

Over the Canadian Battlefields

Speak for them, the lost do not ask us for
pity or for hopeless grief:

“They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow
old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun in the morning
We will remember them.”

For those who mourn for the unreturning brave there are secret springs of consolation! The ending of the full-lived life is not tragic; the symbol of poignant grief is the broken column that bespeaks the day that ended in the morning. But for those who die for their country there is not this sense of irremediable loss, this feeling of the un-lived life, the unfulfilled dream. There is an instinct deep-hidden in human life which tells the mourner that for the man who falls upon the field of honor his life has come full circle whatever the tale of his years; and that somewhere in the divine scheme of things there is compensation for the lost experiences and achievements.