

again, that ancient, bitter cry of the Hebrew king, "Oh! my son, my son! Would God I had died for thee! my son, my son!" yet we, too, have learned that grief may be "half gladness," that even those who are "sorrowful" may be "always rejoicing." We rejoice that he whom our soul has loved has met the stern test that awaited him without faltering, that he has played the man, and left a fair record behind him. We rejoice that it has been his privilege to give himself, and our privilege to give him, not for our Empire only, but, in his own words, "for a cause even greater, nobler and more enduring than that of our Empire," for the cause of Humanity and the World's Freedom. Not unmindful of his limitations and shortcomings, we rejoice that we have possessed him as he was. We rejoice that we possess him still in the undying union of spirit with spirit, and that the eye of faith beholds him in a happier world where, the Hardships of the Way forgotten, "the spirits of just men made perfect," are gathered, and do "shine forth and are as the morning."

FOLKESTONE,

*All Saints' Day.*

1st November, 1916.