

secration of our own lives to follow in their footsteps? Can we hesitate to consecrate ourselves, our souls and bodies, as they did, to the service of our fellow-men! I think not.

We cannot conclude this memorial of our heroic dead without a word of sympathy to their parents and relatives. It is hard to give that sympathy any fitting expression, but we wish them to know that their grief is our grief, and that we claim a part in their sorrow, just as we claim a part in the pride and glory that is theirs through what their beloved ones have done for us. And so we say to them in the words of a Canadian poet:

"Not in the horns and trumpets—but e'en as the mourners kneel,
Thus shall a nation whisper: Know ye the pride we feel,
Ye who have paid our ransom, paid it in blood and tears,
Your sons have brought us freedom. Look! They have changed
the years.
And the thing they have brought us is finer than palace, or jewels,
or gold;
The right of the weak to flourish, as the strong have flourished of
old.
Ye,—ye have sown in your tears that a world may reap in its joy,
Ye also have cleansed the years . . . with the life of your boy."

Upon the monumental crosses that mark the graves in France and Flanders are to be carved the words: "Their name liveth for evermore." That is a splendid sentence, a fitting sentiment for the passer-by. But we can offer to every parent who mourns for a son, a message of greater comfort and of deeper assurance. To such a parent we can say with profound conviction, in the words of the Captain of our salvation: "Go thy way; thy son LIVETH."

"O VALIANT HEARTS"

O valiant hearts, who to your glory came,
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.