasis, and is kept nice and neat. The very best people patronize it of an afternoon. I go there myself quite often!



I spent the holiday in Assiniboine Park, a glimpse of the river you may now gaze at. It is a very pretty place, and would accommodate any number of S. S. picnics at one time. Hot water is given freely to all asking for it. A boiler is on duty all day, and a stream of papas and fellows were taxing the boiler to its utmost. Then they just dropped their tea in, and there they were! They have buffaloes, deer, coyotes, badgers, bears and eagles there, and they had a grand feed. One old bear sat against a post and stroked his tummy with his paws. He told me he'd had the best feed in months. This place is also called the City Park. We went out there yesterday and took some photos of the "Fathers" and their friend George Booze—Booze by name only. A golf ball hit my left eye-glass, but with that

My heart trusted in Him, and I am helped

luck which seems to follow the wicked, my eye wasn't hurt in the least, although the glass was smashed. Deer Lodge isn't nearly as nice as the City Park. The city band played a splendid selection, including Perfect Day, a favorite of the "Fireside Trio." There must have been thousands there.

May 26, 1913.



RETROSPECT.

Back to the meadows of childhood I wander,
Letting my fancy go roaming at will—
Down where the brook of Contentment goes
babbling—

Down by the side of the murmuring rill.
Innocent days, when the flowers are perfect;
Sweet is the perfume they waft on the breeze,
Joyous the song of the birds in the morning,
Singing their love from the shade of the trees.

All the world smiled for us when we were children
Nature was kind to us when we were small,
Cloudless the sky, in the morn or the even,
Winter and springtime, the summer, the fall.
Here's then a health to the days of our childhood,
Innocent days, when we lived in content;
Let us go back now and then for refreshment,
Making it pleasure instead of lament.



On receiving news of the birth of a child:
The dread suspense is o'er, and now a little life-
Begins its journey in this world of strife.
I wish it glowing health, an able mind,
And may it be an honour to its kind.

ENVIRONMENT.

:Finding on a casual visit, a room of a boarding house that contrasted with his comfortable quarters, he wrote:

We entered in—oh, what a sight!
Where once some curtains hung, perchance,
In brave endeavor to enhance
The beauty of their dwelling-place,
Still was upheld some ghostly lace,
Enshrouded in a net of dirt
That hung supreme. And there, inert,
Upon the bed our host reposed;
While others smoked or drank, he dozed.
The pillows, and the linen too,
A sombre, heavy grey in hue;
And on the floor, to keep the woodwork clean,
A carpet spread its length, and it was seen
That dirt had worn away all trace
Of pattern from its one-time virgin face.
Rough boards shut off another lodger's room,
But through the thick and all-pervading, gloom
The eye could pierce the intervening space
Which gaped between the woodwork's careless
 grace,
Where former lodgers with a willing hand,
Had torn the paper, perhaps with reprimand;
The paper on the wall had waxed and waned
And straying demon Dirt with touch had stained
A pattern one time fair to look upon,
And with his imps to aid, from rising sun
Till sunset, labored at their filthy task,
To hide the pattern 'neath their hideous mask.

Moral: How can we expect the dwellers in such places to be anything more than mere passers of time—flotsam on life's sea?

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when rolling years shall cease to move

ding
able

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Winnipeg, Sept. 18, 1913.

Dear Mil:

Just to send you greetings ere the
day is done,

Just to wish you blessings like
the rising sun,

Just to let you know I think
of you today;

Just to tell you that is how I'll
think alway.

Just to give you something from
the Prairie Land;

Just to hold me in remembrance,
I demand

That you'll use my little gift, and
may it be

An ever-faithful "Guardian of
the Mint" for thee.

The Editor of
"The Western Breeze."



AN UNFINISHED POEM.

I saw a stately ship sail out of port,
Her canvas spread to catch the morning breeze;
She seemed to spurn the haven from the storm,
And strain to reach the highway of the seas.

I pondered, as she faded from my sight,
And set her prow for her far-distant goal—
I pondered on her passage through the deep,
Past many a hidden rock and treacherous shoal.

Who were her crew, and whose the guiding hand
That kept the bark upon her journey's way?
Who was the captain?

What should a man give in exchange for his life?

SOLID ROCK, BARRINGTON.

Ages on ages old, its massive form
Still towers above the raging of the sea;
And still through countless eons yet to come
Will mark the passing of posterity.



In a letter written during the summer after leaving home, Wilfred gave this description of the home garden:

From where I sit, the beauty of the garden is seen at its best, and as I turn from flower to flower I note a bold and saucy robin redbreast strutting up the path; but he forgets his dignity when two fierce-looking felines take their afternoon ramble down this popular highway. And then, too, I find a delight in watching the little yellow-birds busy getting mid-day lunch ready for "Yellow-bird Aviary," three of the cutest little fellows I have seen for some days, were it not for my dear little friend Mrs. Humming-bird, who fusses over the vivid bank of nasturtiums that are a wanton bank of color, and that attract her careful housewife's eye with their splendid bargains in pure and unadulterated honey—her only bidder at the honey-mart a bee; but what a keen rival! And as in the "Way of Life," a gaudy butterfly flits to and fro, going nowhere, doing nothing, eating unto itself — just a gem of color and nothing more. But my idyll is broken by the harsh barking of Jack, the Newfoundland dog.

He knoweth the secrets of the heart

THE WEDDING.

Slowly o'er the slumb'ring city
Steals the morning, ghostly gray;
Slowly from a slumb'ring beauty
Steals the God of Sleep away.

Quick the bride-elect arises,
Glad to welcome in the day
Which will give her one she prizes
Far above the common clay.

At the church door in they enter—
Bride and groom, bridesmaid, best man.
On the bride doth interest centre—
(Then the wedding march began).

When the quartette face the pastor,
When the wedding march is through,
Then the bride's heart beats the faster
With sensations quick and new.

When the marriage vows are taken,
And the signing is gone through,
Then the building is forsaken
By the couple—loving two.



[Written after reading some lines of Edgar Allen
Poe, as a sort of emulation of the weird poet]

In 'hell's foul pit, where loathsome vampires
crawl,
Mid slimy ooze, the devil's myriad host
Dwell on, a prey to monstrous, nauseous beasts
That live eternal on the hellish coast.

Our fathers trusted in Thee,



Be strong, and of a good courage

and Thou didst deliver them

SCOTTIE.

Writing of "Scottie"—our beautiful Scotch collie:

The brave, patient laddie, with his quiet smile and unflinching courage. He reminds me of the text: "Let us lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before us." He has laid aside the weight of defeat, disappointment, and cheerfully entered into the conflict of old age, satisfied with his daily pilgrimage.

I always have compared him with all the dogs I have seen, and also with many men I have met; and he has stood on a much higher plane than many of them, sad to say. It is good to know that he is having a peaceful evening, and appreciates all that is done for him . . . I've never seen any dog with as much life in the eye as Scottie has.

Yes, Scottie is the "realliest" dog that ever was. I saw a thin, tall, distinguished-looking hairy hound the other day. Everyone who passed him patted him on the head. He had a beautiful face with an expression like Scottie's. He was partly wolf-hound, I think. Scottie can be sure that he has done a good life's work. His thoughts and morals are away ahead of many, many men we meet. I often feel sure that he would have many lessons on faith, love and patience—long-suffering patience—to teach us if he could but speak. One can almost see what he is thinking, on looking in his eyes. He uncomplainingly does his best alone, but when he realizes his strength has failed so that he is helpless, he calls for help, and his faith is rewarded. I think we might call it resigned bravery.

On learning of the death of Scottie, which occurred April 25, 1913, he wrote:

The letters contained news I had been expecting. However, we are all agreed that it is

Cease to do evil; learn to do well

better he is out of his pain, for he must have suffered for days. He was certainly a dear old dog, and remarkably patient. One would have expected him to be snappy and dangerous in his pain, but he showed the influence of his dwelling among a kind people. He will leave a sweet memory to us who knew his real life, and although we miss him we will be glad he was with us for such a time.



FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

[These verses accompanied a fountain pen, sent on his father's birthday.]

Winnipeg, Jan. 23rd, 1913.

Though this is late in reaching you,
I still hope all the same
That you enjoyed your natal day
"Amang the folks at hame."
I sent a small reminder on
Ahead of this short note,
And hope 't will prove a friend indeed;
Ah me! how well it wrote!

I thought I'd keep it for myself,
It wrote as in a dream.
My thoughts would flow with its kind aid;
I sure could fill a ream.
But as I bought it for my pard,
I needs must pass it on—
So take the facile instrument,
First aid to thoughts that dawn
Upon your fertile brain.

my God; in Him will I trust

EARLY MORNING.

The fair moon's glorious face,
Half hid from sight
By Mother Earth's huge form to-night,
Seems but more fair.
The distant lapping of the quiet sea
The only sound the night air brings to me.
Ah, love, how rare!
The scent of spruce and pine trees
Comes to me—the tang of sea—
My being would be steeped in ecstasy, cherie,
Wert thou but here!



WHAT CAN WE GIVE?

The word of cheer along the way of life,
The kindly smile to those we meet each day,
The use of talents we may have, to make
The path of life a brighter, better way.



THE NEW-BORN BABE.

Dedicated to "Miss" Bowes, who first saw day
Jan. 17, 1905.

Midnight! and on the silent air
Is borne a sound to father there.
She is, I must say, very new,
She only says the word "Boo-hoo!"

Bowes is her name just now, you know;
Of course it won't be always so;
We must expect that some fine day,
Ere many years have passed away,
She'll write her name some other way.

Jan. 19, 1905.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me"

'T WAS BROTHER T—

Who was it had a swell fur coat,
That buttoned snugly round his throat,
And well kept out the piercing cold
On winter nights in days of old?
'Twas Brother T.

Who was it lost the coat one night,
When all the fun was at its height,
And had to tread the homeward way
In disproportionate array?
'Twas Brother T.

Who once possessed a headpiece rare,
Which vanished from its native "sphere"
To crown another in distress?
Alas! my friend, I must confess
'Twas Brother T.

And still another hard hat went;
In vain he tried to circumvent
Its exit, but, alack! too late—
For it had claimed another pate.
Poor Brother T.

Since then he swore with bated breath
That he would guard them to the death.
They now are safe, for none would dare
To cause the vengeance of mon frere—
That's Brother T.

His hat he holds between his knees—
A sort of decorative frieze;
His smile benign proclaims to all
That he's alright whate'er befall.
Wise Brother T.!

SALLY SAW THE HOCKEY MATCH

It was the good old Windsor team
That played on a winter's night,
And she had gone with a friend of hers
To see the stirring sight.

Hazel her eyes, with a touch of brown,
And her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her lips were like the red, red rose
That blooms in the month of May.

"Oh, say! I hear the clash of steel!
Oh, pray what may it be?"
" 'Tis only a hockey-player's skate."
And she steered for a place to see.

'Oh, hark to that awful deadly thud!
Quick, tell me what's been done!"
" 'Tis but a board that's fallen down;
Come here and see the fun."

"Oh dear! I'm sure that's someone killed!
Poor chap! who can it be?"
But the maiden uttered no further word,
For off in a faint was she!

But when they said he was only stunned,
Sweet Sally breathed again,
And the hazel eyes looked on once more
At the valiant hockey men.

April, 1906.

AN EGGSPRESSION.

When father went to town one day,
All spick-and-span, and gay,
We never thought that he'd return
A sorry-looking jay;
Nor that, through all the busy streets,
Where countless hundreds trod,
He'd bring disgrace upon our heads
With parcels tied slipshod.
He had a sack we'd used for "spuds"—
Hence was not free from dirt,
And certainly was out of place
With father's laundered shirt.
And in this sack reposed some eggs,
Laid by an honest hen;
Their freshness sure was guaranteed,
For use in but and ben.
Around the sack he'd coiled some rope
With many a devious twist,
And hugged the bundle to his breast
Securely with his wrist.
Then as he homeward turned his steps,
With joy in his "surprise,"
He overtook a neighbor fair,
Who opened wide her eyes.
Full many thoughts coursed through her head
Which I will not record

* * * *

Now, father has some spraying gear;
He keeps it in his drawer,
And when he makes a purchase, why
He spreads it on the floor;
He gets his atomizer out and honks the little bulb,
The liquid comes and kills the germs—
All honor to the bulb!
Then sheets of oiled paper wrap
His purchase, neat and trim;
And on his homeward journey now
The ladies walk with him.

"I say unto all. Watch!"

THE TRIAL BALANCE.

One of my idiosyncrasies is to take occasionally a soul-searching "trial balance"; and when I reckon up the splendid health I have; the faculty of seeing and hearing things beautiful or otherwise; my power of physical endurance; my numerous friends, whose regard burns with as steady and warm a flame as on the day I left home; the lovely letters from all my friends—I come out from my musing "born anew," feeling that I have made a "corner" in the friendship market; and yet I am greedy enough to want to hang on to all the stock I have gained.



I have just emerged from my whimsical habit of striking a "thought balance sheet," and though feeling that the debit side is heavily weighed down, still one feels refreshed from it. Moses knew what he was about when he retired to gather fresh wisdom and new ideas.



WRITTEN FOR THE FUN OF IT.

Here it is that Hezie sits,
 Plugging hard with both his mitts;
 Though the copy's "fierce" to see,
 Yet he plods on doggedly,
 For some "bucks" are due to fall
 To pay his board and pay his all.

Aug. 10, 1913.



I had the crowd around the piano to-night and they were tickled to pieces. It is one the landlady brought from the old country. Yes, Beth is right, there is nothing like a humanly-guided piano.

WINNIPEG WEATHER.

Well, to-night most of the natives are gracing the door-steps, while I am penning these words. They say it was up in the 90s the other day, but here I am, still in the flesh, and making the scales blush at 147! Don't you see the fat hanging on me in clusters? If tomorrow is as hot as to-day !!



Tonight the prairie city rejoices in a temperature of 30 below zero. A zephyr lifts the locks of King Frost in sweet abandon, and coyly tells him of her presence. And say! what a "frost" he gave her! So she is taking her revenge on the unwary traveller whose nose salutes the morn. I am away from her wiles, her witching graces and seductive charms, and am tending the ruddy coals, while my partners slumber on, preparing for the morning's onslaught on the breakfast table.—March 1.



KING FROST.

The snow is on the ground, and all the trees
Are covered with a mantle, soft and fair;
Dame Nature's hushed each little rustling breeze,
And quiet lies upon the evening air.
High in the sky the Northern Lights begin
To play and wanton madly to and fro,
And vanish 'neath a veil so frail, so thin,
We doubt we ever saw them come or go.
Jack Frost is King! his magic wand he waved,
And all the laughing brooks obeyed his will;
The ponds and lakes grew silent, for none braved
His icy grip, his awful power to still.



Well, five months without an overcoat is pretty good; working at night too!
Sept. 28.

I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you

THE LITTLE "LINO" MEN.

Ten little "lino" men "hanging up the line,"
One fell in the metal pot, then there were nine.
Nine little lino men setting matter late,
One fell down the channel-plate, and then there
were eight.

Eight little lino men (once there were eleven)
Proof-reader marked some commas in, which
made it only seven.

Seven little lino men at 3 were in a fix,
They piped up for the manager, for there were
only six.

Six little lino men working in the dive,
"Pete," he lost some lines you know, leaving
only five.

Five little lino men hunting on the floor,
One walked beneath the street, leaving only
four.

Four little lino men working by the sea,
The reader marked an awful proof, leaving only
three.

Three little lino men with not enough to do,
One committed suicide, leaving only two.
Two little lino men thought they'd have some
fun.

The reporter sent some copy down—b'gosh!
there's only one.

One little lino man—one! just one!
The editor marked in forty rings !! Alas, and
now there's none!

FRAGMENTS.

I saw where a minister—a bishop—said he objected to reading the funeral service over little babies, where it says, "Where Thou, in Thine infinite wisdom, hast seen fit to remove," He said it was folly to utter these words, when the real reason was the greed of gain of tenement owners, the vile state of some of their tenements, want of air and light and ventilation, and good sanitary conditions. "Wise Providence!" he said. "How can we so gloss over our own sins of commission and omission?" Amen!

June 29, 1913.



Gossip, kindly gossip, is all right. The word has come to mean the slanderous, unkind, venomous, or the idle word spoken on hearsay only. Gossip of the kindly, interested, helpful sort is never out of place. I always think of a gossip-monger of the first class as one of the worst kind of people; for the great Teacher once said a harlot should enter the kingdom before a gossip-monger.



Discussing a proposed wedding gift:

How nice would be a gift of common sense, if such were possible. More is it to be desired than pearls, or much fine gold. But each has to earn it for himself, and some never get the chance to learn of it. And another class — the pity of it! — have a hundred chances, but it profiteth them nothing.

The shores of Lake Ontario suggested a theme to me—the waves beating away with the same sound, but changing the contour of the shore incessantly—so like life. Life always abounding around us, but how often taken up by different actors!



The other day I stepped on the scale at the Free Press, and after my restaurant training tho't I might be about 145. Well! if those blamed scales didn't just settle down for a good nap, and before the pointer would wake up I had to push the weights all along—145—6—7—8—9—150. Gee! Think of little Hezie at 150!



"Father Bowman" gave us an address last night on the "Man in the Moon." After telling of the Scottish fable—of a man who had gathered faggots on Sunday being transported to the moon as a punishment—he referred to the happy days of childhood, when a few fables supplied all the knowledge one had of the world's wickedness. In later years, when one met men and heard of women steeped in iniquity, one realized the vast amount of work to be done, in helping those who had stumbled on the highway, or whose inexperience gave opportunities for kindly word or act.

Mr. Bowman has just recited "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and he did it well.



Illustrative of his thoughtfulness, he remarked, on receiving a letter from a long-time friend: "I received an interesting letter from ——— all the more valuable when you think of the time it must have cost him to write it, for he never had any school-days, starting in to work when about ten."

You may break, you may shatter the case if you will.

REPLIES TO HOME LETTERS.

Mother's letters are "a string of pearls" to me!



The last part of father's introductory paragraph I liked very much. I like the heading he sometimes uses and has for a few years put on presents—"My dear Chum," and will look for it for years yet.



The garden must look "swell" now with all those shrubs, and roses blooming in anticipation, and daffodils nodding to greet the gentle zephyrs, and the tulips sturdily defying the coaxing May breezes, and the faithful acacia tree with its baby leaves peeping out of their nests at the inviting call of Spring. Really the poetic strain was peeping up in Mil's letter when she described the flower-beds, and the singing of the birds. There must be a "pome" brewing. Nurture it.

May 11, 1913.



I perused the twelve-page budget with a reader's happy attention. It was a literary nosegay—the whiteness of sincerity; the pink of perfection in phraseology. The leaf, yellow but not sere, contained the cream of the writer's effort — a nosegay rare and of the higher order. I could hear the creaking of the guy-ropes, the rustle of the lilac leaves, the spraying of the garden hose, and could smell the spirit of the lemon skin. Who (if therein dwelt a poet's soul)—who could not write an answer to so fine a message?

June 22, 1913.

"If any man open the door, I will come in."

but the scent of the roses will hang round it still

Mil said she heard someone sing "No need of moon to shine by night, nor stars to shine by day." Well, I saw a bright "star shine by day"—about 3 p. m.—Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." She has a lovely voice, and the way she said: "Ah, no! no! Tinker Bell," was, as they say, "too cute."



I am glad father had to "laff" at the poet's fantasy. He will be saying, in the words of the song, "They always, always pick on me!" But then, he is so good-hearted that he doesn't take offence, and says "If it makes my Polly laugh, I don't mind." But don't have the laugh too much on father. Your turn may come soon!



Your letters received the most careful attention of the Ed. of the Western Breeze, while he sat on his favorite seat in Central Park, with the voices of the young Canadians striking his ears and the writings pleasing the brain, running the gamut of the social, the everyday, and the weightier communication from The Eastern Philosopher.



A postscript in one of his letters was as follows: P. S.—I saw a little picture in a shop window, of a daddy, his little boy on his knee, and mother folding up the little clothes. One of the verses was:

"I think of her who gave me him—
My throat grows tight, my eyes grow dim
With undeservèd joy."

It was called "Cuddling Time."

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me"

Referring to a verse under discussion.

Aye, "let us speak the little word, and take our bit of singing, and drop it in some lonely vale to set the echoes ringing." That is what it is to truly live. For many lonely vales are around us, and in them are hidden flowers with sweet perfume, and the flowers give of their fragrance to the calling of the breezes. It is a marvel to me that more folks don't set their echoes ringing.



On the death of some Halifax friends, he writes:

It seems but yesterday that I saw the two Phillips brothers, George and Thomas, walking along the street together. They shared everything together, even sickness; and I suppose they couldn't remain apart.

I was sorry indeed to get news of Mr. E. Davidson's death. His indeed was "a life well filled" with little kindnesses and thought for others. It is not all who cry aloud "Lord, Lord," etc.



I have been setting on the Vital Statistics tables and it makes one feel so mournful to come across:

Congenital debility, Death under 1 year....497

Other causes 47

These were the two extremes in the list. I was glad to be through with it on Saturday.



I liked your description of Cora Dolson's poem. Your exposition agrees with mine. Your term "want of soul" is a correct one. A great critic once said: "There is a certain old man, whose voice now is feeble and cracked at times, but I

enjoy hearing him far better than listening to Mme.———, for although her voice is absolutely true, sweet and pure, there is no depth to her nature, no feeling in her words. She does not enter into their joy or sorrow. On the other hand, this old man feels all he sings, suffers with those who suffer, has a broad, a noble soul, is intellectual—in fact does not suffer from 'want of soul.' As a result his song reaches the heart."



It is needless to say I enjoyed Mother's letter "up to the mark" as Jim J. G. says. It never hurts to say so though. Her letters are always worth reading four or five times over. Something like! I have been looking forward to the cakes since the receipt of this week's mail. I hope the bride and groom will not devour them on the way; for they both know what cooks Mil and Mer are, and what extra good material would be in them.



How poetical Mil's allusion was to the trees' personal appearance. What a sublime passage: "Ghastly they stood in the light of the sun, As he rose to his place in the sky; Grayish and gloomy their naked limbs, Flaunting themselves on high; And my untutored mind, in a wild fancy flight, Urged on by a force within, Could picture a rotten and sagging floor With the soapsuds sinking in."

You know it would take a rather wonderful imagination to liken trees to rotten floors; but to the poetic all things are permissible—even that which is impossible.

Referring to tributes of affection at the funeral of
a friend of the family:

There were many flowers received, but I liked the little note Miss A. B. received from a school-boy better than the flowers. So many send flowers that are costly; but a written or spoken word seems to come right from the heart.



I enjoyed hearing about the discussion you folks had on the subject of light, sun, moon, etc., and new theology. The verse Mil quoted seemed to fit in here: "The night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one; yet the light of the bright world dies with the dying sun." Yes, indeed, the churches have a thousand creeds but the Christian one. And if everybody does nothing but be a gladiator on one side or the other of the old or new theology, meanwhile the light of the bright world dies. As the Koran has it: "I pass this way but once. Whatever of good I may accomplish, let me do it now."

May 26, 1913.



. . . What a lovely present Beth sent. Flowers have a language all their own. No wonder "Postie" asked: Is this Mother's birthday?"

"Flowers are the brightest things which
earth

On her broad bosom loves to cherish:
Gay they appear as children's mirth;
Like fading dreams of hope they perish,"

July, 1913.

[Written in his last home letter, a few days before his death.]

THE SPIRIT.

'Tis not the hand that held the willing pen
That is remembered after fleeting years,
But 'tis the spirit we admire when
We read the song of joy, of peace, of tears—
Of battles fought and won—of ideals reached—
The comradeship we feel with that brave
heart
Who ever of the good and wholesome preached,
And "ran his race" and "acted well his part."
Oct. 26, 1913.



A close friend of his, writing from Winnipeg concerning him, said: Wilfred frequently wrote some good verses, not the least of which was "The Spirit" (given above). It seems indeed a prophetic piece, and one marvels, and wonders if the Spirit did actually write them with the knowledge that it would soon part from the earthly temple?

"A little while, and ye shall see Me"

Behold, congenial Autumn comes,

The
Touch



of
Autumn

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"

The goddess Autumn came
the other night,
And kissed the slumb'ring
leaves of many trees;
So now they're blushing
all this perfect day—
An undulating glory in
the breeze.

—W. H. B.

When a very little boy, Wilfred was presented with a toy typewriter, with which he amused himself in productions of which this is a fair sample:

There was once a little boy Who was his mother's joy
 He would help her all he could Such as bringing in the wood.
 When they went out to roam They would often think of home
 It happened on a summer day That a boy by a river was at play
 And his ball it made a dash And he fell in with a splash
 Now this very same good boy Made a dive for little Roy
 And when he reached the shore The people cheered the more
 Then the father of little Roy Gave a medal to him, who took it with joy
 This happened in the month of May And the boy wore his medal for aye.

W. BURGOYNE. IS THE POET OF THIS PIECE.

In later life, during school days, he was fond of drawing. Some of the
 of his sketches the following three are selected:

In later life, during school days, he was fond of drawing Brownies. From very many of his sketches the following three are selected:

The Brownies' Creelings



From far-off Brownieland we send,
With merry hearts and wishes best,
Our latest Christmas-New Year Blend,
We hope it will withstand the best.

We thought it fitting that the last
Few days of Century "roughly-nought"
Should not be idly let slip past
But should with wishes good be fraught.

We've visited all parts of the globe by earth, and air, and sea,
In quest of the happiest mortal that ever deserved to be;
We've studied kings and potentates, and characters galore,
And marked the folk of all estates, as we went from shore to shore,
With holly-wreath prepara for crown of whomsoever it be.
And our assembled Brownie Band now place the wreath on thee.

A small committoe from the band,
(Above, their portraits, you will find,)
Was quickly formed, with pen in hand,
The scribe our happy plan outlied;

Now Brownies' language ever aims
To friendship, truth and wit combine;
Read well their message, which proclaims
True, lasting love in every line:

The Lord is the strength of my life:

Christ the Lord is risen today.

Easter Greetings.



"Behold, I am alive for evermore"

We have shared each other's gladness

Easter Greetings.



Bear ye one another's burdens.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul

Appreciation and Sympathy

POEM BY PASTOR CLARK

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

CHOSEN SELECTIONS

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord

Commit thy way unto the Lord



"With Me in Paradise"

W

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"Ti

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the
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of Ja
living

ALL LIVE UNTO HIM.*

We thank Thee, God! our life, so full of Thee,
Ends not with death, but onward throbs
for aye;

Its burdens, not its blessings, pass away;
Death crowns the life, and sets the spirit free;
'Tis sense, not scul, that knows mortality.

This side of death is night, beyond is day;
'Tis there life's fulness blooms. Thrice blest
are they

Who dwell with God, and His great glory see.
Our dead yet live. The stone-marked burial
ground

Contains not them. No tomb can hold the
mind.

In brightest realms their golden voices sound;
In service high their powers employment find;
Grand thoughts are theirs beyond earth's
shadowy bound.

O bring us soon to them, Lord God, most
kind!

PASTOR J. CLARK.

* That the dead are raised, even Moses shewed in the place concerning the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Now he is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him.—Luke xx, 37-8.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

You can see beyond the grave.

—
It is only for a little while, after all.

—
A link in the chain that binds you to Heaven.

—
God will give you strength to bear that
which He hath seen wise to send.

—
God alone can comfort you, but the feeble
words of friends will be a little consolation.

—
Wilfred endeared himself to me the very
first day he came to Winnipeg, and the affection
was strengthened as time went on.

—
We who remain will miss the cheery word
and loving sympathy; but there will remain with
us through life the fragrant memory of a life
well spent.

—
No doubt it is to you a dark cloud; but as the
Father views it there is a bright side which will
one day be revealed to you, and then you'll
understand.

—
We mourn the loss of the bright life closed
for a time on this world; but the bright eyes
have seen the King in His beauty, and the loving
voice has sung the new song.

—
We can only bow in childlike trust, knowing
that in God's eternal counsels all things are well.
May you experience the sustaining fellowship
of our great burden-bearer.

for He careth for you

We grow to be grateful to Life that we were privileged to know such a character, and doubly privileged to have him for our own.

—

Wilfred and I were always such close friends that I have been in a peculiar measure aware of his goodness in the home circle.

—

The suddenness of it all brings a shock that bewilders—but what a blessed steadying arm clasp we get from Jesus at such times!

—

We are glad with you that he who has gone had vital union with God in Christ. That must bring comfort to you all that cannot be expressed in words.

—

I am grieved that to you and yours has come the sadness of an earthly farewell with one of the home circle, and my sympathy goes out to you in your sorrow. We know how hard it is to see those we love go away from us any time, even though we have hope of a re-union; for "men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street, and days have grown to months, and months to lagging years ere they have looked in loving eyes again"; but when suddenly the call comes, "Behold I show you a mystery," that summons that must be obeyed brings anguish to the hearts left behind as we realize that "until the day dawns" we shall in vain "long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." And so, because I know your heart is aching to-day, I want to assure you that I, with others, feel for you.

"I go to prepare a place for you"

Although apart from the faith that can exclaim "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," there is the balm that later on the same memories which leave us desolate now, will give.



Your boy was a joy and a comfort to you and he will be more of a joy and more of a comfort to you when you meet him again. He had such a kind, thoughtful, intellectual face; I can dimly guess what a dreadful aching loss you will experience till you meet him again.



All who knew Wilfred can only recall what is good regarding him, so exemplary was his life, and in that you can find much comfort at this time. God has taken him to what is better.



Many kindly memories are woven around Wilfred. We realize the loss of a friend who was so companionable and lovable; but to you, his own family, the loss is far greater, and can only be replaced by that greater love and deeper faith in our Lord, who has taken Wilfred unto Himself.



How clearly I can recall when but a very little boy he used to pay us occasional visits in the composing room. His bashful little smile as he timidly moved through the office, pausing here and there as some part of the work would engage his attention. Then later, the confidence with which he sat at the lino. keyboard, and his success as a first-class operator. But to me the most notable thing about his character was his exemplary Christian life.

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Probably his strongest virtue was charitableness. He was always ready to help his fellows, and anxious to see the best side of their character. His life has been a power for good, not so much by what he said as by what he has done.



Yours is the loss—not his. I am glad I knew him, and have seen the manifestation of his mind in his music, his love of nature, his thoughts. So many dear friends have gone, that Heaven will be no strange place to me, nor to you.



I know by experience the anguish you are passing through. Our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes. Nevertheless the pain is hard to bear, and our poor hearts refuse to be comforted. God helping us, we shall be able by and by to take a brighter view of it all.



His faith has been transformed, and he now lives with his Father, and although away from us I know he must rejoice. We miss his pleasing smile and the magnetism of his genial disposition; but there will ever remain clear recollections of a true, loving, helpful friend.



Those were lovely verses which the beloved son wrote so near the hour of his departure from earth. He certainly had the poetic gift. May we not believe that he now has a new opportunity to exercise it, where the beauty and the glory of the spiritual world are unfolding before his purified and redeemed soul?

"The Comforter . . . whom I will send unto you"

I had a great appreciation of him, and always enjoyed my associations with him. I always admired his great regard and esteem for his father and mother, and feel that your loss is that of a loving and dutiful son.



You have my sincerest sympathy for the loss of your dear brother. I know a little of what Wilfred meant to you, and know that his place in your heart can never be filled by another. But God is good, and His ways are best, altho' we do not always see it so. Wilfred was a good friend to me, the best in fact that ever I made among my boy friends.



In Wilfred you had a son and brother of whom you might be justly proud. He endeared himself to all associated with him, and in the church and Sunday school has been greatly missed since he went away. Though quiet and unassuming he was an efficient, faithful worker and left a niche it has been hard to fill. And now he has flitted again—on, just a little further,—
Passing out of the shadow into a purer light!
Stepping behind the curtain, getting a clearer sight.



Wilfred's faith has been transformed and he now lives with his Father, and although away from us I know he must rejoice. We who are left miss his pleasant smile and the magnetism of his bright and genial disposition. I can no longer admire him for his countless little deeds of kindness which were often exhibited in our close friendship. Yet out of it all I have a clear recollection which will never leave me, of a true, loving and helpful friend.

O Lord, Thou knowest!

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The suddenness of the bereavement brings a shock that bewilders; but what a blessed steadying arm-clasp we get from Jesus at such times! The vital union he had with God in Christ must bring to you and yours comfort that cannot be expressed in words.



Our great Lord and Saviour-Friend is, by various means, drawing our thoughts, our feelings and our desires towards Himself. He is gathering His loved ones home. What should comfort us more than the heaven-inspired hope of our "gathering together unto Him"?



Our prayer is that you may be able to see the silver lining of the dark cloud which now obscures your sunlight, and that He whom you have long since learned to love and trust may give you abundantly of His Spirit, and that you may find in Him sweet solace and comfort.



Our hearts go out to you in your great bereavement. We can well understand each other's feelings, and in the bitterness of our loss still feel we have the blessing of a happy memory, a great hope, and a fervent faith that the eternal goodness presides over the universe, and all is well.



It is so hard to write at a time like this. If only we could in some way help you to bear the sorrow. How our hearts are aching for you all to-night. Not only are we sad because you have sorrow, but we have lost a friend, one with whom we have spent many pleasant moments, and who has been in our home.

Nevertheless, afterward!

From one who knew him from babyhood:

As I look back upon Wilfred's life, in its calm, steady growth, in his steadfastness of purpose, it seems to me he was just walking on in directness of purpose to the home-going on Saturday night. He is still your beloved boy, with all his powers of loving quickened.

I seem unable to write my thoughts. Three thousand miles seems a long way from home; but as I cannot come to you, I want this message of loving sympathy to be like a rolling snowball, gathering up words of comfort as it travels; so that with your long-distance glasses you may read between the lines the sympathy I would fain express, and the love which you know exists.

Think of how closely you have lived to him—body, mind and soul; and then think how nothing can ever mar these joys. Death has simply gathered them into one fragrant cluster of blooms, that will neither wither nor die . . . You will never think of him as old, or worried; as worn or ill; but always as he was — young, clean, happy; a force for good in your lives and in the lives of others.

Having also lost a son I can more deeply realize what a loss like this means to parents. It seems to me that losing a child is a sorrow all by itself. Some sorrows the happening of events makes you forget, while others it makes you remember, and losing a child belongs to the latter class. And that, perhaps, is best of all, as we have the pleasant recollection of their loving presence with us through the lonely years.

In all these experiences there is for us an event in the foreground wherever we are or

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life"

whatever we are doing. Nor do we wish to push it back among the things forgotten. The aristocratic Egyptians of old had a custom that in the midst of their festivities, servants were instructed to carry a sarcophagus through the rooms for the guests to see. We see not funerals, but glorified hosts, in which those dearer to us than life mingle in ceaseless praise and service.



The Black Cap Society is a memory now; but we will keep our caps as long as they will last as a relic of the Society's palmy days, and as a token of esteem and deep respect for one whose friendship was of no mean value — whose thoughts were of no common order. Haply, too, the memory they will keep fresh may serve to remind us that life is but a fleeting shadow, and even when we are in the midst of it we are in death.



The cup which the Father giveth us has in it often bitter ingredients, but they are strewn in by the hand of love, and used as sparingly as the case will admit. You will be enabled to say "Thy will be done"; but your heart will ache still. And the mother! how deep and lasting her grief will be! But be assured that He who wept with Mary and Martha has the same sympathy for you. Yours in the fellowship of sorrow.

"I send the promise of my Father upon you"

Only last Friday I heard the Bishop of London. He spoke so beautifully about Death, and said we must dismiss all gloomy fears. Death was, he said, glorified, and we ought to thank God that those we loved had been thought "meet to be partakers of the Saints in Light," and to think of them loving just the same as those left behind, but as growing in character in the sunshine of Paradise. It was a most impressive service.



From a dear friend of Wilfred's:

Accept from me the deepest sympathy in the loss of your dear son Wilfred.

It is hard for me to fully realize that my old friend and working companion has gone to the "Great Beyond." But, you can rest assured that he has reaped the highest reward.

Wilfred, as I knew him, and as all his friends knew him, was clean-living, honest in all his dealings, and manly in all his acts. I assure you no one knows this better than myself, as we were sincere friends and working companions for a number of years, and the old saying is you never know a man until you work with him.

About a week ago I received a letter from him in answer to one I wrote from Philadelphia. One extract may interest you and Mrs. Burgoyne. He seemed to appreciate a few words of praise I had written about my mother, and goes on to say:

"Did you ever consider that a mother's love began even months before we first looked up at her face? She loved us, not knowing what we would be like—frail or strong, plain or good-looking . . . the highest form of love."

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From one of "The Trio":

Some of these happy nights, when Wilfred and I sat for hours, discussing many and varied themes and theories of life, a side of his character was revealed more fully than when in company with others. Only the Saturday night before his illness the three of us ("Fathers" Bowman, Auld and Wilfred) were discussing the fact that great men were never understood; and I remember Wilfred remarked: "Yes, Christ Himself knew the people did not understand Him, for didn't He cry from the cross 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'?"

 * *

From a fellow boarder, and close friend in Winnipeg:

There are those of us around here who cannot just grasp the fact that one has left us who was a sincere and dear friend in all respects, and whose genial spirit and happy temperament often served as stimulant to less courageous spirits—less hopeful minds. To all the loss has been stunning; by all the loss of Wilfred felt very much; but to none more so than to me has the shock been great; for while we meet men and women day by day in the ordinary routine of our life, we may learn to measure by a certain code the parts that go to make them—superficially. It is when we are admitted into their inmost thoughts, and learn the true deep tenor of their being, that we find our measures must be more profound than was at first apparent. To most of the people here Wilfred was a warm-hearted, genial and sociable man, and as such he won their friendship; but to me he was something more than any of these—to me he was a friend, who could think on the deeper problems of life with a broad mind and a fine perception.

May that Power which makes and unmakes give you all the strength which enables us poor mortals ever to cast our eye upwards when our hearts are most bowed down.

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From the Halifax Acadian Recorder:

A telegram conveying very sad information was received from Winnipeg Sunday morning by John Burgoyne, of the Royal Print and Litho, Limited, as it announced the sudden death in that city, from appendicitis, of his son Wilfred, who for the past twelve months had been in the employ of the Winnipeg Telegram Job Printers, Ltd. This came as a great shock to his parents, who had but two days previously received his regular weekly letter, written in his usual cheerful vein, and giving no indications of ill health. The deceased was well known in Halifax, and his many qualities won for him a host of sincere friends who will learn of his early death with much regret. Mr. Burgoyne was for several years on the mechanical staff of the Herald and the Mail as a linotype operator. Later he was employed by the McAlpine Publishing company, leaving for the prairie capital a little over a year ago.

He was a member of Mystic Lodge, I. O. O. F. and served as Noble Grand of that lodge only a short time ago. He was an accomplished pianist and was one of the orchestra of his lodge. He accompanied the orchestra on many occasions to churches and charitable institutions when concerts were given. He was very popular in his lodge, and his death will be much regretted by his brothers.

The sympathy of many friends will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne and family in their bereavement.

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"I am the resurrection and the life"

From his Halifax employers:

We wish to place on record our appreciation of his sterling character and manly qualities, being kind-hearted, generous, and exceedingly conscientious in all his dealings, and cheerful in disposition.



From the Halifax Typographical Union:

Halifax, Canada, Nov. 4, 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burgoyne:

On behalf of the members of Halifax Typographical Union, No. 130, I wish to convey to you our heartfelt and sincere sympathy in the hour of your sudden bereavement, on the death of your son Wilfred H. Burgoyne.

For a number of years he was a member of our Union, and was always regarded as a man of the strictest integrity and highest principles.

Conscious though we are how inadequate are any words of ours to lessen your grief, we yet hope that this assurance of the respect and regard in which your son was held by the members of this Union will give you some measure of consolation in your hour of affliction.

Sincerely yours, G. W. HARRIS, *Secretary.*



The Secretary of the Winnipeg Typographical Union writes: I am instructed by our union to express to you our deep sympathy. Although our late brother was a comparatively new member — being connected with our branch exactly one year—all who knew him were his friends; his quiet unassuming manner at once winning the friendship of all. His workmates, those to whom he was most intimately known, feel deeply his untimely death, which came as a great shock to them. These boys acted as pall-bearers, and in this way showed their respect and love for their brother.

A star of sorrow and acquainted with grief

From Winnipeg papers:

Mr. Burgoyne was employed in the office of the Telegram Job Printers, Ltd., where he was highly esteemed by reason of his superior work and his quiet unassuming manner. He was a member of the International Typographical Union and the I. O. O. F., both of which organizations lose a loyal supporter. These two societies were largely represented at the funeral.



Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

—*Joseph Blanco White*



WILL IT BE THUS?

How oft, escaping from some subtle dream,
With stifled sob, and eyelids strangely wet,
We hail with joy the morn's assuring gleam,
And smile, and quite forget!

Will it be thus when, waking after death,
The horror fades that we had known erewhile,
When all life's struggle ends in one glad breath,
Shall we forget, and smile?

—*Emma H. Nason*

"When I awake I am still with Thee"

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Life's sorrows still fluctuate;
God's love does not;
And His love is unchanged
When it changes our lot.



Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath,
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death.

—Lowell



Say! did your dear one pass away?
Do not fret!
Gently close your tearful eye,
And feel his spirit hover nigh;
And—listen! did you hear him cry:
“Do not fret!”?

—Robert Bowman



I have been reminded again, deeply, and I hope
with helpfulness, of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*,
especially the words in the opening part:

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair:
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.



One writes that “other friends remain,”
That “loss is common to the race,”
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff, well-meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter— rather more;
Too common! never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.

—Tennyson

"HOWDY" AND "FAREWELL."

Life is sunshine through an' through,
When you're sayin' "howdy-do";
Welcomin' friends of long ago,
Meetin' folks it's good to know.

Life is darkened with regret
As we lose the friends we've met;
Time the tyrant we obey,
When he signals, "On your way!"

Roses bloom and swiftly fade,
Winter strips the autumn shade;
All too fast the seasons fly,
Every welcome means "good-bye."



"AWAY."

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just—away.

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn,
For the old-time step, and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead; he is just—away.

—Riley

"I will comfort them that mourn."

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REMEMBRANCES.

So many little faults we find!
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be faults then—grave faults—to
 you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.



GOOD-BYE.

We say it for an hour, or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
 "Good-bye."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our souls with going, thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way:
 "Good-bye."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting at life's gate;
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night:
 "Good-bye."

Sel. M. A. C. B.

LOVE AND DEATH.

When the end comes, and we must say good-bye,
 And I am going to the quiet land;
 And, sitting in some loved place, hand in hand,
 For the last time together, you and I,
 We watch the winds blow, and the sunlight lie
 Soft by the washing of the western foam,
 Where we have lived and loved in days passed by,
 We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid
 The quiet death who comes to part us twain,
 But know that parting would not be such pain
 Had not our love a perfect flower been made,
 And we shall find it in God's garden laid
 On that sweet day wherein we meet again.



LIFE.

Forenoon and afternoon and night; forenoon
 And afternoon and night; forenoon and—what?
 The empty song repeats itself. No more?
 Yea, this is Life: Make this forenoon sublime,
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
 And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

—Edward Rowland Sill

A great multitude, which no man can number

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"SOMETIME."

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been
learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so!
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery would find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
Then we shall know and clearly understand—
I think that we shall say, "God knows the best."

—*Mary Louise Riley Smith.*

TO WILFRED.

[Appropriated.]

Dear eyes, with trick of smiling,
That brimmed with quiet mirth,
Surely some god of joyousness
Did bless you at your birth.

He told you some sweet secret;
He gave you clearer sight—
To know the world was merry
To those who view it right.

He curved your lips to smiling;
He tuned your heart to joy;
He made your rippling laughter
Like gold without alloy.

In blessing you he blessed us
As with reflected light;
For unto those who dwelt with you
This grey old earth was bright.

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THE ELDER BROTHER.

When the first sunlight crossed my window-sill,
I woke and laughed to greet another day,
 Knowing his face would be beside me still,
To comfort all my childish work and play,
Smiling, or grave and sweet with tenderness.
 (Ah, God, beyond the lands of sun and snow
Do those dear eyes of his look down to bless
 The little sister here who loved him so?)

The morning brought a myriad gracious things—
 Marvels my eager heart might share with
 him—
The rainbow dewdrops, and the flash of wings
 Down orchard alleys white and sweet and
 dim;
The velvet butterflies that skimmed the sward
 Beside my beds of fern and mignonette,
The purple heartsease by the gate. (Dear Lord,
 The heartsease of Thy peace be with him
 yet!)

I had him for my comrade, all day long,
 Closer and dearer for his elder years;
When my small task of book or slate went wrong,
 His hand upon my forehead soothed my
 tears.
Tenderest raillery to cheer and chide,
 Strong fellowship of comfort, sweet and
 brave,
Love in unfailing sunshine at my side,
 (Dear Lord, that love has lived beyond his
 grave.)

So the sweet day drew on at last toward night:
We walked to watch the sunset, hand in
hand;
Before us flamed a gate of golden light,
Behind, a veil of amethyst swept the land.
The faint sweet scent of pine-trees filled the air
When we sat down to rest beyond the hill,
And the whole world seemed hushed for us in
prayer.
(Dear God, I think that prayer is rising still.)

I did not know it when I fell asleep,
Only that I was sheltered on his breast,
And that he carried me across the steep,
Home through the deepening darkness to
my rest.
(O Elder Brother, Christ of Nazareth!
Let that dear love, sealed with Thy name
and sign,
Bring my soul home beyond the night of death
To find his brotherhood fulfilled in Thine.)

—Mabel Earle



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SUNSET.

A few summers ago the family were spending the afternoon and evening on MacNab's Island. Suddenly Wilfred exclaimed "Oh! look at the sunset!" Of course everybody looked; and well might he exclaim!

The western heavens were aglow with beauty, the reflection of which extended to the zenith and beyond, and the impression of the unusual scene will last a lifetime.

The great orb had barely sunk from sight, and was flooding the adjacent clouds with a richness and variety of color seldom seen in these latitudes. The impression given was that of a golden shore occupying a long stretch above the horizon, filled with a mighty throng of people, whose gaze was uplifted towards a magnificent mountain range, at the base of which was a large lake surrounded, at regular intervals, with square pillars of substantial material, each pillar surmounted with a tongue of fire; the whole lake being an embodiment of power, of energy, warmth, life. Closely adjoining this lake was a smaller one, offering a striking contrast in character. Its waters were an empyreal blue, suggesting eventide, repose, serenity, peace. Just beyond this there was evidence of still further regions, not visible from our standpoint, but nevertheless real, which suggested Wordsworth's line: "far sinking into splendour without end."

The whole of this picture of the heavens made a combination of beauty which it is impossible to describe. Although the mountain and the lakes held steadily their form, yet the splendidly vivid

I would look up and live, and laugh and lift

colors were ever quivering and changing—ever more and more resplendent.

The evening was calm. The harbor was a sea of glass; so that the whole wondrous picture was reemblazoned on the surface of the water. The effect of this was to bring the heavens and the earth together, so that "the depths where the stars lie buried" were no longer far away; and this thought was accentuated by the bright pathway over the waters, leading right up to one's feet; so that it needed very little imagination to hear a voice proclaiming the close proximity of the celestial to the terrestrial, and the loving care of our heavenly Father for all who dwell upon the earth.

Although this magnificence was transitory, its teaching was one of permanence. The heavens did truly declare the glory of God, and seemed to give expression once again to these grand messages to mankind: "I am alive for evermore . . . All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth . . . Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

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