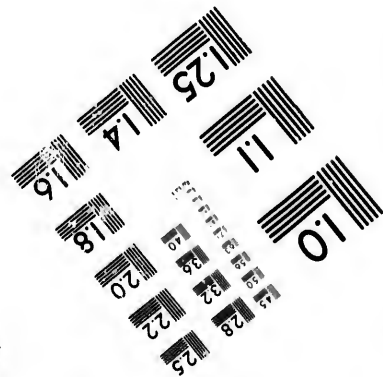
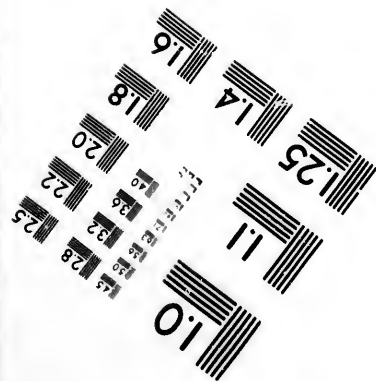
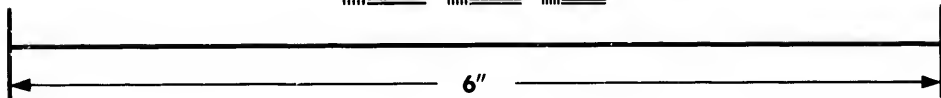
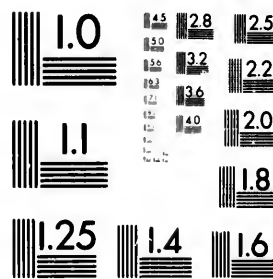


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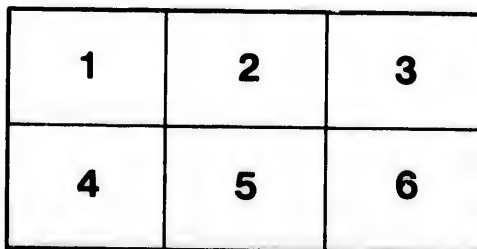
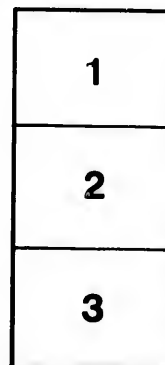
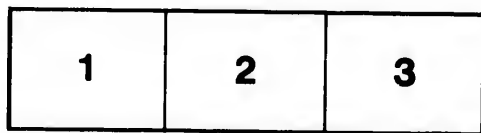
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*Fred V. Massey*

Reminiscences of  
**FRED V. MASSEY.**

**TORONTO :**  
**OCTOBER, 1891.**

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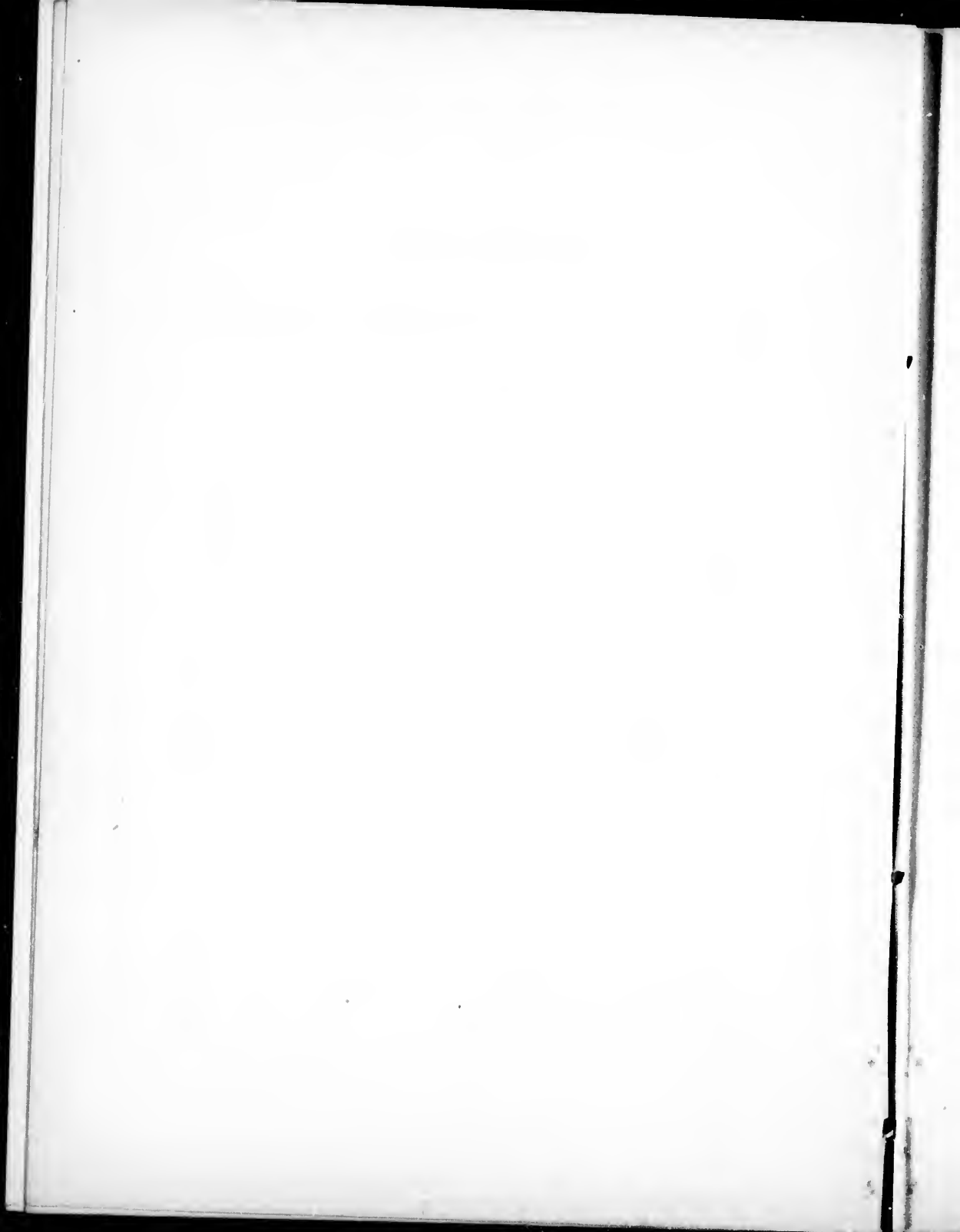
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## Introduction.

By ED. BAIRD RYCKMAN, LL.B.

---

“In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.”

---

THIS little volume finds in love its inspiration. It sketches the resolute purpose, the honest endeavor, the tender sympathies of a dear friend whose years, though few, breathed the sweet fragrance of—

“Deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done.”

How small a part of each of us—of the real motives and aspirations which direct our conduct and form our character—is known to those around us! These hidden factors work only in the inmost sanctuaries of heart and mind, and refuse their revelation to all but the kindly sympathy of a trusted friend. Truly, “to *know* a man we must *love* him.” How appropriate, then, that a brother's affec-

tion should have inspired these pages ! Others of us, warranted by the close companionship we had with one so well beloved, have been privileged to interleave a few pages bearing our tribute to his worth and memory.

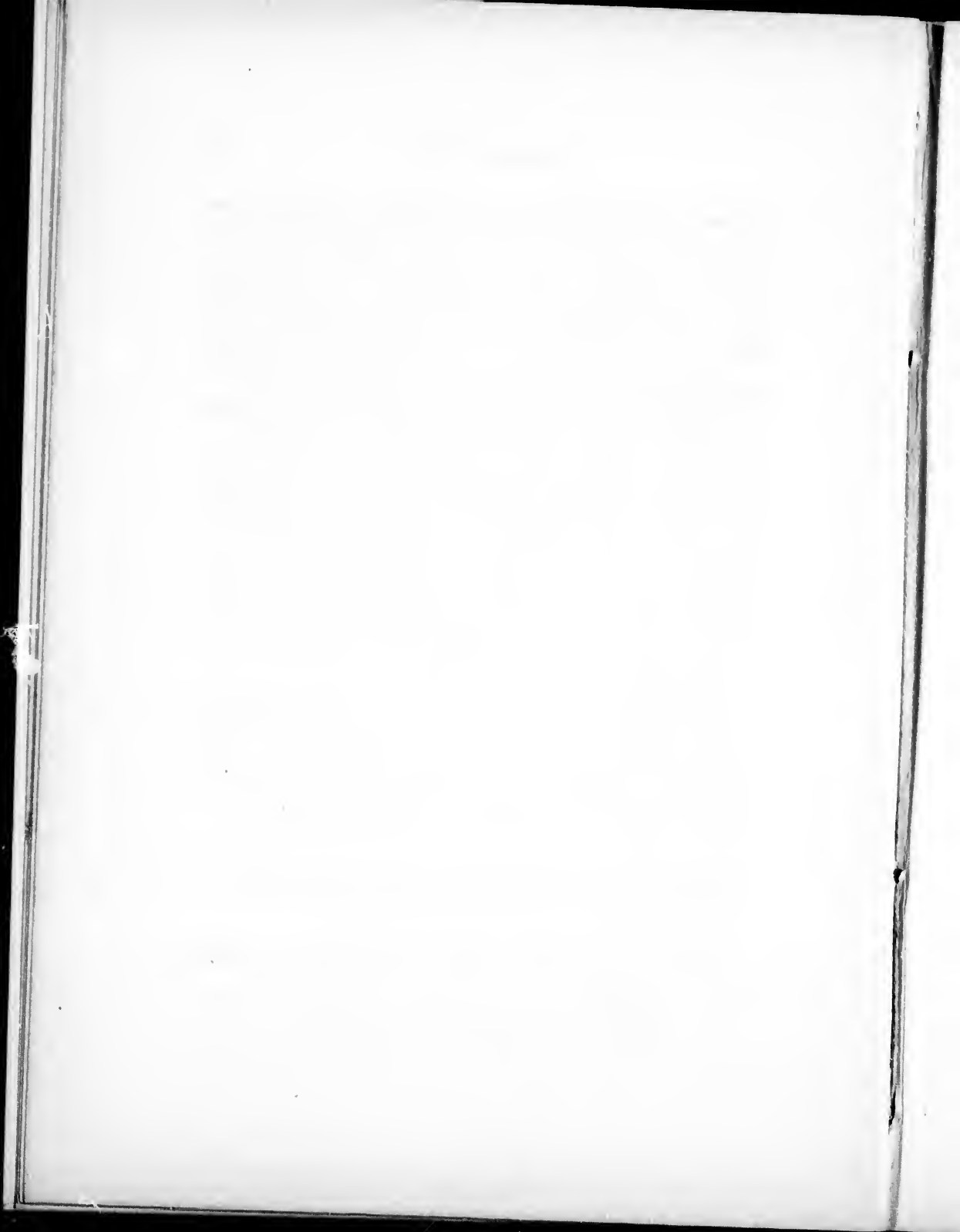
Though there is ever heard in these "Reminiscences" the minor chord of a great grief, yet the conception of them is both happy and profitable. Whatever of precept or example comes to us from departed friends to aid us towards right living, should be cherished as sacred—as a valuable asset in life, the measure of which is more than money. If posterity has any claims upon us, that one, at least, should be honored which demands, as a sailing-chart for guidance, a faithful record of the paths which true and noble souls have traversed—through the shallows and the depths, amidst the rocks and hidden dangers of the tempestuous sea of life—avoiding shipwreck.

The life of Fred Massey, with its closing scenes of suffering, affords much instruction and profitable example. Some of his acquaintances may remember him only as a fine fellow, good-hearted and fun-loving. But others, who, through a "mutual dear regard,"

knew him better, will not forget how, in the vigor of health and in the possession of a tender, honest, and enlightened conscience, his one ambition was to make the best of himself and the most of the splendid opportunities with which he was favored, and for which he did not forget to thank a Providence specially kind; and how, when prostrated in sickness, when the future for him was only a vista of possibilities beyond the present pain, he could let go one after another of those plans so dearly cherished, accept God as the Master of the scenes and tell us, in lulls of keenest suffering, that it is not for us to choose the part we shall act.

That vista, for us, narrowed and darkened until it closed in the gloom of the tomb; but for him, it grew broader and brighter, until it shone with the light of the Eternal City.

“ Enough, if something from our hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;  
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent  
dower,  
We feel that we are greater than we know.”

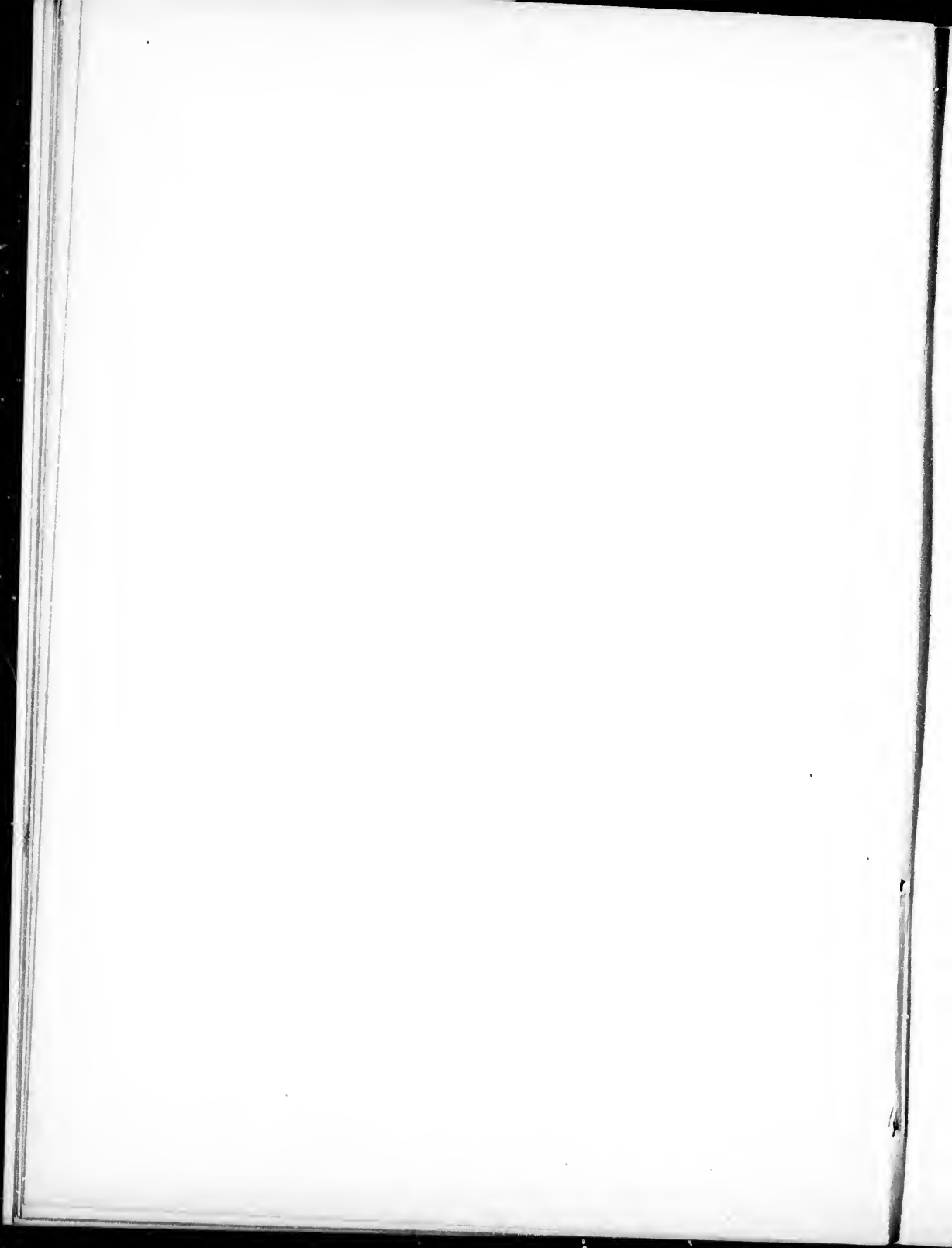


PART I.

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*A Monograph.*

BY A CONSTANT COMPANION.



# A Monograph.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### PREFATORY.

THESE pages have been written to tell briefly the tale of a manly youth's career; not because his life was one of thrilling incident or extraordinary achievement, giving him wide reputation, and such as would in the usual course of events be published in a biographical sketch; for his was a comparatively simple and retired life—in fact, it was only in its preparatory stage.

Nor yet do I write this monograph with the thought that there would be any general interest in the preservation of a record in type of its subject's life; but with the hope that the simple story of such a pure, conscientious, energetic and ambitious life, the true character and ingenuousness of which was known best to bosom companions—a life full of noble purpose, of deepest intensity, and most earnest determination to succeed—may lend inspiration and encouragement to the youth who



chance to read it ; and further, that his wonderful Christian experience, which I have endeavored faithfully and truthfully to relate, may be a means of strengthening the faith of every reader.

Such and such alone is my hope and aim. These short chapters make no pretence to literary effort ; on the contrary, I am fully persuaded of their many imperfections.

It was Fred's express wish to his pastors that nothing of the eulogistic order be said regarding him in their addresses at his funeral, for modesty, a strong dislike for eulogy, and an utter hatred of flattery were among his characteristics.

While I have tried to pay due respect to this request, I could scarcely write a true account of this worthy young man's life and not appear to disregard it. He did, however, give his pastor permission to tell his "religious experience" anywhere and at any time it would be of service in persuading men of the reality of Christ ; and certainly many followers of our Lord and Master will be interested in this testimony to the efficacy of "Faith in God" and its power to sustain in times of

severest trial, of pain and death, the kind of testimony which does so much to confirm our belief.

How many men and women there are in this world who are known only to a very small circle of friends, and who lead very quiet and retired lives, and yet such are the unusual experiences through which they are called upon to pass, the trials and difficulties they have to face, the battles they have to fight, that their successful overcoming of these heavy odds has made their characters marvellously beautiful—would it be too much to say, truly great? You and I have known such people, and who will say that in their sphere they have not put forth as strenuous an effort to win their battles as some of the characters, whom the world is wont to call great, have exerted to penetrate the barriers to their success?

Not many pages would be required to relate the principal incidents and the few extraordinary events of so quiet and even a life as that of Frederic Victor Massey—a jolly, whole-hearted young man of high principles, of good parentage, and favored with every possible advantage in education and travel,

which to his credit he zealously and faithfully improved, being intensely absorbed in preparation for his life's work; but my endeavor shall be to give a faithful account of the development of his true character, and the circumstances which helped to mould it and bring it to the beauty it attained, and in this theme, my reader, I hope to interest you. I will ask you to glance briefly at the earlier stages of his career, and with me to trace his steps to vigorous manhood. We will then follow him through a terribly hard course in the school of affliction into which it was his lot to be precipitated most unexpectedly. How did he take it when, apparently in perfect health, which he had enjoyed from youth, he found his physical powers beginning to weaken? What effect did it have when suddenly he was stricken down and was told he would have to abandon, for a time at least, his cherished hopes in the lines of study to which he was so deeply devoted? What resulted when later he was told he could never be really well again — and later still, after weeks of keenest suffering, that he was doomed to die in the course of a few weeks more?

## CHAPTER II.

### BOYHOOD DAYS.

THE branch of the Massey family to which the subject of my sketch belonged emigrated to Ontario from New England about the year 1800. Fred V. Massey, as he preferred to be called, and as he usually wrote his name, was born in the humble home of his parents at Newcastle, Ontario, located close beside the old Newcastle Agricultural Works, of which his father, Hart A. Massey, was proprietor, and which have since developed into the business conducted by the Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto, in which he aspired to take an active part. Fred's mother was Miss Eliza Ann Phelps, a native of Gloversville, N.Y., whence Mr. Massey took her as his bride, on June 10th, 1847. The day of his birth, May 24th, 1867, was quite eventful in the usually quiet village of Newcastle. Not only was the town in holiday attire celebrating Queen Victoria's birthday (hence Fred's

second name, Victor), but on that day also the corner stone of the new Methodist church, of which his parents were faithful adherents, was laid, and people had gathered from all the surrounding country to celebrate the occasion—a corner-stone laying being an event of extraordinary interest at that time.

Fred proved to be a delicate baby, but devoted attention and care brought him through, and he grew to be a strong and vigorous child, full of life and mischief. He was the youngest of six children, and though "the baby" of the family, was by no means spoiled on this account. When he was four years of age, the condition of Mr. H. A. Massey's health necessitated a partial retirement from business, and resulted in his removing to Cleveland, Ohio, where he resided for eleven years. In due course Fred was placed in the public schools, which in that cosmopolitan city are largely attended by pupils of various foreign nationalities. To a boy of Fred's make-up, I believe this was rather an advantage than otherwise.

Having made fair progress, at the age of eleven he entered the Brook's Military

Academy, where he took a five years' course. This greatly developed and matured him, though he was always so effervescing with life and fun that no one thought of him as anything but a boy until about his twenty-first year. He was the life of the household, and ever ready for a frolic. His fondness for outdoor sports gave him a strong, well-developed physique.

His good nature and sense of honor and fairness made him a general favorite amongst his associates, who sought his companionship, and not he theirs. A wisely indulgent father and mother provided him with every facility for developing his latent talents, accompanied with firm discipline and an assignment to him of a certain routine of duties about the house, which he had to perform with due regularity.

As a boy he was particularly fond of pets, of which he was allowed to keep a variety, and in their management, care and training showed marked ability. His pets knew only the kindest treatment at his hands, and nothing stirred his indignation more than cruelty to dumb animals.

I have heard many visitors to his father's

home in Cleveland speak in terms of praise of the ingenious devices he made in his boyhood days, and the pretty houses he constructed for his pets with his tools, which in the course of time he learned to handle with considerable skill. His father did not fail to remind him that he could turn this knowledge to good practical use in aiding to keep things in good repair around the house, which he did, making himself generally useful.

His fondness for the use of tools revealed in him a love for the mechanical arts, inherited from his father, a further cultivation of which led him to choose mechanical engineering as his life's pursuit.

Fred received a very careful training in Christian ethics at the hands of his devoted parents, and as a result he early manifested an interest in religious matters. He professed conversion to Christ when but a lad, and was a regular attendant at the various church services.

While Fred was thoughtful and earnest, I will by no means have you infer that he was one of the "sanctimonious," long-faced type of Christians, for whom he had but little liking.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to imagine a youth more fully imbued with life and fun, and more determined to make the best of life — always thoroughly enjoying himself anywhere and everywhere.



## CHAPTER III.

### COLLEGE DAYS.

UPON the removal of the family to Toronto in 1882, Fred Massey entered the Collegiate Institute, whence he matriculated into Toronto University College. In any work that he undertook he was most thorough, and entered upon it with a firm determination to succeed, this being a noticeable trait even in boyhood. He was, therefore, a thorough student, and labored for a liberal education.

Not content with keeping up the regular course at the University, he undertook additional "Honor" work, and kept up a course of outside reading on lines in which he was specially interested, his strong constitution and general good health admitting his doing an unusual amount of work.

During vacation, far from being idle, he devoted his time to study when not privileged to travel—mathematics, and especially mechanics, also modern languages, music and

botany receiving his attention. I have known him, too, to spend a great deal of time in manual labor at the work bench, or in the garden or greenhouse, as a means of recreation, and further to put into practice the theories of his favorite studies.

Being passionately fond of flowers, and the science of their cultivation, he spent hours of enjoyment in his father's conservatory, which under his direction was brought to a high state of perfection.

I call to mind no more striking illustration of the eager determination with which this young man took hold of anything in which his interest was enlisted, than his study of music.

Fred cared comparatively little for music at first, and could scarcely whistle through a simple melody correctly. After considerable urging, since the other members of the family took an interest in music in some form or other, he was induced to study the flute.

Once the matter was decided he went at it in a most business-like and systematic manner, as he did at all his undertakings. He took lessons regularly of a well-known instructor,

and practised most faithfully early and late whenever he could work in a half hour or an hour. Often might he be seen hard at it before breakfast in the morning, or as a rest between study hours; and frequently late at night, just before retiring, I have heard him blowing away at that flute. As a result, after two or three terms' lessons, he not only acquired a sufficient knowledge to play with a small orchestra, but a taste and love for music, which he sought every opportunity to cultivate through the remainder of his life, and which gave him unlimited pleasure.

That order and system are most necessary to success Fred firmly believed, as the methodical manner which was customary with him would indicate.

In his study and in his workshop things were kept in a most orderly way, and he took great delight in keeping them so. He designed and made appliances of various kinds to facilitate his work, many of them being most ingenious.

Fred took considerable interest in athletics, and won several prizes at bicycle and foot races, the necessary systematic training just

suiting his nature. He never, however, carried these things to excess.

Bicycling and tennis were his favorite amusements, and during his last few years he looked largely to these and to long walks for necessary exercise, his other hours of recreation being merely a change of occupation.

There was not the first element of laziness in this character. On the other hand, activity, ambition and energy were most prominent features. I cannot imagine a student being more devoted, more thorough, or more conscientious than he.

Blessed with good health, this earnest student thoroughly enjoyed his university life, as would be readily surmised, and was loath to break it off even temporarily for the pleasure of a trip around the world which his father arranged to give him. The health of Fred's next older brother, Walter, having become seriously impaired by a too close application to business, a long voyage was deemed expedient, and it being considered unwise to take so long a journey alone, Fred was delegated to accompany him.

Aside from the fact that these two brothers

had always been bosom companions, though differing widely in many of their tastes and inclinations—brothers in the truest sense—Fred made an especially well-chosen travelling companion. Jolly, hale and hearty, always cheerful and ready for a good time, and apparently always having it, things were not likely to lag much or become very “down-cast” in his neighborhood; further, he was an enthusiastic traveller, and allowed but little to escape his notice.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AROUND THE WORLD.

A TRIP around the world is the event of a lifetime. Fred realized this, and made every preparation to make the most of this grand opportunity. The tour embraced the Canadian Northwest, the Pacific Coast, California, Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Egypt, Palestine and the British Isles. The start was made on August 17th, 1887, and the two brothers were steadily travelling for over ten months. Travelling is a great educator in itself, if the traveller be an intelligent observer and use his opportunities. That this young tourist was a very close observer all who knew him know full well. His keen eyes were ever on the alert, and he made every effort to gain information. His very social nature won him many friends *en route*, and being a good conversationalist, and having exceptional opportunities, he made the acquaintance of many men of note and posi-

tion, from whom he invariably sought to learn something. His full note books and carefully selected collection of specimens and curiosities amply testify to the good use he made of his time.

It was, perhaps, on this long trip of nearly a year that his real character was more completely developed, and his manly, noble self made more plainly visible. The knowledge he had previously gained was broadened and expanded. His purposes and plans for the future were matured and perfected. His varied experiences and the information acquired were treasured up for future profit.

Fred was a young man of purest morals, a most conscientious fellow, and when once convinced a thing was wrong he let it severely alone, even to some of the fashionable amusements about which he had some doubt. He led a clean life in word and deed, and deeply loathed young men who tainted their conversation with impurities. Well I remember one rainy day at sea, when on board a large ocean steamer, he went to the smoking room to read, it being the only room opening on the main deck. A large number of gentlemen were

there, some of them men of reputation, and doubtless all of them bearing a good social position at home, who were engaged in smoking, story-telling and card-playing. Shortly Fred returned to his stateroom below, his face aglow with righteous indignation, and he proceeded to pour forth a volley of anathemas upon men who, professing to be decent, and bearing the outward appearance of gentlemen, and pawning themselves off on society as such, could be thus hypocritical and indulge in such senseless and impure conversation for amusement.

Fred seldom, if ever, showed signs of angry passion, being of a very even disposition, and possessing admirable control of his temper; but, when irreverence or flagrant deeds of sin and cruelty came before his notice, in defence of the right I have often seen his deepest indignation called forth. He had wonderful self-possession, whether in times of danger or when in earnest argument, and frequently got the better of an angry antagonist on this account.

His genial nature invariably made him a general favorite on board ship, and whenever



he found people of good morals and honest purpose, whose society he could enjoy, he associated with them whether they travelled steerage, second-class or cabin passage. Close class distinctions were wholly distasteful to his democratic spirit. He was thoroughly disgusted with blue-blood aristocracy, which compels and upholds such class divisions of society. The only distinction he cared to recognize was the distinction between men of good and men of evil tendencies.

Fred was one of those fellows who dare to stand by their convictions at all times. Being thoroughly temperate in all things, and a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks of every kind, and also from tobacco, he held most rigidly to his principles. He would no more think of taking a glass of wine on the desert of Sahara, though parched with thirst after a long, tiresome excursion, and not daring to drink the impure water available, or at a banquet table in London, England, though away from the gaze of home friends, and the only abstainer present, than he would think of imbibing at a dinner party in Toronto. Nor was he ashamed to defend his religious pre-

dilections. "His conscience was not influenced by geographical boundaries, nor were his high principles affected by latitude, longitude, or zone."

On one occasion at a special festive dinner on board an Orient line steamship one evening while crossing the equator on the Indian ocean, a bottle of liquor of some kind was conspicuous beside the plate of every gentleman at table except the Massey brothers, which fact caused an argument to be raised on the question of total abstinence, followed by a discussion on religious matters introduced by the purser, who presided at that particular table, and who began by pouring forth a tirade against Christianity as taught by such men as Moody.

For some time the well-educated and strong-minded purser had it his own way, no one speaking except to acquiesce in his irreligious opinions, and none apparently caring to differ with him. Fred, however, seated next to him, could stand it no longer, and suddenly opened up his batteries of argument for the defence, and soon had the second officer, who sat opposite at the same table—a splendid fellow, but

one of the "almost persuaded" individuals—ready to back him. His fearless vindication of his religious profession, and his strict adherence to his temperance principles at once commanded the respect of the most skeptical who sat at that table.

## CHAPTER V.

### SOME CHARACTERISTICS ILLUSTRATED.

IF the young man whose character I am endeavoring to outline, had any specially noticeable fault, it was that of expressing his thoughts too bluntly. He was a most outspoken fellow, and invariably put his worst side out.

He never went behind one's back to say what he thought of him, and he always talked plainly to his friends, telling them frankly of any ill feeling or misapprehension he had toward them, or what he considered their faults, and always wanted them to do the same towards himself. This outspoken nature, which would sometimes almost startle a stranger, was never a barrier to the warmest friendship of those who once became acquainted with him, though I believe it very often conveyed a wrong impression of his inner self to strangers.

So thoroughly effervescing with life and

fun was he, and often so jolly were his conversation and demeanor that he would scarcely be accredited with being sufficiently mindful of the serious and solemn side of life, except by his most intimate associates; and even his bosom companions would have much difficulty in picturing him in the frame of mind in which he conceived the following letter, which was written to the loved ones at home. The part which I quote beautifully illustrates an obscure trait in his character. It is quite probable that the condition of his brother Walter's health, which up to this time had not improved, but, on the contrary, was such as not only to discourage the health-seeker, but also to impress Fred specially with the responsibility which might be his in case of a greater change for the worse, had paved the way to the feelings of "care" expressed.

Mt. Victoria, New South Wales, Australia.

Feb. 12th, 1888.

DEAR ONES ALL—

Writing, the date brought unpleasant reminiscences of dear \*Charley's death—just four years—yes, according to my time, now almost exactly four years ago Charley had breathed his last, and we were gathered to—

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\* His eldest brother.

gether in solemn group in our desolate, lonely library. How sad to recall those hours of lamentation ! We still bemoan his loss, and cling the closer to his offspring—poor things, what a dreadful, incalculable loss to them ! He is gone to eternal felicity, emancipated from all earthly bonds, living in constant praise and love of our Heavenly Father. His gain, our loss.

To-day is Sunday, and at its eventide let me quote a few verses of Longfellow's "The Day is Done." I have learnt them by heart and oft repeat the beautiful poem. What a grand, heavenly old poet Longfellow was. His thoughts are elevating to the mind and cheering to the soul. I am now sitting by a fireside on Mount Victoria, seventy-seven miles from Sydney, in the Blue Mountains.

It is chilly. My thoughts ruminates over the loved ones at home. Solemn cogitations have ensued since the recalling of Charley's departure from this world. Home, ten thousand miles away—still, nightly we pitch our tent farther from home. On, on, we journey, only having gone seventeen thousand five hundred miles thus far—we will have travelled at least thirty-three thousand five hundred miles before reaching Toronto. Perils by land and sea yet await us. God's omnipotent hand shelters, directs and shields us from all harm. In Him do we put our trust. These ruminations, I say, cause the following sweet poem to come to my mind :—

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time ;

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice ;

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

From this letter we also get an idea of his intense love of home and the loved ones there. These solemn reflections would almost suggest a moody frame of mind, such as would affect the demeanor of the writer, but there was nothing in his manner to indicate this, and his brother, who was with him at the time, never for once imagined that he was penning lines of such a character, and did not know of it until he perused the letter after his death.

Such sentiments thus expressed by a youth so constantly full of mirth and joy, the life of his father's household, and amongst his companions always "a jolly good fellow," reveal a hidden side of his nature otherwise quite undiscernible.



## CHAPTER VI.

### HOME AGAIN—COLLEGE LIFE RESUMED.

THERE were two other marked traits of his character which, if I failed to mention, our brief biography would be incomplete.

Those who knew Fred Massey could not fail to have observed his unselfish disposition and his great delight to do for others. He would have shared his last dime with a sufferer from want, and was untiring in his efforts to make others happy. To the discouraged and down-hearted he invariably brought good cheer, and he did not hesitate to lend a helping hand both figuratively and in point of fact.

The second I wish to note was his spirit of independence. No one could more highly appreciate a loving father's and mother's indulgences and their liberal provision for education and travel than he. His home, he said, during his sickness was like a heaven to him; and so it was. But it was his most earnest

desire to merit all these things, and in due time to make full return for them.

How often do wealthy men's sons idle away their time, counting entirely on their prospects in their father's will, or, even worse, become spendthrifts, and squander their father's means to their own ruin. Fred seemed never to anticipate inheriting any of his father's fortune, but, on the contrary, proposed to make his own way through life, and even to repay his father for moneys advanced for his education. I think there was certainly something to admire in this spirit of manly independence.

The enjoyment of this grand tour and all the great social and other privileges that grew out of it did not apparently affect his bearing, for upon his return to his old associations he was his natural self. There were no signs of his being even a little "stuck-up," and he was very modest in recounting his trip to old friends. If he started off with the feelings of a Freshman, he came back with the greater wisdom of a Senior, forcibly impressed with how much more there was to learn, with the result that he was even more humble than be-

fore, hence with new inspiration and a fresh impetus he resumed his work.

Arriving home in June, he at once settled down to hard study, and prepared to resume his course in Toronto University, where he spent another year finishing up some special studies and fitting himself for an elaborate course in mechanical engineering. Had you known Fred Massey, you would soon have found out that he believed in a thorough preparation for life's duties, and you would have noticed that he went at it with a zeal and an earnestness seldom seen. In the course of the memorial address, his pastor, the Rev. Le Roy Hooker, made the following very true remark of him, which expresses the case exactly :—

“He was eager in the pursuit of all things necessary to the career of manly life. It was his cherished purpose to carry into his business activities the energy of a man, the intelligence of a scholar, and the integrity of a Christian. In his religious character he was remarkable for his simplicity, ingenuousness, and sunshine, qualities which seemed to harmonize the pleasantries and solemnities of life.”

After the close of his last year at the University, he continued his work through the hot months of the summer, applying himself altogether too closely. In September he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston, an institution noted for the high standard of its engineering courses.

When *en route* to Boston he contracted a most severe cold, and upon arrival there barely escaped a run of fever. While, as it is now believed, he never entirely recovered from the effects of this cold, he was soon able to enter upon his work, which he took up, as he did everything else he attempted, with his whole might, mind and strength, standing very high in all his classes. A more devoted student there could not be.

Intensity of purpose was Fred's most striking characteristic, and he was in every particular a most thorough and conscientious worker. A thing that was worth doing, was worth doing well, in his estimation, and this principle he carried out in his every undertaking, no matter how trivial. Hence the reader will readily appreciate how such a nature would enter upon its life's work.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AT THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

NUMEROUS letters from Fred to those at home and to numerous friends told of his keen enjoyment in his engineering course at the Institute.

His enthusiasm scarcely knew bounds, and his delight and happiness in his work seemed complete. I need scarcely say that such ambition and earnestness were eminently successful, for he had evidently wisely chosen the occupation for which he was best fitted, and was destined to make his mark in it.

While so absorbed in his studies his devotion to them did not cause him to forget or neglect his religious duties, and though from necessity constantly associating with fellow-students and with professors and people, the majority of whom, it is to be feared, think more of "science" and "learning" than of religion. Fred stood firm by his convictions and was not ashamed to make them known.

The latter part of the following letter shows plainly how deeply his indignation had been stirred by irreligious views too freely advanced by a "cultured artist," who chanced to be staying at the same place where Fred was boarding.

While on the whole this letter cannot be said to be characteristic of this usually calm and jolly fellow, it shows his fearlessness in defending his profession, and though evidently hurriedly written, I consider it well worth quoting.

SUNDAY, 3 P.M., *Oct. 13, 1889.*

DEAR MOTHER,

Went to the Tremont St. Methodist Church this morning and heard their pastor, Dr. Brodbeck, who is a very fine preacher. His sermon was on education of the mind, qualifying one for life's work. Exactly in my line of action and just what I wanted. Was very pleased with him and was cordially greeted by one of the ushers—a welcome rather extraordinary in cold-blooded, chilly-hearted Boston.

The church is rather pretty, but rather too rectangular to suit modern tastes in architecture. Has only a small back gallery. The ground floor is simply a rectangle. The minister is in front of the organ. The choir is at his left in a "niche" gallery. It is a quartette, and they sing beautifully; the organist plays from the side of the organ in this niche. A congregation of 800, perhaps, this morning.

It was rainy and muddy, and it's a wonder Boston can find more than a dozen out of all its population who are sufficiently good church-goers to be willing to stand a little rain for the sake of going to church.

\* \* \* \* \*

Never has my Christianity been so tried as lately. Some people claim the whole earth in themselves and curse Christianity, temperance, morality, piety, religion, devotion, and almost goodness. One such is boarding here for two or three weeks. He is an aristocratic painter; married the daughter of an Illinois Governor. He has not a single sound doctrine or principle in his whole being.

And yet that old fool will sit at the head of the table, and pour out such unbearable, intolerable rot about art and its influence, and curse nearly everything good; and all the others, or rather some, believe him with mouth-open confidence.

The first day I let him go, and the next I made up my mind to shut him up and didn't care a rap who he was, for a man of such base principles is too low to have his dignity hurt. He says these things and has said them, not to annoy me, but to impart knowledge to others. I cannot sit still and allow my religion, God and Saviour to be abused without honorably defending their names and commandments. After he slandered the Methodists (he appears to be a very refined "Connoisseur of Art") I plainly told him, "I am a Methodist and not ashamed to say so either." This did not abash him. But I reserve this for future talks, it's too long and not worth repeating.

He knows and the others to, how and where I stand, and that I am happy in my "crank belief," but he is really a crank of the worst kind. I do not argue any more, for I have downed him and others admit it. I hold him in

derisive contempt, and I think I have made the others despise him and his views too. The devil in a man can never withstand Christ in another ; he resorted to vehement coarse oaths to express more virulently his views, and then I considered him conquered. He is not worth arguing with, but I cannot listen to abominable lies being imparted as truth to others, and they swallowing it all, because "he is a culchawed (cultured) artist of the first families."

What soul of expression can he paint on canvas. He can paint only animals and not "man."

Boston has its charms ; its suburbs are perhaps unsurpassed for elegance of roads and beauty of scenery.

\* \* \* \* \*

I fear that young men here become indifferent to religion and their God and adopt skepticism and dubiety. I have met some very nice people, though they seem strange.

\* \* \* \* \*

People, however, do think here brains and their full development are first and everything else last.

Let us develop our minds and educate them to our fullest capabilities and possibilities according to the laws of God.

We should be triangularly developed—spiritually, intellectually and physically—the lack of any one of which destroys the powerful usefulness of the other two.

Forgive this impetuous enlargement of my perturbed thoughts, for I have been considerably disquieted of late. Am well, sane and happy ; and feel my faith in God and love for Him, and desire to do His bidding ten times stronger.

With lots of love,

FRED.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### CONTENDING AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

It is difficult for persons who have always enjoyed good health, as you may have observed, to appreciate the necessity of properly caring for themselves when once their normal condition is affected. Such was the case with our subject; hardy and robust, he greatly over-estimated his physical ability, which was continually being weakened by successive colds, induced by a climate wholly incompatible with his condition. Even these colds he treated with comparative indifference, trusting soon to shake them off, judging only by his past health record.

His ambition, too, greatly exceeded his physical strength and soon he felt himself giving away under the heavy strain, though he still kept on with his work, contrary to the advice of friends—working way into the midnight hours, as I am told—his good success spurring him on to still greater effort. Final-

ly, when it was too late—we say, too late, for even if, as by some supposed, the trouble was inevitable, it was greatly hastened and exaggerated by neglect in its early stages—and though he did not surmise his case was at all serious, feeling himself growing weaker each day and realizing that the nerve force which had been sustaining him was succumbing to the over-tension, he determined on a “few days rest to recuperate.” This, he supposed, would set his hitherto strong constitution in order again.

Hence, little comprehending his really critical condition, he planned to visit friends in Lowell, Mass., at Thanksgiving time. A friend who became somewhat alarmed at a troublesome hacking cough, by sheer threat of writing his parents about it, persuaded Fred to consult a physician the evening before starting for Lowell. The physician who examined him was amazed to find that in his condition—with a shocking bad throat and inflamed lungs, and other disorders consequent upon severe and constant colds—he was able to be on his feet at all, and while he did but partially inform Fred of the seriousness of his case,

he afterwards stated to me he should then have been in bed three weeks, and that nervous energy alone was keeping him up. Fred forthwith, though weak and quite unfit to sit up, with his usual tendency to look on the bright side of things, proceeded to argue the doctor out of believing that there was any element of seriousness in his case whatever. The doctor, however, knowing full well that dangerous illness was imminent, told him to take the first train for Lowell, where he would be amongst friends.

Two or three days previous to this, when his inflamed throat and lungs were especially troublesome, and his debilitated condition was such as to compel him to remain in for the day, and as a result to provoke naturally the greatest discouragement, he wrote the following letter to apprise his Lowell friends—the Rev. W. T. Perrin and family—of his intended visit. This letter wonderfully illustrates some of his traits of character, and unmistakably exhibits his inherent sense of cheerfulness, which, when contrasted with his actual mental and physical condition, is marvellous, and in a

marked manner shows forth his buoyant spirit and jollity.

Boston, Nov. 25, 1889.

DEAR "BRUDDER" PERRIN, OR UNCLE "BILLY."

The goose hangs high and the opossum is cooking. Baste the turkey and hustle that plum "puddin'," for I am coming out Lowell way by the 5 p.m. express to-morrow, (D.V.). Yes, if you have no serious objections I am going on another Methodist \* "sarsaparilla" bust. Lock up all breakables, for I feel like a "wild man" set free—almost a libertine.

Our mathematical professor was kind enough to be suddenly called out of the city, giving me an extra day.

Bless him! may he live long and have a big dinner Thursday (Thanksgiving day). Too bad that there are not more like him in the "Tech."

Clear the parlor of all its furniture; erect galleries, and in the arena we will have mighty cock-fights and general tumbings.

Yours in high glee,

Why should I sign my name?

A reply to this told Fred of his welcome, but his friends, never for once supposing that he was ill—to say nothing of his being seriously so—owing to household arrangements being upset, requested him to come one day later.

This reply to Fred, who was in such a sick

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\* An effervescing summer drink quite popular with Fred and his friends.

condition, and hourly growing weaker, and who longed to get away for rest and for a change from his boarding-house to the pleasant associations of his intimate friend's home, was naturally a grievous disappointment, yet who would suspect it from his answer.

BOSTON, Nov. 26, 1889.

DEAR MR. PERRIN,

I am not like the father-in-law of the Hoolah-Goolah, the Oolah, who boiled within, but my hilarity is calmed down to the normal equanimity of ordinary life. I comprehend and sympathise as an ordinary being. I am no longer a wild man of the West, but as one suddenly cooled down; his ardor shower-bathed with disappointment, he himself made to see life as others see it. In other words I was all ready to leave to-night, when your wise and well-accepted letter came to hand at 3 p.m., and told me of the unfortunate circumstances pending the culinary and domestic functions of your household. You did perfectly right, if you wish to accept my judgment of your actions. Really it will be more convenient for me in some things, as I have some work to do here before going, that could not be as well done at your place; so I am, while disappointed, glad that you had the good common-sense and frankness to explain your dilemma and your wishes in respect to it.

Now the reason for my unseemly rashness of conduct in precipitating myself into the possibilities, as was the case, of an embarrassment: as soon as I learned of the opportunity of leaving Boston a day sooner, I at once sent you word—here forgive my not sending a special-delivery

stamp for reply, as it was an unpardonable breach of etiquette on my part. Perhaps I lost all common sense and manly discretion, and acted too hilarious; but you know me—I mean well, but am very blunt at times—you Yankees would say, a “blunder-buss.”

However, my hilarity, like chemical elements, is indestructible, and will spend its force only in another way. So while my ardor is checked *pro tempore* I'll be effervescing like sarsaparilla by to-morrow evening.

With best wishes and kind regards to yourself and family.

I am as ever,

FRED.

P.S.—Will give more complete reasons when I see you. Thanks for invitation to stay over Sunday. Will see what I can do later and talk over with you. Treat me as one of the family, and make no “fuss.” I hate to be burdensome.

The good friends have since shed many tears when they think of how bravely he bore this sad disappointment, of which they were not in the least cognizant and which they so unintentionally caused him.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SUDDENLY STRICKEN DOWN AT LOWELL.

ON his arrival at Lowell on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th, his severe cough at once alarmed his host and hostess, with whom he spent a happy evening, recounting his experience in the School of Technology, and regaling them with enthusiastic descriptions of the Institute and his work, to which he was so zealously devoted.

The next day, which was Thanksgiving day, was a memorable one in Fred's history, for on the afternoon of that day he went to his bed never to get up again. Imagine the surprise of his scores of friends—and none were more surprised than himself—to learn that following upon a chronic sore throat due to successive colds, bronchial trouble and a hacking cough had developed into hemorrhage of the lungs. Other and even more serious complications speedily set in, his life being despaired of from day to day, with scarcely a ray of hope

during twenty long weeks of suffering—suffering such as few mortals are called upon to bear. During this long duration of sickness he cannot be said to have had eight hours continuous release from pain. Pains and unrelenting discomfort from a lacerated throat and lungs; pains from pleurisy and most acute indigestion; pains from many attacks of heart failure, from struggles for breath, an aching back and an aching head, and with it all frequent high fevers and constant suffering from a most severe attack of nervous prostration. Other local disturbances gave occasional spasms of agony until it would seem that his cup of keenest suffering was filled to overflowing, and how he lived so long through it all may only be accounted for by his once iron-strong constitution and the most skilful nursing and medical attendance. Everything was done that could be done to bring even partial recovery, or at least alleviate suffering, but all to no effect; it was not the Divine will.

You may get some idea of how great and how constant was his suffering, when I tell you that during his illness over seven hundred hypodermic injections of morphine were ad-



ministered to relieve pain, and without which he could not have survived the successive attacks.

Toward the latter end of his illness, due to the use of so many powerful drugs, another affliction was added to the list, for his eyes became bedimmed so that at times he would have great difficulty in seeing, and then only with a powerful magnifying glass. So great was his inspiration and inherent disposition to be doing something, that at times of greatest release from pain he would call for his papers or books, and by the aid of this glass, against what appeared insurmountable difficulties, do a little writing or read a few lines while reclining on his bed. Only ten days before his death he wrote a letter under these circumstances.

The true Christian heroism with which he bore it all was wonderful and beautiful to see. Many a friend will testify with me to the lessons of patience and courage learned at his bedside, and his associates and relations privileged to stand by his death-bed will ever hold in vivid recollection the remarkable and beautiful sentiments expressed from his in-

most soul "made perfect through suffering."

Many, many times was his condition so low as to cause despair of his life from hour to hour. For the first weeks of his sickness there were strong hopes that with great care he might rally and regain a measure of health at least, but all such hopes were blighted by the serious changes which took place the second and third weeks.

No one who has not been in Fred's position and who has not with the same intense earnestness and devotion started in pursuit of his life's dream, can imagine for one moment the awful anguish and utter disappointment it was to him to find it all suddenly frustrated.

It was deemed best not to apprise him of the serious nature of his case, but he was too keen of insight not to surmise that there was a strong probability that he would have to give up his work for a time at least. The third night after he was stricken down his temperature went up to 106° without any apparent physical condition to cause such a dangerous rise, which greatly puzzled both the professional nurse and attending physician,

who ascribed it to nervousness probably due to mental struggle.

God alone knows the battle that determined soul fought that night to give up its life's ambition even for a short period of time as he then supposed !

When asked by a friend just a few days prior to death, how it was he was able to give up all his admirable prospects so willingly, he replied, "Ah, that is a long story. My will was brought under subjection a little at a time—it is not I but Christ in me." By the "little at a time" he referred to the successive and grievous disappointments to which he had to become reconciled. His first great disappointment was the thought that his work would have to be given up for a season—that he could not resume his studies till another term at least, which he then firmly believed he would be able to do.

A few days after he was stricken down when I stepped into his room for the first time, he then being unable to speak owing to the terrible condition of his throat, or scarcely able to move in bed, simply gave a smile in exchange for my expression of sympathy, when

the tears started and as soon as able he wrote on a tablet words to this effect, "I don't mind this sickness, but it's giving up my work and making so much trouble." Poor fellow! who can measure his soul's disappointment and yet this was only the beginning of many others each more severe than the preceding one.

Then by way of informing him gradually of his real condition he was told that he could never again be well enough to stand a climate as rigorous as that of Boston, and the terrible disappointment over the necessity of giving up the course in the Institute he loved so dearly, occasioned another battle. His ambitious soul, however, believing almost in the face of death that he would recover, forthwith began making plans for resuming his studies another year at Cornell University, where he would find a milder climate. Such hopes were soon dashed to the ground, for there came a period when decline was very rapid and death's door was all but entered on several occasions. Then, indeed, he saw his cherished dreams were never to be realized.

But instead of bitterest disappointment there was supremest joy, for he had learned

to say fervently, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done." and his bed-chamber seemed to be the very gate of heaven.

About the middle stage of his illness there were times when even his physicians thought he might live through the coming summer, and one day Fred's mother when sitting by his side told him of this hope, and ventured to add that he might yet be spared to enjoy the delights of his home not only through the beautiful months of spring and summer, but possibly for some years, explaining how, even though an invalid, he could enjoy life. "Mother," he said, "we live to do something, and not simply to enjoy life" This thought expressed his life's ambition, and if he could not "live to do something," and it was God's will to take him, he was ready to go, and he had no desire for an additional lease of life, simply to "enjoy" it.

## CHAPTER X.

### A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

FRED had an intense longing to be taken home from Lowell, and eagerly hoped to rally sufficiently and to live long enough to be placed once more amidst the delightful associations of home, of loved ones and kind friends who were so dear to him. Nevertheless, he expressed himself as at peace and ready to go at any time he was called, and the patient manner with which he bore his intense sufferings was truly marvellous.

The earnest desire of his parents to gratify this almost sacred request to be taken home to die can readily be appreciated, but how could they hope to take a dying man—for such he was—a journey of 660 miles? Love, and fervent prayer graciously answered, found a way, for while he was not permitted to live to see the trees and flowers bud again, the dangerous and difficult task of moving him to his home was successfully accomplished, much to

the joy of this poor sufferer. For days prior to the anticipated removal, the fond hopes of hearts anxious to fulfil this dying wish seemed doomed to disappointment. But Fred had faith in the earnest prayers that had been offered, and on the morning of Jan. 2nd, 1890, when arrangements had been completed, he awoke feeling slightly better, and it was determined to start.

By the aid of tender hands and use of the ambulance he was placed in a private car, and through the courtesy and sympathy of kind-hearted railway employés, who did all in their power to make the long, tedious journey as easy as possible, he arrived at Toronto the evening of the next day in safety. As the ambulance drew up at his father's house what an awful contrast was the emaciated face and form of this young man—all but in the grasp of death—to that of the noble form which had gone out over this same threshold but a few months previous, the picture of health, joyous, and full of pluck and courage, ready for life's sternest duties.

It is said by the physicians that this was probably the only day and night in the history

of his sickness when the journey could have been accomplished, and even as it was he was laid upon his couch in the room prepared for his reception, terribly weak and exhausted—just hovering between life and death—and not for days after, his condition being so low, were some of his dearest relations allowed to see him.

Although brought safely home where he had every comfort and care that loving hearts and hands could provide—the luxuries of the comfortable family residence—the blessed associations of all that was dear to him—these things could have no rallying effect, for while he was permitted to have them for a few weeks, they were weeks of incessant suffering and gradual failure, for it was not the will of Providence that he should recover, or become convalescent even for a brief period.

Why? Why, we ask, was such a life—in the bud of manhood—cut down so suddenly?

This is a question that we mortals can only ask, and we cannot but with difficulty imagine a reason. We do know that God makes no mistakes, and that He is all wise, and



while His ways are past finding out, we cannot question Infinite Wisdom—"He doeth all things well." How blessed to realize this fact!

The calm and ready manner with which this soul, whose life I have endeavored thus briefly to sketch, approached death was really wonderful.

So young and strong, so full of life and energy, inspired with noble ambition, full of hope, with every means provided for carrying out his cherished plans of education, and with apparently everything to live for, one would not be surprised if under these circumstances even he, the strongest-hearted, had quailed at death.

Not so, however, with Fred, for he truly believed in the Omniscience of God, and in his heart his Heavenly Father's will was supreme, and he "counted it all joy." His death was indeed a triumph.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE CLOSING SCENES.

FOR weeks before his death, he would speak to us about it as one would talk of a journey he was about to take, and up to the last his mind seemed perfectly clear at all times, with the exception of a few very brief intervals.

There was not the faintest shadow of a doubt in his mind as to the future, and when wrestling in fearful agony, as it was the poor fellow's hard lot so often to do, in apparent response to the tears and sympathy of those around him, he would triumphantly point to one of the favorite texts of scripture on his wall chart, which would seem wonderfully to aid him to bridge the spell.

More than once he declared in broken whispers that he would willingly endure the sufferings for the supreme joy he had at other times in communion with his God, and in the anticipation of heaven and eternal rest.

During times of greatest relief from suffering, a week or two before his soul's departure from its diseased and wasted tabernacle of clay, he took great delight in giving to loved ones, with his own hand, various keepsakes from amongst his treasures. There were many sweetly sad scenes of this sort.

He would calmly and affectionately present his gifts, accompanied by some sweet words of cheer and encouragement—spoken in whispers between his struggles for breath—just as freely and readily as he would have given a Christmas present in health; and when the dear ones would give back in return all that lay in their power, their expressions of deepest affection—a gentle pressure of his wasted hand, and the hot tears which coursed down their cheeks—he would say, “Don't cry, it will all be joy soon.” Though so terribly emaciated in body—weaker and more helpless than an infant—he faced death like a mighty giant, and the last sign of life, just a moment before death had accomplished its work, was a sweet smile. Who will say that that smile has ever ceased?

His former pastor, the Rev. Hugh Johnston,

who enjoyed several long interviews with Fred during his last few days on earth, has so beautifully and graphically depicted the closing scenes of this pure Christian life, in the funeral address published in the last pages of this little volume, that further description will not be attempted by me.

“It is the unexpected that happens” is often quoted, and often comes true. It was the strong, hardy and active Fred that was sent to care for his then almost invalid brother on the trip around the globe, and yet that brother, about whom he manifested so much anxiety while in Australia, has lived to compile these short chapters about him, and has practically regained lost health.

Fred Massey's life and death illustrate in an unmistakable way the absolute uncertainty of life—it seems to me even more so than had death taken place by accident. Had any one told him eight or nine months before he died that he would so soon depart this life, and that, too, after over four months' terrible sickness, would he have believed it? He would not even believe there was an element of danger in his case when told so by the first

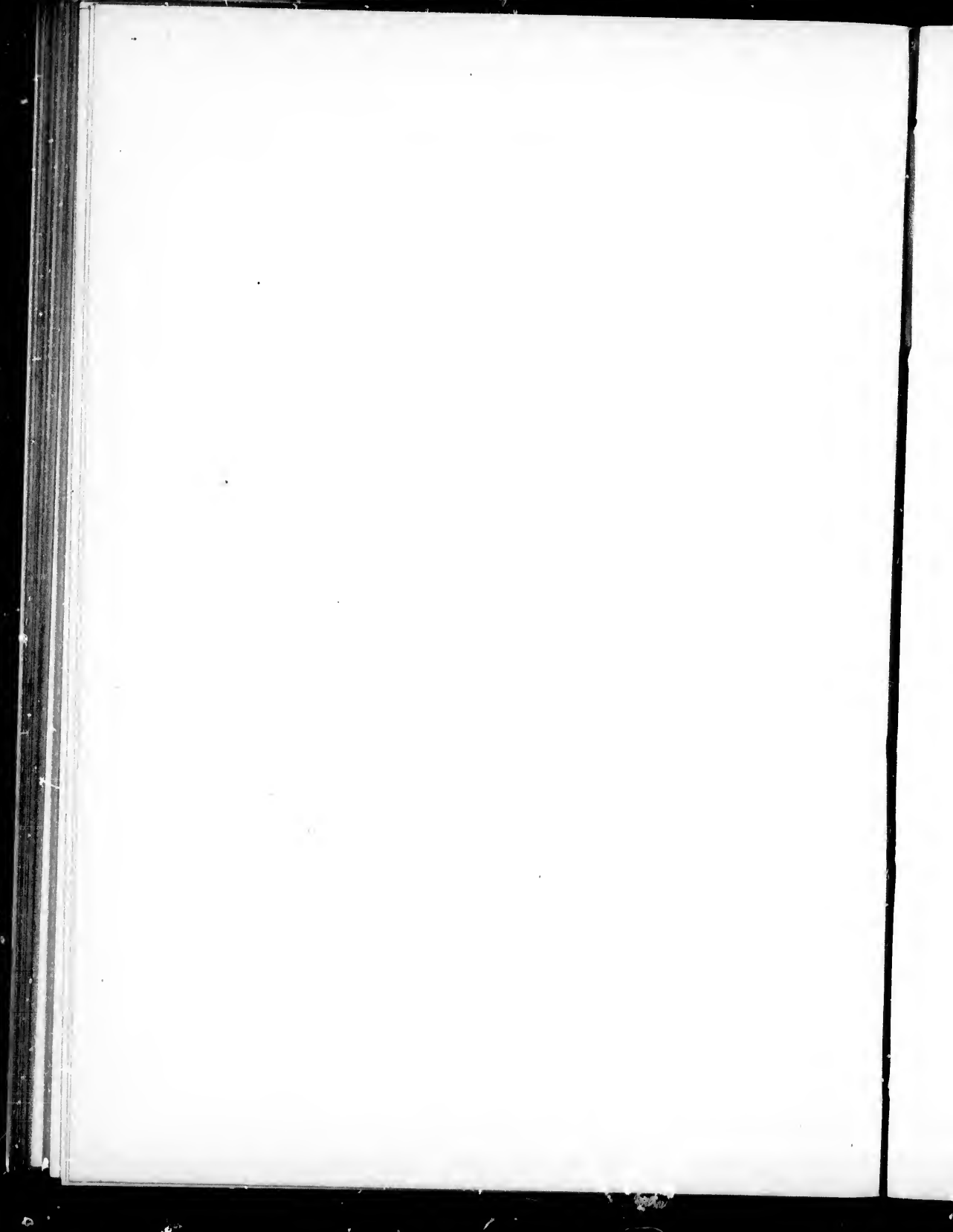
physician consulted. Yet, if we live as it is our privilege to live, as we learn from Fred's life, the awful uncertainty of life need be no barrier to our happiness.

His life, too, affords a perfect illustration of the dual existence of man—the physical life, so certainly doomed to die, ever with a downward tendency, and the spiritual life, when, as in this case, beautifully consecrated to God, ever mounting upward and developing for heaven. See the splendid physique of Fred Massey four or five months before he was stricken down—manly, stout, well-developed, the form of an athlete just approaching the mature man, which it would seem could endure the greatest hardships and baffle disease. Yet wasting disease had so fearfully wrought upon this once noble form that the remains which were placed in the casket bearing his name would scarcely have been recognized as his.

But the spiritual side of his existence! How marvellously beautiful the growth! Given to God in early life, the development had slowly and surely gone on, until at the time when physical decline was swiftest, his

soul was making the most rapid strides up the hill of perfection. In ratio to the speed of the physical downward, was the speed of the spiritual upward. O that men would devote more time and serious thought to the development of the eternal side of their existence! Who would not wish to die as this young man died? We all may, if we will.

When the news spread, "Fred Massey is dead," his many friends and associates could with difficulty bring themselves to realize that this animated and jolly fellow of a few months before, lay silent in death. It was true, nevertheless; but while we speak of him as dead, we know he still lives; and, even so far as earth is concerned, not having left one who will say aught but good of him, and leaving very many who will cherish his memory, in the language of the beautiful quotation, "To live in hearts of those we leave behind is not to die."



PART II.

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Tributes to his Memory

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A Tribute.

REV. WILLARD T. PERRIN.

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Gone, but not Forgotten.

CHESTER D. MASSEY.

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Our Friendship.

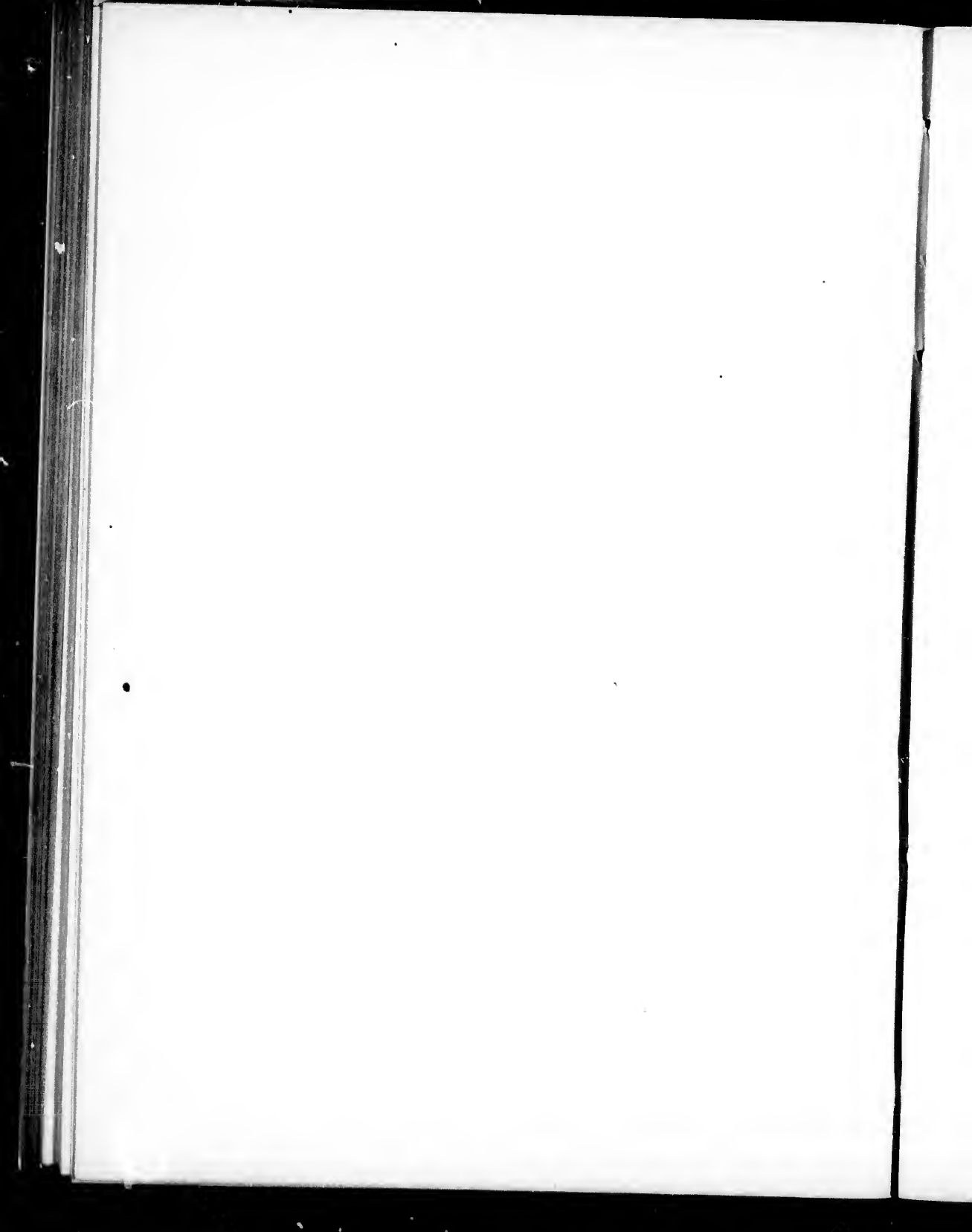
CHAS. E. CLARKE.

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A Bright Career Cut Short.

FUNERAL ADDRESS  
DELIVERED BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.  
(Reprinted from *Home and School*, June 14th, 1890.)





## A Tribute.

BY REV. WILLARD T. PERRIN.

Fred Massey dead! No; no. He was too full of life to die. I see now the smile upon his face and the twinkle in his eye as he has just perpetrated a practical joke. I feel again the pressure of his strong embrace as we dance together over the tennis court, for we have won the set. I see again the flush of indignation mount his cheek and hear his hot words at some expression of impurity or deed of injustice. Fred Massey dead! Dear me! It must be so. How I have missed his warm greeting at Euclid Hall! No more does he drive the bicycle with furious speed to accompany us on our rides. No more do we chat together about his interesting plans for the future. No more does he go with me to the place of prayer. Yes, he is both dead and alive, for "He that believeth in Me shall never die."

I loved him. He was so frank, so true—how could I help it? He was, indeed, lovable. He was human, to be sure. He had his faults, but they were not the faults of an idler, a coward, or a hypocrite. Laziness, cowardice and cant were terribly loathsome to him. His industry pleased me. He had a tremendous ambition to be of use in the world, and to preparation for service he devoted himself with characteristic energy. How he did bend himself to his task the last weeks at the School of Technology in Boston! Alas! it was beyond his strength, physically weakened as he was by a severe cough.

His fidelity to duty and principle pleased me. He had backbone. He was neither an eel nor a jelly-fish. He squirmed not, neither could he be manipulated. He was ready upon proper occasions both to confess and defend his adherence to Christ and His truth. His faithfulness even in the presence of strangers both at his own home and when thousands of miles away, is worthy of all praise.

His Christian character pleased me. Not that he was already perfect, but he loved

Christ and sought to do His will. Great was the grace which the Lord kindly bestowed upon him in the last sore trials. No one knew how terrible and crushing were his disappointments when he found he must surrender his plans for education and then even life itself, but glorious was his victory. Mighty was the power of Christ which rested upon him in his tribulations. Some of these blessed manifestations of the Divine presence it was my privilege to witness. One in particular I will mention. Late one evening, when Fred was critically ill at our house, I was in my study. A rap was heard. "Come in." Mr. Anderson, the nurse, entered and said that Fred wished to see me. I cast an anxious look, fearing that he might be suddenly worse. "He wishes to unburden his heart to you," was the explanation. I hastened to his bedside and took his hand. He was very weak, could speak only in whispers, and even then but a word or two at a time, but his face was radiant and his heart overflowing. Tears flowed, but they were tears of joy. Slowly the words came—too slowly for his ecstatic soul. God had wonder-

fully blessed him. "I am not up in theology," said he. "I don't know what to call it, but I should say it was a second conversion." His sickness, the change of his plans, the possibility of death, had been upon his mind, and he had naturally been depressed, but in that glad hour he was enabled to give up all to God, and God had marvellously baptized and filled his soul, until he yearned for utterance. In that midnight hour, hardly able to move or breathe except with greatest difficulty, he poured into my sympathetic soul, as best he could, his unutterable experience in the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of God, with which the good Lord had mercifully indulged him. I suggested that we pray together. "The very thing I want you to do." So I kneeled at his bedside with Mr. Anderson, himself a Christian, and deeply interested. The veil seemed to lift and God revealed Himself.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowned the mercy seat."

It was an hour never to be forgotten. I expect beneath the trees of Paradise, by the river of life, to talk it over with Fred.

I am a better man because I have known and loved Fred Massey. The memory of his Christian character and great victory in dying shall ever be an inspiration in my ministry.

If through infinite mercy we reach the abode of the pure and the true, we shall find Fred Massey there.

Steamer *Alaska*, Atlantic Ocean, June 4, 1891.

## Gone, but Not Forgotten.

BY CHESTER D. MASSEY.

A score and three years represent but a comparatively short space of time, but when it covers the period of a faithful life, it means a great deal. The true measure of a man's existence is not made simply by the number of years he has lived, by the knowledge he has obtained, nor by the wealth he has accumulated, but by the use he has made of his time and talents, and by his fidelity to God. We would not be true to our dear brother if we were merely to indulge in fulsome praise—we love him too much for that—but we would laud the Christ within him, for his life was hid with Christ in God. To our holy religion, Fred would have us join in praise and adoration for the victorious faith and wondrous experiences wrought within. And the religion which gave such unmeasurable comfort and consolation to our young friend in his illness was his joy and delight while in health. He never

swerved from principle and served God like a patriarch. With all this, he was brimful of mirth and humor, distributing good cheer wherever he went, and on his weary bed of pain and suffering, during seasons of relief, he never failed to see the funny side of affairs, and often brought smiles and laughter to those about him.

What a vacancy his departure has made! Truly he was the light of the household and verily he was the friend of all. He loved to make others happy, distributing light and sunshine to all about him wherever he might be, and those less favored in the world never escaped his notice. Thoroughness and perseverance were strong characteristics in his career and nothing he undertook was slighted. Seldom is a young life so symmetrical as his—full of faith, full of zeal, full of glee, and fond of work, adapting itself to every need. Beneath it all was a heroic love for the truth and devotion to the right. His brief life was one great sermon—sounding forth the grandeurs of a religion of cheerfulness and sunshine, of purity and consecration, permeated with deep fervor and unselfishness. He loved



to contemplate the possibilities of life and strove to make *his* all that God would have it. He laid broad and deep the foundations of Christian character and truly builded for eternity. We cannot think of him as dead. We will not say "Farewell," for his spirit lingers with us, aiding us in the right and helping us to avoid the wrong. We think of him as busy for the Master in brighter fields, and, as the time approaches, coming with breathless haste to the portals to welcome home his own.

## Our Friendship.

BY CHAS. E. CLARKE.

IN attempting to pay some slight tribute to the memory of Frederic Victor Massey, I feel that any words of mine are quite inadequate to do justice to one whose friendship will ever be to me the most sacred of a lifetime. A sense of irreparable personal loss will always mingle with my grief for his early death; for to me Fred was an ideal friend. His friendship went deeper than words—deeper than actions. It was heart friendship.

“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.”

The story of our companionship is a simple one. In the summer of 1882, we met for the first time in the Metropolitan Sunday School, in Toronto, both of us having removed to the city but a short time before. It does not take long for boys to become acquainted, and

in our case there was the fellow-feeling of those in strange surroundings to draw us together. This in itself, however, was not sufficient to account for the warmth and permanence of our after friendship. Probably it was partly due to the difference of our dispositions—the attraction of opposites—and to the fact that we were thrown much together in church and social life. This I know, that Fred won his way to my heart with extraordinary ease, and we soon became fast friends. We lived in closest intimacy, sharing each other's joys, cherishing each other's plans, and sympathizing with each other in our occasional disappointments and sorrows, until a gentle life was closed by a triumphant death, and Fred Massey was called home.

It is only natural that years of such intimacy would reveal to me the true character of him whose loss we now mourn.

Morally, Fred had a very fine nature. Extremely pure-minded, his instincts were all against whatever of evil there might be in a situation or suggestion. A sure indication of his gentle kindly nature was his love, amounting almost to a passion, for music and flowers.

He was a true Christian. His religion was a reality. For years I knew him, steadfast in his adherence to truth, doing always what he conceived to be right, and steadily shaping his life in accordance with Bible principles. There is a stimulating influence in a good example. I will always be better for having known Fred Massey.

A most companionable boy, he was never so happy as when with his friends, and he was the life of whatever company he might be in. Having considerable mechanical skill, he found much to do about his home, and however busy, he had a bright word or a joke for whoever came in his way.

Good comrades are often bad sons ; but this was not true of Fred Massey. I have often been deeply moved by his regard for those of his family. At an age when many children seem to forget that there is a fifth commandment, he was all loyalty and devotion to his parents. It was no sacrifice for him to give up any pleasure that might cause them uneasiness. I have often known him to deny himself some coveted enjoyment that his mother might not spend a lonely evening.

Writing from California just before sailing for Australia, he refers touchingly to the separation from home and friends: "How I long to shake hands again, and say 'Good-bye.'! How I would like an hour's brief conversation with those I love! I like to talk and not to write. Soon, alas, I will be

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on the wide, wide sea.'

How I dread the long, long and dreary silence."

Fred Massey was no idler, as many in his position would have been. He felt that he had a work to do in the world, and was ready to do it. Our Saviour has said, "I must work, . . . for the night cometh;" and in these words Fred seemed to find his inspiration. As he grew older, it took firmer hold upon him. Even in his long and painful illness it spurred him on. In the intervals of his sufferings I often found him propped up with pillows, and hard at work arranging and re-arranging his papers and instruments, or busy with rule and compass, at his drawing. When urged to husband his strength, he would often sadly shake his head and whisper, "The time is too

short, and I have much to do. I must work."  
"His ruling passion strong in death."

He passed into the Valley of Shadows with calmness, and even cheerfulness. When with him near the close of his life, I have often marvelled at the tranquillity with which he contemplated the approach of death, regarding it evidently as an incident of slight importance. In view of his experience we may well say, "O Grave, where is thy Victory?"

The sweet influence of his life will ever urge me on to a nobler manhood.

Beloved by all who knew him, and most by those who knew him best, the memory of Frederic Victor Massey will never die.

TORONTO, *September*, 1891.

## A Bright Career Cut Short.

FUNERAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

(Reprinted from *Home and School*, June 14, 1890.)

THE death of few young persons has ever so profoundly affected the community where he lived as that of Mr. Fred V. Massey, whose bright career was cut short at the early age of twenty-three. His genial disposition endeared him to all who knew him. Few young men have had such opportunities of education and travel as he. A journey around the world, and through the Bible lands of Palestine and Egypt, is an experience that few youths enjoy before they come of age. But most of all he was beloved for his exemplary Christian character.

The following is the beautiful tribute paid to his memory at his funeral, at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., where many hundreds took a last look at the beloved face and form they should see no more :—

In the death of Fred V. Massey, a young and precious life has been taken from us. I remember so well the Sabbath when the whole family stood at this altar to be received and welcomed into this Church—he a mere lad, the youngest of the household—and now this is a closing scene. There, shrined in that casket, lies all that remains of this Benjamin of the flock. His death was beautiful, as those flowers that surround him. Beautiful as the song of spring birds, when winter is past and gone. I stand in this place in accordance with his wishes ; for he

asked me, as his friend, and the friend of his brother Charles, to speak a few words at his funeral. "But," said he, "I do not want anything of eulogy. My friends have been kinder to me than I deserved, and have thought me better than I am. I could do nothing without Christ. It is not I, but Christ in me. He can make a noble person out of the most miserable sinner."

He continued with broken whispers: "I do not think of self. I have given up all—all to His will. And when I am gone, use this body to the glory of God, and in any way that will do the most good. My own feelings would be to have the service at home, but I am afraid it would be too much for mother and Lillie, besides, he said, I would like all the men at the works, who wish, to be there. I think it would do more good to have the service in the church. Then," he added, with emotion, "when it is all over, take my body to Mount Pleasant, and lay it by the side of Charley's, and I will be with him in Heaven."

The arrangements for his journey around the world were not so completely made as were the details connected with this last journey to the house appointed for all living. Even to the selection of the hymns, and of the pall-bearers from among his choice companions.

In paying my tribute of respect, I must bear in mind his request. But how beautiful is the perspective which death gives to our friends! Mrs. Browning speaks of a very common thing—a windmill—

"Near it, what a roar and tear it makes!  
How it grinds and bruises! But,  
Seen at a distance, radiating  
Its delicate white vanes against the sky,  
So soft and soundless—it is simply beautiful!"



So, when death buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment, we get the true perspective. We remember the loving spirit—the gentle words—the faithful service—the peaceful end; and all is “simply beautiful!”

Frederick Victor Massey was born at Newcastle, on the 24th of May, 1867. The child of Christian parents, he was brought up in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord.” When a child he loved the Saviour; but, during special services in Cleveland by Mrs. Vancott, after a meeting one night he followed his mother into her room, and told her of the great joy that had come to his heart in the sense of acceptance with God. At once he joined the Church, and a children’s class led by his brother Walter; and though a mere child, fond of play, he no more thought of missing that afternoon meeting than of missing his meals. After he came to Toronto he united with this Church and Sunday-school, and was ready to do his part in all Church work. He took his part in the Lombard Street Mission, and night after night would be down there playing his flute, and otherwise helping to “rescue the perishing.” From the Collegiate Institute he entered the University, but his undergraduate course was interrupted by a journey with his brother around the world.

He greatly enjoyed his travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, and his pilgrimage to scenes made sacred by the Saviour’s presence, greatly strengthened his faith, and helped to make his Christian character more strongly marked. There was a simplicity and straightforwardness that formed the basis of his noble young manhood. There was nothing in his young life to cover up. He had no young man’s follies. He was pure, true, temperate, a pledged teetotaler; and, when travelling in hot climates,

where it was considered dangerous to take water, he never compromised his principles.

So he was true in his Christian life. He never compromised his duty. He loved his own Church, and stood by it and for it wherever he went. He had a manly independence about him and liked to do for himself. Oh, these rich men's sons, whose only purpose in life is to spend what somebody else has earned for them! He was not one of them.

Another characteristic was his indomitable industry. The conviction, "I must work," never slackened. All through his illness there was ringing through his soul a bell, whose tolling seemed to say: "There is something to be done—something that must be done. Do it!—do it quickly—do it with all your might. The night cometh, when no man can work."

On his return home he continued his University work, studying hard to take the course of Mechanical Engineering, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He moved along at high pressure, taking no vacation throughout the summer. On his way to Boston he caught a severe cold, which he never shook off. But he was plucky, and worked on till, at Thanksgiving, he was utterly exhausted. But he wrote in high spirits to his friend, the Rev. W. T. Perrin, of Lowell, informing him that he would spend a few days with them.

On the evening of the 27th of November he was with his Lowell friends, talking, and coughing to their alarm. Next morning he did not rise early, and had a slight hemorrhage, but he insisted on coming down to dinner. The following night came a more serious and alarming hemorrhage, and his sister and brother were summoned from Toronto. Then he seemed better. But a week later

came another message, summoning father and mother to his bedside. Oh, the protracted anxiety—the torturing suspense of these weeks !

He greatly desired to reach home ; and in Mr. Van Horne's private car—kindly tendered—the journey was accomplished. He had prayed for strength to get home. The day before starting, the cough was very severe, and the heart's action feeble, and fears were entertained that the journey could not be attempted. Next morning the doctor said, " You are much better." " Yes, doctor, but it is not so much from your medicines as in answer to prayer."

During his illness in Lowell he had a vision, whose rapture filled his soul. He seemed in a valley—the dark, dim valley of the shadow of death. Just across the river was the Celestial City ; the glorified Saviour, with shining face and form, stood before his enraptured sight. He longed to rush to His embrace—to be clasped by those dear hands that were pierced for him ; but the Master said, " Not now ; you must wait a little while, and I will come again and call you." And so he waited through those twenty long weeks—never once off his back—amid sufferings from throat and lungs and heart and nerves—through which few are called to pass. But no murmur ever escaped his lips. He bore up like a hero, saying : " I am trusting in the Rock of Ages ; He is the best of all hopes." He said : " If I had not been a Christian, I don't see how I could have endured this suffering. But it is worth all the suffering to experience such happiness as I have at times."

Calling upon him one day, he looked up to the " Silent Comforter," and quoted one of those texts which cheered him,— " Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed

for I am thy God. I will be with thee." He said, "It seems to mount higher and higher: 'Yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'" Then he pointed to another passage: "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" and told me how, one after another of his cherished plans had been given up; how the sweet will of God was better than all else—better than health, education, yea, than life itself. I said, "Have you no desire to live?" He answered, with a smile, "Oh, no! Of course I am sorry to leave them here. My home is like heaven to me."

I looked at this young man. I thought of his prospects in life—with wealth, culture, friends—everything to make life worth living, and said: "What wonders grace can do!" Right throughout his illness, his ruling passion would manifest itself. His friends would be gathered about him, expecting each moment to be the last, yet the moment relief came, he would call for his desk or box of instruments, etc., thinking and planning for others, or writing to them.

There was a naturalness and reality about his religion which showed how genuine it was. He was so gentle—so patient—so pure—so good; yet his playful humor would assert itself, and, by a brave alchemy, out of his very sufferings he would extract merriment for the relief of others. Always cheerful and happy, his delight was in spiritual communion.

About three weeks ago, he said one day: "Mother, draw the curtains, and let us be alone." Then he added: "Mother, kneel down and pray with me." And he put his thin arms around his mother's neck while she prayed; and then they talked together as only mother and child

can talk. He said afterwards: "I would not have missed that sweet talk I had with mother for anything."

Again and again he was on the shore of the spirit land, but, as by a miracle, came back to life. His young companions were with him much; and a night or two before his death, with the family, they sang some of his favorite hymns. "The Lily of the Valley," "It is Well with My Soul," "Rock of Ages." The last hymn they sung was "God be With You till We Meet Again." God is with him; he is with God. And the next meeting-place will be in the skies.

All Monday last he was at the very gates, but they did not swing open. On Tuesday I spent the forenoon with him. He was passing through his last conflict with temptation. He whispered to me of his vision in Lowell, and wondered why the Saviour had so long delayed his coming. I told him He would come—come quickly—and call him home; and as he assured me of his unbroken trust, every doubt seemed to vanish, and the smile as of an angel was on his countenance.

The doctor now gave him ether, and he said to me: "Don't let them give me anything more to try to keep me here: I am only suffering."

Wednesday evening, as he lay with his face turned away, his father entered and put his hand upon his head. He said: "That is father's hand." Then he turned his face over, and, smiling, said: "I knew it was you." All Wednesday night his sufferings were intense.

When father and mother met at his bedside on Thursday morning they said: "You had a restless night—you are such a sufferer." "Yes," he whispered. Then he asked, "What time is it?" "Ten minutes past eight."

The breathing was getting short. He looked up and sweetly smiled, and closed his eyes as if going to sleep.

The vision dawned again. It was the opening of heaven. The Master had come, and was calling for him. The nurse saw the change, and as he lifted the needle to inject the morphine, the sufferer said: "Don't try to keep me any longer." "You are going," said his faithful attendant. "Let me go." These were his last words, and he was in the Saviour's arms, and in the land untouched by suffering and unwet with tears.

On Thursday, the 17th of April, Mr. Anderson, the faithful Christian nurse, wrote: "8.40 a. m.—The end has come. God has called my dear new-found friend to himself. We shall soon meet again. As his nurse, I am glad to say that I have, by God's help, been able to do my duty. Farewell, dear friend, till we meet above!"

We are here to learn the lesson which this Providence is teaching us. Dear young friends! Will you learn it? How brief is life!

"A little sun—a little rain—  
And then night sweeps along the plain,  
And all things pass away!"

I am charged, by those closed lips, to urge you to give your hearts to the Saviour, and live for heaven. Will you die as Fred Massey died? Believing in God—in the future—in judgment—and the retribution of eternity? Will you put in peril the tremendous issues of life? You cannot afford to go out of life unpardoned and unforgiven. You cannot afford to go into the future world a culprit and an outcast. You have a right, through the mercy of Christ, to die with joy in your hearts—a crown on your heads; to go forth as a child of God—an heir of heaven, into the palace of the King!

A young man of great promise has been cut down. Who will take his place? Lord, send down upon us a double portion of thy spirit, and inspire us all to holier and better living!

God comfort the bereaved parents. My heart bleeds for them. Yesterday morning I stood beside the coffin of an aged mother—the mother of the Rev. Manly Benson—and all her children were gathered there. How different this grief! God comfort them! There is one hand that binds up the wounded heart so tenderly as not to hurt while it binds. God comfort the brothers, the sister, and those he loved as sisters in the household.

Over the early dead is often erected a monument broken at the top—sad emblem of incompleteness! But our young friend has not left his work undone. He has not gone too soon. The Master has called him to nobler work elsewhere. Let us erect to his memory no broken column, but a finished column—graceful, complete, and lifted high! To have been the centre of so many influences—to have awakened throughout so large a circle sentiments of esteem and love—to have lived so pure and blameless a life, and borne through suffering such a testimony to the reality and power of religion, and then pass away, amid the general and unaffected sorrow of a great community, *is not to have lived in vain!*

“O that without a lingering groan  
We may the welcome word receive;  
Our body with our charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!”

