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The progress of our lad that we watched from birth to death with such pleasure, not unmixed with anxiety, for it had its ups and downs, is now assured. He goes forward without check. There is nothing to dim the brightness of his outlook, nothing to hinder the advance he is making. What you thought for him and hoped for him will be seen when you look into his face again to be finished "up to your dream"—nay, beyond your dream—and the cruel war of 1914 is seen to be in your hero's life the great opportunity which suddenly brought heaven and all that it means within his reach.



The City of Peace.

BEYOND the verge of the iron years,
 Where the Past and Future meet,
 Where the dreams we dreamed in the golden days
 Hover on shining feet,
 Lies, foursquare, in a land of calm,
 Untravelled, strange, untrod,
 A city set on the mystic hills—
 The timeless City of God.

Here, in the region of endless storm,
 Weary, perplexed by fate,
 With journeyings sore, in perils oft,
 Our spirits watch and wait ;
 Yet ever, above the clouds that veil
 Yon pathway still untrod,
 The gates of the City stand unbarred—
 The gates of the City of God.

E. H. BLAKENEY.

