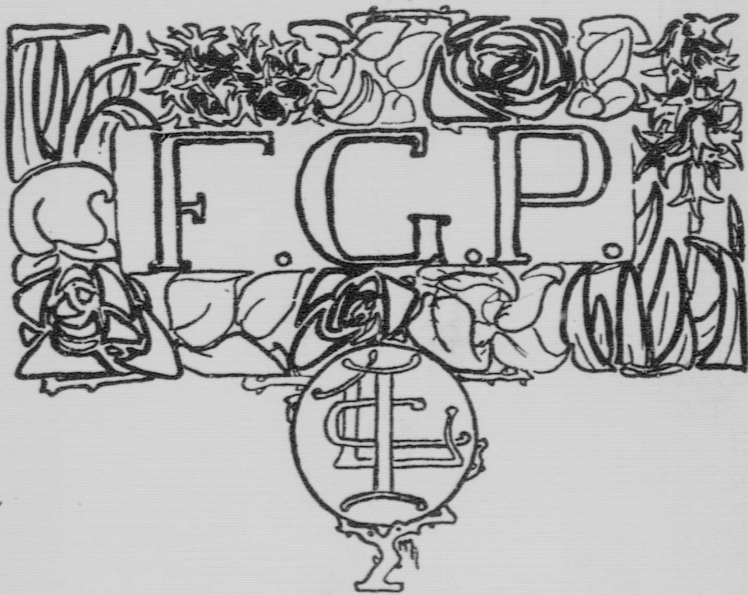


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Parker, Frances G.



1918

In Memory
of
Frances Gray Parker

Oct. 20, 1885--April 7, 1918

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Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours when sweet violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou are gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.



Biography

FRANCES Parker was born in Oberlin, Ohio, but her school-days were spent at the Seaforth Collegiate Institute. In 1908 she graduated with honours from the Faculty of Education, Toronto, and for the following two years taught in the Manitoulin Islands. In 1910 her college career began. Although she had no Greek she entered the English and History (Classics) course, and succeeded in holding her Honours during the four years.—*Torontonensis*, 1914.

Wide as the boundless land from which
you sprung,
Was your fond mind,
Whose hills and vales of thought with
flowers were hung
—The fairest kind.

An Appreciation

No. 9 Leamington Apts.,
Edmonton, Alta., May 12, 1918.

My Dear Girls of the London Collegiate Institute Club:

I have had a letter from your President, Peggy Gemmell, asking me to write a short article about your late teacher and friend, Mrs. Frances Parker, for the little booklet you are having printed. I thought, perhaps, I might write of just one of her many characteristics—her spirit of brotherhood. I am sure you have all felt it. You know it has been said that the three essentials of life are "bread, beauty, brotherhood." It seems to me that Frances Parker possessed, to a very unusual degree, sympathy and understanding. Her heart was very big.

Since I left the east I have heard from her twice and I want to tell you about both of these times. The first message came when I was in Chicago, on my way to my future home, over two thousand miles away from old friends and my work among the girls at the London Collegiate that I had loved so well. I received a wire which read, "Wishing you every happiness. Much

love," signed London Collegiate Girls. If you know how much I love you all you will know how delighted I was to get this message. It sent me on my way with a very happy heart. I wrote to one of the L. C. I. girls thanking you, and in her reply she said Mrs. Parker had sent it for you. She understood how I should like to hear from "just you girls," and instead of signing her own name she sent the message as coming from you. Wasn't that a beautiful thing to do? Her understanding heart prompted her to do it.

The second time I received a letter saying that the L. C. I. girls were sending me the beautiful wedding gift by the same post, and she gave me loving messages from the different girls and from you all.

In this same letter Mrs. Parker poured out her heart in thankfulness that her mother's life had been spared. She said that it was indeed a "Thanksgiving Day" to her that year for she had nearly lost her dearest friend in all the world—her mother. I knew before that she loved her mother very much, for she so often enquired after my own, and seemed almost to envy me because my mother was with me in London.

Mrs. Parker always saw the best in everyone. I

never heard her say a mean thing and she always openly praised what others accomplished, at the same time speaking depreciatingly of her own efforts. She was especially fond of the students of the L. C. I. and took great pleasure in teaching and knowing you all, and would never tire of talking about "What a fine girl this one is," or "What ability that boy is developing." Her interest and enthusiasm was unbounded

It has been said of Samuel Johnson that he was the most gregarious of men; that he loved company so well that he would follow his friends to their very threshold in the hope that they might perhaps return. Was Frances Parker not even more gregarious than this? We might even say that like Charlotte Bronte, she had a "hot, tenacious heart." Many of you can remember personal experiences where she showed you her great capacity for caring for others.

She thought nothing of sacrificing her own comfort for others. I remember once she gave up her room for a whole evening for a friend's use and thought nothing of it, although she was particularly tired that evening after teaching all day.

You all know her humorous spirit, her energy,

her personal force, her enthusiasm in work and play; you all know of her ability not only in literary lines but in music as well. You all know of her great capacity for getting an enormous amount of work done and yet always having time to see and take pleasure even out of the little things. All this you know, but the kindness of heart, her humanity, her spirit of brotherhood was so predominating that to think of Frances Parker is to think of one who poured out her life in service.

Benson says, "We use life best when we live it eagerly, exulting in its fullness and its significance, casting ourselves into strong relations with others, drinking in beauty, making high music in our hearts." The lives that are lasting, that death cannot destroy are those "which have taught us to be kind and compassionate and tender hearted, to love God and our neighbour, and to detect, however faintly, the hope of peace and joy which binds us all together."

Ever lovingly yours,

MARY NASH NORMAN.



The Girls' Tribute

We, the girls who were privileged to know her intimately, are glad to have this opportunity of giving expression to the sense of love and loyalty with which Mrs. Parker inspired us.

From the first we were attracted to her, even before we could explain why, by the compelling personal magnetism that was so vital a part of her, and as time revealed her personality to us gradually, we were but closer drawn.

She gave us much, more indeed than we ever realized while she gave it, for it came so spontaneously, so naturally, that it seemed as it were inevitable, a necessary attribute, that she should give out fully and unhesitatingly to us her rich store of energy and vitality. In the listless and unthinking she awakened interest and stirred ambition, and in those moments of despondency and weariness that come to all of us, we learned to turn to her, to be shown again the vision of loyalty to work and to school, loyalty to an ideal, a loyalty which she had first inspired.

No other life has had such a deep influence on our own as has Mrs. Parker's; and, because we could not fully comprehend all she meant to us and all she did for us while yet she lived, the influence of her spirit on all the future course of our lives will be the greater—for in the shock of her death we learned many things—teaching us tolerance and sympathy and love.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.



*Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee.*

Mother's Letter

Seaforth, Ont., April 15, 1918.

Dear Frances' Girls:

I do thank you so much for your tender love and sympathy, and your flowers went with her to the last. She is not dead, she lives in you, and oh, I have no memory more precious than just as I saw her with you at your Club meeting in the Y. W. C. A. rooms that night.

Do not forget her, dear girls, let her live through all your actions, and may the love and tenderness she showered upon you keep you often from wrong paths. I want you to be HER STRING OF PEARLS about her neck—some large, some small, some lustrous bright, others not so bright—but oh, do not let her lose ONE PEARL from the CLUB NECKLACE no matter what the years may bring of joy or sorrow.

I love you all so dearly because you were never far from her thought.

I want the girl who got the \$5 gold piece as a prize to know now who gave it. It was Frances' love—and she was so proud as she told us of your wonderful success.

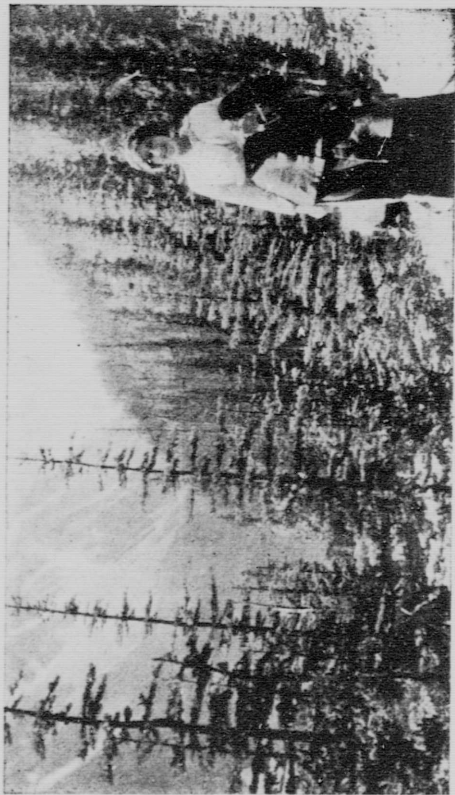
God be with you all.

Sincerely with love,

SARA A. GOVENLOCK.

God lent to me a rose so fair,
I watched its petals one by one unfold,
Till all so perfect and so sweet,
He picked His rose, the reason all to me untold.

The bud was His,
The rose in perfect beauty now with Him.
But mine, forever mine, while ages last,
The incense of its fragrance in my heart shall live.
—*Mother.*



Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet, if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

—*Christina Rossetti.*



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