

RELATED THINGS

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GATHERED INTO HIS CARE.

From the San Francisco Star of May 7.

The Editor of the Star, James H. Barry, says: "This poem is Frances Margaret Milne's last message to the world. It was written, with pencil, several days before her death, and given to her brother with instructions that it be handed 'directly to Mr. Barry' when she was no more."

I am going away on a journey
Sometime, in the gray of the dawn—
Or haply it may be at midnight
Or just when the sunset is gone.
I know not the time of my going,
I know not the road I shall fare,
But I know that the Lord of the Harvest
Will gather me into His care.

The leaf of my life is in fading,
Oh, long hath the Spring tide been past!
And Summer hath blossomed and withered
And here is the Autumn at last.
Ah, small is the sheaf of my gleanings
From fields where the gleaners had share—
But I know that the Lord of the Harvest
Will gather me into His care.

I have faltered and stumbled in treading
The way He appointed me here,
Tho' eyes that were pure as His seraphs'
Dropped for me the suppliant tear.
The dear human love that unfolded,
Oh, had I been worthy to share!
But I know that the Lord of the Harvest
Will gather me into His care.

The sheaf that I gleaned for His service
Has withered in breath of my sighs;
And salt as the spray of life's ocean
The dew of my grief on it lies.
How shall I approach Him to render
Such off'ring unworthy to bear?
But I know that the Lord of the Harvest
Will gather me into His care.

I am going away on a journey—
The journey my loved ones have gone,
And whatever the time of our going,
We travel it always alone,—
Alone, to all mortal beholding:
But shall not His angels be there?
For I know that the Lord of the Harvest
Will gather me into His care.

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FRANCES MARGARET MILNE.

From the San Francisco Star of April 30.

A God-crowned Queen of Women has passed away, and none there is can fill her vacant chair. Frances Margaret Milne is dead—but of the living dead; the dead who never die. Her lamp of life is extinguished, but the light

of her inspired soul is with us yet—a beacon to the erring and fallen; to the underdog in the struggle for existence; to all the world!

We deem it no slight privilege to have known Mrs. Milne, and to have been regarded by her as something more than friend—as a brother.

Although she won honorable distinction by her splendid writings, her only ambition in life was to do good—to help the helpless to help themselves.

For nearly a quarter of a century we shared her joys and tears—her triumphs and her sorrows.

Our earthly association is no more—it is as a tale that is told—but it will ever be a pleasant, precious memory.

We first knew Mrs. Milne through the receipt



of a poem of surpassing beauty, which she modestly hoped we would publish if deemed worthy.

Needless to say, the poem was published. Then followed others, and others, which have since appeared in book form, and made her name known throughout the English-speaking world.

She did not write for fame, but for human rights—for liberty! She wrote to make men free! She believed that—

Whether on life's peaceful plain,
Or in the battle's van,
The only fight that's not in vain
Is when we fight for man.

She herself knew the pangs of poverty; and knowing, sought to bring about conditions that

would make involuntary poverty impossible. She and her venerated mother read together "Progress and Poverty"—which they interpreted as another "Sermon on the Mount"—and they saw and led the way.

She once wrote, for *The Star*, a poem in laudation of Henry George. When Mr. George saw it, he sent a message, deprecating the fact that praise should be given him for duty done. He said: "When I am gone, if it can be said of me, 'he kept the faith, he fought the fight,' then write me a requiem song of gladness and of hope." He "kept the faith"; he "fought the fight"; the song was written.

She, too, "kept the faith" and "fought the fight." . . .

California can boast of many sweet singers, but Mrs. Milne was the sweetest singer of them all. We say this now—for she cannot hear; and yet, somehow, we wish she could.

Mrs. Milne was a native of Tyrone, Ireland, but came to the United States with her parents when she was but three years old.

She was Librarian of the Free Public Library of San Luis Obispo for ten years, which position she resigned lately because of the illness which she knew would soon be followed by death.

In accepting her resignation, the Library Trustees paid her high and deserved tribute which she appreciated to the last.

Rev. George Willett, President of the Board, in voicing the genuine sorrow of himself and associates, added these touching words: "The enclosed resolutions do not express half that we feel. Your resignation was accepted with sincerest regret. We think of you with very tender regard." . . .

Mrs. Milne stood on the mountain top. She did "good by stealth and blushed to call it fame."

She did not see the fruition of her hopes; but she saw the light breaking, and knew that it would soon be day.

Let there be no monument of marble, or of stone, or of bronze, to her memory. She cared not for ephemeral glory! She lived for the "luxury of doing good." The republication of her great book, "For To-Day"—which was destroyed in the cataclysm of 1906—would be the best way to not only honor her, but to fulfill the mission for which her life was sacrificed.

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TAKING LIFE OR LAND.

From *The Citizen*, Ottawa, Canada, of Jan. 29, 1910

We have sufficiently evolved from a state of barbarism to esteem life at its proper value. The old days when one man might slay another with impunity have long since gone. Nothing is more sacred than a human life, notwithstanding the belief of Dr. Porter and his ilk. Whatever may be

our opinions on other lines, it is quite certain that with but few exceptions all of us believe that a man's most sacred right is his right to life.

We have wisely enacted laws against murder. It is an offense not to be justified by any process of reasoning. A man's station does not shield him from the penalty of law. A murderer is one upon whom human society frowns, exacting the supremest penalty as the result of his crime.

But it is seriously open to question as to whether we have taken wisest measures to safeguard the lives of whose value we are assured. We have evidently forgotten that there are many modes of murder. A man may be slain either by an assassin's dagger or by a legal deed or decree. He may be robbed of life by being robbed of those things that are absolutely essential to the continuance of existence. The murderer masks under many guises, and wise shall we be when we are able to discern the real fact under a seemingly harmless form.

It is now accepted by all who have given the matter any real study that land is the basis of life. It takes only a moment's consideration to realize the fact that everything we use comes from the soil. The land is the most ancient ancestor of life and the modern source of its continuance.

Hence it is evident that to separate life from the land, barring in any way a man's access to the soil from which come the necessaries of life, is in reality to strike a blow at very life itself. Any mercenary enterprise whereby land is monopolized or used purely for private profit, is to be recognized as murderous in its real character, and, in a true sense of the word, to take land is to take life. To confine life to the city, denying it the right to utilize the soil, is to strike a blow at the very root of human existence.

In Canada, at the present time, we are dealing with the land problem. New areas are being opened to the public and also to the financial exploitation of the individual. There will never be a time in the history of Canada when greater influence will be made upon its future than in our treatment of this particular matter at this special time.

Let it be written large on Parliament hill, where every legislator may see it clearly and remember it always, that land is as sacred as life. It cannot be handled carelessly without possibilities of infinite harm. It cannot be given into the hands of private exploiters without giving to these men the right to rob their fellows of life itself. It deals with the primary sources of supply; with the storehouse of nature from which shall come the necessities of life in future years. It is quite as important as safeguarding human life from the dagger-thrusts of the murderer, or the villain's plot to secure profit at the sacrifice of the life of others.