

From the same.

19th June, 1916.

“ Our David and Jonathan are no longer separated. Victor was killed instantly by a shell on the 15th. He died in the flush of conscious victory.

“ They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their deaths they were not long divided.”

In the letter of the 14th June, the touching little poem, “ Carry On,” quoted below, written by Professor Van der Smissen on the occasion of the death at the front of the only son of a friend, a Canadian Army Chaplain, was enclosed :—

“ CARRY ON.”

Soldier and priest, his suppliant hands upraised,
 The sacrificial garland on his brow,
 Stood Xenophon, the friend of Socrates,
 Who led his Greeks from Tigris to the sea,
 Before the altar of Olympian Zeus
 At Elis, offering sacrifice and prayer
 For Victory against the Theban hosts,
 His country's foes, on Mantinea's plain.
 But lo ! when from the altar rose the flame
 Came a swift messenger and from afar
 Cried out : “ O Xenophon, thy son is slain ! ”
 Firm stood the father, but removed the wreath
 As one who mourned the dead, and carried on
 Unfaltering, both prayer and sacrifice.
 But when the messenger of death spake on :
 “ He nobly fell, fighting to save his friends ! ”
 No longer mourning, Xenophon restored
 The wreath, and offered thanks unto the gods,
 Bending his own will to the Will Divine.
 And so, dear friend, whose only son was slain,
 Giving his life that others might be saved,
 Thou too, a soldier-priest, wilt carry on,
 Undaunted still, both sacrifice and prayer
 Blending thine own will with the Will Divine.