

**Mrs. M. H. Wolf**, Birmingham, Iowa.

Cleveland, the central figurehead,  
Is head of the nation, too;  
Garfield, Lincoln and Grant, now dead,  
Were each in the selfsame pew.

Whittier speaks of "The Barefoot Boy"  
As a monarch blest of men,  
And "Robert o' Lincoln" frisks about  
At the point of Bryant's pen.

Longfellow sings with longer breath  
Of Evangeline's sad fate,  
Of Hiawatha brave and true,  
And of others good and great.

Flanking the right is Sir Mark Twain,  
Whose children are good and true,  
And "neighbor Harriet Beecher Stowe,"  
Who truthfully says so too.

**Maggie M. Gubbins**, Lake View, Ill.

Who are they in your portraits ten?  
With one exception they are men  
Who are dear to every American heart,  
For their noble lives—thus set apart.  
The lady's Mrs. Stowe—the old slave's *pityer*;  
The poets are Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier;  
Cleveland's the living of the statesmen four,  
For Garfield, Grant and Lincoln are no more.  
Now, to *lighten* our darkness we've Edison's  
brain,  
And to *lighten* our cares we've the humor of  
Twain.

**Fannie Cheseboro**, Box 234, Stonington, Conn.

From Cleveland—first in power and place,  
The nation's hope to-day—  
The author of "The Innocents"  
Has calmly turned away;

While Bryant, with leonine port,  
Looks down upon the line,  
More stately than his stateliest verse,  
Grand as a mountain pine.

The martyred Garfield's face reveals  
His pure, heroic soul;  
His name is written on our hearts,  
As on Fame's glorious roll.

And he whom late a nation held  
Fast in its warm embrace—  
The victor on a hundred fields,  
Yet pleading still for peace.

The oak wreath on his bier at last  
Shadowed the steadfast face.  
Forever, in the march of years,  
His name shall hold its place.

**Chas. R. Bonham**, Streetsville, Ont.

Ah, men of fame, men who can boast  
An honored name from coast to coast,  
How grand to see ranged side by side  
Thy faces free from jealous pride!  
How deep we search each face for lines  
That show us where some virtue shines!

Well chosen thought that placed them so!  
Alike they wrought with pen or blow,  
Or swayed by words a nation's mind,  
And bound with cords that strongly bind  
A nation's heart, a nation's pride,  
To them whose fame spreads far and wide.

Pass on to view the long-lost face  
Of one whose name I need not trace;  
'Tis wrought with gems on purest gold  
In every heart where love takes hold—  
God's own poet, whose inspired words  
Sang Nature's songs like God's own birds.

Ah, turn we now with bounding joy  
To view our own dear country's boy,  
Who, speeding o'er the flashing rail,  
Construed his plans or sold his mail,  
Or when by chance he seized an hour  
His study then was lightning pow'r.

**Miss Rachel A. Lewis**, Chester Hill, Ohio.

I will begin with our statesmen four,  
The living and the dead;  
They form the central group you see,  
With Cleveland at the head.

The soldier brave, the "Silent Man,"  
You see upon the right;  
Ne'er turned his back upon the foe,  
Nor feared the thickest fight.

Fought on till victory was won  
By the gallant "boys in blue,"  
Then took his pen and wrote again  
The fearful struggle through.

**Grace H. Smith**, East Sullivan, N.H.

**Mrs. M. F. Hughes**, Media, Del. Co., Pa.

**Miss Mary Eyman**, Homerville, Ohio.

**Nellie B. Powell**, Canton, Ill.

**Adelaide Simpson**, Christiansburg, Va.

**A. E. Miller**, Berryville, Ohio.

**Myron Ryder**, Ceresco, Mich.

**D. B. Hamilton**, Crow Butte, Neb.

**C. A. Miller**, East Baltimore, Md.

**D. Reece Cummings**, Turkey, Ohio.

**Mrs. Ed. Jennings**, Pinconning, Mich.