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## WE ARE BUILDING.

We are building our homes on Eternity's shore,  
 While we dwell in our structure of clay;  
 We are shipping materials onward before,  
 With the close of each hastening day;  
 We are sending the thought that our spirit has wrought  
 In the wonderful glow of the brain,  
 And the timber is grown from the seeds we have sown  
 'Mid the shades of our sorrow and pain.

We are building our home in the Valley of Life,  
 By the side of Eternity's sea;  
 And the work that we do 'mid the scenes of earth's strife  
 Shall decide what that home is to be.  
 Every thought leaves its trace on that wonderful place,  
 Every deed, be it evil or fair;  
 And the structure will show all the life lived below—  
 All the sinning, and sorrow, and care.

We are building our home—may the angels of light  
 Bring us wisdom wherever we stray,  
 That the mansion eternal be fashioned aright,  
 And the sunlight of truth be its day!  
 May the rainbow of love form the arches above,  
 And our spirit be blest by the glimmers of rest  
 We have sent to our home in the sky.

—Selected.

## A VETERAN'S WORD PICTURE OF WAR.

The following quotation from the Vermont *Chronicle* speaks for itself with a terrible eloquence. It is the account of an eye-witness, and the horrors of the tale could easily be matched, alas, in the experience of thousands of others of our gallant soldiers. You can love the warrior while you hate war.

“The enemy are going to charge us. Orders run along the line and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut, must hit a man. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow, wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

“I am going to kill that man. I have a rest for my gun, and when the order comes to fire I cannot miss him. He is living his last minute on earth. We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame—a billow of smoke—a fierce crash and 4000 bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another and another, until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

“The smoke drifts slowly away, men cheer and yell, we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead

as I pass on. I have killed my man. My bullet alone struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No, I have no cheers. I feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and that his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.”

## THE INDIAN—SHALL WE EDUCATE OR FIGHT HIM?

The Indian question will not stay settled till it is settled aright. Like a celebrated ghost it appears before each successive Congress and will not down. There are 950 poor people called Utes. But they happen to have been crowded by our Government on to a strip of land in southwestern Colorado which proves to be more fertile than was formerly supposed. On this plea—what a plea!—it is proposed to shove them along over the boundary into Utah. “What white man under continually threatened ‘removal’ could plant, farm, be calm, and prosper?” forcibly asks Mrs. Quinton, the President of the Women's National Indian Association. It will be the glory of some President of the United States to have seen in his administration the Government's promises kept, as, for example, the solemn covenant in 1880 to protect these Utes in Colorado, give them lands in severalty, help them to learn agriculture and to educate their children.

Hear Gen. T. J. Morgan's recent appeal before the Board of Indian Commissioners:

“Now we ask for \$3,000,000 for education. Can it be justified? If this expenditure of \$3,000,000 cannot be justified, then we ought not to have it; if it can be, I think we shall get it. I think it can be, in the fact that we have taken the Indians' land and driven the buffaloes away and made it impossible for them to live. I think Mr. Thornton's statement, that the whales and walrus being taken from the people of Alaska imposes upon us a moral obligation to send them the reindeer, is correct. We have taken the Indians' land. We occupy what they once occupied. We have destroyed the buffalo and the fish. We have taken from them the salmon by the great salmon fisheries, and I think as a people we owe it to them as a debt to educate their children so that they can earn their own living as we must earn ours.

“I think every consideration of economy is in favor of this appropriation. It is cheaper to educate a man and to raise him to self-support than to raise another generation of savages and then fight them. There is a question of political economy here. It is cheaper to educate them, that they may become producers, that they may bring back to the national wealth more than people are putting in to educate them.

“I believe that on the ground simply of sentiment, if you will, this money should be given. Four hundred years ago Columbus discovered America. It was then occupied by these people, and if they had been let alone on this continent, with all its vast resources for four hundred years, I believe they would have developed upon this soil a civilization of their own. We have made it impossible