

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.*