



**BEST ON.**  
Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear was the blood you gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The heritage of your grave.



### What the Nation owes

WHEN Uncle John Forsythe sold his little farm and came to live with his widowed sister in Cedarville, Olive, the latter's daughter, was not particularly pleased. He was a tall, thin man, with faded, kindly eyes and a shy manner that ought to have touched her young heart. But Olive was fond of style and full of foolish pride, and the worn old man, sitting in the easy chair day by day, did not, to her mind, improve the appearance of the family circle. He

liked old-fashioned things to eat, too, which Mrs. Stanley, his sister, took pleasure in providing, but which were not to Olive's taste. She did not take pains either to entertain her uncle or to be agreeable, and if a certain pair of dim, old eyes regarded her many times wistfully, she gave them small heed. Once, as the strains of her violin floated out upon the air, Uncle John tiptoed in. He had been sitting alone in the twilight, so full of memories.

"Olive," he said, gently, "did you ever play, 'Teating on the Old Camp Ground?'"

Olive looked up. "No," she replied shortly.

"Or, 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching?'" went on the wistful tone.

"No," replied Olive, impatiently. "I don't know any of those old songs, or care to."

"It's a pity," replied Uncle John, gently; "you would, perhaps, if you realized what those old songs meant. I always remember how they helped us over the long, hard marches and the still watches of the night. Man, and many a time we've sung 'em, not knowing whether another day's sun would set for us or not. It did not for a good many of my brave comrades—poor, poor fellows!"

There was a G. A. R. post in the little town, and it was not long before Uncle John found his way to it. He never missed a meeting, never for-

got the evening it occurred, and by and by the old soldiers of the town fell into the habit of occasionally dropping in to visit with Uncle John at his sister's home.

"Mother, there are old Captain Pollock and Mr. Gage coming up the steps," Olive irritably announced one evening.

"Well, what of it?" smilingly asked her mother.

"Why, they're so old and shabby looking," cried Olive.

"Olive!" Mrs. Stanley's voice had in it a note of pain. "Olive, do you know, dear, I'm afraid you're sadly lacking in patriotism and appreciation. Uncle John finds his pleasure now in looking back; 'Thinking back,' is what James Whitcomb Riley called it. I believe. He takes pleasure in talking over old times with these friends he has found. The battles of '61 to '65 are as fresh to him as if they had occurred but yesterday. I cannot expect you to realize this, or have sympathy with him; but, dear, tender him at least common courtesy. These brave men—neering so rapidly their Father's house—to them, you younger generation owe a large debt. Their valor, their courage their bravery! Who does not know of it? And Olive, in the face of all this, will you not feel more kindly toward Uncle

John? It is indeed pathetic to see how he loves you, and yet you pay him so little attention."

Decoration Day was drawing near, and a celebration was being planned to take place at the town hall. There were to be speeches and singing, and a famous speaker was coming up from the nearby city to address the old soldiers. Uncle John was up early that morning. He was to march in the parade with the rest of the Post, and seats were to be reserved for them in the hall.

"Olive, you must go," urged her mother at the last moment, and finally, reluctantly enough, Olive consented. But as she took a seat with her mother in the hall, festooned with its flags, its bunting, its flowers, a little quiver of patriotism swept over her for the first time. Memorial Day did mean something, and when, in a few moments, the old soldiers filed in, most of them old men with white hair and trembling steps, a tear shone on her long lashes, for Olive was not a wilful girl, only a very thoughtless one. After the singing and the re-peating of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, the speaker arose, an erect man with a keenly intellectual face full of force and strength. He began with a tribute to the gray-haired veterans before him; told how, when a small boy, he first became a patriot by listening to a one-armed soldier in the city hall of Boston give the history of the different flags gathered there and the battles they had fallen in. He spoke of Lincoln, that tall, plain, angular man, who, at the firing of the guns at Fort Sumter, took the position he did. "Has it ever occurred to you," he went on, "that Lincoln might have acted a little too hastily or a little too late? But no; the psychological moment came. He set it, and the war went on to a victorious close." He spoke of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman—and then he paused a moment. "May I ask," he added, "if there is anyone here who was in that march to the sea—that famous, memorable march, now passed into history?"

Olive sat still. She wished some one of those old veterans sitting near had been there. And then, in the hush and stillness, someone arose. It was Uncle John, old and bent and feeble, but with a faint flush upon his withered cheeks.

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"Ah!" cried the speaker. "I congratulate this Post."

And then in the twinkling of an eye, handkerchiefs waved and hands clapped enthusiastically. It was all over in a minute, but how everyone enjoyed it! And as Uncle John sat down, for the years had rolled back,

### SHAW MEMORIAL, BOSTON.



—By St. Gaudens.

He heard again the martial music, the tramp of many feet, the gleaming of the old campfires. He saw again Sherman—Sherman the indomitable—Sherman the patriot—Sherman the leader. Ah, it was good to have lived in days like that.

It was all over at last, but Olive at the close did a new thing. She walked straight up to Uncle John.

"Uncle John," she said, suddenly, "I want to beg your pardon. I did not realize what real patriotism meant until to-day, or real bravery. Neither had I understood just how much the country owes to such men as you."—From the Home Herald.

Over seventy per cent. of the natives of India till the land; hence the population is scattered, and their power of co-operation is greatly lessened.

of which march the veterans of the war of the '60's. Their feet are flagging, their bodies wearying. The youngest of the recruits of '61 are now bending under the burden of age and the ranks are thinning. In the years to come—may the day be far distant—when they too shall have joined the silent bivouac and the grand army of preservation all have vanished from the face of the earth, Memorial Day will acquire a significance never before attained, with the whole country bowing in reverence before the flower-decked graves.—Washington Star.

Shadow of Old Glory.  
For them no more the cannons roar,  
The riot of charge or rally;  
No more they rest from the shock of steel,  
Nor thrill with the drum beats "Rally!"

Low they lie in the warm earth's breast,  
Breathe not of war above them!  
They conquered peace and a laureled rest  
And the whole broad land to love them.

In files white, in roses bright,  
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