

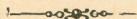
In Memoriam

Rev. Frank G. O'Neill, B. A., '98

Born, Vernon River, N. E. I., 1876.

Died, Baltimore, Md., 1910.

R. I. P.



Chill gray skies and a sad wind wailing,
Dawn light dim with the tears of morn,
Prayers of men and the day unveiling
Sobbing anguish of hearts forlorn.

Recked not Death of the sad eyes weeping,
His to do but the Master's will ;
Closed thine eyes in thy last long sleeping,
Prest thy lips and thy heart was still.

Gone to Him Who thy spirit gaveth,
Rest thee safe on His loving breast
In the peace that thy pure soul craveth !
Ours the tears,—but God know'th best.

M. C. MacMillan.

Obituary.

On Saturday the 10th inst the sad news reached us that one of our alumni, Rev. Frank G. O'Neill, B. A. had passed away at Baltimore. Md. in the early morning of December 8th. The news was a great shock to his many friends who had met him here during the month of August when he visited his father at Vernon River. At that time we all looked forward to his being granted many years to continue the work he had so nobly begun; but now the silver cord is broken, the dust hath returned to the earth from whence it was and the spirit hath returned to God its maker. To his aged father, his sorrowing brother and sisters we tender our sincerest sympathy in this their hour of sorrow; to his friends both here and in the field of his labors we trust the memory of his friendship will be an incentive and an inspiration to higher ideals and nobler deeds.

For him life's span was short; his years numbered but five and thirty. He came here as a student in the autumn of '93 and for five years took a noble part in every activity of college life; to all he was a kind and lovable friend whose place could with difficulty be filled.

In June '98 he was graduated with the degree of B. A. and the following September entered St. Mary's Seminary Baltimore for his theological course and since his ordination in '01 he has, with the exception of one year, labored in Baltimore where his work is well known and his genial personality will long be remembered.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead." For Father O'Neill farewells and mournings rise from distant Maryland where his life and works were ended, from his birthplace, Vernon River, where his boyhood days were spent, from that scattered band of school-mates who knew and loved him well, from his fervent friends unnumbered through all this eastern land; in a saddened home in Everett sisters mourn a brother an aged father wails a son: from all these saddened souls goes forth the heartfelt prayer: "Requiescat in pace."

IF

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies.
Or being hated don't give way to hating.
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master:
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim.
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!