

known dead were buried with those of that state. The graves of the states and of the U. S. Regulars are marked by long continuous rows of plain granite stones with the name at the head of each grave. Occasionally one sees a freshly cut inscription or a name erased, where either some body which had been marked unknown has been identified by a comrade or friend from the description on the records; or, if it has been erased, perhaps some old soldier visiting the graves of his comrades has found his own name placed at the head of another's grave through mistaken identity.

The cemetery is at all seasons a beautiful spot, and when the flowers are in bloom, as is usually the case about Decoration day, it is indeed lovely. Trees and shrubbery have been gathered from the different states and from many of the nations, even far away Japan being represented by one of her peculiar trees.

Decoration day is a notable day at Gettysburg. Excursion trains bring thousands of visitors to attend the services. Flowers by the wagon load are collected to be strewn over the graves. In the early afternoon the procession forms, composed of the honored guests, the different army organizations, various local organizations, the city officials, and the school children. Marching out to the cemetery and up its lovely drives all gather around the National Monument.

From here, after the impressive ceremony of the Grand Army of the Republic, the school children march out over the graves in ever widening circles strewing flowers as they go. It is a beautiful sight to see these children paying this simple tribute to the Nation's honored dead. Peace makes her offering to the memory of those who gave their lives for her preservation.

After the strewing of the flowers the procession re-forms and marches to the west end of the grounds where is the speakers' rostrum. Here some prominent and able speaker is always chosen to deliver the address of the day. He would be a poor speaker indeed who would not be moved to present a worthy address amid such inspiring scenes.

Such services as are here held, such speeches as are here made, are well calculated to instill a greater spirit of patriotism, more lofty ambition, and true courage within every breast. One feels more truly the words of Lincoln, and resolves "That from these honored dead we take increased devotion for 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 the nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

JOHN HAY KUHN.

"THROUGH A GLASS."

When all the shadowy selves of yesterday
Go stalking past my windows grey and pale,
And myself looks, as at a funeral,
To see the train pass one by one away,—
Holding its breath and watching how they pray,
Lifting their faces in one voiceless wail,
Beating their hands against the glass like hail,
And fading, in the long night wind away.—
Then all my soul grows pale and white to see
How she has lost them to eternity.—
A thousand shapes as fair—more fair than she.
She folds her wings before her face and cries,
"I am not worthy," and she sadly flies
To join that train beneath the black night skies.

—KATHARINE MELICK.