

istence of the former we should be disposed to doubt the sincerity or steadfastness of the latter.

In the perspective of the receding years, the war looms in increasing proportions along the national horizon. Its great and beneficent results now everywhere recognized are gradually settling into the abiding convictions of all intelligent men. For full eighty years the system of government founded by our fathers was regarded by many as an experiment. Doubting patriots at home and unfriendly critics abroad foretold the coming certain dissolution of the union. With much show of reason they declared our government rested upon an insecure foundation. The recognized fundamental weakness was a constant menace to the permanency of the superstructure. Prior to the war, the existence of this weakness had with portentous threatenings repeatedly manifested itself both in the north and the south. In the light of the past the war for the preservation of the union and for the settlement by the arbitrament of arms of the great constitutional question involved seemed inevitable. In that stupendous conflict neither side will ever have to apologize for the sincerity or the devotion of its adherents.

When the battle clouds lifted and the light of peace shone in; when the people had again become settled in their wonted avocations and dispassionately surveyed the results, it was found that the menace which had so long disturbed the tranquility of the people and threatened the existence of the union had been forever removed. It was found that the fundamental issues involved had been irrevocably settled and that the foundation stones upon which the republic rested had been cemented anew by the shed blood of our countrymen from the north and from the south. Now, we are indeed "an indissoluble union of indestructible states." We are in very truth, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," resting on an enduring foundation. As the fast vanishing lines of the surviving federal and confederate soldiers marching side by side in peace and amity enter the twilight in the fading afterglow of life's long day, soon to be forever lost to mortal sight, of one thing we may rest assured, and that is, that whenever and wherever in future the battle line is drawn, there will be found the sons of these heroic fathers and of their scarcely less heroic mothers, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in defense of the union and for the perpetuity of the government founded by our fathers.

The contemplation of a glorious past stirs the blood in an hour like this, while the thought of a limitless future with all its possibilities, its hopes and fears, beckons our countrymen to the discharge of every duty and fidelity to every trust in peace even as the fathers were vigilant and faithful in war.

MRS. STEVENS ADDRESS

Following is the address of Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, delivered at unveiling of confederate monument at Arlington the afternoon of June 4th.

Behold its glorious beauty, one moment moving us to ecstasies of delight, and again touched by its soulful pathos wringing from our eyes tears for the anguish that has been! As president-general United Daughters of the Confederacy I would that I could find words to express for our organization the deep gratitude we feel to the Arlington Confederate Monument association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the untiring efforts in harmonious love to give for us to the nation this exquisitely magnificent monument, wrought by our own, the south's greatest sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel. Colonel Herbert, in receiving this monument from your hands I am not unmindful of the labor of love that has been yours, and must needs breathe a prayer to the great God that the sunset rays of the evening of life have lengthened out your blessed days that you may praise with us.

Hail! Hail! Hail, auspicious day!

Yon lofty column, reared in air,
To him who made our country great,
Can almost cast its shadow where
The victims of a grand despair,
In long, long ranks of death await
The last loud trump, the Judgment-Sun,
Which comes for all, and, soon or late,
Will come for those at Arlington.

Today marks the completion of our seven years of patriotic toil. Ours is the rapture born

of duty done, of hope deferred but at last fulfilled. We present today this monument in memory of our confederate dead, though they need no pyramid to lift them to the ages. Though nearly half a hundred years have passed since they gave their souls back to the God of Battles, they are as alive in our hearts and memories as when first with glad faces they marched forth to the wild sweet music of war beneath the stars and bars.

They sleep within the shadow of the home of Lee and in sight of the dome of the capitol of their fathers and their sons. Above floats the flag they fought, but it does not wave above their dust in jeering triumph, but in loving protection. It seems to send from each stripe and star benediction upon their graves.

We have erected to their memory a monument unsurpassed in beauty in all the world. But fair and noble as its beauty, that beauty is less fair and noble than the lives and deeds of those whose memory it proclaims and commemorates. Staunch and strong as its enduring bronze were their undaunted hearts. Lasting as its material, matched with their memory, it is as fading mists of morn on mountain top.

In this universe of chance and change, in this world of birth and death, nothing material is immortal. Mountains sink to level lands, and stars grow cold and die. Great ideas and righteous ideals are alone immortal. The eternal years of God are theirs. The ideas our heroes cherished were and are beneficial as they are everlasting. These were living then, they are living today, and shall live tomorrow and work the betterment of mankind. Thus our heroes are of those who, though dead, still toil for man, through the arms and brains of those their examples have inspired and quickened to nobler things.

Across the river stands the congressional library, domed with gold. Leading American artists were commissioned to decorate its marble walls. Their pictures were not only to charm the eye with the lure of color and the grace of form, but were also to purify the soul and touch the heart by the ideals they symbolized and portrayed.

None of these frescos attract more than Alexander's curtain series illustrating the evolution of the book. In the first picture of the series we see half-clad semi-savage men building with rough unhewn stones a monument to some dead sea-king's life and deeds. From the dawn of time, until the present, men and women have built memorials to those they esteemed great, to those whose memories they hoped to perpetuate.

Dull and hectic reds proclaim upon the pyramids the triumph of long forgotten kings, but bleeding prisoners walk between the chariot wheels. At Rome the Trojan column strives to lift unto the stars that buried Caesar's name, but around its haggard shaft great trains of captives wind in sculptured grief, and wring from gazing eyes the sympathetic tear. In Paris in their marble mausoleum at last the ashes of the great Napoleon are at rest, in a sarcophagus "fit for a dead deity" but the torn and blood-stained banners waving there show that his towering throne was built upon the bleeding hearts of men.

Such monuments mock and sadden each thoughtful heart. They hold aloft ideals of force and fraud. They show how in a pitiless mistaken past success could gild a crime. They teach that great talent even selfishly used could evoke men's applause, and shut the "gates of mercy on mankind."

But not all monuments are like these. Some are like the monument the Daughters of the Confederacy dedicate today. They show the future how noble the past has been, and place it under bond to prove of equal worth.

More than two thousand years ago Aeschines standing in the Agora of Athens warned the citizens that they would be judged by the men they honored. Seven decades since Wendell Phillips, standing in Boston, said, "The honors we grant mark how we stand."

We of the south accept the test. We are willing to be judged by the honors we accord today. All government before America's birth rested on the principle that the masses of men were unfit to govern themselves. All past government had gone upon the idea that certain men were by divine rights another's lord. Our fathers believed that the aim of government was not the upholding of the throne of certain kinds, not the carrying of banners to unconquered lands, but that the sole, legitimate aim

was the promotion of the welfare of its citizens. They believed there was no treason except disobedience to duty, no disloyalty except disloyalty to noble ideals and institutions nobly won.

They had seen these American ideals of self-government and freedom of thought not only at home, but they had seen them leap the sea and topple down the throne of bourbon kings, in France, and where the bastille loomed they beheld a shaft with freedom's statue crowned.

They saw these ideas shake the stolid Englishman from his lethargy, and kings and parliament grant an ever widening right of suffrage, with ever resultant good. They saw these ideals light again in Grecian hearts the fires that burned so brightly at Thermoplae and Salamis, and beheld the opening of the conflict that yet shall cast the Turk across the Syrian sea and place the cross of Constantine on Stamboul's towers.

They saw these ideas working in the industrial world a change yet more marvelous. They saw the human mind unchained at last from restraining fetters, display itself in a thousand material conquests. They saw all things that ministered to the comforts and luxuries of the common, greater advances made during the seventy years following the proclamation of the declaration of independence than had been achieved in all the thousand years of the past. Freedom of thought, freedom of expression proved, as Jefferson predicted, a magic key that opened a thousand doors, where for centuries hidden treasures had lain untouched and unknown.

Rights so valuable they would not lose. Such rights they felt should be prized by all and made everlasting. Strange as it may seem, the great mass of soldiers in both armies of the war between the states fought for the same ideals. Thus our war presents the unique spectacle of men fighting in opposite ranks for ideals with like courage and persistence.

As they fought for the same ideals, as they each displayed courage, as they won immortality of fame, is it not well that their dust is laid side by side under the same flag? Is it not also well, that today their sons and their grandsons are wearing the same uniform, and not only in America but in the distant islands of the sea are fighting for their fathers' form of government and their ideals? Is it not also well that the representatives of the survivors of both armies are with us here today? Is it not also well that there comes from the White House a president, southern by birth and breeding and northern by choice of residence and training?

It would be both useless and impertinent for me to try to praise or appraise our southern dead. Useless, because the world has done and will do that. Soldiers have laid laurels on their biers. Divines have quickened listening multitudes to nobler things by the recital of their deeds. Poets have embalmed their memory in the honey of immortal verse. It would be impertinent, because only lips inspired of God could tell how southern hearts feel unto their southern dead.

And now, Mr. President, I surrender this monument into your keeping, and through you to that of the nation. When Jefferson was contemplating the Louisiana purchase did he think of the material greatness it would add to the republic? Did he think of its mountains breasted with marble and veined with gold? Did he think of the living gold of wheat and corn that would flash on its bosom, capable of supporting an army that could dwarf to nothingness a dream of Caesar's or Napoleon's? Not so! He said he desired this territory in order that it might become the home of happy men and women living under American institutions. Yours, Mr. President, was Jefferson's spirit when at Mobile you said the United States had no interest in Mexico or any other foreign lands except to see that the citizens enjoyed the right to the pursuit of happiness under a constitutional and just government. As long as the government shall rest in your hands and hands like yours, we feel sure American institutions will not pass from the earth, and that this monument will be not only a memorial of the past, but a symbol of the present and the future.

In after years when American boys and girls shall look with reverence upon this bronze they shall thank God that they are Americans and shall resolve, that whether our flag shall float from pole to pole, whether our drum beat circles the sea at least American ideals shall shape the future and the empire of civic world be ours.