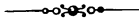


Sing, birds, his Miserere!
 Ye grasses, lightly wave!
 And you, ye shades of heroes,
 Glide forth, and guard his grave!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 Sleep well, thou martyred chieftain—
 There's no place like home!

The light is breaking o'er us,
 And Treason sinks appalled!
 Arise! redeemed Columbia!
 Thy land is disenthralled!
 And though the good man perish,
 From out his hallowed dust
 Forth springs a race of heroes,
 To guard the same high trust!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home
 We'll evermore defend it—
 There's no place like home!



By Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE.

CROWN his blood-stained pillow
 With a victor's palm;
 Life's receding billow
 Leaves eternal calm.

At the feet Almighty
 Lay this gift sincere;
 Of a purpose weighty,
 And a record clear.

With deliverance freighted
 Was this passive hand,
 And this heart, high-fated,
 Would with love command.

Let him rest serenely
 In a Nation's care,
 Where her waters queenly
 Make the West most fair.

In the greenest meadow
 That the prairies show,
 Let his marble's shadow
 Give all men to know :

“Our First Hero, living,
 Made his country free ;
 Heed the Second's giving,
 Death for Liberty.”



By THOMAS MACKELLAR.

SO deep our grief, it may be silence is
 The meetest tribute to the father's name :
 A secret shrine in every breast is his,
 Whom death hath girt with an immortal fame ;
 And in this dim recess our thoughts abide,
 Clad in the garment of unspoken grief,
 As fain the sorrow of the heart to hide
 That yields no tears to give our wo relief.