1899

Memorial Day 1899

Iowa. Dept. of Public Instruction

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MEMORIAL DAY
1899

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
STATE OF IOWA
ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Teachers of Iowa:

Decoration Day, or Memorial Day as it is now usually called, is the day set apart for commemorating the services of those who lost their lives in the service of their country.

The day had its origin one year after the fall of Fort Sumter. It is reported that on May 30, 1862, an Iowa woman, accompanied by the wife and two daughters of a chaplain of the Second Michigan volunteers, entered the beautiful cemetery at Arlington and decorated with flowers the graves of the dead soldiers in the National cemetery. The kindly interest shown in 1862 was manifested by the same loyal women the next year. The beautiful service of the women attracted the attention of others. With years the custom has grown, until today thousands, actuated by noble impulses, show forth a loving spirit by paying homage to the sons who died that their country might live. The day should be observed in a sacred manner. Good citizens everywhere deplore the fact that the day is too often given to the playing of games, and sports of various kinds. The way in which the day will be observed in the future depends in part upon your teaching and influence today.

The historic events of the past year will, if possible, make the observance of Memorial Day even more sacred than ever. As teachers you will honor not alone those who died in the cause of freedom, but country, home and self, by assisting the Grand Army of the Republic or the citizens of your community in the proper observance of the day. This leaflet is presented with the hope that it will prove helpful to you in preparing a suitable program. It will add to the interest if some of the parents are invited to participate in the exercises. Try to make all feel that the schools belong to all the people; that they are free schools, and that their safety, as well as the safety of citizens, depends upon their successful maintenance.

Invitations signed by a committee from the school may be sent to all parents. A statement that you wish their presence and cooperation in the work for home and country will not be unappreciated. Whatever may be the order of exercises, it should be a part of the program to decorate the graves of fallen heroes and loved ones. Let no grave in a secluded nook escape a flowery wreath.

"Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Crown them with garlands, those brothers of ours."

Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD C. BARRET,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.
A CORDIAL GREETING FROM THE OLD SOLDIERS.

WAVERLY, April 21, 1899.

To the State Superintendent, County Superintendents, Teachers and Pupils of Iowa:

In the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, I send you cordial greeting and convey to you thanks for the loyal and efficient manner in which you have observed Memorial Day in the past.

A third of a century ago the old soldiers were young. In the time of the rallying of the Grand Army for the defense of the nation in its greatest peril, the sight was not infrequent of a company of volunteers, made up, to a large extent, of members of a school, drawn up on the playground to receive the parting words of teachers before marching away to the war, from which so many never returned. The Grand Army of the Republic is in fellowship with the grand army of teachers and pupils of the public schools of to-day, who will make the nation of to-morrow. You have shown yourselves true and loyal in your country's recent effort to liberate the oppressed. They have in that assuring hope that you will continue to keep the graves of the defenders of the country decorated when the last of them is laid to rest; and, what is more, keep the country committed to your charge.

While expressing gratitude for the past, they invite you to participate in the observance of Memorial Day this year. Let us make it a happy day, for never had a generation a fairer heritage. Let us make it a patriotic day, for never were liberties purchased and institutions maintained at greater price. These will not be continued and enlarged by thoughtless seekers of pleasure. It will be a day in the presence of our country's heroic dead. We greet you and congratulate you.

Yours very cordially,

R. D. PARSONS,
Special Aide in charge of Patriotic Exercises.

BY ORDER OF R. W. TIRRILL, DEPARTMENT COMMANDER.

Approved officially.

H. A. DYER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Song.
Scripture reading—
   A Message to the Young—Eccl. 12: 1-7, or
   The Greatest Thing in the World—I Cor. 13.

Song.
Recitation by a girl.
Reading by teacher, "A Cordial Greeting from the Old Soldiers."
Recitations by pupils.
Reading by a pupil, "The Iowa National Guard."
Recitation by a boy, "The Strenuous Life."

Song.
Roll call.
Quotations given by pupils.
Short address by citizen or teacher.
Decoration of graves.

(The department of public instruction is indebted to the Lothrop Publishing company, Boston, for electrotypes used in this leaflet.)
NATURE’S TOKENS.

For eight pupils, each carrying the flowers of which he speaks. The first pupil leads, and with muffled drumsticks beats time softly.

All repeat—

We go to-day with solemn tread,
   In May time's fairest hours,
To deck each brave, true soldier's grave
   With purest, sweetest flowers.

First Pupil—

I carry deep blue violets;
   Of faithfulness these speak.
For faithful soldiers, true and brave,
   I'll take these flowers meek.

Second Pupil—

I've a bunch of fresh elm leaves;
   Of patriots these tell,
Who marched, fought, suffered, won,
   'Midst furious shot and shell.

Third Pupil—

I bring these lilies, sweet and pure;
   O ring, each fragrant bell!
Ring of deeds so brave, so great,
   Of our Grand Army tell.

Fourth Pupil—

Syringa flowers I bring to-day;
   'Tis memory's reverent flower.
From year to year we'll keep alive,
   Memorial Day's fair hour.

Fifth Pupil—

And sweetest roses, bending low,
   Shall deck the soldier's bed;
For these bring love from our young hearts,
   Love for our honored dead.

Sixth Pupil—

And these oak leaves, for bravery,
   I'll place upon a mound;
They tell of brave and loyal deeds
   On our country's battle ground.

Seventh Pupil—

And the laurel wreath lay tenderly—
   It's glory shall never fade.
But evermore shall brightly tell
   Where our brave heroes all are laid.
TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG.

BY N. M. HUBBARD, CEDAR RAPIDS.

We each have two lives, an individual and a national life. Our individual lives are short, but we all hope that the nation, of which we are a part and with which we leave our children, may endure forever.

The instinct of self-preservation of the individual life is strong, but our desire for the immortality of the nation is far stronger, for we are all willing to sacrifice our individual lives, if need be, to save the life of the nation.

AND THIS IS PATRIOTISM, AND OUR FLAG IS ITS TOKEN, ITS BUCKLER AND SHIELD.

Perhaps none love the flag like the soldier. He sees it riddled with shot and shell! He sees the color-bearer fall in death, and the flag for a moment go down! Instantly another patriot seizes it and bears it aloft, waving defiance to its enemies!

He remembers amid the roar of cannon that it is the flag of Washington and his compatriots of the revolution; that it is the flag of General Jackson and the heroes of 1812; that it is the flag of Scott and Taylor and the gallant army of Mexico in 1846; that it is the flag of Lincoln, Grant and Sherman and the army of the Union.

AND IT IS THE ONLY FLAG THAT WAVES IN ALL THE WORLD THAT NEVER KNEW DEFEAT.

When he uplifts the flag, he knows it is the emblem of liberty wrested from persecution and oppression.

It is the flag that guards our citadel of justice and national honor.

It typifies the equality of all men before the law.

It is the ensign of the government of the people, by the people and for the people.

It is the symbol of universal suffrage and universal emancipation.

Our flag is the talisman and halo of the bond of union of all the states forever.

It is the sign by which we conquer. It is the guiding star of our fervor and the New Jerusalem of our patriotism.

It is the rainbow of promise that this nation shall not perish. It is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide our children and our children's children and their descendants along the pathway of intelligence, virtue, integrity and honor forevermore.

And as we near the shores of the eternal morning, the old flag lifts the soul to new visions of the future glory of our common country.

SACRIFICE FOR THE UNION.

After a heavy battle in the southwest, a wounded soldier was taken to the Nashville hospital, his arm so shattered that it had to be amputated at the shoulder. When the chloroform sleep was over he raised the cloth and finding it gone, called for it and said: "Let me look at you once again," addressing it as follows: "Farewell, my good right arm; never again will you aim a carbine or swing a sabre in defense of the government." Then lifting his eyes to those who were at his side, he said, as the tears rolled down his face: "Don't think I regret the loss of this, my strong, right arm; it has been torn from my body that not one state shall be torn from the glorious union."
TRUE HEROISM.

"He who plows and plants that others may reap is of noble blood; but he who dies that a nation may live is made of the stern stuff that justifies the songs that sing his deeds and the wreathed marble that marks the sacred spot where his ashes sleep. * * * True heroism is self abnegation. It is only when toil and sacrifice are inspired by a desire to secure the happiness of others that these noble virtues attain their highest forms, and prove the title to heroic living. The world's heroes have not all stood on the high cliffs of prominence before the gaze of their admiring multitudes. Some of this royal line have walked in unapplauded silence where the blaze of human glory rested on their bare brows."

OUR COLORS.

Red! 'tis the hue of battle,  
The pledge of victory;  
In sunset light, in northern night,  
It flashes brave and free.  
"Then paint with red thy banner,"  
Quoth Freedom to the Land,  
"And when thy sons go forth to war,  
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,  
Of everlasting truth;  
The snowy robe of childhood,  
The stainless mail of youth.  
Then paint with white thy banner,  
And pure as northern snow  
May these thy stately children  
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,  
The morning's gold-shot arch,  
The burning deeps of noontide,  
The stars' unending march.  
Then paint with blue thy banner,  
And bid thy children raise  
At daybreak, noon, and eventide  
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,  
In threefold strength to-day  
Raise high the flag triumphant,  
The banner glad and gay.  
"And keep thou well thy colors,"  
Quoth Freedom to the Land,  
"And 'gainst a world of evil  
Thy sons and thou shall stand."

—Laura E. Richards.

For the privilege of publishing the above beautiful verses, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of that excellent periodical, the Youth's Companion.
SOME FAMOUS PATRIOTS.

FROM "TEACHERS' WORLD."

(The following is to be recited by eight boys, to be dressed, if possible, like the pictures of the respective men mentioned. The sailor and soldier suits may be made of paper, muslin or some such cheap material. Wooden swords, tied with red, white and blue ribbon, should be carried in the right hand.)

Paul Jones—"I have not begun to fight yet."

"In that well known battle,
Where we fought with all our might,
When they thought we were defeated,
We had not begun to fight."

Oliver H. Perry—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

"After a bloody meeting,
Between two mighty powers,
I was proud to send the message,
'We have met them, they are ours.'"

Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship."

"When wounded, sore and dying,
I told my men so brave,
'Do not give up the ship at all,
Our honor we must save.'"

Hale—"I regret that I have only one life to give for my country."

"I gave my life up gladly,
To aid my country dear.
If I'd had many lives to give,
I'd have lost them without fear."

U. S. Grant—"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

"I proposed to fight it in my way,
If all summer it should take,
And if once I made a complete plan,
I would never have it break."

Jackson—"Stonewall."

"I stood as firmly as I could,
And faced the cannon ball,
My soldiers, cheered and comforted,
Called me their 'Old Stonewall.'"

B. F. Butler—"Contraband of war."

"Whene'er the negroes ran away,
I said, 'contraband of war,'
And that meant that they were free to go,
And need return no more."

Daniel Webster—"Liberty and union, now and forever."

"Liberty and union, be ours forevermore,
Our country undivided be,
And peace and happiness we'll see."

—L. Blumenthall.
Gathered in vast assemblies on this Memorial Day and moving with measured tread beneath the "stars and stripes," a grateful nation lays its floral tributes upon the graves of its heroic dead. The opening flowers and the buoyancy of early spring-time call anew to the mind the fresh and vigorous young manhood that, a generation ago, offered itself a willing sacrifice for the preservation of National Union—to them no less dear than was independence to the sires of '76. A grateful remembrance of such patriotic devotion and such valorous deeds is an inspiration in the homes and at the firesides of a free people, and begets a higher appreciation of liberty and a greater love of country.

This truth has been clearly illustrated in the last year, within which time, responding to the call of the president of the United States, supplemented by that of the governors of the several states, an army of 200,000 volunteers stepped forth from the ranks of civil life to battle for country and humanity. The unselfish patriotism of this prompt movement, coupled with the valor of the regular army and that of Columbia's matchless navy, has caused America,

"The land of the free
And the home of the brave,"

to stand forth to-day before the world a greater and more highly honored nation than ever before.

With pride and satisfaction it can be said that these heroic men were from the schools of our country, where, as well as from platform and rostrum, newspaper and magazine, patriotism is taught and reverence for the flag is instilled.

In this struggle for the rights of humanity, Iowa, with her four stalwart regiments, was early in the field—armed, equipped and ready for duty—ready to strike off the fetters of tyranny, release the down-trodden from the iron heel of oppression and raise to the plane of a nobler manhood benighted peoples and tribes in the near and far away "isles of the seas."

"Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

On land and sea, in army and navy, lives dear to loved ones at home are ever in peril, and for these loyal, unselfish lives, teachers and pupils of Iowa, brave men and fair women, true citizens of a great commonwealth, cherish the highest regard and will lovingly remember and ever pay tribute to the patriotic volunteer of "The Iowa National Guard." Very respectfully,

MELVIN H. BYERS,
Adjutant-General.
"We never desert."
THE FIRST DECORATION DAY PROCLAMATION.

[Extract from the G. A. R. Commander-in-Chief's Order, May 5, 1868.]

We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the concentrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverend visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.—John A. Logan.

EMBLEMS OF DECORATION DAY.

I.
(Child with bunch of red roses recites.
With slow and reverend tread,
I bring the roses red
To deck the soldier's bed,
Emblem of blood they shed,
For this our native land.

II.
(Child with bunch of daisies recites.)
And I, white daisies bring,
A simple offering
Emblems of holy peace,
Oh, may its reign ne'er cease
In this our happy land.

III.
(Child with bunch of violets recites.
I bring the violets blue,
They say be true, be true,
True to God above you,
True to friends that love you
And to thy native land.

IV.
(All three recite together.)
For the brave and the true
We'll twine them together,
For the red, white and blue
Are united forever.

—William Woodman.
DID THEY DIE IN VAIN?

HENRY W. WATTERSON.

I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me; my flag and your flag; the flag of the Union; the flag of the free heart’s hope and home; the star spangled banner of our fathers; the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured; destined by God and nature to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of manhood—freedom to all the world, the emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that on which it was said the sun never went down. I had it in my mind to say that it is for us, the living, to decide whether the hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides during the battle were blessed martyrs to an end, shaped by a wisdom greater than ours, or whether they died in vain. I shall not admit the thought. They did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which furrowed the land with battlefields, sowing it deep and broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for ages, a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of free men; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, whilst civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

DECORATION DAY HYMN.

(Tune—“Lang Syne.”)

Should glorious mem’ries be forgot,
An’ never brought to min’,
An’ all for which we bravely fought
In Auld Lang Syne?

Chorus—

For Auld Lang Syne, so dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
We’ll breathe the flow’rs o’ mem’ry yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

We’ve tramped the long and weary march;
We’ve formed the battle line;
But many a comrade’s mustered out,
Since Auld Lang Syne.

They died for our Columbia’s weal;
The weal is mine and thine;
We owe the blessings of to-day
To Auld Lang Syne.

Immortal fame their valor won,
Shall bright and brighter shine;
We’ll keep in heart an’ mind the days
Of Auld Lang Syne.

So here’s a hand, my soldier friend,
An’ gi’v’s a hand o’ thine;
We’ll join in flowers and tears to-day
For Auld Lang Syne.

—Lu. B. Cake
"OLD GLORY."

The following patriotic song was written by Miss Carrie Harrison, of West Union, Iowa, now residing temporarily in Washington, D. C. She is of Scandinavian descent and the lines are an adaptation from a Scandinavian national hymn. The song is dedicated to Colonel Henderson and ranks with the best called forth by the war with Spain.—Gate City.

Comrades, awaken the bugle from slumber,
Blow for "Old Glory," the flag of the free,
High and heroic in soul-stirring numbers.
Flag of our fathers, arouse them for thee.
    Old recollections,
    Wake our affections,
Each time we speak of the flag of our birth,
Hearts beating loudly and cheeks glowing proudly,
Honor "Old Glory," the flag of the earth.
Patriots, look back on her far-reaching glory,
Gaze on the splendor that bursts on your glance,
Chieftains and heroes, immortal in story,
Press to the battle like maids to the dance.
    Blood flows before them,
    Death hovers o'er them,
On to the ocean they press with their steel,
Champions who saved the country that bore them,
Leave they to die for their union and weal.
Pride of America! symbol of freedom,
Stood like a rock when the cannons awoke
Thundering around you, nor did you heed them;
Freely you floated, as freely you spoke,
    Birds in their motion,
    Waves of the ocean,
Poorly can rival proud liberty's choice;
Yet all obey with a willing devotion,
Laws that are made by the people's own voice.
Flag of the prairie, the wood and the mountain.
Blest with the wealth of the field and the mine,
Sons of thy daughters may drink of truth's fountain,
Vigilance must be eternally thine.
    Oceans protect thee!
    Freedom surround thee!
Flourish "Old Glory," thy stars be unfurled,
Free as the breakers and breezes around thee,
Pride of thy children, the flag of the world.
Governor Roosevelt, of New York, delivered an address at a banquet in Chicago April 10th on "The Strenuous Life," in which he said:

"A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands for himself, and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace is to be the first consideration in your eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbors; who is prompt to help a friend; but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed.

"In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored-up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world. As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat."

GOD GIVE US MEN.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

— J. G. Holland.
OUR IMMORTAL BANNER.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his army; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from the starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Morristown and Valley Forge. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despairing nation, and when at length the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings; and looking upon our homes, and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.—H. W. Beecher.

SCATTER THE FLOWERS.

(Air: "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.")

We come with gifts of flowers sweet
For each dear soldier's grave;
We'll cover the mounds where they gently sleep,
Those boys so true and brave.

Chorus—

Many are the boys who are sleeping for aye
Under the sod and dew;
Many are the hearts sending love to-day
To those brave boys in blue.
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
Over the soldiers' graves.
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
Over the soldiers' graves.
We'll honor the graves of our soldiers dead,
Who heard their country's cry,
Who left their homes, and fought and bled
And died for liberty.
We'll bring them to-day the violets blue,
And roses red and white,
Those colors bright they bore so true,
For God and home and right.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.
General Toral has commented in a Spanish journal on the fact that his men during the battle of Santiago, when they had opportunity to examine the American dead, usually found a Bible or a Testament on the bodies. He is unable to reconcile this discovery with his belief that the Americans are a nation of hypocrites, dishonest, vain-glorious and bloodthirsty. He thinks it proof of the deep-rooted hypocrisy existing in the nation—so he asserts.

Perhaps if General Toral could have entered thousands of American city and farm homes last April he would have noticed a gray-haired woman or a young girl on whose bosom gleamed the badge of social purity, writing with trembling hands on the fly-leaf of the sacred Book: “To John. From his affectionate mother (or sister).”

And if General Toral had looked closely he would have seen that on the fly-leaf, just below the writing, or perhaps immediately upon the name, there were stains as if tears had fallen from eyes that were to know no rest until the soldier boy came home. If this be hypocrisy, if it be no sign of a deeper and truer undercurrent of life dwelling in the great national heart, then General Toral is entitled to make all that his wits can of it.

The American does not carry his religion on the sleeve of his coat. It has been said by some philosopher that the American, of all nationalities, most held his religion in reserve for a crisis, for an hour when the soul is tried upon the rack of temptation. If this be true, what a spectacle for a man when on uncovering the bosoms of 80 per cent of the American dead, fallen between Siboney and Santiago, those who came to bury found blood-stained or bullet-pierced the Word of the scriptures! It matters little how the truth comes to a man, so that the truth be found with him when his battle song is at an end.

We are wont, in our pain-free moments, when the laugh is most careless, to speak lightly of the religious faith of our fathers, to toss aside the Bible even as a volume of extraordinary literary merit.

But is there not something more than the mere influence of orthodoxy, of a set theology, in this death struggle of Johnson, private of the Fourth infantry, at Siboney, who, turning and tossing, called to his nurse to read to him? In the tent there was not even a scrap of paper. That mattered nothing to him. He indicated with his head that she should go to his blouse. She did so, and found in the inner pocket an old Testament given him by an Iowa mother. She turned page after page, wondering what he would care for, until her eyes chanced upon the lines:

“As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.”

It was sufficient. There came to this American soldier’s face one gleam of radiance, one last interblending of the sunlight of life and the hereafter, and he was without days.

WHAT IT MEANS.

We do not teach our children sufficiently what is due the “old flag”—what it stands for. It is to our institutions what the cross is to the Christian religion.—Colonel Hepburn.
HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!
This is Decoration Day—hurry and be spry!
Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high!
Crippled of the body now, and blinded of the eye,
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em, how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul,
Hear the beat—beat—beat o' the boots on the street,
Hear the sweet fife cut the air like a knife,
Hear the tones grand, of the words of command;
Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em for all that;
Old Colonel J., stately and gray,
Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column;
There's Major L., sober now and well;
Old lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing of the flag;

There's old Strong, that I tented with so long;
There's the whole crowd, hearty and proud.
Hey! boys, say! can't you glance up this way?
Here's an old comrade, crippled now an' gray!
This is too much. Girl, throw me my crutch!
I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could fly!
No. I won't sit still and see the boys march by!

Oh!—I fall and I flinch; I can't go an inch!
No use to flutter, no use to try.
Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front;
There's where I left it. No need to sigh;
All the milk's spilt; there's no use to cry.
Plague o' these tears, and the moans in my ears!
Part of a war is to suffer and die.
I must sit still and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—
Suffer and to die—suffer and to—Why,
Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,
There's hardly a one but is killed, dead and gone!
All the old regiment, excepting only I,
Marched out of sight in the country of the night.
That was a spectre band marched past so grand.
All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky.
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by.
QUOTATIONS FOR ROLL CALL.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.—Seward.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.—Pitt.

A poor freedom is better than rich slavery.—Beecher.

One country, one Constitution, one destiny.—Webster.

I regret I have but one life to live for my country.—Nathan Hale.

Let us have peace.—U. S. Grant.

Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—Webster.

Liberty cannot be established without morality, nor morality without faith.—Greeley.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.—C. C. Pinkney.

A great nation is made only by worthy citizens.—C. D. Warner.

Liberty is not the right of one, but of all.—Herbert Spencer.

Liberty is from God; liberties from the devil.—Auerbach.

Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories.—Wendell Phillips.

I have never advocated war except as a means of peace.—U. S. Grant.

The love of liberty, with life is given.—Dryden.

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her steps never turn backward.—J. R. Lowell.

Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defense of the liberties of our country.—Story.

Our federal union; it must be preserved.—Andrew Jackson.

One on God's side is a majority.—Wendell Phillips.

I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

Authority must not forget humanity.—O'Reilly.

The men who have changed the world, with the world have disagreed.—O'Reilly.

A veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred.—O'Reilly.

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.—Commodore Perry.

Don't give up the ship.—Captain Lawrence.

He serves his party best who serves his country best.—Rutherford B. Hayes.

The union of hearts, the union of hands, and the flag of the Union forever.—G. P. Morris.

Party spirit is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—Alexander Pope.

I require no guard but the affections of the people.—Washington.

Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.—Thomas Jefferson.
“TRUE TO THE BRAVE.”

(My comrade, the old flag above you is floating,
And sweet flowers are clust’ring upon your low grave,
Love’s tributes from millions of sad hearts, denoting
The nation is grateful and true to her brave.
Your wonderful valor is every day speaking,
And glory is crowning your immortal band;
To aid this are millions the soldiers’ graves seeking,
Around them with “Old Glory’s” banner to stand;
The “Old Flag,” the dear flag, the grand flag of freedom,
The flag that your sacrifice saved for our land.
Although in an unknown grave many are sleeping,
With stricken hearts mourning they cannot know where;
Yet tenderly, gratefully, mem’ry’s watch keeping,
No matter how lonely, our love will reach there.
Your deeds of self-sacrifice brighten forever,
While Fame, richly crowning with her grateful hand,
In thrilling tones bids us, “Forget you? Oh, never!”
To you we owe liberty’s glory so grand;
The “Old Flag,” the dear flag, the grand flag of freedom,
The flag that your sacrifice saved to our land.
—Selected.

“A SOLDIER’S FAREWELL.”

Now rest, my sword,
Rest, for I ne’er shall wield
Thy faithful blade again on battlefield;
Slow through my veins the scanty life drops run—
My work is done.
Now peace to me—
Rest after the long fight
And suffering for fatherland and right.
After the victory, by heaven sent,
I am content.
Until this hour
Life’s book was full of stain—
Now God himself has made it pure again;
Has closed the volume, and His hand divine
Now rests on mine.
And so, farewell!
I may not see again
The golden sunlight fall on hill and plain;
A long, a last farewell! My work is done,
My rest is won!
—From the German.
A WORD TO THE COMRADES.

The following is an extract from a Memorial Day oration by J. F. Grawe, Waverly, Iowa:

"Just a word to my old comrades! We used to hear the announcement that the head of the column had gone into camp. The head of our column has gone into camp. Let us guard with zealous care the honor and glory of those gone before. Do no act that will cast a stain on the head of the column already in camp on 'fame's eternal camping ground.' Let us, on every Memorial Day, aim to teach lessons of a pure and holy patriotism, and a love for our nation's honor, so deep that a repetition of the woes of our civil strife can never again occur in our land."

Let us continue to keep Memorial Day for:

There are lilies for the valorous and roses for the brave,
And laurel for the victor's crown and rue for lowly grave;
There is crimson for the blood that flowed that freedom might be free,
And golden for the hearts of gold that died for you and me.
Till love no more is loving we lift our souls and say—
For liberty and loyalty
We keep Memorial Day.

DECORATION DAY.

(This may be sung to "Hebron.")

We give this peaceful day to hope,
O, country of our love and prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
To meet new tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep; but men remain
As wise, as true, as brave as they.
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—J. G. Whittier.
"Do you know what it means, you boys and girls,  
Who hail from the North and the South?  
Do you know what it means—  
This twining of greens  
Round the silent cannon's mouth?  
This strewn with flowers the grass-grown grave;  
This decked with garlands the statues brave;  
This flaunting of flags,  
All in tatters and rags;  
This marching and singing;  
These bells all a-ringing;  
These faces grave and these faces gay;  
This talk of the Blue and this talk of the Gray,  
In the North and the South, Decoration day?  
Not simply a show-time, boys; and girls,  
Is this day of falling flowers;  
Not a pageant, a play,  
Nor a holiday  
Of flags and floral bowers.  
It is something more than the day that starts War memories a-throb in veteran hearts;  
For, across the years,  
To the hopes and the fears,  
To the days of battle,  
Of roar and of rattle—  
To the Past that now seems so far away,  
Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray Gaze—hand clasping hand—Decoration day.  
For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys and girls,  
For the terror and loss, as well,  
Our hearts must hold  
A regret untold  
As we think of those who fell.  
But their blood, on whichever side they fought,  
Remade the Nation, and Progress brought!  
We forget the woe;  
For we live, and know  
That the fighting and sighing,  
The falling and dying,  
Were but steps toward the Future—the Martyr's Way!  
Adown which the sons of the Blue and the Gray Look, with love and with pride, Decoration Day."