

# THE PETOSKEY RECORD

~ March 2, 1904 ~

## Our Dead Soldier Presidents.

BY LELIA M. ROWAN.

The following poem was read by Mrs. Rowan at the birthday memorial entertainment given by the Relief Corps last week Tuesday afternoon:

They dead! these men of mighty deeds,  
    Ah no,  
    Although we see them here no more  
They live in all our country's needs  
    More truly now than e'er before.  
Nay friends, we have not thus been taught;  
    The Father hath not thus designed.  
They cannot die, whose every thought  
    Hath scattered blessings o'er mankind;  
They live in every pulse that thrills  
    To loyalty the nation's heart.  
A noble deed, there's naught that kills,  
    No known device of scheme or art.

In love, we hold them honored still  
    And though  
    They may have seemed to pass away.  
They live, or why with tender thrill  
    Should we, these loving tributes pay.  
When spring puts forth her budding green,  
    And glorifies the wood and mead,  
And all the fresh young life is seen  
    In silver brook, and swaying reed;  
Soft woven in the fragrant breeze,  
    Are whisperings of the noble deeds  
That marked the loyal lives of those  
    Who ministered to country's needs.

When summer comes in richest hue,  
    And glow.  
    And blossoms into fruitage melt;  
When life to fullness springs anew  
    And nature's pulse of might is felt;  
Then murmuring rill o'er pebbled bed,  
    Shall sing to us in sweetest lay,  
The praise of these, our kingly dead—  
    Who faltered never by the way;  
Whose impulse strong for Holy aid,  
    Held heart and soul in mystic thrall,  
And on the nation's altar laid  
    Their homes, their loves, their lives and all.

The seed of sacrifice thus sown,  
    Shall grow,  
    And put forth for the future years;  
Such fruit as only may be grown  
    From moisten soil of blood and tears.  
In every loyal heart today,  
    There burns a sweetly living flame  
Of fond desire to tribute pay,  
    To him who in his hour of fame,  
Turned first to her who gave him life;  
    The "Little Mother" honored more  
Than even she, the much loved wife;  
    Such grace of sonship, Garfield bore.

When autumn's fiery finger dyes  
    With glow  
    Of crimson, forest, field and hill,  
And stormy nature fitful tries,  
    Earth's choicest blooms to kill;  
We call to mind those days of old  
    When other fields were crimsoned o'er,  
And Grant, the mighty hero bold,  
    Arose to country's needs, and bore  
The tattered flag to victory on,  
    Nor paused again, this valiant knight  
Until the stormy day was won  
    And war clouds brake in gleam of light.

McKinley dead? The man of fame—  
    Not so;  
    More truly now than e'er before  
He lives—and to his honored name  
    We tribute pay; and more and more,  
We come to know how sweet the life—  
    How strong and true, and great the heart  
That taught the lips in deathly strife.  
    To utter words that bore in part,  
Semblance of those the Saviour spake;  
    "He knew not what he did, forgive,"  
Sublimity of words that make,  
    A life, that shall forever live.



A Confederate and a Yankee  
At the 50th Reunion after the Civil War  
From Library of Congress