

dare to speak glibly of indiscretion when men have sacrificed the savings of a lifetime of toil, and mutter generalities about rashness when men have staked their lives. We have too little of that indiscretion and that rashness now-a-days. When we have grown so wise as to do everything by line and rule, and so discreet as to yield to the demands of force, we shall have attained a state of perfection incompatible with a free existence. The meanest of all meanness is ingratitude, and there are degrees even in that. The thankless wretch who flings back, in our teeth, alms the measure of our ability, is a miracle of gratitude, compared with him who seeks to blacken the memory of one who died a martyr, or, with malignant spite, to strip all of good from the sacrifice. We have need to stand by each other, and we would have all know that he who places us under national obligation, shall not go unrewarded; that sufferings endured on our account shall not be forgotten; that the man who steps to the front, shall neither be deserted nor harshly judged by those in the rear. We have been taunted with lack of confidence in the future of our country; let us not give occasion for the imputation of want of heart. It is alleged that we are prone to exhibit a cowardly spirit; let us show that we can at least recognize and respect courage.

We may, perhaps, lay ourselves open to the charge of sentimentalism, but men die for sentiment and oftentimes sacrifice everything for an idea. A piece of bunting is not of much worth, yet call it a flag and it may cost scores of lives; a song does not look very formidable, yet it may quicken revolution and desolate an empire. There is a national heart which can be stirred to its depths; a national imagination that can be aroused to a fervent glow; and, when noble deeds are to be done, or great triumphs of progress and reform to be achieved,