

Mountain View.

O silent city of our sainted dead,
Holding our lonely, hungry hearts in thrall
By those dear forms, each in its narrow bed,
Our frail homes' tribute to thy never-ceasing call;

Sad, silent city of our sorrowed dead,
Whose streets, all wet with unavailing tears,
Hear words of love, now all so bootless said,
That held such weight of gladness in life's long, lost years;

Calm, silent city of our treasured dead,
Securely guarded by yon snow-capped heights,
While over all, God's kindly arch, outspread,
Tells off, with sun and stars, the passing days and nights;

Sweet, silent city of our holy dead,
Haven of rest to all the weary land,
With reverent step thy lengthening lanes we tread,
Where, pointing to the light, thy marble sentries stand.

Dear, silent city of our living dead,
Who haunt and woo us through this troubled life,
Flinging the peace that cradles each still head
O'er our restless ways and all our useless strife;

Blest, silent city of our happy dead,
Here Heaven rests forever on the earth,
Here, only here, is love's full meaning read—
"Our lives are hid in God, and death is life's rebirth."

Vancouver, February 15th, 1914.

—J. M.