

What love will comfort our declining years?
Why should'st thy life been given?
My heart with grief be riven?
Hush, Soul! God knoweth all. His way is best,
So trust—and rest!

RANDOLPH

"Oldest of all my flock—thine not to lead;
Content with life, thy ev'ry act and deed
Proclaimed thy life sincere;
Thy conscience void of fear
Save of thy God. 'Mid Ypres' bloody strife
You yielded—life.

"My longing arms would clasp thee once again!
Instead, the aching void, the bitter pain.
Why should'st thou, too, have gone
Ere yet thy eyes saw Vict'ry's dawn?
Oh, Soul, be still! Hast thou no trust?
God ruleth! It is just.

HENRY

"Oh, thou whose merry laugh and glances bright
Filled this poor mother heart with keen delight,
Whose careless spirit often won reproof,
From danger ne'er thou kept'st aloof.
Daring thy birthright, when I would show
Thy duty was to me, thou whispered'st 'No!
'There's duty, mother—I must go.'

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"The Raven's Rock!*" I hear thy merry call.

Oh! God, that this one, too, should fall!

I had but one—but one lad left.
Oh! cruel war, to leave me thus bereft!

Yet I can hear thy dear voice to me say

'Look up—and pray.'

JOHN

"Last, but not least. Where lie the brave

Thou sleepest also in a soldier's grave.

Steady and fearless, loyal thou, and true.

Why could not God in mercy have spared you?

Was it for this that thou wert sent to me?

Fain would I see!

"Thy vows when round our ingle-nook

Our converse would upon the future look.

'Let them fare forth who may! With thee, dear mother, I will stay.'

How bootless did they prove! Oh! God above,

Is this Thy love?

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"What! Did I hear you speak to me From resting-places far beyond the sea?

'Look up, dear mother! Look and pray.

'Tis morning, mother. Lo! the day

Breaks on the world.' Dear heart, have rest!

My God, I thank Thee. It was best. I bow submissive to Thy rod.

For Love is God."

—C. N. H.

*Glencoe's battle cry.