

vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not grieve too much, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your

swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace like

“Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon,”
and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.”

Your country's heart is yours;
your countrymen's hearts are yours
men of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill.

M. A. FOLEY, '00.



“Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust
And fell in a cause, both won, and just
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.”

FATHER RYAN.

