

The greatest tribute one can pay to the address is that it had sympathy and suggestiveness. Men were thinking beyond the actual words of the preacher as he spoke of immortality under that perfect sky.

The drone of distant aeroplanes gave reality to the scene. Along the road a stream of lorries and motors hurried by. The occupants coming without warning past the open gate, saluted instinctively as they sped.

The Immortal Hope—how near it has come. How strange that mortals in mud-coloured woollens and leather boots should have stumbled upon such a thought.

There was a time when the other world seemed inhabited by the old, the weak and unfortunate who, for various reasons, had either completed this life, or were better away. But as I looked on that field, it was the youngest, the bravest, and the best spirits of our age who seemed to be there. Immortality is nearer and more real than ever.

Then one thought of the dynamic of a Great Ideal. It has come to pass that the name of liberty has been made holy for our generation. Let them who, by kneeling at the devil's feet, thought to win the world, weep—ay, let them weep!

“But we

With eyes undimmed march on, our morning robes
Bejewelled by the deeds of those that die,
Lustre on lustre, till no sable patch
Peeps through their brilliance.”

After the address, the nurses turned to the right and left among the graves, and scattered their flowers as they went.

Then came the most thrilling moment of the day. The trumpeters stepped forward and the “Last Post” rang out over the hills and sea.

There were three instruments of different tone which blended with perfect harmony. The first was high and clear like the spirit of the Rocky Mountains. The second was sweet and gentle, like the genius of our rivers; and the third was the sound of a storm over a northern forest. Together it was the voice of Canada, in mingled anguish and pride, lamenting her sons.

The benediction was pronounced by the British Deputy Chaplain General, and so one of the most interesting services I ever witnessed came to an end.

“God Save the King” came almost as a relief. It brought us down to earth again and reminded us that the vision moments of life are not held by dreaming of them, but by standing to “Attention,” moving to the right in fours, and carrying on.