

ly bearing has lost some of its former spritleness; the hair has grown gray under the withering breath of time, but our hearts are still as warm as ever in their affection for our dead companions and as devoted to the cause which once brought us together under the same flag.

COMRADES, we have reached the matured epoch of our lives when one's thoughts are divided between the contemplation of the past and the prospect of the probable inheritance he has prepared for his children in the future. Let us pause for a moment to cast a look upon those past events. Have we done our duty them? Have we contributed our share, no matter how small, towards the accomplishment of the designs of Providence? Can it be said of us that we have been but a swarming multitude composed of undisciplined bands of destroyers of men, sowing death and devastation in their path, gloating over the agony of their fallen foes, the screaming despair of women and the tears of children? No Comrades, we were Christians soldiers fighting for a holy cause and like the Crusaders of old, who wielded their valiant swords in their efforts to free their enslaved brethren mourning under the foot of a ruthless conqueror, we devoted all our courage, summoned all our energy in the task of breaking to pieces the shackles by which three millions of

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