Our Memorial Day.

By PROF. WILLIAM ARTHUR GANFIELD.

Memorial history is as old as the signal experiences and achievements of men. On the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; in the valley of the Nile, are wonderful monuments of the people of olden times and climes. On the banks of the Jordan, in every capitol and important city of Europe stand monuments of wood and stone which tell the story of the achievements and civilization of other days. Already our own young Republic boasts her Bunker Hill, her Yorktown and scores of other monuments adorning our National and state capitols.

Memorial days are at once older and more significant than monuments of wood and stone. In what nation, what tribe, what family do they not by some memorial day, celebrate some signal experience, some achievement in science, some victory in war, some birthday of a founder or savior of a state.

For the men of older years, our memorial day is a glimpse backward, a recalling of the deeds of heroism of sacrifice of the achievements of younger years. For us men of younger summers this memorial day is significant only as it affords us an inspiration, a consecration to the heroic tasks and responsibilities of the days to which we belong.

Little use to glory in the men of ’76 or ’61 if we be not men ourselves ready and willing to do our part in 1911. The times demand, not so much that we weep tears for the heroic dead as that we live in the present with lofty aim, noble purpose, national loyalty and heroic spirit.

Our Union Soldier dead cannot receive their meed of praise without the fullest recognition and the most unqual-
ified admiration of the heroic bravery of their Confederate opponents. Virtue is measured by the temptations it meets and masters, success is scored according to the difficulties to be surmounted. Victory has its value precisely proportioned to the means and measures and men that enter into the struggle. In that greatest of wars, West Point met West Point; volunteer fought against volunteer; the bravest and best of our northern hearts and homes slept the soldier's last long sleep with the bravest and best of southern hearts and homes. Sincerity strove against sincerity, conviction confronted conviction, determination defied determination, sacrifice set itself against sacrifice, and prayer plumed itself against prayer.

The Monument of the Union Soldier is our country,—our whole country. Grand Monument though it is, it is an unfinished monument. The north cannot finish it alone. Neither can the east, nor the south, nor the west. But the north, south, east and west can join in this blessed work. Every opening of industry, every development of commerce, every advance in liberty, every act of justice, every sentiment of peace, every note of conciliation, every hand grasp of reconciliation, every heart throb of love shall add to its stability and its glory.

The sword is rusting in its scabbard. Let it rust itself away and with its increasing dimness and decreasing sharpness, let the glow of our animosity continue to die out and the keenness of our reciprocal sympathy continue to augment. Let the burden of remembrance of struggles, defeats and victories past be not a wedge to drive us asunder but the very keystone to make our national arch the stronger. Let the burning strife that led to unparalleled feats of arms on a thousand battle fields give place to the glad endeavor to out vie each other in deeds of chivalrous devotion to our common country's good. Let the dead past bury its dead and from out its sepulchred gloom shall come forth in robes of stainless white the genius of a risen, a purified, a glorified Republic.