

ways, but a man can give after all, no more, no less, than his life. Prove then your truth! Give me your life!" will there not be many a brave heart to reply, "Be it unto me even as Thou wilt?"

And truly it made amends for all, and shall be so world without end, to feel, as our people felt then, that our Country was something real, something worth living for, worth dying for, to have those thoughts stirring in every heart to which Lowell has given expression in the close of his noble Commemoration Ode.

"Oh Beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore.
And letting thy set lips
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.

"What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee!
We will not dare to doubt thee!
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

THE END.