

## LOSS AND GAIN

*To James Metcalfe MacCallum.*

The four Dire Years for ever marked blood red  
In Time's dark Calendar of Human Woe,  
Are now with Agonies of Long Ago.  
And we are free to miss, and mourn Our Dead,  
And faintly breathe relief from torturing Dread,  
To count our Losses, and at length to know  
Ourselves as henceforth poorer here below,  
The Worat of Life draws on; the Best is fled.

Yet in despite of all the Spoiler Years,  
Old Friends, and true, and tested atill remain  
Who know our faults and love us none the  
less,  
And in this Christmas Peace that heals and cheers,  
We clearly see Their Love as Life's chief Gain,  
And bless Their Names, and call on GOD  
to bless.

*Nativ. Dom. Nos. MCMXIX.*