



Could I, his mother, have clasped the hand
Of the son I loved so well,
Or kissed his brow when death was nigh,
And whispered, "Dear James, farewell."

When last we saw his smiling face,
He looked so strong and brave,
We little thought how soon he would
Be laid in a soldier's grave.

So ready to answer the call to the brave,
Though he knew glory's path oft leads to
the grave.
What more or what better could any man give
Than his life for his country, that others
might live.

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In Loving Memory
OF

PRIVATE JAMES HAMILTON,

Seaforth Highlanders,

(Beloved son of Grace and John Hamilton),

*Who died in France on Wednesday, 4th September,
1918, from wounds received in action,*

Aged 23 Years.

5 Swinhill Terrace,
By Larkhall, Lanarkshire.