

**THE ARTHUR
WINTER MEMORIAL
LIBRARY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649440009

The Arthur Winter Memorial Library by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**THE ARTHUR
WINTER MEMORIAL
LIBRARY**

810976

THE ARTHUR WINTER
MEMORIAL LIBRARY



ARTHUR WINTER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

THE
ARTHUR WINTER MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

IN

THE STATEN ISLAND ACADEMY

SAINT GEORGE, NEW BRIGHTON
NEW YORK

. . . . "If a thing divine,
Like thee, can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine."

—*Shelley*

CATALOGUE MDCCCXVI

B 1697.6

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
SWERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918



ARTHUR WINTER

Arthur Winter

Arthur Winter, second child of William Winter and Elizabeth Campbell Winter, was born in the house that is now (1906) number 26 Third Avenue, Fort Hill, New Brighton, Staten Island, on April 5, 1872, and the greater part of his short life was passed in this town. In 1879 his parents occupied the house that is now number 17 Third Avenue—which has ever since been their home—and in that house Arthur lived, during his school days at The Staten Island Academy, of which he became a pupil in its first year, 1884. (An elm tree is growing in the garden of that estate which came through the ground on the day when Arthur was born.) In that house his death occurred, under circumstances of peculiar affliction, on January 24, 1886. He had been fatally injured, in a coasting accident, in Fort Place, and he lingered ten days, in great agony. His grave is in the Silver Mount Cemetery, marked with a white stone, bearing this inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF ARTHUR WINTER
DEAR CHILD OF WILLIAM WINTER
AND ELIZABETH CAMPBELL WINTER
BORN APRIL 5, 1872. DIED JANUARY 24, 1886.

"Cold in the dust the perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once can never die."

Funeral Address by George William Curtis

George William Curtis, conducting the service at the funeral of Arthur Winter, January 27, 1886, spoke as follows:

In this hour no spoken word avails, nor is there any present consolation for the hearts that are bowed under this sore bereavement. We are here, not to try to comfort, or to argue, or to exhort, but only to take the hands of our friends, in tender love and sympathy, and say to them "God bless you." For their home is suddenly darkened. The young foot has flown where our eyes cannot follow it, into the silence which our voices cannot penetrate. We walk in mystery. In the midst of the beauty and joy of life the old and the young vanish from our side.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead."

Yet the love that cannot relinquish them, that must cling and will cling forever, is itself the best assurance that the eager mind can ask no questions which shall not be at last clearly answered, nor the fond heart cherish any hope which shall not be amply fulfilled. It is this consciousness, beyond our knowledge or argument, or even reason, which makes the sweet placidity of death symbolic of something beyond death, and enables us, as we hear the prophet's question—the deepest question of the human heart—"Is it well with the child?" to answer, with the Shunamite mother, "It is well."

Although for many years the friend and neighbor of the father and mother of this beloved child, I did not personally know him. But I have been told of his high promise, his noble nature, his sweet and generous character, and the early sign of that rare quality which we call genius. Even at this early age—as indeed is not strange in this home—he was singularly versed in English literature and was familiar with the greatest of poets; and he charmed his elders with the sincerity of his pleasure in them. Happily this was no mental dissipation. It did not breed negligence of other studies, even of that exact kind which are sometimes incongruous with such literary tastes. But he easily excelled in the various branches of early study,