



FORGOTTEN MEN

A grave at the end of the trail !
What cheer for the hand that was destined to smite
The hard, sullen heart of the hills till the night
Of age and decrepitude ended the fight !
He lies at the end of the trail.
What cheer for the men who fail !

His name is long written in dust.
The click of the drill and the sturdy pick blow
Cut deep in the rock ; but no future may know
The name of the man who lies sleeping below.
His broken pick reddens with rust.
His cabin door crumbles to dust.

He was a Knight of the Grail.
No danger so potent, no hardship so black,
No menace of avalanche over his track
Could shake his proud spirit or make him turn back.
He was a Knight of the Grail—
And he lies at the end of the trail.

These were the men who dared.
Far out in the wild, with the rocks for a bed,
With Hope always mocking and pointing ahead,
Till Time laid a hand on the rugged old head.
These were the men who dared.
And nobody knew—or cared.

A song to the Unknown Men !
The stout patient hearts who were destined to fail ;
Who conquered the West in pursuit of the Grail
And died in their rags at the end of the trail !
A song to the Unknown, then !
Here's how ! To Forgotten Men !

—LOWELL OTUS REESE.

