

Beauty
that
Endures



Foreword

TO the many kind friends who have written in for this booklet, we take pleasure in presenting it. We hope you enjoy the poems which are offered here. In addition to the poems we have added a few paragraphs of helpful information on funeral service because we genuinely believe it is important for every person to be informed on the subject. Then if the need arises, they will be able to give practical and valuable guidance to friends, relatives or others.

A thorough understanding of such facts, renders a decision much less difficult when service of this nature is required, and banishes needless anxiety.

What to do in emergency—how to select a good director—what the cost should be—these, and all essentials of modern methods, are dealt with briefly and frankly in the few pages devoted to them.

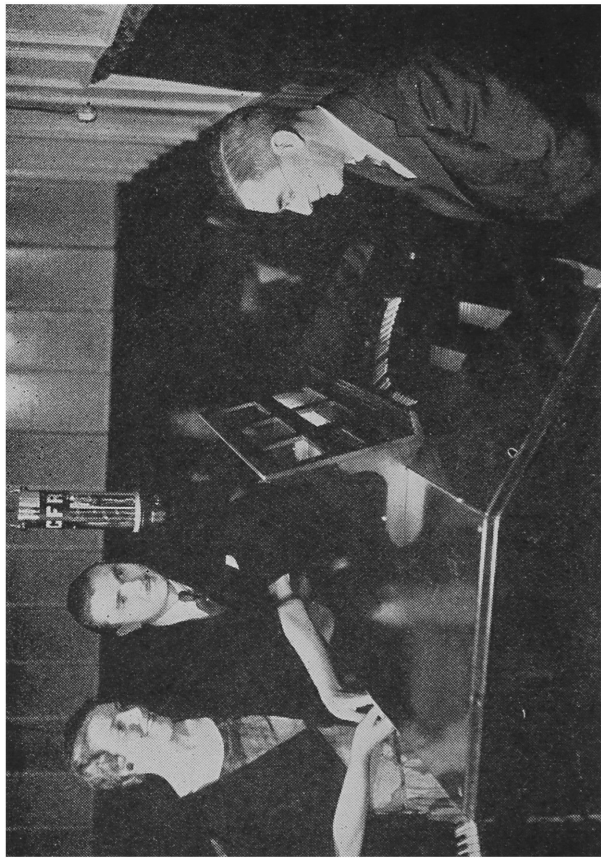
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THE TRULL FUNERAL HOME

1111 DANFORTH AVE., TORONTO

HARGRAVE 3111

Funeral service to all parts of Toronto & Suburbs



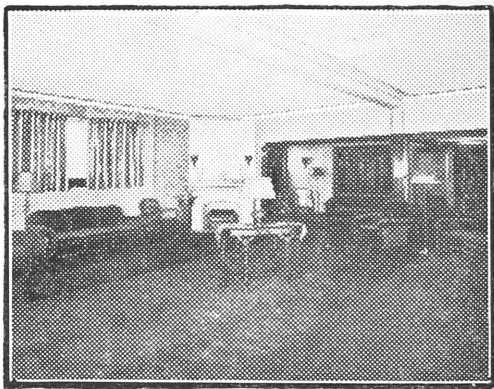
Left to Right, Jean McLachlan, Carl Tapscott and Harvey Robb.

EACH Sunday, the Trull program of favorite Sunday music is broadcast over Radio Station CFRB, Toronto. (The time of the broadcast is listed in the Toronto newspapers.)

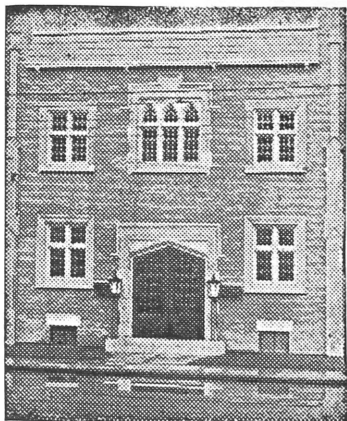
This program was originated in response to what seems a very general desire on the part of the public for a Sunday half-hour of music, suitable to the day, and which will appeal to young and older alike.

The artists on it are Harvey Robb, possibly Canada's most eminent and best beloved organist; Miss Jean McLachlan, recognized as one of the Dominion's most promising contraltos, and Carl Tapscott, the popular young tenor, who sometimes plays the organ as well while he and Harvey Robb combine in their piano and organ selections.

The programmes are made up almost entirely of numbers requested by our audience. We trust that you who listen to these broadcasts, find as much pleasure in hearing them, as we do in presenting them.



*Interior and
exterior views
of the Trull
Funeral Home
Danforth Ave.
Toronto.*



Beauty that Endures

AN old legend tells of Isolt, fair princess of Brittany, standing forlorn on her native strand, her wide eyes lingering long on the empty horizon of the gray North Sea, where last she has seen her beloved Tristan, dropping over the rim of the world and out of sight.

The good King Howell, father of Isolt, stands silent on the headland, watching. His great heart swells with compassion, and as he turns away to his castle, he knows that he will never forget this poignant picture of her loneliness. It has been etched indelibly in his memory.

And yet, as the years unfurl, he remembers much more than her dejection. In his mind's eye he sees her standing there, with white birds circling in the sunlight overhead. He sees the majestic roll of the waves on the eternal sea. He sees the fleecy clouds drifting aloft in the blue, and the blossoming heather blowing in the wind. And so the magnificence of Nature surrounding the lonely Isolt tempered the melancholy of his memory with a glow of enduring beauty.

Such is the comfort, the blessing, the benediction, that beauty bestows on memory. The pro-

duction of such beauty has ever been the goal of our endeavors in providing Trull Funeral Service.

To invest a beauty of memory in every deed, sparing no conceivable effort in providing services of immaculate refinement, always has been our ideal.

Nor have we, in adhering to this ideal, lost sight of the practical side. For our funeral service, meeting this high standard, may still be obtained at a cost as low as any in Toronto, well within the amount the average family can afford.

That thousands of families employ our services, is the result of our attitude of fair dealing; our policy of progress and constant improvement with thoroughly modern equipment and facilities; and also the sympathetic kindness and understanding which attend our every act.

It is difficult to gain an adequate understanding of what this organization stands for, by simply reading about it. We invite anyone in need to call us or come to us at any time for complete information and help in any of the problems which our field comprises. We shall be glad to give such assistance impartially and without obligation.

Modern Methods of Funeral Procedure

IN time of need, the Trull office should be called without delay. An experienced director immediately takes charge and relieves the family of all burdensome details. If desired, a limousine and chauffeur are placed at the family's disposal, without charge, for making cemetery, florist, or other calls.

Funeral service may be held at the family's home or church in any part of Toronto or its suburbs, or at the Trull Funeral Home, with equal economy. Of late years there has been a decided trend toward services in our funeral home because of the beauty and greater accomodation it affords. Private family rooms and reception rooms are provided. Pipe organ music is also furnished. There is no extra charge for this use of our funeral home.

We relieve the family of all responsibility of inserting newspaper notices, making cemetery arrangements and any other details they wish us to take care of.

Provision for Necessary Details

THERE are innumerable separate details connected with the proper conduct of a funeral. All of these are efficiently cared for by us so that the bereaved family is relieved of all possible worries and burdens.

When funeral service is required from Toronto or its suburbs to outside points, this can be provided either by train in conjunction with the local funeral director at destination, or by our own motor service direct. The charges under the latter plan are based on the distance and are very moderate. In either case, we can arrange all the details. We can also provide service from outside points to Toronto, when required.

Occasionally we are consulted on the subject of cremation. When this is requested, we are fully qualified to advise and make all arrangements.

Every day of the year we maintain twenty-four hour service to any part of the city and suburbs or elsewhere, and are thus available at any hour of the day or night.

Funeral Costs

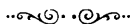
PERHAPS the wisest guide in funeral expenditure is the same one that we use in choosing our homes, our furniture, or other purchases; namely, our station in life, together with our circumstances.

To go below this standard, generally results in dissatisfaction. To go too far above it means overspending. Our policy is to give families every assistance and help so that they will be able to decide wisely for themselves.

While we advertise Trull funeral service chiefly on its quality, rather than on price, a complete funeral may be had here for as little as seventy dollars, including the use of our funeral home. Others appropriate to every family's station in life, may be had at very moderate prices proportionately. All our prices are clearly quoted, complete. No extras are charged for unless specifically ordered and stated.

What we would emphasize is that the utmost in beauty and complete attention may be obtained here at no higher cost than ordinary funeral service elsewhere.

Sympathy, friendliness and kindly understanding on such an occasion, provide a lasting comfort throughout the years which follow—beauty of memory that endures. To serve in such a manner is our principle and aim.



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*Funeral service to all parts of Toronto & Suburbs
as well as to outside points.*

Ambulance Service and Motor Outings for Shut-Ins

AS a separate department, this company operates what is possibly the finest ambulance service in Canada. Our latest limousine-type ambulance is a distinct improvement on older styles of cars. In addition to its greater riding comfort, its appearance like that of a limousine, is preferred by many people. All passengers are completely insured. Courteous, experienced attendants are in charge.

This service is available in all parts of Toronto and suburbs, to and from all hospitals in all parts of the city, to and from trains, boats and homes, as well as for X-Ray cases. We also operate to and from all points within 500 miles of Toronto. Charges are very moderate. We will be pleased to give quotations at any time.

Recently we also inaugurated our motor outing service for shut-ins, which makes it possible for such persons to enjoy the pleasure of motor drives, hitherto denied them. Rates on this are very reasonable for one, two or three hours.

Complete information about either of these services may be had by telephoning Hargrave 3111.



THROUGHOUT the years since we began, it has been our aim to be worthy of the confidence that thousands of families have placed in us.

This, together with a genuine desire to be of service that goes beyond the bounds of a mere commercial transaction, shall continue as in the past, to be the guiding principle of this company.

Lorne W. Trull,

Poems

Selected by WILLIAM R. ORR

IN selecting this little collection of poems, we have not attempted an anthology of the great works, but rather we have chosen them for the friendly philosophy, the warm human wisdom, and the encouragement, they possess. That they may serve our readers in this capacity is our wish.

* * *

These Things Endure

These things endure; the memory of a smile
That once lit up your true love's eager face;
The glory of the western sky, the while
The sun sinks slowly to its resting place,
The laughter of a child, its cry of pain,
The sighing of the night-wind through the trees,
The soft and gentle music of the rain,
The magic spell of starlight . . . These
Endure. So too, love's soft , sweet melodies
Bring back a fragrance from a far dim youth,
Singing forever, while their harmonies
Bridge o'er the years with beauty and with truth.

STEPHEN NORTH

Life's Mirror

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES

* * *

Memory

My mind lets go of a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and births of kings.
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower.
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The Eternal Goodness

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak,
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break
But strengthen and sustain.

JOHN WHITTIER

* * *

Let Me Grow Lovely

Let me grow lovely, growing old;
So many old things do;
Laces and ivory and gold
And silks need not be new.

And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold,
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

KARLE WILSON BAKER

Contentment

What little things give you delight,
A cottage white, a path to weed,
A tiny nest of fledgling wrens,
And six brown hens to tend and feed.
And new-born lambs on crooked legs,
Blue thrushes' eggs, old water mills,
And frothy milk in brimming cans,
And caravans, and dimpled hills;
And when the shadows gold grow long,
The blackbird's song begins to tire,
A corner in the ingle-nook,
A poetry book beside the fire.

C. L. LANYON

* * *

Parting

There at the front gate she shades her eyes against the morning sun and waves a final farewell, then turns into the house. She pauses on the front porch to pick up the forsaken doll and the little porridge dish and the silver spoon; and Tobey scratches at the screen as he wonders what journey has taken his little master away. Then the silence and loneliness that has come out of the vibrant morning is broken by the ringing of a distant bell—a sound that in turn silences the laughter of many children . . . and a few tears and a wistful smile and a caress for Tobey . . . the baby has started to school.

PHIL STREATOR

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide.
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best—his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON

* * *

The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

A Daddy Like Mine

Oh, I worried a lot (and what father has not?)
That our house was a little bit queer,
It's a roof from the rain, but old-fashioned and
plain,
For it's sheltered us many a year;
And the house is so small there's no parlor at all,
Just a living-room pleasant and bright,
Just a place where we play at the end of the day
Where we gather together at night.

Once a rich little girl, with her hair all a-curl,
Came to visit our own little lass,
And she talked of the things only wealth ever
brings,
Of the mansion you glimpse as you pass.
Then I feared that our own, who no riches had
known,
Would be wishing our house were as fine;
But she lifted her head, our wee daughter, and
said,

"But have you got a Daddy like mine?"

Yes, I worried, I guess, that I didn't possess
All the wealth that a mortal can win,
But I worry no more, though so humble our door
For I know there are riches within.
There's a fortune of old that is greater than gold,
It's a fortune that always will do,
If your children are glad, little lass, little lad,
That their dad is a daddy like you.

ANONYMOUS

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious moments passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Though deep in mire wring not your hands and
weep;

God lends his arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow!

WALTER MALONE.

* * *

Infection

A baby smiled in its mother's face;
The mother caught it, and gave it then
To the baby's father—serious case—
Who carried it out to the other men;
And every one of them went straight away
Scattering sunshine through the day.

In City Streets

Yonder in the heather, there's a bed for sleeping,
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,
(Ah, the springy moss upon a northern moor)
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares
and byways,
Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-
glinting,
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
Oh, for the little brooks that tremble as they run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,
Sloughing through the fir-tops up on northern fel's!
Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flow-
ing
Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells.

ADA SMITH

* * *

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

His New Brother

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nother,
 But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him.
 Wa'n't that queer?

He's so small, it's jest amazin'
And you'd think that he was blazin'
 He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
 On the head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar;
All he does is cry and holler,
 More and more;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him,
I don't see why Pa don't change him
 At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
 More'n a frog;
Why'll they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
 Have a dog?

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

The Psalm of Life

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end of way ;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW

* * *

In Degree

The lordly genius blooms for all to see
On the clear height of calm supremacy ;
My humbler dower they only find who pass
With eyes that search for violets 'mid the grass.

PAUL HAYNE.

Silver and Gold

You dream of the past when you're growing old,
You dream of youth's rich store of gold;
But gold's soon spent and naught remains
But gray-blown skies and silver rains.

For there is a Weaver at work in the sky
Who first weaves gold, then, bye and bye
When gold's all spent, He weaves instead
With rare, lovely strands of silver thread.

GEORGE THOMAS

* * *

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LONGFELLOW

Mud Pies

Down in a little back garden,
Under a sunny sky,
We made mud pies together,
My little sweetheart and I.
Stained was the little pink apron,
Muddy the jacket blue,
As we stirred and mixed and tasted,
Out in the sun and dew.

Why do I dream of that garden,
I who am old and wise
Why am I longing, longing,
For one of those old mud pies?
Oh, for the little pink apron,
Oh, for the jacket blue,
For the blessed faith of childhood
When make-believes are true.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

* * *

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night—and toss it over a continent or sea.
If the petalled white notes of a violin
Are blown across the mountains or a city's din;
If songs, like crimson roses, are culled from thin
blue air—

Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

A Prayer

Great God I ask Thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith
And my life practice more than my tongue saith.

* * *

Enough Reward

A singer's song may never reach
A single listening ear,
A poet's dream may never teach
A heart to cast out fear.

But though the song may never ring,
And though dreams can't come true;
God knows it's joy enough to sing
And dream a dream or two.

MARJORIE F. W.

Faith

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in Thine,
And surely know
That I was walking in the light divine
Through weal or woe;

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my trembling, groping wandering feet,
"This is the way."

I would so gladly walk therein, but now
I cannot see.
Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

There is no faith in seeing. Were we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river-bed,
No care, no fear,

We would be useless in the busy throng,
Life's work undone;
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true and strong,
Till better things are won.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

To a Waterfowl

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue,
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

And soon thy toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart;

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Courtesy

How sweet and gracious even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

* * *

The Poet's Lament

If all the poems that I have written
Were piled together in a pile,
And with a candle they were litten,
You could see the blaze for half a mile.

Take all the gold that I have gitten
For all the poems that I have wrote,
It would not harm a little kitten,
If molten and poured down its throat.

BILL NYE

Hope

Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

TENNYSON—*In Memoriam*

Immortality

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, as my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the whole world which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

VICTOR HUGO

* * *

There Is No Unbelief

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed
Beneath a sod,
And waits to see it
Push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

The Reward

The tired weaver, wearily,
Put down his finished tapestry.
Threadbare it seemed, and worn, and old,
Tarnished the few thin threads of gold.
Blurred the fabric and dull with tears;
Frayed were the ends with toil of years.

He came then to the Greatest One,
Who gently smiled, and said, "Well Done!
Within this fabric I can see
A life lived well and faithfully;
Your love of fellow-men and truth,
The sacrifices of your youth;
Your trust in life and things to be
Show plainly in your tapestry."
Before the weaver's eyes it grew
Bright with a radiance wholly new.

FLORENCE WELLBAND.

* * *

Heroism

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

LIZETTE WOODSWORTH REESE.

I Will Fear No Evil

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yea though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life.
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.



