

AN APPEAL TO SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Col. C. S. Collins, in the late Arkansas convention, United Confederate Veterans, in seconding the nomination of Gen. J. F. Freeman Smith, for a third term as division commander, made the following appeal to the sons:

As I look into your loving eyes, I see, mirrored there, the old religion which burns brightly on the altars in your hearts. It is the same faith that sustained you as you scaled Little Round Top and rolled the billows of invasive war against the walls of the startled and dismayed modern Babylon. It is the same religion which, for four years and nine months, upheld you and our cause on an hundred crimson battlefields; that comforted you in camp and on weary march, through winter's chilling blasts and summer's burning heat. But comrades, the day waneth; "the night draweth nigh when no man can work." Soon, our sun will touch, with vermilion fingers, the western hills and sink forever, behind the ramparts of eternity. Shall it be, that we shall leave behind us Egyptian darkness, in the field where we have held aloft the torch of truth to defend and enlighten the world as to the real facts of our grand history? Can it be, that our sons, "sprung from our loins and children of our brains," will prove untrue to their sires and we have no representatives, in all this gainsaying world when falsehood and perversion shall essay to obscure our fame and cloud our undefended memory with dishonor? We are told, in holy writ, that "God's chosen people" wandered away among the surrounding heathen nations. The Hittites, the Parisites, the Amorites, the Canaanites. That, by compromises and per-

versions, they sought to blend their own, pure and God-given, religion with those of their pagan associates. That, even in far Babylon, to please and make fair weather with its "ruling classes" and to win earthly success, they worshiped gods of gold and stone. But, thank God, our God, we read, that upon the fulfillment of the term of "the captivity," chastened and regenerated by adversity, they returned to the holy city, Jerusalem, with shouts of joy and the songs of Zion on their lips. They entered the neglected temple; they stood before the altar, where the Shekinah is, facing the tabernacle, in the holy of holies, where rests the ark of the covenant. There, they relit the fires upon the altar and offered sacrifices only to the true and living God.

Comrades, where are our sons? Can it be true, that the change of circumstance, the new atmosphere, charged with miasma, has settled upon them like a cloud? Breathing that atmosphere laden with strange doctrine many have wandered far afield, among the Hittites, the Parasites, the Amorites and the Canaanites, and, by somewhat natural and, apparently, excusable compromises with conditions they could not control, have yielded to perversions which can no more blend with the faith of their fathers than can an arch sinner enter the portals of heaven. And some, we fear, and they the bravest and the best,, eager for benefits which success in this world brings, have wandered Babylonward and have bowed at the shrines of gods of gold and stone.

But "blood is thicker than water." Son, do you know who you are? Have you forgotten your proud lineage? Hear me: Do you recall that mother in the home, way down on the Sewanee river? Do you remember how she sang you to sleep? Her voice was not trained by the classic masters. It was tuned to the melody of the spheres by "the Ancient of days." Her song was not one of these modern "rag-time jingles," barren of gospel and devoid of saving power. Her lullaby was one of the songs of Zion. It was sung by that mother voice out of the mother heart, on whose altar burned brightly the same fire which burns in the hearts of these, my comrades, your fathers. It was taken from the inspired lips of Job, "that man of Uz," and she sang, as she rocked you to slumberland:

"I would not live always; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn
on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full
enough for its cheer.
I would not live alway; no, welcome
the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread
not its bloom.
There sweet be my rest till He bids
me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending
the skies."

Sons of confederate veterans: Do you know your rich heritage, far more to be desired than gold or precious stones or costly and vain apparel? It is an inheritance nobler than that of sons of other sires in all the tides of time.

Thank God, "blood is thicker than water." They will come quickly at our call, even back from Babylonish captivity, and, having been regenerated and made free by the truth, from the lips of their dying fathers, they will return to Zion, the city of our King, and there in the temple, where the Shekinah is, before the tabernacle in the holy of holies, where rests the ark our our covenant, they will serve, as we have served, as priests before the altar of

the living God, and they will seize and hold aloft the torch of truth which we have held and kept burning brightly these many years. And, when we close these records and our reunions, they will take our place, wear our uniforms and continue reunions, as our representatives, in the years to come. And when Comrade Cunningham (God bless him!) shall grow lonesome for us who have gone before, yearning to meet once more, his comrades in Beulahland, shall lay aside that sword on whose gleaming blade is engraven "Truth," they will grasp it, and, through the confederate veteran, defend our history until there shall remain, on this mortal ball, no man who will dare to write "traitor" over the graves where sleep their sacred dead.

"JUST TO SHOW HOW WRONG HE IS"

Referring to the president's opposition to the recall, the Denver News says:

"The News believes the recall is a necessary instrument for the recovery of democratic government; and we can see no reason why the courts should be exempted from the operations of that instrument. At the present moment, the last citadel of private rights which rest on public wrongs is the courts. The corrupt judge is the exception, but the recall is to cure that exception. The corrupt judge is the defender and shield of the corrupt and grasping corporation. Mr. Taft seems to have little objection to the recall of other officers. But why should a scoundrel judge receive more mercy than a scoundrel governor?"

"In our judgment, President Taft has made a serious error, and done a serious injustice. That he has done so with the best of intentions, we make no doubt—and just to show him how wrong he is in his estimate of his countrymen, we will say that if he were a municipal officer, subject to the recall, we should never dream of invoking that instrument to punish him for his blunder. But the blunder is there. Two important communities are sent back to leading strings, because one of them does not agree with the political theories of the president. An earnest and honest effort to check known abuses is made the reason for denying self-government. The so-called "independence" of judges is placed higher than the political rights of an entire people."

ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN TALKED

After William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt had had a talk at the Outlook office somebody got the notion they had discussed the subject of the formation of a new political party but the notion did not include the suggestion of what the party might be called. Mr. Roosevelt denied that he had said anything on the subject to the Nebraskan and he said nothing was said to him about it by Mr. Bryan.

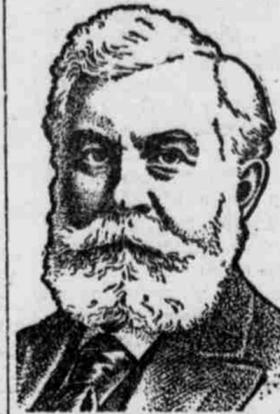
"And I," said Mr. Bryan at the Hoffman House, "indorse the denial." Mr. Bryan added that he met Mr. Roosevelt on the Oyster Bay road last Saturday after he had called at Sagamore Hill and Mr. Roosevelt had asked him to call at the Outlook office if he got a chance. So Col. Bryan called, but his talk was not entirely with Col. Roosevelt, as Outlook editors other than the contributing editor took part in it. They discussed subjects of general interest, including the peace treaty. Also there was some talk about the proposed celebration of the hundredth anniversary of peace between this country and Canada, the celebration to take place in 1914. Col. Roosevelt is honorary chairman of the committee which has the thing in hand.—New York Sun.

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