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EDITORIAL.

"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE."

By order of the King, British officers have carried a number of floral tributes to the cemeteries of Paris to be placed on the graves of French soldiers who have fallen in the war, and in so doing His Majesty interpreted the feelings of every person of sensibility in the Empire, whose first instinct is to pay homage to the glorious dead.

"With a great price obtained I this freedom." As we think of the seven hundred thousand British soldiers who have paid that price, those of us whose freedom was purchased at the cost of their lives realize the magnitude of their sacrifice, and pray that we may be worthy of it, for its splendour and its wonder surpass our comprehension.

The small seasoned army whose business in life had been soldiering led the van, and thousands fell as heroes fall, face to foe, fighting for freedom and honour. Then without hesitation there leapt into the gaps the young manhood of the Empire, fresh from the public schools, debonair and unafraid, from city offices, from the slums of the great towns, from country home-steads, from the furthest outposts of Empire.

Shoulder to shoulder they made of their flesh and blood a living barrier against which the hordes of Huns flung shell and shot and poison gas in vain. They too died gallantly in their thousands, so did the heroes of Gallipoli, and other gallant men, under tropical suns in Mesopotamia and Africa, and on many another battle front and "some there be who are perished as though they never had been," but "their name liveth for evermore."

Nor do these 700,000 dead British soldiers complete the toll taken of brave young lives. Our hospitals are still filled with the aftermath of war, we cannot walk

abroad without meeting men maimed, or disfigured or blinded, and, as to their lives' end they will bear the burden of their gallantry, so we too, for whom they made the great sacrifice must, if we have any sensibility, share their burden, and feel its weight—a weight of suffering so great that it oppresses the world. Our thankfulness that at last the holocaust of butchery and rapine has ceased will be marked by the sober joy of those whose freedom has been bought with a price, and who cherish in their hearts the remembrance of the sacrifice of countless dead. We are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, that we instinctively walk reverently as if on holy ground.

Grief hears the funeral knell; hope hears the ringing of birthday bells on high;

Faith, hope, and love make answer with soft singing,

Half carol and half cry.

So will we cherish the memory of our dead, and in days to come beautify the graves where their bodies hallow the countryside where they fell. The inscription selected for their sleeping places by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "Their name liveth for evermore," will keep fresh in our minds our obligation by lofty purpose, and high endeavour, to walk worthy of the heritage bequeathed to us by those who died that we might live.

When a Sovereign of these Realms is gathered to his fathers, the accession of his successor is proclaimed, and then a period is set before the Coronation and accompanying festivities, a custom which we recognise as seemly and fitting.

Would it not also be decorous, in a country in which there is hardly a house which has not mourned one near and dear, that after the proclamation of Peace, a period of public mourning should be officially proclaimed in honour of our dead?

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