Another milestone reaches me
With calm and quiet dignity
As it to say, outside the door,
Old chap you now are eighty-four.
And yet, as I look back, to him
I would say,
Since everyone must have his
tide,
The years have come and they
have gone,
But still I'm able to carry on.
Knowing not what a day may
bring,
Yet to this life each day I cling
In service for my Saviour Lord
According to His Holy Word.
I've found this world a lovely
place,
Guided by God's unfailing grace.
Regardless of the fact of sin
I've had close fellowship with
Him,
For that my fondest hopes as-
pired
To work for Him my soul was
fired.
Satan's wiles I had to
fight,
To find and walk the way that
is right.
Every still temptation stood
To hinder when doing good,
But through it all God held me
fast
And will do so while life shall
last.
Humbly will confess
Oft times I surely made a mess
Of many things I tried to do,
Although at heart wished to be
true.
In early life I had big plans,
What I would do with mind and
hands.
But Bobbie Burns, so true did
say,
Our best laid plans gang aft
agley.
I have a wife and children four,
Now say, what would I wish for
more?
That better far than fame or
gold
For me as I am growing old.
Yes, they have been to me most
kind,
Solace to the heart and mind.
And other friends I surely prize,
Their friendship is a sweet sur-
prise.
[illegible]

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OUR ABSENT BOYS

For our absent boys we breathe a
prayer,
To the God who doth our burden
bear,
He knows and sees what we cannot
see,
And he understands what it to be.
Our prayers shall ascend to Him
Who saves His beloved to save us
from sin.
We'll leave them in His loving care
May He watch over them every-
where.
In the trackless air and the mighty
deep,
May His loving arms them safely
keep.
In His eye befriends when a sparrow
falls,
He will surely hear our prayerful
calls.
Oh, burdened hearts, with grief
now torn,
Who are called upon to fret and
mourn,
Look up and trust what ever be-
ides,
And know that God with them
abides.

EVAN R. FRASER.

The Aftermath

All throughout our little province
There is consternation great
For a proud and boastful party
Met a sad and cruel fate.
Everywhere there's bitter wailing
Ah, it was a mighty sweep;
Some are happy, very happy,
Others are inclined to weep.
In the country, towns and cities
There is sadness and dismay,
For the proud and reckless party
Have been almost swept away.

Now the public mind has spoken
And the voice is loud and clear,
We have given you a mandate,
Let the little fellows hear.
Clear the decks of all the rubbish,
May there dawn a better day,
Since the proud and reckless party
Had their last and final say.

Cheer, boys, cheer for Don. F.
Fraser,
And for Gus MacQuarrie, too,
This is sure to be great victory
For you fought the battle
valiant.
Cheer, Boys, for our people tender,
Although we have gone astray,
Onward, and God lead your
way,
To a coalition bride.

Turning Homeward

When we come to the end of a toil-
some day,
And our weary feet turns home
To our loved ones there with a
smile to bless,
We will never want to roam.

Yes, it's home, dear home, if there
is love and peace,
For the tired mind to rest,
There is no place on earth that will
equal that,
Where there's love we're truly
blest.

Yes, it's home, dear home with a
winning charm,
And we love to linger long,
With our loved ones there, where
there's love and peace,
And a smile and mirth and song.

EVAN R. FRASER.

THE FADING LIGHT

I stood where oft I stood before,
And viewed the western sky,
As if within an open door,
I saw that God was nigh.
There beauty stretched from pole to
pole,
An unforgotten sight,
I watched with rapture in my soul
The fading of the light.

Soft dying glinds adorns with ease
The firmament above,
At once the scene my mind doth
please
And promptly my heart to love.
How lovely is the evening hour,
Then memory's halls are bright
And love sends forth a copious
shower,
When fades the evening light.

Those golden memories still cling
As ivy round the vine
And love's rich tones so sweetly ring
With echoes in sublime.
Come back, come back, O tender
years,
With visions clear and bright,
Then while I wipe all tears,
As fades the shining light.

E. R. FRASER.

Sacred Memories

I bare my head as here I stand
Beneath this Elm tree,
For sacred memories arise,
Appealing strong to me.

Here was the gospel first proclaimed
Along this valley fair,
The preacher told of God's great
love,
And offered fervent prayer.

How precious was the word of God
To them that longed for light,
When listening to the message
given,
Were stirred with visions bright.

Here wild and rugged scenes so vast,
Far from their native sod,
There still remained within their
breast
A thought of home and God.

How brave our forebears were and
strong,
With daring hearts and skill,
To venture forth through forests
deep
With an unbeliving will.

Our forefathers they did brave
Homes humble, crude and bare,
Yet to God morning and night
Ascended earnest prayer.

Long since their voice has silent
been,
[illegible]
Sacred memories remain
While [illegible] their God.