a few kind words. Interment was made at St. David's cemetery.

One of the most appreciated documents which Mr. Morse brought back to the bereaved family was a letter written by a Mr. Britt of St. Louis, who was visiting at St. Augustine at that time. The family consider this letter the most beautiful ever read. It was so highly prized by all the family and relatives that each and all are having copies reproduced from the original.

For the benefit of the many friends of the late Mr. Armstrong who would be interested to learn of the exact incidents of his closing hours this letter is published below.

Your father, who was revered and respected by every member of the Club passed suddenly from our midst to that bourne from which no traveller returns and now sleeps the sleep that knows no breaking.

The writer possibly was more intimate with him than any other member of the Club. In the morning we would meet at the bowling green and clear the ground for the games. He loved the sport and was an expert at the game. He would often say to me, "Let's you and I get into this game and bowl together, I like to bowl with you."

Between the games he would tell me of the fruit farm which he formerly owned in Canada, of his experiences in connection with the Horticultural Society of which he was the president; of the fine Alberta peaches he raised, and the happy times he

had in his Canadian home. The lecture he was to have given on the "Origin of Soils," was one to which he had anticipated with the greatest pleasure. He had studied his subject and had prepared his specimens with care. With me hel had discussed several of the points he wished to touch upon and the facts he had gleaned to sustain his theories and his arguments.

When he stood to commence his lecture I sat immediately in front of him as I did not wish to miss a word. He gave no indication that anything was amiss with him, though he changed his glasses once or twice and stated that he would have to abreviate certain portions of his notes.

He began, "In the beginning God! You see I start with the first verse of the Bible. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and He saw that it was good. In the beginning God!" His face blanched, he fell straight forward into my arms. He came forward as straight as falls a tree. No sinking of the joints or muscles. That senti-

ent being that brilliant intellect with a message that he was to deliver to his brothers and sisters on his lips was silenced forever by the Grim Reaper.

Tenderly was he lifted by his friends who sprang to his relief and medical aid summoned, but that loving heart had ceased to beat, and he had passed to the "Great Beyond!"

Twere sad that one so gifted, so ved by all, so esteemed for his genial good nature and gentlemanly demeanor should be selected at such a time by the swift messenger and taken from us in an instant of time.

To you, his sons, 'tis ours to offer such consolation as we may. In life we had him; in death we cared for im; and now deliver to you all that remains of the author of your being, who reared you in his home. 'Tis yours to take him to his final resting place on earth, and say in the language of the old hymn:

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,

Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;

We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best; Good night! Good night!

night." His friends and yours, Thomas J. Britt,

105 South Ninth St., Saint Louis, Missouri.

At St. Augustine the Tourist Club Tinciple met and marched in a body from the nounced undertakers to the station accor panied by boys from the Institute. The bearers were:

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Professor Rolls, Fort Meyer, Flori-

Mr. Shaffer, Johnstone, Pa. Mr. Clapsattle, Leeland, III. Mr. Dean, Knightstown, Indiana. Mr. Case, Denever, Colorado.

Mr. Rhodes, Windsor, Ont. The family have received many resolutions offering tribute to the worth of the late Mr. Armstrong, among being: Tourist Club, St. Augustine, Florida; Florida Indus-

trial Institute; St. Davids Branch Back, the Niagara District Grape Growers' Association and Reeve of Niagara Township.

When on my day of life the night is falling. And in the winds from

unsunned spaces blown. I hear far voices out of darkness calling

My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who had made my home of life so pleasant

Leave not its tenant when its wall decay.

Love Divine, O Helper ever

Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting-

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine.

And kindly faces to my own uplift-

The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee my Father! Let Thy

Be with me then to comfort and un-No gate of pearl, no branch

Nor street of shinning s

Suffice it, if my goo