

Whose touch divinely healed our bitter smarts,
And each to-morrow
Gilded with hope.

What then? Bereft we stand,
And of Death's ravage
And the Hereafter, scarce we understand
More than the savage;
But, by this memory-honoured, lordly grave,
Where they are sleeping,
We, for our lost and great, may humbly crave
Heaven's high keeping!

BERNARD MCEVOY

Toronto, July 6th, 1899.