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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 26, 1945

Telling Gardiner Off

Agriculture Minister Gardiner's bitter attack on General Pearkes, V.C., made after that officer's resignation from his post as chief of the Pacific Command, is roundly denounced by Mr. Gardiner's own party organ, the *Winnipeg Free Press*. The Minister had accused General Pearkes, among other things, of being a "Tory organizer" inside the army for the past two years.

"What," asks the *Free Press* scornfully, "has Mr. Gardiner been doing then for the past two years? Why, if he knew this was going on, did he not force an issue when the matter first attracted his attention? Is it possible that he made these charges to the cabinet, that the cabinet examined them and rejected his proofs as inadequate? Is it possible that the cabinet examined them, found them proved, but decided, for reasons which to the public will remain obscure, to do nothing about them? The incident is not one calculated to decrease the general disquiet that has remained as a legacy from the crisis of last November. It is also one which raises very large questions, regarding the principle of cabinet solidarity and Government responsibility to Parliament. Such incidents are perhaps inevitable as a consequence of the complicated web of circumstances which has dictated the Government's military manpower policy ever since 1939 . . . but it is disquieting to be provided with this additional evidence that, in the fifth year of their life, Government and Parliament are showing obvious signs of the need of refreshment by a new mandate from the people. For Mr. Gardiner's attack on General Pearkes is also an attack upon two successive ministers of defence, both Mr. Ralston and General McNaughton, one of whom placed the general in the post he held while the other maintained him there long after he himself had urged that he be permitted to resign."

The Democratic Way

Here is something for our local legislators, who meet shortly, to ponder on:

Ex-Premier T. Duff Pattullo of British Columbia has arisen in the Legislature to declare that members "changing their (party) allegiance" should resign and seek re-election.

This statement, comments the *Vancouver News-Herald*, arises from a fundamental misconception not confined to Mr. Pattullo, but common among that class of politicians, particularly the C. C. F., to whom the party machine looms larger than the democratic electorate.

It assumes that the legislative member is elected to represent the party rather than the people.

Too often this is the case in Canadian politics, but we may be thankful that it is not by any means always so in practice and never so in theory. The member represents the people who elected him—not only those who voted for him, but those who voted against him and those who did not vote at all. He represents the people; not the faction, the party nor the machine.

In the legislature he is free to act on his own responsibility according to his duty to his constituents. He is sent there to represent them as best he can and if his intelligence or his conscience bids him support or oppose this action or that, if they bid him leave one group or join another, it is not only his right, but his obligation to do so.

Just so long as our political representatives represent the people, we will have democratic government. When they are all forced to represent the party, democracy is dead and totalitarian government holds sway.

For Larger School Units

Dr. J. W. Tait, director of teacher training and supervision in the Saskatchewan Department of Education, recently stated in Regina that "a change-over from the smaller to the larger units of school administration will mean a new deal in education for the children of Saskatchewan."

The adoption of the larger unit plan, he said, constituted the most forward step made in education in the history of that province.

He did not know of a single place where larger units were set up, that returned to the smaller units. He mentioned nine main benefits, including the equitable distribution of the cost of education, equal opportunities for children in rural and urban areas, high schools conveniently located.

The larger units were strongly favored at an educational conference recently conducted by the New York Times and the Public Education Association of the U. S. Dr. Howard A. Dawson, director of the rural service of the National Education Association, stated that, as a class, rural schools were far inferior to the urban ones, and seriously restricted the educational opportunities of millions of rural children. Financial troubles were largely responsible, the average rural teacher earning $967, as against $1,937 for urban teachers.

In the discussion at this conference it was brought out that a large proportion of the farm population, poorly educated, migrate to the cities and there constitute "a tremendous problem."

Then the question of organizing larger school units was raised. The speakers agreed that this was one answer to the problem of rural education. The *Times* report quotes the educators as saying that the small, archaic, one-room school, a "vestige of ox-cart days," was scarcely defensible on any grounds.

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

Farmers' week.

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Napoleon escaped from Elba this date 1815; France rallied to him, and he once more challenged the European coalition; the battle of Waterloo (June 18) was the answer to this challenge.

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The meeting of the Legislature on the 13th March will enable an adjournment over Easter as "half-time", in accordance with long usage. Last year was an exception. Up till then the practice was to open the session 14 or 15 days before Good Friday, and then adjourn for a week at Easter.

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Military authorities announce that 10 of 26 soldiers who returned to M.D. 10 before Christmas, on rotation leave after five years overseas service, are slated to return to the battlefronts. The others will be retained in Canada for either medical or compassionate grounds.

* * * *

On account of the closing of the Alberta flying schools at Calgary, the No. 10 R. C. A. F. Repair Depot staged a $1,000,000 bonfire of planes no longer needed because of being out-of-date or otherwise unsuitable for present day or post-war needs. That is how our money goes, but better this way than falling into enemy hands.

* * * *

Storage eggs will retain their initial weight and much of their freshness for increased periods of time in years to come, for their shells will be less porous than those of today, says *Business Week*. Shrinkage by evaporation will be minimized. Poultry breeders are discovering that chickens can be bred for tough dense shells on their eggs almost as easily as turkeys have already been bred for higher proportions of white meat.

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Life is apparently harder on Canadian men than on women. Between the 1931 and 1941 censuses, according to newly issued tabulations of the latter canvass, the life expectancy of one-year-olds showed an increase of over three years for girl babies and only one and a half years for boys. And the total life expectancy of the boys is still about two and a half years less than for girls—66.14 years against 68.73. For men at ages from 40 years up, the average expectable life spans actually declined between censuses, whereas those for women showed consistent increases for all age levels.

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That posterity may know. Holborn Borough Council has decided to ask the London County Council to rename the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields as Canada Walk further to commemorate the cordial relations during the war between the Royal Canadian Air Force and the citizens of Holborn. It was on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields that a maple tree, the gift of the Mayor and citizens of Ottawa, Ontario, which had been flown from Canada, was planted last week by the Mayor of Holborn, Alderman Wilfred E. Mullen.

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A Hungarian who has just arrived in Stockholm from Berlin says, "The Germans will continue to do what they are bid without question. Those who are called-up will report at the appointed places for service with Volkssturm, and without protest but without enthusiasm, and will allow themselves to be drafted wherever the high command thinks to send them. With inadequate weapons, and lacking anything like proper training, they will march to meet the Russian onrush and die or be taken prisoners. Or they will stubbornly withstand Allied air bombing and shelling in defensive positions of the West. They will be moved by no burning zeal to defend the Fatherland, no fanatical ardour for the Nazi cause, no determination to escape at all costs the terrible future which Nazi propaganda depicts for defeated Germany. Like robots they will obey. They will obey because their apathetic souls know nothing but obedience, their dulled minds cannot conceive what would be the result for them of a successful revolt. They are convinced that any attempt at revolt would in any case fail and bring about their own individual extermination by the S. S. or Gestapo." Such a state of mind does not lend itself to panic, and up till yesterday no news of panic in Berlin had been brought out by travellers.

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The announcement by a spokesman at Defence Headquarters that home defence troops have been integrated with general service men "for all purposes" and that the former N. R. M. A. forces are not "segregated in any way" is a welcome contribution to the knowledge made available at home of what is taking place abroad, says *Montreal Gazette*. The declaration is sufficiently important, however, to have been made by the Defence Minister himself instead of by an anonymous spokesman, for it contradicts unconfirmed reports that home defence troops have not been so integrated with those who volunteered, and it ought therefore to have been delivered with the weight of full authority. It would be astonishing if the Government had done otherwise than integrate the home defence troops with general service men and move them through the reinforcement pools to the front line areas. Otherwise the conscripted men would find themselves occupying the same role in Britain as they did in Canada—defending the country from an improbable invasion. Moreover, by integrating the newly-arrived reinforcements with the active troops the Defence Department has at hand the best means of putting an end to the unhappy two-army system. For with their absorption into the regular army the home defence troops would be assimilated and would disappear.

Notes By The Way

Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, returned from a Southern tour with this story of Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, playing golf against a clergyman: Stone hit a 200-yard drive. The clergyman stepped up to tee, swung furiously and missed. He stared at the ball for a full minute, then stepped up to the tee again. The Chief Justice told him: "That was the most profane silence I ever heard in my life." — New York Post.

Baseball may be handicapped in the United States by war regulations, but not abroad. According to a despatch from Pearl Harbor, of all places, crack players of the army and navy will begin a tour of the Pacific war front. And many of the names are familiar. The strange lingo of the diamond may convince natives that a new country has entered the war. — Toronto Globe and Mail.

We might thank the doctors for prolonging our lives, on the average, but, on the other hand, imagine paying taxes so much longer. —Guelph Mercury.

A house had been hit, and the rescuer's found Grandma, not really hurt, but shocked and covered with debris. They laid her on a stretcher and, as soon as she got her wits back, she beckoned feebly to one of the rescue party. He bent down. "Yus, ma? Anythin' I can do for yer?" "Do 'ave a look for me purse. It's in the kitchin'." There wasn't any kitchen, but the good-natured chaps pawed about in the rubbish, and presently her friend returned. "'Ere y're, ma. We've found yer bag for yer. And I'll tell ye wot else we found. Wot d'yer fink? 'Arf a bottle o' brandy. Come on, 'ave a drop." "Oh, no," the old lady exclaimed. "Oh, no I'm keeping that for an emergency. —L.A.G. Strong on the BBC.

Vast stocks of carefully prepared maps the Germans planned to use in the invasion of Britain were captured in Brussels. But, despite all, and to add to, Hitler's disappointments, they are still being used for military purposes. The British Information Service reports that as a paper saving measure, the War Office simply instructed its printers to use the unprinted sides for the large-scale maps for the push into the Reich. That is an effective boomerang in itself. However, it is rather intriguing to wonder what the reaction of a German intelligence officer would be if one of these maps fell into his hands and at first glance he tried to figure how his homeland was being occupied with a map calling for action in quite another direction.

American troops on the Western Front heavily outnumber British, and so do our current casualties. On the basis of relative populations, that is inevitable, and fair. The fact is that America is carrying her load at the front. Britain continues to carry hers—besides home-front sacrifices incomparably heavier than ours. And if anyone cares to suggest that Russia isn't carrying her load let him have another look at Page One!—Chicago Sun.

"Keep your letters going overseas. Write often and write about anything." That is the message Peter Stursberg, well-known CBC war corresponnent, brings to people of Winnipeg from their men overseas. Mr. Stursberg covered the Canadian fighting fronts. He was at Ortona and Sassino. He has talked to hundreds of soldiers in the battle areas. That is one thing they all want—letters from home. Soldiers returning from overseas have told time and again of a feeling of utter loneliness which came upon them in the fight. A sure talisman against that feeling was something from home. A package, a letter—even a letter full of trivialities—gave them a bond with all they hold dear here in Canada. So it is up to us on the homefront to see that a steady stream of letters keeps flowing to our men in the armed services. Newsy letters about the family and neighborhood, who painted his house and what happened to the cat. These are the greatest morale builders of all.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A British soldier, a Desert Rat, with service in Palestine, North Africa, Sicily and Italy, and a Military Medal, took a camera and a lighter from a German officer prisoner. Returning home he was fined £1 and a guinea costs under the 1926 Southend Corporation Act. Field Marshal Montgomery "won" two caravans from enemy generals he defeated. He had better avoid Southend when the war is won!—From Sunday Express.

The Bishop of Birmingham advocates "a new friendliness" towards Germany. He would forgive and forget, as Britain did in the twenties—with the results we know. The Germans interpreted kindness as weakness and secretly but instantly began preparations for the present war.—Ottawa Journal.

America is learning the lesson of self-sufficiency from this war. One of its latest advances is the discovery that rhododendron grown in this country makes as fine smoking pipes as, if not better than the celebrated briar imported from Africa. A patent has just been issued for an improved process which permits the seasoning of rhododendron within eight weeks, a big boon in commercial manufacture. No doubt briar will soon become a relic to the American smoker.—Boston Post.

Luckily, the fashion in male attire is fairly static, and a shirt back from the laundry is, as a rule, still in style.— Stratford Beacon-Herald.

To drive into a city and have to be continually asking where do I go to find such and such a street to say the least is inconvenient and annoying. When a town grows to the status of a city one expects to be able to at least find his way from one place to another, or know what street or avenue he is travelling on. Brandon is just such a place and it is about time the city fathers took steps to mark streets and avenues at intersections, so that visitors could travel from place to place with as little inconvenience as possible.—Boissevain Recorder.

Science asserts that there aren't enough petroleum reserves in the world to fight another war. And the financial wizards used to tell us there was no money for anything before this one started. — T.D.F. in Ottawa Citizen.

Minard's relieves sprain

Homes Of The Future

(By Jean Mann, ex-Baillie of Glasgow and Honorary Organizer of the Town and Country Planning Association)

(BBC Broadcast)

There's a big key in my front room this week. It is three feet in length and painted in lurid colours. It's just pasteboard but I don't want to throw it out to salvage. You see, this key means something to me. It represent a family gathering of last week when by youngest son was twenty-one. We got hold of him and tied it round his neck — twenty-one and the key of the door! It seemed just like yesterday when I took him to school and with a tug at my heart handed him over to the Education Authority. We can't have gay parties these days and this was just a family gathering but unique because I had all my family there and I was very happy. There was also my only brother, home from the sea, my father, and the high spot of the evening, my grandson, wee Billy. When they had gone, I sat at the fire — tired but happy. Memories loomed up from the flames and there were dreams too. That remark of my father's "How times have changed; I remember when a Navvy was offered a shilling a day and he had to bring his own shovel." Then he looked round the room and said: "What a fine big room, and a nice high ceiling." I wondered: My family think it is too old-fashioned. They like streamlined styles. But it's a good family house —two public, three bedrooms and a "spare" where I tell my grandson "Peter Pan" dwells. Actually it's a junk room! And of course I have all modern conveniences. I need them, having to do without help of any kind. Yes, this house is just big enough for me.

My father's remarks set me thinking. My own hard upbringing and my father at seventy-seven coming over that night his breezy cheerfulness and his milk and roses complexion (the envy of his granddaughters). A complexion like that after sixty years in an iron foundry, and never a cosmetic! I wondered whether I should tell my children about the kind of house I was brought up in. I mentioned it. A two-room apartment in an overcrowded part of the city. Twelve houses up the same entry, one W. C. between every three families. But my father had only thirty-five shillings a week. After a bit when some of us started to work, we moved to the suburbs where he had a bathroom and more accommodation. But thousands still live in these houses we left, and when I became a Magistrate of the City of Glasgow, many of them came before me for doing the very things I used to do myself—children I mean. Climbing lamposts, sitting on wash-house roofs, playing games in the backcourts, shouting and bawling to annoyance of the citizens.

* * *

Don't I remember running round these entries, with a dozen others at my heels, and being grabbed by the neck by the old folk on the bottom flat who swore they'd report us to the police. There weren't so many police about those days—probably why I was never caught.

And now I know that these children who came before me haven't even the backcourt that we had. In the growth of the city the backcourts have been filled up with workshops, etc. No wonder I'm an enthusiast for housing and town-planning! ...ere can these children play? I remember we used to save a half-penny, get some jam pieces of bread from mother, and travel on the tram to the park. What a treat to see grass and trees! What grand days we spent in that park, walking all the way home at night tired out but happy! That was one day the neighbours got some peace!

Many of my old playmates are now housed in better houses in good surroundings with their own gardens. For during the inter-war years we rebuilt one third of our houses. It was my happy privilege to take our visitors, who came from the Dominions and Colonies for the Coronation, around some of these new housing estates. I still have in my possession names and addresses of the representative of the States in Australia and I've promised to pay a return call some day.

In these years we built the equivalent of seventeen new towns, strange, too, that I who had known all the suffering of bad housing, should find myself chairman of the housing committee of the second largest city in Britain, charged with the responsibility of getting on with the job! They came to me for houses. They came from every district, and every class of the community, from dungarees to fur coats. From early morning until midnght, the door bell and the telephone rang, and when I left the house they waited for me at the Council Chambers. "It's like a Cinema crowd awaiting you," the officials used to say.

* * *

We put up the houses by the hundred thousand but it wasn't enough. And of course the war came along and stopped our efforts. But it did not stop the marriages. "Several thousand young men are marrying several thousand young women, and they will want homes said Mr. Churchill. Yes, they will want their own homes and not just a share of Mother-in-law's for the architect has not yet been born who can design a kitchen suitable for two women! And we want these houses quickly! That is why we are departing from the old traditional methods and thinking in terms of prefabrication. Surveys have been taken amongst all sections of the population, including the services, to get their opinion of the type of house they want and the rent they are willing to pay for it. Everywhere the demand is for the cottage type, with its own garden, and "privacy before gadgets." I lecture a lot on the subject of housing amongst the forces and I find there is a deep longing for privacy, and when I paint a glowing picture of high flats with communal facilities, a loud groan goes round the room. Does this mean a return to the family? I hope so. I think in the long run it is the happiest life. So we are likely to build a preponderance of cottages, and terraced houses, and this time we will have open spaces where our children can play by themselves without annoying the citizens.

What kind of house will that grandson of mine have? I suspect it will be something very different—probably district and central heating: fluorescent lighting in an adjustable house where you can move the rooms about or take some of them away, and with space for a helicopter: "Mother, that would suit you for about a fortnight"—my family say, "and then you'd be looking around for something new."

* * *

A family is a decided asset to a woman in public life. They encourage a sense of humour and inspire one to look on the world as one large family. The memory of my first election fight still causes a ripple of laughter in the house. My husband joined my band of workers and on polling day stood with them at the polling booth handing out election cards with my photograph. A supporter of my opponent came up and not knowing him as such, my husband handed him one of my cards. He looked at the card, then at my husband and said: "Man alive, if you only knew that woman as well as I know her, you wouldn't stand there giving out her cards!"

Another time when I was holding out to a strong barrage of questions at an election meeting, a man turned to my husband who was sitting in the audience and said "I wouldn't like to be that one's husband, would you?" Even my family got it. My sons who were medical students overheard this: "I think she should stay at home and bath her youngsters." This was too much for the eldest one; he intervened: "Look here—I'm one of the youngsters. I'm nineteen and I positively refuse to allow mother to bath me, and that goes for the others in our family."

* * *

Yes, as I see it sitting by the fire it's been a busy life. Making up speeches as I went about the cooking and the housework, reading into the early hours of the morning, when the house was still and quiet. And now the youngest is twenty-one. Soon some woman will claim him, as they claimed the others. And my daughters will take away from other mothers — their sons — and the house will be quiet without them. But there'll be no time for fretting about that, and no time to interfere with them and their new partners in life. There's mighty lot to do, and a whole world of other youngsters needing our help.

In the five years before this war we were building against slum clearance and overcrowding only. We are now going to build houses to suit retired people. I shall want a nice house when I retire. And I don't mean a house on the ground floor of a large block of flats in the city. I'd like a cottage in the country or at the coast, small but not too small, with an extra room for a visitor or the grandchildren. After all, there's no reason why I should go on living in the noise and bustle of the cities. Besides, cost of land is cheaper in the country or at the coast. Yes! I'm sure it would be like a dream come true to retire that way. I'd love to think of ending up within sight of the beautiful hills of Scotland, on the shores of some grand loch. But when I mention it, my family say: "Lovely! — but mother, you'll never retire." Oh, I don't suppose I'd be happy, knowing there was still so much to do, and whilst I had energy to do it. But I still like to think of that cottage by the sea. Maybe — it's a long way ahead yet.

A slip that is worn at the top can still be used as a petticoat by cutting off the top.

Minard's kills pain

Excerpts From "An Economic Survey of P. E. Island"

By Dr. J. E. Lattimer

Professor of Agriculture Economics, MacDonald College

The United States Market

Another promise that has prevailed for a life time is that the United States would soon be an importing country of farm products. That long awaited time did almost arrive in the crop year of 1943 when around 160 million bushels of wheat were sent there together with a substantial amount of coarse grains. Both the coarse grains and the wheat were used for live stock feed. This was an abnormal condition, is not likely to be repeated soon, and is being provided against in the future in the policy under discussion in the United States of stabilizing prices of farm products.

Local Promises

Prices of farm products have been regulated in Canada as elsewhere during the war. For the six war crop years from 1939 to 1944 inclusive the price of wheat at the farm averaged less than 75 cents per bushel. During part of the war period producers were paid to summer fallow their land rather than grow wheat. It is expected that July first 1945 will witness a carry-over of wheat in the 4 surplus countries of a billion bushels. Truly supplies of this farm product have been well maintained in the war years. The abundant supplies during the war years was due primarily to two things. One was the tremendous amount available when the war started. The other was the series of good crops during the war. Consider that in 1939 with ample supplies on hand the harvest was fair. The next year provided a better crop, 1941 was off somewhat but 1942 provided a record. The year 1943 was a bad year but 1944 promises to be the third largest crop on record. During the six crop years from 1939 to 1944 inclusive the average yield of wheat per acre in Canada was over 19 bushels. This was much above the long time average yield.

* * *

The increased returns to agriculture of the past two years have come chiefly from increased output rather than from higher prices. Farmers generally are not today complaining but fear a fall in prices in the post-war period. They have reason to fear such a certain development. When present prices are kept down by bonuses and subsidies and when a certain proportion of the cost of bread, butter, milk, and some other food products are provided by the taxpayer or money lender, there is every reason to fear a fall in prices of farm products when these subsidies and bonuses are discontinued or reduced. There is a promise of a floor on prices of farm products. This may help. If the floor is set at a price profitable to the producer there may be a surplus provided.

* * *

As soon as ships are available surpluses are certain to develop. The banana famine will disappear. Argentine wheat may reach Britain instead of being burned in place of coal, sugar may eventually be again easier to have and the wool that is now stored where it is grown, because there are no ships available to move it, may be again available.

The present war has amply proven the possibility of providing plenty of some things. Farm products have been maintained remarkably well. In the post-war period it will do no very great harm for the farmers to enjoy in some cases a well-earned holiday by adopting something resembling the six hour day and the five day week and devoting some of their spare time to recreation.

(To Be Continued)

DeGaulle and the Crimea Conference

(By DeWitt MacKenzie, (Associated Press War Analyst)

The storm which has grown out of Gen. De Gaulle's refusal to meet President Roosevelt for a discussion on the Crimea conference of the Big Three (to which the general wasn't invited) probably will die down as quickly as it began, but the implications of this incident are such that we hardly can dismiss it as a mere tempest in a teapot.

Gen. De Gaulle's pique strikes me as arising from two causes. The first — which is of great importance — is that he is battling with might and main to get the Big Three to restore France to a place of equality with themselves as great powers. The second is a matter of personality; his pride — which is very great — has been hurt.

The French leader had hoped (perhaps expected) that his country would be invited to the Crimea parley, thus raising her to equal partnership and changing the "Big Three" of Europe to the "Big Four." You may recall that after the liberation of Paris last summer he addressed the nation over the radio and assured his people that France was on the threshold of rejoining "the ranks of the greatest."

So the inability of the Big Three to find a seat for Gen. De Gaulle came as a vast disappointment, probably not unmixed with a feeling of personal hurt. This reaction has resulted in his ill advised gesture of resentment in declining to journey to Algiers to confer with Mr. Roosevelt.

I use the term "ill-advised" deliberately, because France's recovery obviously needs the help of the Big Three. What Gen. De Gaulle must know, but finds it hard to admit, is that while France has been a great power — and we hope will be one again — she isn't one now. That rank isn't a matter of large territory and population. If it were there are numerous relatively weak countries which would qualify. It depends on possession of the great strength which the title connotes.

The Big Three and all the rest of the United Nations, want to see France restored to her former greatness. The world needs her. The Big Three have made it clear that they intend to do their utmost to speed her recovery from the overwhelming catastrophe she suffered. They expect her meantime to take her place in international councils.

But there's one fundamental fact which we can't evade. Whether France rises to her former place of greatness depends mainly on herself. Nobody can hoist her onto the pedestal. She's got to climb back herself. This involves a spiritual, economic and political rebirth.

If Gen. De Gaulle has the qualities which will enable him to lead his people out of the wilderness, then he naturally recognizes these cardinal points.

The Poets' Corner

THE SECRET HEART

Across the years he could recall
His father one way best of all.

In the silent hour of night
The boy awakened to a light.

Half in dreams he saw his sire
With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see
If his son slept peacefully.

He held his hands each side the spark
His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart
In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son,
A bare heart on his hidden one.

A heart that gave out such a glow
No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon a face
Too tender for the day to trace.

One instant, it lit all about,
And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one
To know that hands held up the sun.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

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