

SUNLIT MEMORIAL SONG



SUNNY, my soul, for the glory recalled to day. Be thoughtful and thankful and sing to Heaven, true brothers blue and gray.

For the flag we love so well is waving to-day for all. And every patriot, north and south, would answer in love its call.

To fight for the land now one, divided with hate no more, But strong and steady, alert and ready to hurl all foes from its shore.

Recalling the days of blood, death's whirlpools circled with flame, The land does homage to heroes all inscribed on its scrolls of fame.

So follow the tattered flags which sway to the file and drum, And cheer the straggling ranks in blue as the gallant veterans come.

So many are maimed and old, with time-worn faces and forms, But the fires of patriot ardor burned through a thousand ills and storms.

Both blue and gray now mix in the garb, the beards and hair, And under all the sturdy souls and resolute hearts beat there.

Let children cheer and sing, while scattering fragrant flowers, The echoes wake and the whole world ring as we honor these braves of ours.

Each blossom a scented prayer, with lessons of hope bloom, And each a tinted pledge of faith to brighten the warrior's tomb.

Calm sleep once warring hosts where mingled their kindred dust, All hates annulled, the swords are dulled, the cannons are red with rust.

But the memories all shine bright, though the bayonets clash no more, We write in blossom and song to-day the courageous deeds of yore.

And lay on the altars green our tributes on sacred sod, To send in the odorless incense up our praises and prayers to God.

For the newborn days are glad, though we jewel these tombs with tears, They sowed the harvests we have reaped through glorious peaceful years.

Clasp hearts, O stalwart men, who strugled in blue or gray, No true soul prates or nourishes hates to poison Memorial day.

Be happy, O glorious land, the laurel and palm entwined, Safe, safe at last, the fierce storm past, all promise and hope are thine.

Be grateful, patriot heart, no battle thy prospect mars, The constellation on thy flag now sparkles with promise stars.

L. EDGAR JONES.

OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY.

Memorial day is for an observance, not a celebration. It is sacred to the heroic dead. The distinction between it and other American holidays is very clear. Thanksgiving day, Christmas and the Fourth of July are all days of rejoicing. The first two have a divine character whose influence should be more marked than it is upon the character of their celebration, but the Fourth of July is very properly set apart as the date for the noisiest and most enthusiastic demonstrations of patriotism. New Year's day has come to have no great significance. It is little more than "a day off," and the nature of its celebration is a matter of no moment.

But Memorial day, says the Chicago News, stands apart from them all. We should not forget that it is primarily a commemoration of death. The sorrow that it evokes may be softened by time and the patriotic observances it suggests may divert our thoughts to the glories of our country, but nothing should be allowed to interfere with the essential solemnity of the festival.

This is the view that is taken by those people who are indignant that an anniversary so sacred to them should be made the occasion for a grand accession of racing, gambling, cock fighting and similar amusements.

The War Songs Still Live.

Decoration day again, with its solemn ceremonies, its flowers and its ever-living columns of men who marched out in the sixties to the same inspiring airs. Those old war songs! Is there one of us who does not feel a thrill at sound of them, though he has heard them ever so often? Long ago, a great man said: "Let me but write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws!"

And surely the authors of such songs as "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching" and "Marching Through Georgia" have left their impress upon the nation which has for over 30 years listened to them, whether sung by a mighty chorus, hummed as a lullaby or ground out by a wheezy street organ!

Telegraphing Without Wires.

An electrical invention has recently been perfected by W. H. Price, of the British post office. It is a system which, if introduced, will permit telegraphing long distances without the use of wires. It will allow communication between ships at sea or from shore to ship. The messages may be sent by day or night in any weather. Every vessel will be equipped with an electric bell, which corresponds to the vibrations of a transmitter in a lighthouse. In this way, warning of dangerous reefs and channels may be given. These signals would equal any system of lights or foghorns.

Miniature Reading Lamp.

Opera-goers who desire to follow the libretto or the music score during a performance usually do so only with great difficulty from the fact that the lights in the auditorium are more or less turned down. They can now carry their own light. In a new invention, a minute incandescent electric lamp is fastened to a pen near its point in order to illuminate the writing. It can be applied to a pencil, and, of course, used also for reading. A little reflector concentrates all the light on the page.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.



OUT of the throes of the republic came the new nation that is indivisible, the people that are one in aim and resolved in their purpose that popular government shall ever be maintained upon the broad and sure foundation of absolute freedom for men of all classes and conditions. The issues that led up to the internecine strife are become but memories that are fading, of the long, long ago. They are being forgotten in the living questions that have sprung from the greater nationality that points to a greater and surer development in the coming days.

These ante-war contentions led to strife, when blood flowed like torrents made of the summer rain. Brother dealt brother murderous blows and the death angel hovered constantly over the camps of north and south alike. The days of those years were long before the coming of peace, but their perils called out the noblest qualities of man's nature. Heroes were thick as leaves upon the ground in autumn days; men went readily to death for the glory of their cause; the republic survived because valor was all-abounding.

Why count the reckoning one by one, or urge that one was braver than another? The glory of the individual is swallowed up in the general action of all, which led to the final consummation. Heroes die, but the memory of their deeds shall never perish from the face of the earth. Because the brave were so many, the nation, a grateful and glad people, said: "Let there be one day set apart in each year from all the remaining days in which to recount the prowess of all the braves, the living and the dead, 'who fought to make men free,' and save the union of states forever." Thus was born Memorial day—Decoration day, a time in the patriot American calendar similar to that in the church consecrated to all the saints who have died and the "martyrs who were slain for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus."

History tells of the sacred holocaust at Thermopylae, of the charge of the Six Hundred and of the heroism at Lucknow; but history in all its pages usually dwells upon the glories of kings and valorous chieftains, who claimed and received all the honor that came of the deeds of their following as well as of their individual acts. In the struggle between the states, all were kings and nobles, with hearts of mighty and proud chieftains, brave to endure, courageous to act, daring to die. To these, to all of these, men and officers alike, belongs the one sacred day of memory, in which flowers are placed on graves and the flag the sleeping ones loved floats proudly over them.

None are neglected, but all alike receive the ministrations of loving hands, while grateful hearts grow tender in recollection of the stirring scenes through which the heroes passed. They think upon a union saved and a people forever free, and they feel that they themselves are honored in enjoying the distinction of paying homage to the dead who died "for God and native land."

Come the years and go. Time has brought whiteness to soldier locks that were brown or black when the bugle call summoned to war; steps then elastic with youth's glowing blood have grown stiff and weary; but Memorial day is now fresh and radiant, instinct with the reverence of millions of beneficiaries of their transcendent courage. The nation lives, and breathes and glows with the strength and beauty of unity. Its oneness is the glory crown of Memorial day.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

The Grandeur of the Day.

A nation may be judged by its holidays, and to no nation can come a grander day than the one we celebrate now. A day chosen when nature is at its loveliest, when flowers unfurl the colors of the flag and blue skies bend lovingly over the last camping places of those who wore the blue. Not a day of mourning this, but of solemn rejoicing. Rejoicing for the men who know not selfishness nor fear and so obeyed their country's call. Men who lie today, perhaps, in alien graves, their only personal monument a numbered headstone, but men who live immortal in Fame's unforgotten roll as the saviors of the union, the teachers of patriotism!

The Boys of Sixty-One.

They are fewer, these old soldiers, than they were a year ago; their heads are whiter, shoulders are more bent and footsteps are slower than they were; and yet to each other they are always "boys." The old jests make them smile, the old nicknames are in use, the old stories are retold, until the present fades away and only the brave past remains.

To the watchers they may seem bowed with years, but they know it not; to them, in fancy, their youth comes back. It is not old men who stiffly march out to pay a tribute of respect to fallen comrades. It is "the boys of '61."

The Lesson of Patriotism.

Teach the children patriotism; let them learn the names of heroes who died that a nation might live. Let Decoration day mean to them no mere jumble of flowers, music and addresses, but a living tribute to the glorious dead. These children are the future custodians of a country's honor, the men and women of another day who may be called upon in their turn to defend it. Let them, then, learn early their sacred lesson of patriotism, that it may be stamped indelibly upon their hearts, never to fade away.



"A STARRY FLAG, A FLORAL CROWN, ABOVE EACH HERO'S BREAST."

Decoration Day.



HE pine and palm are one to-day Beneath a halcyon sun, The colors of the blue and gray Have blended into one: The bayonets, to plowshares returned, In peaceful sods are thrust, And cannon in the fields inured— Their mouths are stopped with rust,

One brotherhood rules all the land, One nation day and night, As side by side again we stand Like those who scale a height— And looking down across the fields When autumn pours her horn, We bless the largest peace now yields, The cotton and the corn.

No more shall these our banners be In strife fraternal raised, From lake to gulf, from sea to sea, This message far is blazed: "We mourn our dead, our loved and lost, With tears for all who fell; The blue sky's depth, the gray stars' host Shall be their sentinel."

For Lexington and Concord town Still in the distance shine, And Washington still marches down, And ruthless Brandywine; And Grant and Lee in silence rest, To put all feud to scorn, While spring from out the battle's breast The cotton and the corn.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave up their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Lincoln's Gettysburg Dedication Address, November 19, 1863.

Be Kind to the Living.

Do we remember the old soldier as we should? One day in the year we do him honor, but how about the rest? True, he has his pension and perhaps he lives in one of the national homes prepared for him. But what of that, when he has faced death in a hundred forms and perhaps drags about a mutilated body? He gave years of his young life to the purchase of freedom rather than to the accumulating of worldly goods. Is this much to give him, in return? Let us not, then, wait until he has died in obscure poverty to place his name on monument or scroll, but show him now the love and gratitude which will make bright his declining years.

A GLAD DECORATION DAY.

On Decoration day the little mountain town was full of men who instinctively kept step to martial music and white-robed girls conscious more of the part they took in the ceremonies than of the real significance of the day. The entire population was abroad enjoying the pageant, and an old soldier saw nothing odd in the deserted appearance of a small house before which he paused.

"It must be near here," he said. "I'll stop and ask my way, though everybody seems to have gone to the ceremonies—which I am likely to miss unless I do my errand quickly." He knocked, and while waiting a reply his eye caught the tiny garden. "Strange," he said, aloud, "this is the only place I've seen to-day where flowers remained ungathered."

Footsteps echoed from the back of the house and an old woman opened the door. "Can you tell me where to find a Mrs. Graham, madam?" he asked. She looked listlessly over his head. "Which Graham? There's lots of them



"MADAM, HE WAS A HERO."

hereabouts. Don't go; maybe I can help you, an I'm likely the only person at home to-day. What's your errand? My own name's Graham, too," she added.

"It is regarding her son, who died gloriously at Chickamauga 34 years ago. I come as his comrade to— Are you ill?"

"No!" cried the old woman, fiercely. "Why did you come here to-day, of all days, to taunt me? My son died at Chickamauga, too. He"—her voice sank to a whisper—"he was shot in the back."

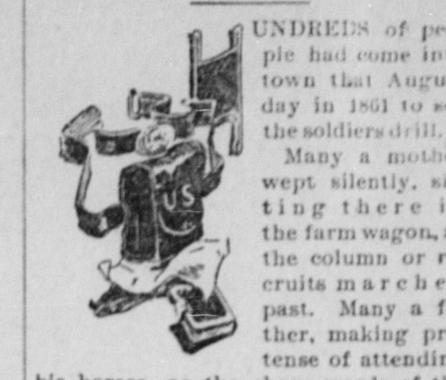
"That was no time to turn one's back to the enemy, madam."

"How do you know what temptation he had?" she flashed out, "and him just 19! Abram Reese, he brought the news back. He only said at first that John was shot in the back. Later, he told that he was running away. That was when Averilla Mays agreed to marry him."

"John Graham a coward? Why, madam, he was a hero! Almost alone he fought his way into the enemy's ranks. He was bringing back their colors when the bullets found him!" The old woman staggered back against the door. "My John a hero!" she cried; "and for over 30 years his own mother doubted him!" A strain of music reached them now; she ran out, bareheaded, and began to gather huge armfuls of flowers. "They shall all go—all!" she cried. "I've longed to send them every year, but the mother of a coward had no right. Now," her voice, quivering before, had the note of a trumpet, "now, the mother of a hero shall lay them on his comrades' graves!" ELIRA ARMSTRONG.

THE TORN LETTER

By Eliza Armstrong.



HUNDREDS of people had come into town that August day in 1861 to see the soldiers drill. Many a mother wept silently, sitting there in the farm wagon, as the column or recruits marched past. Many a father, making pretense of attending to the horses, as the sharp words of the drill sergeant cut the silence of the summer day, grieved for the boy who was obstinately yet blamelessly minded just now to go into great danger. And the little children whose brothers were following the drummers up and down the public square shuddered as they thought of the battles coming, and wished—very ingloriously—that this company might be sent to some place where hostile bullets could not come.

At the end of the bridge, on a little elevation that commanded a distant view of the public square, Judge Wade and his wife sat in the back seat of their open carriage, and looked at the soldiers learning promptness and precision and concerted movement. On the front seat sat young Wallace Wade.

"Drive on," said the judge. "We have seen enough of them."

But young Wade gathered the reins slowly, and looked again at the uniformed men, at the handsome dress of the officers, at the seductive glint of the guns.

"Come, come," said the judge. "Drive on, Wallace," said Mrs. Wade. But yet the strapping fellow lingered. He was in the untired ground where two allegiances met. Presently he turned impulsively, yet resolutely, his eyes full of a light his parents recognized, though they never had seen.

"You drive home, father," he said, and passed the lines to the older man. "I'll be at home for supper." And he leaped lightly to the ground.

For there at the corner of the public square was Elenor Thompson, and she



SHE TURNED TO HIM INSTANTLY.

had seen him. He did not go straight to her, though his mother knew that would be his destination.

"That Thompson girl will persuade him to enlist," said she. "She is half the cause of all this enthusiasm."

"If she does persuade him," said the judge, bitterly, "I will never forgive either him or her."

Wallace greeted a few friends as he joined the ranks of the spectators.

"Why aren't you with them?" asked a young fellow to whom as properly the question might have applied.

"They need you," added an old man who was thankful for his age.

"You know how to drill men," added a boy. "If I was you—"

"Wallace will go when the time comes," rejoined a pleasant old lady—who had no sons to bereave her.

He let them banter. He had fought it all out with himself and resolved his duty was filial obedience. And he knew his father's wishes. But he drifted along the line of watchers and joined Elenor Thompson at the corner of the field. The soldiers had completed an evolution and the people were cheering. She was waving her handkerchief wildly. Her eyes were flashing, her bosom was heaving. She was in contact with martial enthusiasm. He touched her hand.

"You are in earnest," said he. "It is splendid. How grand they look! How noble they must be! If I were a man—"

She paused, but Wallace knew. "Let us take a walk," he said, presently.

"No." She was filled with the spirit that inspires Spartans—as were multitudes in that day. Her ideal, her hero, must be a soldier.

"I am going to enlist," he said. For so are our resolves consumed. She turned to him instantly with eyes that blazed in worship and devotion. She put out her hands. There was caressing, there was ardor in them.

There had been an hour of resting. The drums were beating again. The fife were piping up patriotism. The company was counting fours and learning the skirmish drill. At the farther side of the square a dozen recruits, enlisted since the parade began, were learning the foot drill, and Wallace Wade, a light ruffian came in his hand, was teaching them. When it was over he looked in Elenor Thompson's eyes and was rewarded.

adulation of the throng. Then the dissolving of a host and the threading of river paths by two and two—who discarded Hardee in the gentler tactics of Dan Cupid's war. And Monday they marched gayly away.

"This is Memorial day," said young Harold Wade. "All the schools are going to the cemetery. I am to help scatter flowers. Are you and grandma going?"

"No, I don't approve of this new holiday," answered old Judge Wade. "There were enough without it. And we have no soldier buried there."

"I wish my father's grave were there," exclaimed the boy. "But I will lay some roses on a grave that I don't know—one of the unmarked graves. And it will be for him. I wish my mother had lived. And I wish she were here."

"Sometimes I think we ought to tell him," said Mrs. Wade, when her grandson had hurried, heavy-hearted, away. "Not till he is a grown man," said the resolute judge. "He would blame



HE WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS GRANDFATHER.

us too bitterly now. I said before Wallace bitterly that if she got her son to go to the army she would regret it. I think she has. This Memorial day nonsense will be forgotten long before Harold grows up."

It was a new ceremony, but the spirit of it appealed to the people, and they paid all honor to the armies that lie "front face to the stars." Harold Wade felt the significance as he laid roses on the graves of men who had made earth's final sacrifice. And when other ceremonials were occupying the rest he slipped from his schoolmates and laid a rose on the grave of a soldier who had fought for freedom and had neglected to accumulate even so much as would have purchased a monument.

As the boy turned back to the crowd a woman approached him swiftly—a woman of fair and happy, yet swiftly, face. Her gentle hands had caressing in them, and the fragrance of her breath was like a memory from infancy. She gave him a paper.

"Read it when you get home," she said. "When you have found the other half you will know." Then she stooped and kissed him and walked swiftly away, while he stood wondering.

"The other half! I will know—what? Who was she?"

He looked at the paper. It was a torn bit of a letter, much wrinkled. It was dark stained on the uneven edge. And there was a miniature flag, like a monogram, on the upper corner. And this is what he found:

I have read this fine paper what is love of love. If you did not say do not you let it be done.

In the vacation that followed presently Harold had a great deal of time on his hands. One day it rained, and he crept up to the attic with a book of adventure. And when he was tired of following his hero through perils he wandered into a shadowy nook under the roof where the rain was beating, and dragged out a crumpled old knapsack which he had never seen. He loosed its fastenings, and pulled open the stubborn leather. In it were some articles of dress and toilet, already quaint, though this son of a soldier was but half way through his teens. There was a Testament, and a needle, with some thread. And there was a torn half sheet of note paper, written on fairly, and dark stained along its uneven edge. It bore these words:

"It's the other half!" he cried. And the son of a soldier leaped to his feet. "Now I shall know."

He went straight to his grandfather, and showed him the two matched fragments.

"You have been very good to me," he said, "but that woman was my mother. My mother is living, and not dead. She was with my father when he died. You got that knapsack somehow, but she had saved half of the letter which had been cut in two by the bullet that gave him his death wound. And she has never asked you for anything, though she might have asked you for much. Now I ask for her. Where is she?"

And the grandfather told. He was less bitter to the woman who had sent his son to the war, since she had soothed that son while he suffered. So that the judge's home received a sweet-faced woman who reaped in years of loving companionship the reward of a self-denial that had lasted from the day she left a new-made grave in the Wilderness, and found her toddling son had been spirited away.