

It may be yours to feel the happiness of the patriarch of old.  
 "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and  
 I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Having tried to outline the campaign of this undecorated  
 soldier from the time when first the *Reveille* aroused him to action,  
 now, before the bugle note of the last call "Lights Out!" is heard,  
 let us ask as to his final reward. Our question goes to those  
 who have attained the prize. List while they speak:

"In life's uneven road  
 Our willing hands have eased our brother's load;  
 One forehead smoothed, one pang of torture less,  
 One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to bless;  
 The smile brought back to fever's parching lips,  
 The light restored to reason in eclipse,  
 Life's treasure rescued like a burning brand  
 Snatched from the dread destroyer's wasteful hand—

"Such were our simple records, day by day  
 For gains like these we wore our lives away.  
 In toilsome paths our daily bread we sought,  
 But bread from heaven attending angels brought.  
 Pain was our teacher speaking to the heart,  
 Mother of pity, nurse of pitying art;  
 Our lesson learned, we reached the peaceful shore  
 Where the pale sufferer asks our aid no more—  
 These gracious words our welcome, our reward—  
 'Ye served your brothers, ye have served your Lord.' "

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