

From England, Austral, many a Scottish hill  
Where 'mong the heather sweet, the blue-bell blows  
From Erin, where the shamrock blooms at will  
From "Lady of the Snows" they came,  
And now beneath an alien sky  
In many a lonely valley, side by side  
By Death, made closer brothers, do they lie:—  
The Brave, who nobly died.

And added to those who paid the supreme sacrifice on the field of honor, will be the terrible aftermath of human wreckage that will strew the path of the next fifty years. What is our responsibility towards these and especially their offspring and dependents? Can we as a nation avoid responsibility for respectful interment at death of any man who has responded—either voluntarily or by draft—to the rally to arms, should that man subsequent to discharge, fall on hard times, and die friendless and in indigency?

Technically, the Government to-day finds a way out of its responsibility in this matter, though morally it cannot, and the shame and ingratitude of abandonment of its heroes in the last extremity redounds to the nation's disgrace.

Let us for a moment consider the class from which we principally draw our fighting men—It is true that the Empire as a whole has furnished of her very best blood, and men of position and wealth, but nevertheless it is an incontrovertible fact that the vast majority have been of the humbler and improvident classes who live practically from hand to mouth, and who when adversity and the Reaper come upon them, have little or nothing financially to fall back upon; in consequence, it is not surprising that perforce many are obliged to suffer humiliation and admit their improvidence, under the most trying circumstances; and strange, though nevertheless true to humanity's traits, there are those amongst us small enough to have little sympathy for enforced penury, going so far as suggest that failure to provide for such a contingency as death merits the reward it gets from the nation—a pauper's grave. While the writer would fain deny the most despicable human creature