

## The Hope of Resurrection.

Weeping may endure for a night  
But joy cometh in the morning.

Yesterday was the saddest day in the history of Halifax, when the unidentified dead from the terrible explosion were publicly laid away. There is a tragic side to the whole matter that seems unequalled, and yet there is an added pathos in this particular phase. For it is not merely that all the bodies were marred beyond recognition. That was true in many cases and was sad enough, but many more were not claimed because there was nobody left to claim them. They were people for the most part born and bred in Halifax; they had their joys and their sorrows here; they were integral parts of the City's life.

Some were men who had given the best of their years here; some were mothers whose children the world over would rise up and call them blessed; some were the girls and boys who were the hope of the City, and some were tender little infants, the joy of their households, and yet they were there silent and unclaimed, no loving though sorrowing heart that had cherished them to ache with pain for them; no eye that had watched to shed a tear over, no hand that had ministered to them in life to do any of the last sad offices for them. They are mourned by the whole community—nay more—by this country and all others whose hearts have been stirred with pity during the past ten or twelve days, but the grief is not personal. All who loved them best are either sleeping with them, or far away overseas fighting that other children may live, or are too ill to stand the strain of trying to identify.

It would be black, indeed, were this life the end of all, if the first solemn strains of the "Dead March in Saul," told the whole story. But the triumphant note is not missing. It is still possible to cry with hope and faith, "O Death, where is thy sting; O Grave where is thy victory!" In the hope of the resurrection in which all mankind believes, a resurrection that makes the soul of man to triumph over all and to live again here, beautifying and ennobling all life that shall come after, as well as that resurrection to a life hereafter to which the Christian clings, Halifax reverently lays away its unidentified dead. Unidentified by man but not unknown to Him who notes even the sparrow's fall.

There must we leave them, returning to our homes and our work feeling that upon us rests the responsibility of so building and conducting the new City to arise on the ashes of the old, as to make of it the most enduring monument to the memory of those whose hopes, plans, aims and ideals they themselves might not fulfil. Sad as was the day, it may be the greatest day in the City's history if we as a people consecrate ourselves to the new and better spirit whose highest expression is true civic consciousness.

—Halifax Chronicle, Dec. 18, 1917.