

Although less than a year old, this military cemetery is already much peopled. This, it seems to say, is the price you must pay for liberty. Endless rows upon rows of graves—so and so, aged 25—so and so, aged 23—the flower of France and Britain cut off in the days of strength. A spirit of rebellion seems to get hold of you until you convince yourself that there must be an immortality as ageless as that of the Spartan heroes of Thermopylæ.

If I knew Major Markham aright, I think, perhaps, he would have preferred to rest in some isolated spot, among the boys of the Canadian Scottish, who, like him, gave their all.

A pause was made at the entrance to the cemetery, and again the pipe band played a lament. A firing party was resting on arms reversed, and came to the "present" as the cortege passed onward. Then could be heard faintly the opening words of the burial service, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

At the side of the grave stood General Alderson and Brigadier-General Leckie. Major Peck took the place of Colonel J. Leckie, who was ill, and gathered around stood staff officers, officers, non-commissioned officers and men, each and all paying tribute and respect to a fallen comrade.

The burial service was conducted by Canon Scott; with reverence and dignity he read the lessons as only a lover of poetry can read them, and there were few who had not a lump in their throat as he read the words of the great message to the Corinthians—that message of hope in perplexity—that message of assurance of something beyond—"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Then came the Benediction. Over the grave three volleys were fired, and between them came the weird wail from the pipes of the "Point of War," then—"Lochaber No More" and the "Last Post."

We marched away in silence, leaving behind all that was mortal, in the sure and certain hope.