

Address by the Rev. P. C. Wolcott, D. D., at the Service in Memory of Joy Curtis Bournique, in Trinity Church, Oct. 27, 1918

We have come together here this afternoon to pay our tribute of honor and love to the memory of a gallant young gentleman who has laid down his life for his country in that great cause of righteousness and justice to which we and the allied nations have pledged our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Joy Curtis Bournique endeared himself to us during all the years of his boyhood and youth that he lived among us, by his blameless character, his engaging personality, and his fine devotion to duty. More than most young men he was loved and trusted by all who knew him and his affectionate nature responded to every friendly advance. Young, gifted, abounding in health and manly beauty, charming in manner and cultivated in intellect, he hesitatingly responded to the call of his country and he has made the supreme sacrifice as fully and as truly as though he had fallen on the battle front, although that satisfaction was denied him. He gave his all freely and generously and we thank God for his high spirit and his fine example.

He devoted himself unhesitatingly to that great ideal which has inspired our nation and our allies, the free and faith keeping peoples of the earth; that great ideal of a human brotherhood united against a wicked and cruel despotism, that ideal that has fired our young manhood with a passion for righteousness and has led our best and bravest to lay aside all thought of selfish advantage and inglorious ease and to dedicate themselves to this great and holy cause.

And because of this, the feeling that is uppermost in our hearts today is not sorrow, not personal grief for our loss, keen as that emotion is, but triumphant exultation and spiritual rejoicing that he has proved himself worthy of his splendid heritage, that his offering has been accepted, and that he has been received into the noble brotherhood of the immortal dead who have died that life for those who follow after them may be lived in honorable peace and security.

And so we face again today the age-old problems of life and death. We ask ourselves the ancient question, Why is life given to man that is born to die? "to man, whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in." What is life, and what part has death in the great drama of human existence?

Death means for us the withdrawal from our sight of those we love; does it mean loss for them or gain? It means sorrow for us who remain, for grief is inevitable upon separation from our dear ones, but the sorrow we feel is not for those who have gone, but for ourselves who remain behind. We feel instinctively that all is well with them, that he whom we commemorate today has left behind him this region of half lights and feeble beginnings and has entered upon a new life of greater freedom and opportunity, but our lives that were so closely bound up with his are maimed and wounded by the parting.

Sorrow for the dead who have died nobly is always in this sense, a selfish emotion, since it is for ourselves we grieve and not for the absent one, but it is inevitable in our present state, and the greatness of our love lends dignity to our sorrow.

Life we know, is the gift of God. He alone can impart it, and He who is supremely good does not withdraw His gift nor mock us with false hopes. We can look up to Him and say:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust; Thou Madest man, he knows not why; He thinks he was not made to die; And Thou hast made him, Thou art just."

The universal instinct for immortality if that were all we knew, would of itself give us strong assurance that such an instinct, so deep rooted in our natures, cannot lead us astray or be without justification. It gives us assurance that life does not end at the grave, that it goes on through the valley of the shadow, that it passes unharmed through the darkness that obscures our vision and emerges with renewed strength and vigor into the sunshine beyond; that death, which to us in our present state seems so final, is but an episode in the larger life, the gateway through which we must pass to greater freedom and wider experience and fuller opportunities. That is the lesson that this war with its harvest of death, is bringing home to us all.

"There is a marvelous grandeur about all this carnage and desolation," says one of the writers of the new school of the trenches, "men's

souls rise above distress, they have to in order to survive. When you see how cheap men's bodies are, you cannot help but know that the body is the least part of personality."

The spirit that dwells in man, the divine essence that makes each one of us himself and not another, this it is that loves and is loved in each of us, it is more than eyes or hands or feet, this that calls itself I, more than the sum total of all bodily parts, we may lose hands or feet, but the spirit is not diminished; all the members of the body may perish, dust to dust and ashes to ashes, but the spirit does not die, it goes on living its own life, and as it is freed from the shackles that bind it to the earth, as it breathes the finer air of that higher region to which the change we call death admits it, its life becomes freer and nobler and more glorious. That is the faith of the Christian and it is the faith that is being born in the souls of the men who are daily face to face with death on the field of battle.

It is by comparison unimportant what happens to these frail bodies of ours in which for the time our immortal spirits are housed, what does matter is that the spirit itself should be free and unafraid and that it should face the future with calmness and serenity.

That is the philosophy of life our young heroes have learned and that they are teaching us.

We are learning the lesson, we believe that God who created us immortal spirits, made us in his own image and likeness, who has imparted to us his great gift of self-conscious life, that He will not cast us down nor leave us comfortless, that He will not take away from us the gift He has given us. We know this, because we know in our hearts that God is good and that He has made us for better things than to perish in utter darkness and nothingness. We feel sure that we may trust Him in the larger hope that He will bring to abundant fruition every good seed that He has planted, that He will satisfy every noble ambition and gratify every good desire.

And then there is the problem of the unfulfilled life. Here are those who live so full of the promise of youth, of vigor and abounding health, like this of Joy's that we are thinking of today—they suddenly come to an end, so it seems to us, their beautiful young bodies are crushed and broken, the light gone from their eyes. Is this the end of the chapter? Is this all that is to be said? There is something strangely persistent about any unfulfilled life, there is the feeling that such beginnings cannot end in nothingness, that in some way there must be given to the young soul the gifts which in this life it craved and sought and failed to achieve.

There is a continuance of such lives and their influence upon the lives of us who survive, we carry on the impulses that they set in motion, we tend to become what they would have become had they lived, and the stronger the personality the more persuasive the character, the greater the posthumous influence; but that is not all.

More young men are laying down their lives today than ever before since the world began, and because of the high appeal of the crusade in which they are enlisted, more young men of high ideals and noble enthusiasms and splendid vision.

And there is a growing conviction in the minds of us all based upon this experience, that the young and splendid cannot die; that their arrested powers must find expression somewhere and somehow, that their aspirations and activities must persist, that what is so nobly begun must go on to completion; that is the conviction of all who mourn today. And our young men themselves, confident in the justness and holiness of their cause, face death with calmness and the spirit of high adventure. "Death is nothing terrible after all," writes Alan Seeger, "it may mean something even more wonderful than life." That is their conviction and that is the hope and faith of us all, and perhaps they would gladly have died for this alone—to free the new world from the old world fear of death.

We often of late hear of "the new death," the new thought about the old terror which is one of the products of the world tragedy we are witnessing.

It used to be that we mourned our dead in secret and shunned the thought of dissolution as if it were something unclean and abnormal. We used to hide away our loved ones who had gone from our sight and deny to them the influence upon our lives and conversation which is a part of their earthly heritage. They

were even denied a share of our prayers as if we believed that death could break the bond that unites us in the one great family of God, the Communion of Saints; as if they ceased to have a claim to a share in our lives and love and petitions when they were taken from the sight of our eyes. It was a monstrous heresy, but today when millions of mothers mourn we cannot hide away so many dead. Their presence must enter into our daily talk and our daily tasks, and it is better so, better we should banish the old heart breaking reticences. Our dead are nearer to us than they were, and it is better so.

We can look back with thankfulness to the days we have spent together and forward to the time when we shall be reunited with them. It is a normal and wholesome attitude of mind.

"Between that past of ours sacred to sorrow and that future sacred to expectation, lies for each of us an earth space for endeavor illuminated equally by grief and hope. If our faith is to lead us where our dead boys have gone, it must be a faith built like theirs, of spirit values. It is a new illumination, a new death, when dying can be the greatest inspiration of our everyday energy, the strongest impulse toward daily joy. So it is that death has come into its own as the great enricher, the great enhancer of life. This is the lesson the slain splendor of youth has taught a dying world.

To construct a new world on the faith their words and their courage attest is the sole expression permitted to our mourning. It is the sole monument beautiful enough to be their memorial."

(The writer desires to make acknowledgment of his indebtedness to The New Death by Winifred Kirkland, in the preparation of this address, and in particular for the final paragraphs.)

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE

Are you doing anything personally to show the true spirit of hospitality to our soldier and sailor boys? Are you not making plans to divide your home comfort with our boys this winter? Do you know that Uncle Sam is building an enormous Base Hospital at our doors; that there will be 4000 or over beds in it; that there will be 600 medical officers and a large corps of hospital attendants, to say nothing of the number of sick and wounded? The slogan of war camp community service is, "Surround the camps with hospitality!" To do this effectively, our people must render home, church and community service to the boys. Our Army and Navy Center does a big work but its scope is limited by its small capacity for numbers. Our churches, clubs and other organizations recognize their duties and fulfill their obligations. Our war camp community service board is now planning great things and if its budget is allowed by the central lodge it will have the finest week end hospitality center at the Deerfield-Shields High School that can be arranged. Hundreds of boys will be entertained Saturdays and Sundays, refreshed physically and mentally, housed and furnished a swim, a show, dances, games and club rooms. Then there will be entertainment for the sick at the Fort hospitals, music, refreshment and good cheer. It is hoped and expected that the Saturday evening affairs at the Highland Park Club and other friendly centers may be continued for the medical and other officers and the vital spirit of neighborly cheer radiate to the Naval Station and the Fort more warmly than ever before. YOUR help is needed for this big program. You can entertain one or more boys at your cheerful home over the week end and give them the friendly tone that helps morale so much. You can share your happy hearth with the men who are going to fight to keep its fire burning in liberty and freedom. Have you thought about it? Are you ready to do your pleasant duty? Of course you are and now is the time to start.

Many boys were glad to find our Army and Navy Center again open and dispensing true helpfulness. It has made some admirable changes, putting in basement dressing rooms and using the ground floor space more advantageously.

Mr. Harris is being congratulated on his new assistant director weighing nine and three-quarter pounds, who arrived this week in good health. There will be two big Halloween parties this week. One at the Trinity Parish House on Saturday evening, and another at the Army and Navy Center on Sunday.

The regular Saturday suppers will be served at the Center; also refreshments Sunday afternoon. The Center would like a typewriter for the writing room, a blacking outfit for our basement and also a good sized mirror.

UNITED EVANGELICAL

Corner of North Green Bay Road and Laurel Avenue
C. G. UNANGST, Pastor

The attendance at Sunday school last Sunday was reduced by the unfavorable weather conditions but the session was full of interest and inspiration. Mrs. Botker's report of the Home Department for the past quarter shows that it is still growing. Delegates were elected to represent the school at the County Convention to be held at Waukegan. Interest in missionary work in China was stimulated by means of the charts which the pastor used to illustrate the sermon in the morning. In the sermon in the evening the minister said that the influenza epidemic in our land is a protest against wrong living and a call to repentance.

The program of services for next Sunday is as follows:

9:30 a. m., Sunday school. Bible lesson on "Appetite and Greed." Gen. 25: 27-34.

10:45 a. m., sermon in a New Testament prophecy, "The Return, the Resurrection and the Rapture." I Thes. 4: 13-17.

8:45 p. m., Christian Endeavor meeting. Topic, "All for Christ." Eccl. 12:1-7. Miss Edna Schulz, leader.

7:30 p. m., Song service and sermon on, "The Lord is My Light and My Salvation; Whom Shall I Fear? the Lord is the Strength of My Life; of Whom Shall I be Afraid?" Psalms 27:1.

Sunday, November 10th, will be observed as Rally Day and a number of special features are being planned for the occasion. A combination service in the church and Sunday school will be held at 10:00 a. m. Among other good things there will be an address in the evening on "After the War, What?" All members and friends are cordially invited to be present.

Our evangelistic meetings will begin November 17th. Mr. Norman Camp, the lawyer-evangelist of Chicago, has been invited to assist the pastor in these services.

Sam Nelson, the storekeeper, says, even though these war conditions require foresight and some extra thinking in conducting a business, he's not losin' his optimism. Sam reminds us of a tea kettle—the up to its neck in hot water, it keeps singin' away.

It's about time for the girls who have been wearing furs all summer, to discard them and get out their extra low cut waists.

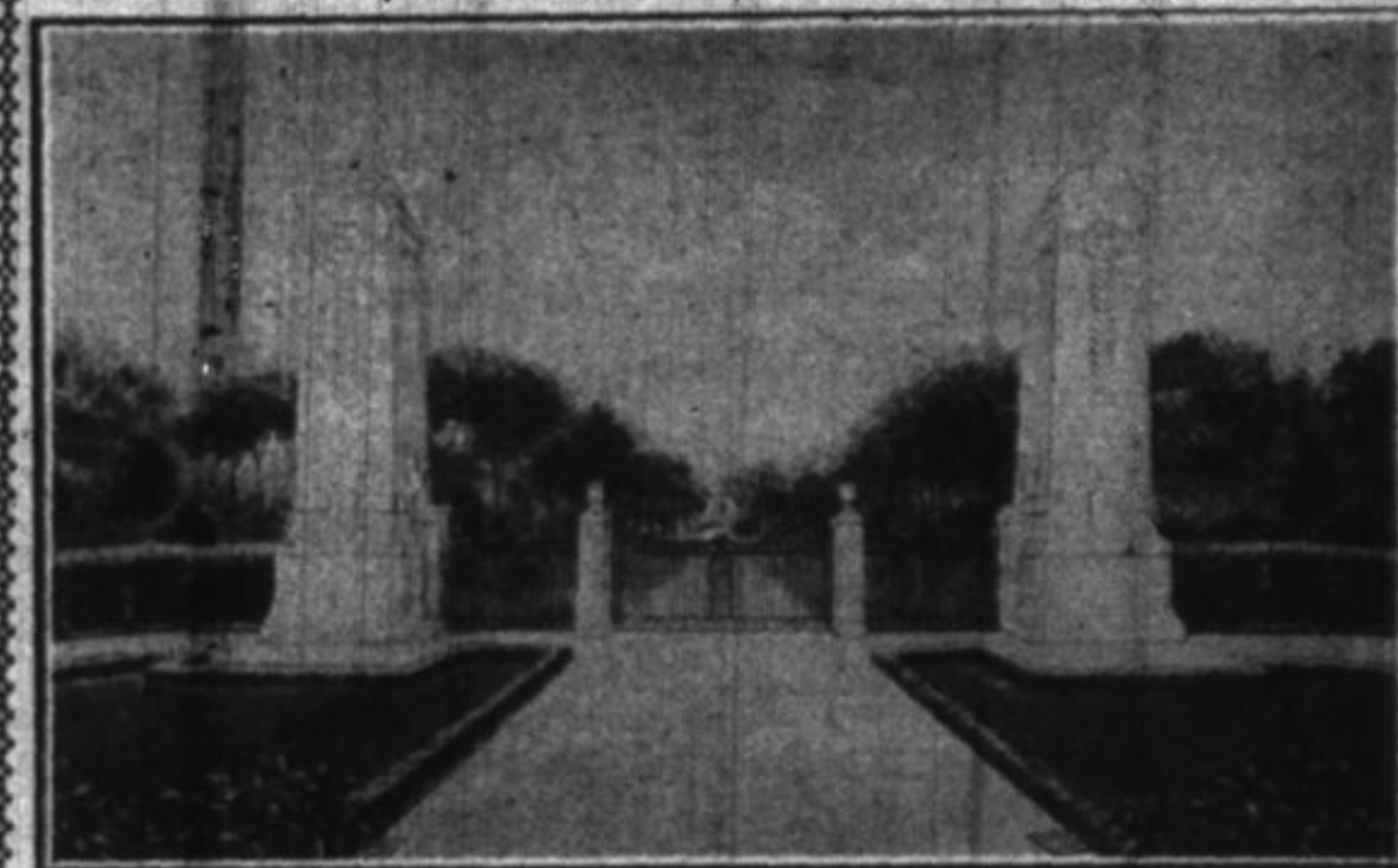
Able-bodied men who stick to their non-essential jobs in these times would be more appropriate if they would rig up with petticoats and corsets and frilled waists.

It is easier to get a million out of Congress to fight the influenza now than it would have been to get \$10,000 at the start to have kept it out.

The real danger of automobiles comes, when the driver learns to run his car so skillfully that it does not need his close attention.

NECROPOLIS DE LUXE

On Green Bay Road, at a Safe Distance from the City's Dust and Din and Danger



ENTRANCE OF NORTH SHORE CEMETERY

NORTH SHORE CEMETERY is the first cemetery ever opened in Illinois in which the management commenced to make deposits for a perpetual care fund with the first lot sold. Chicago Title and Trust Company holds the Perpetual Care Fund of North Shore Cemetery and it will amount to \$17,000 per acre for the entire cemetery before the ground is all sold or a total of more than \$5,000,000. The income from this sum will be used to protect and care for the cemetery forever.

For further information address or call on

Modern Cemetery and Mausoleum Co.

JOHN WESTERN, President

226 South La Salle Street, Chicago
Telephone: Harrison 7571

or EMERSON C. SHAW, at North Shore Cemetery, one mile west of North Chicago. Telephone Waukegan 1067
High-Grade Salesmen May Find Permanent Employment with Us, Selling a Necessity

Closing Out Sale

Starts Next Monday

Having leased two-thirds of my store to the government for a postoffice, I will, beginning Monday, November 4th, 1918, start to dispose of my entire stock of groceries, selling for cash at wholesale prices.

On the same date I will discontinue the sale of all fresh fruits and vegetables.

George F. Bock