

They humbly kneel, and as they turn away,
The clouded sun shines forth in streaming ray
And lights with fire the cross of faded red,
War-worn and tattered, resting overhead.

Stern sign of conflict ! Speechless tale you tell
Of battle's lurid light, of shot and shell.
Beneath you moves in faith, no foe to dread,
A living cross o'er nave and transept spread.

"By this sign conquer," flamed upon the sky
To Constantine of old, still be the cry
Of every soldier 'neath the cross three-fold
That Honour, Justice, Right, and Might uphold.

TORONTO, November 18th, 1899.