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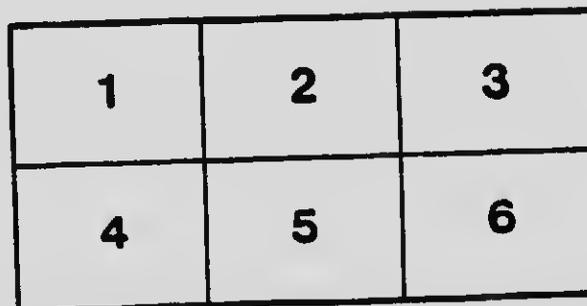
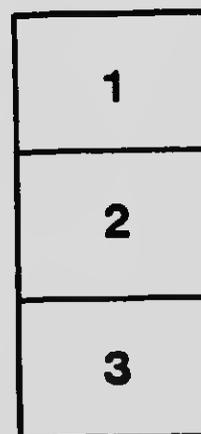
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Thoughts of Comfort
For the Bereaved

by

A Mother

Mrs. A. W. C. Green

Privileged to give Five Sons to the Empire

Two of whom have laid down their lives.

HR
PR9206
R31
T4

In Memoriam

C. J. C.

Born April 11th, 1895; killed in an air fight on
the Somme Front, Oct. 20th, 1916.

Also

R. H. C.

Born February 12th, 1897; died April 23rd, 1917,
of wounds received April 22nd, 1917,
during the battle of Arras.

"They loved not their lives unto the death."

Rev. xli., II

158,383

44

PA 3206

R31T4

"That we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."--II. Cor. 1, 4.

"Remember what he was with thankful heart,
The bright, the brave, the tender and the true;
Remember where he is, from sin apart,
Present with God—yet not estranged from you.
But never doubt that Love—and Love alone
Removed thy loved one from this trial scene;
Nor idly dream, since he to God has gone,
Of what had he been left, he might have been."

My Son

We saw you go forth in your clean strong youth,
With your eyes so steadfast and sure;
You'd heard the call—you knew the truth,
You were burning your share to endure;
And now we know that your share is done,
We shall miss you, my darling, when the boys come
home.

You were ever so plucky, your eye so keen,
We knew that no danger you'd shirk,
And now through those terrible dangers you've been,
Oft saved from the shell, and the fire and murk,
Till now—it is over, no more will you roam.
We shall miss you, my darling, when the boys come
home.

The dear sound of your voice and your laughter so rare,
The keen-witted quip, and the kind loving thought,
The turn of your head, with its bright curling hair,
The hundred gestures, which seemed as nought
To the stranger, but to us meant so much.
Yes, we'll miss you, my darling, when the boys come
home.

But we will not grudge you your joy, dear,
Or the glory of your reward,
In the noble army of martyrs you serve with never a fear
In God's own mighty kingdom—for ever with the
Lord;
We therefore will rejoice for your great and glorious gain,
Though we cannot help but miss you when the boys
come home.

"Missing!"

Missing!—Oh, surely 'tis hardest of all to bear.
Where is he? Does he suffer? Perhaps needing my care?
Hush! troubled one, hush! restrain your weeping;
But *one* thing remember—waking or sleeping—
Wherever he is—he is in God's keeping.

The Mother's Cry Answered

"My beautiful boy! My loving son! Oh God my son is dead!"

"He is not dead; he is risen," the loving Mother said.
Luke xxiv, 6

"To save his life—to keep him here I'd have given my own life rather."

"If ye loved me, ye would REJOICE, because I go to the Father."

John xiv, 28

"He was so full of life and strength, and he was so young," said she.

"I, too, was young and full of strength when they crucified me."

John xix, 11

"He gave up all—he felt the call so strong he daren't refuse it."

"He that would lose his life shall save, and he that would save shall lose it."

Matt. xvi, 25

"Hourly I prayed Thee to give him life that, returning, he should serve Thee."

"Yea, and I gave him 'long, long life' e'en to eternity."

Ps. xxi, 4; Prayer Book version

"He loved Thee, Lord; had he been spared he would have taught others of Thee."

"He finished the work I gave him on earth, and now he is dwelling with Me."

John xvii, 4-5

"He was my son, my dear, brave son; must I give him to Thee, Lord?"

"I gave my only son for thee, for thee was His blood outpoured."

John iii, 16; I. John iii, 16

"Forgive my murmur, I pray, Oh Lord; he is safer with Thee by far.

And with Thee he can do a nobler work while forever he 'shines as a star.'"

Dan. xii, 3

Her Hero

"Mother! I've been moved to a higher class." The little fellow's eyes sparkled and his face beamed with joy as he ran into his mother's room; it was only his second term at school and he was but six years old.

"That makes mother very happy, darling, because she knows you must have done your best," said she.

The years rolled quietly on, and often, as they passed, her ears were gladdened with the same happy announcement: "Mother, I've been moved to a higher class."

The child grew to be a lad and was getting on well in his college course when the Great War broke out, and he needs must join the colors. All too soon for the mother, though it seemed long to him, he was ordered to "the Front." After awhile came news of promotion—once—twice—then the sad cable—he had fallen, but bravely amongst others doing his best, and through the mist of her sorrow she seemed to hear his happy voice repeating the old glad words: "Mother, I've been moved to a higher class." Yes, it was surely true. She must not grieve. She would see him again e'er long; he had done his best, and the Master had moved him to a higher class.

**On the Loss of U.S.S. "Good Hope"
and U.S.S. "Monmouth"**

Our ships are gone beneath the cold grey wave,
And with them husbands, fathers, sons and brothers brave.
Our hearts are torn with grief to feel that they
For sin in others had this sacrifice to pay.

Yet think, when once was offered that greatest sacrifice
of all,
How His beloved ones wept and thought His gain a fall;
Till they beheld their risen Lord, and knew God's power
was great,
To overcome all evil and turn to love all hate.

And then did they continue the work He had begun,
And passed it down to us to follow, e'en though our hearts
are wrung.
Thus "Comfort ye," sisters and children, they are risen,
they are not dead,
And maybe they're close beside you to show you the path
to tread.

In only "a little while" we shall join again our beloved,
And we know that they only gave their lives as duty them
behoved.

When each has done his share to show that only Love e'er
lasteth,
The peace of God shall surround us, which all understand-
ing surpasseth.

Then wring not your hands, Oh Mother, nor think that
your boy is dead;
Oh wife, lift up your weeping eyes and raise your drooping
head;
They could not die, who fought in such a strife,
What erstwhile looked like Death, was naught but the gate
of Life.

And now they have entered in and "know as they are
known,"
And see that all great and noble deeds, which here in grief
are sown,
Bear glorious fruit in the Great Beyond, the Heavenly
Land above,
Where we "see as we are seen" and prove ever that God
is Love.

Vision

We had received the fatal telegram, and we knew that our dear boy had been taken from us on the threshold of a life we had hoped might be so useful; the world was very grey and the keen ache in my heart seemed to penetrate everything I did. He had been an aviator and had died nobly, defending his squadron. I *knew* it was an honor and I felt so proud of him, but still there was that bitter ache—till there came to me a beautiful vision which seemed to take the sting away: Before me I beheld the stricken 'plane falling, falling through the blue ether; his poor limp body, so alert and upright a moment before, now hanging lifeless over his wheel, and my heart was so filled with bitter woe that I raised my eyes to implore mercy and help from the Almighty. And there—just above the falling 'plane—I beheld my boy, safe and beautiful. On his face a radiant smile, an indescribable look of unspeakable joy. Close beside him was a beloved cousin, who had laid down his life a few weeks before, and beyond him I saw a countless host of young happy faces, all with the same beautiful smile on them. Then a bright light fell over them all and I saw my boy's hand go up to the salute as a look of joyful surprise came over his face. Was he hearing the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." As the vision faded I found the bitterness had all gone from my heart. I could not grudge him his happiness, and I knew we should

meet again. Oh, all you who are bereaved, look up and look beyond! Our heroes are doing a greater work than we can understand, and they can never die. Our journey here will soon be ended: it is just a span in the great circle of Eternity and we shall be together again. The Great General does not promote his soldiers until they are ready, and surely we should rejoice, not weep, when our dear ones get their promotion, feeling that He knows their preparation here has been sufficient to fit them for their work in the Great Beyond.

What is Life? A little wisp of mist, creeping across the
fen—

A shadow thrown by the rising sun, but for a moment,—
then

Caught by the rays of the risen orb, it rises
And, upward drawn, it forms the rainbow at the foot of
the throne above.

And creeping upward still it reaches e'en to the God of
Love,

Absorbed by the Sun of Righteousness, who prizes
Each life He lived on earth to save
And dying brought again to Him who gave.

What is Death? There is no death, for, ever rising out of
Death comes Life.

From sleeping chrysalis comes the beautiful butterfly,
flitting where o' is rife.

The seed decays, and from it comes life giving corn or
precious flower.

And so, when our dear ones pass beyond our sight,
May we not feel they're upward drawn, nearer to that
Great Power

Who is our life—able to serve Him now in pure delight?
Suffering no more pain, or earth's degrading spell,
They serve, in greater bliss than mortal tongue can tell.

And shall we mourn for them, who did not fear
The battle's awful stress and strain to face, God's freedom
to uphold?

Nay, let us bow our heads, and strain our ears to hear
The sound of their rejoicing as the heavenly joys unfold
Before their gaze of rapture; knowing their joy is greater
than was their pain

For them let us now rejoice, and with them, when we
meet again.

Look Upward!

Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus crying o'er land and sea,
"Wheresoever thy treasure is, thy heart will surely be;
I have called to thee often in vain before
To fix thy heart on this farther shore;
And now I am drawing with bands of love,
Taking thy dearest to joys above,
After the clash and clamour of war
When he wrestled with evil, as never before.
He works for Me still—and he sees face to face
And know'st Good will conquer by God's good grace.
And he is a link in My great Love's chain,
Drawing thee upward through sorrow and pain,
Away from Earth's pleasures which lured thee so long.
Thousands of voices all young and strong,
Are joining with Me in that wonderful call,
Look upward, for here is thy treasure, thy all."

**"I will lift up mine eyes to the Hills,
from whence cometh my help"**

Down in the valley of dark despair

I trod my way alone, nor dared to raise my head;
My burden born of grief and care
Drove me by this dark way—the valley of the dead.

Night reigned supreme o'er mount and vale,
Darkness above I felt, and all around my way
The damp mists hung, nor could they fall
More deeply to distress and add to my dismay.

Then suddenly I felt a change, my weary eyes I raised,
And lo! upon the mountain top a tiny shaft of light
Tippling the rock with golden ray—the dark amazed
Fell back, and down the mountain fled the shades of
night.

Hope touched my soul and as I dared to look
The shades still further fled away,
The sunbeam warmed and grew, filling up every nook,
Till soon, e'en in my valley, the Light had come to
stay.

My help had come at last, my burden passed,
The mists had fled, and warm, I revelled in the sun;
And joyously my eyes I cast
Up and ever upward—for my day had just begun.

After

Quiet after strife,
Peace after war;
After death, life;
 Why should we weep?

After toil, rest;
After work, sleep;
Reward after test,
 Why should we weep?

Light after darkness,
Knowledge after Faith,
Sight after blindness,
 Why should we weep?

Calm after madness,
Pleasure after pain,
Laughter after sadness,
 Why should we weep?

Crown after cross,
After sorrow, joy,
Gain after loss,
 Why should we weep?

After all the turmoil,
After all the strife,
He has gone to Jesus;
 Come, let us rejoice!

Psalm lxxxix., 5, 6, 7.

Prayer Book Version.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are thy ways.

Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well: and the pools are filled with water.

They will go from strength to strength: and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.

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