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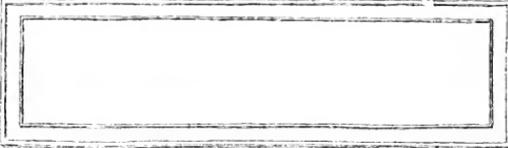
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Columbia Triumphant in Peace

By

THÉODORE HENCKELS

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

1915

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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COME, ALL YE HEIRS OF FREEDOM

Afar I hear the summons,
From voice of high command,
To sing of thee, my country,
The nations' chosen land.
O muse, to thee I yield me;
Deny not my request;
Attune the silent heart strings,
And rouse the slumb'ring breast.

Thy smile, fair one, refreshes;
Bright visions round me press;
'Tis hope, and joy, and music
Spring from thy sweet caress.
Still on my bosom linger,
And feel its throbbing tide;
So I may hold thee firmly
And claim thee as a bride.

Come, all ye heirs of freedom,
Beneath the shining sun,
Who cherish strength and valor
By which great deeds are done;
Give honor to our heroes,
In troublous times or peace,
Whose souls have stirred the nation,
To find from war release.

CHORUS

By thee, O fair Columbia!
By thee, home of the free!
By thee, a loyal guard we'll stand,
Great land of liberty!

NATIONAL SONG

Song has ever had its influences. There is a love of harmony in our nature, universally and forever felt; it is mingled with whatever we imagine of pleasure on earth and hope in the future. It is the realm of the imagination, where the soul luxuriates amid shrubs and flowers. The works of the heavens breathe it; the foliage of the earth awakens its whispered cadences, when

“the winds
 In their light breathings, are inaudible.”

Old ocean rolls his flood and stirs the music of the deep, while the “waves dance to the chanting of its melodies.” Our emotions and passions are poetic:—There is a gush of harmonious feeling when we meet once more a long lost friend; and the melancholy “Farewell” is the very poetry of parting. The mourner weeps tears that are poetic and the lover doles his passion forth in limping numbers.

And when those incidents are national—when they are intimately connected with those objects that are about us, and interest us, the song that is linked to them is like converse with familiar spirits, and often with those who have passed away and left us no other medium of communication.

Associations call up deep and lasting thought from the mysterious chamber of the soul, and memory revisits past scenes, with increased emotion as Time places them at a greater distance. The expatriated Swiss weeps when he hears the tones of his native melody, and recalls to his mind the many beauties of the land of his birth. The Scotsman starts into rapture at the sound of the rustic song of Burns. He sees in thought the Grampian peaks, the “tartan sheen” and downy thistle of Scotia’s plains; his heart bounds once more to the pibroch’s tones and he treads in fancy on his native heath. What American has trodden a foreign shore and not felt his soul glow with

the burning glory of his nation's freedom, as the sounds of "*The Star Spangled Banner*" have come upon his ear? or when, "*Mid pleasures and palaces,*" he has hummed to himself "*Home, Sweet Home*"?

The fragments of ancient song fall upon our ears like voices in the distance, as they struggle through the shades of midnight. They are but

"Tones thrilling upon broken harpstrings,"

yet their harmony is sweet—their melody plays upon the heart, and from this we may form a conception of the effect they produced when breathed upon ears that drank them as the melody of nature and of native land.

COLUMBIA TRIUMPHANT IN PEACE

INTRODUCTORY

In the brief hour of his existence upon the stage of this earth, man plays his rôle and then disappears. His soul, the reflection of Divinity, is immortal; but the name and memory of his deeds live through the generations only if,—exalting himself far above those around him,—he has devoted the best that was in him, to the point of self-sacrifice, to the welfare of others, of his people, of mankind at large; or if, in fighting for higher things than crowns and for higher seats than thrones, he has brought forth in the fields of science or of art, and by his achievements as a seeker of the priceless treasure—TRUTH—works of surpassing and everlasting value to humanity.

Monuments, statues, churches, colleges, libraries, memorial buildings and pæans of praise have been made tributary to the more distinct and permanent recognition of the great men of the past.

Nothing in life, however, can be compared for complete satisfaction with the noble feeling that he alone experiences who can say to himself as his life is drawing to its close: "I have performed my duty; the world is better for the part I took in its shaping;" and the same thought applies to the nation that feels it has a mission and performs it.

We know very little of the history of the entire Western hemisphere before the time of European settlement. Long ages of barbarism, successive races of people, whose origin and history are doubtfully preserved in wild and fantastic tradition, have long since destroyed nearly every trace of American antiquity.

In the realm of Indian lore we find passages told in song that take us back to nature, to the expression of emotion uninfluenced by the intellectual control of the schools. "Music

enveloped the Indian's individual and social life like an atmosphere from his cradle to his grave. It was a medium of communication between man and the unseen. As success depended upon help from this mysterious power, in every avocation, in every undertaking, and in every ceremonial, the Indian appealed to this power through song. The story and song of '*The Deathless Voice*,' which has been handed down through all these years as an inspiration to the life of the Indian embodies in an attractive manner the universal feeling that death can not silence the voice of one who confronts danger with unflinching courage, giving his life to the defense of those dependent upon his prowess; and his voice rings out in the solitude until its message of courage and joy finds an echo in the heart of the living."

It would be interesting to recount the authentic pages of the transformation of the human race through the ages. Our object, however, is more immediate: to relate in a few simple, compact paragraphs, the often told and always interesting story of how it happened that we are living on this continent, what the founders of our nation accomplished in their day and how they accomplished it; and, furthermore, what we and our descendants may hope and must strive to accomplish now and in the ages that are to come.

Lo! in deep admiration
 Once more we bow, dear land, to thee;
 Thou, mother of our dreams,
 Thou, sponsor of our hopes,
 We pledge thee loyalty.
 Grateful, thy praise we sing;
 In humble worship bring
 Homage to thee, thy children.
 Hail Columbia, land of the free,
 Hail Columbia, cradle of liberty!

THE PAST

To the diligent and interested explorer among the ruins of the past, and to the student of the vast number of facts and events of later and more recent times, we are indebted for the knowledge which casts a bright light upon the otherwise mysterious mazes of history.

In virtue of its instinct of self-preservation, the human race seeks places offering the best opportunity for the satisfaction of its elementary needs. Procuring his living through hunting, the prehistoric man travels incessantly. The fair circle of the earth's surface is his to come and go, and do as he pleases. Gradually, man rises to a responsible station in a more or less responsible world. He is endowed with the germ of intelligence. This germ develops and begets reflection, and as reflection becomes more sustained he learns the rudiments of exploiting the soil. Nature yields to his efforts. He takes pride in the place where he achieves his first success and finds contentment. The land-tie is formed, and patriotism, the love of country, which is natural to the whole human race, is born.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land,'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell."

Other men in other regions pass through like stages of development, and other settlements thus come into being. Some prosper more than others. The greater prosperity of one arouses envy and jealousy on the part of others, leading to quarrels, war, and conquests. The victor migrates into the conquered land; and necessity forces the conquered to seek new territory. Discoveries result and migration assumes wider scope.

But the still primitive state of man's mind, his ignorance of new methods to promote the immediate natural production of the soil, and the rapid increase of the human race, lead to over-population. Famine, plague, and other attendant evils impel man to move and seek new, virgin fields; and finding them, he settles once more, builds his hut, and sends word to his relatives and friends to follow. "Westward, Ho!" for manifold reasons seems to have been the prompting, if not exactly the expression of the nature of our remote ancestors, and to the West moves the surplus population of the human family of the East.

Crowded upon and crowding out each other in turn, Europe becomes gradually settled. The various peripatetic and evolutionary stages of man are here reënacted, only on a higher and wider scale. The invasion of Europe by Asiatic races, together with the natural increase of births, makes the population of the old world grow out of proportion to the natural supply of which, under the conditions of exploitation then prevailing, its soil is capable. On the other hand, its commerce grows, leading to the necessity of finding new countries and new markets.

Each new westward advance brings man nearer to the impassable, till at last he is confronted by the sea which seems to surge out to him: "Thus far, and no farther." But each new advance fosters new human attributes. Explorers in their primitive craft sail as far as they can in search of new lands. Pirates set out in search of prey. Columbus, the Seer, has visions of the new world and discovers it. Sporadic and aimless wandering becomes definite, systematic emigration. Spain, because of the discovery made by the man whom she had assisted, claims ownership over South America. Jealously she guards her possessions. Her sway and authority grow. Portugal shares in this expansion and South America becomes Latinized.

English explorers follow in the wake; but steering a slightly different course discover North America. The English government becomes interested in the prospects offered by the New World; it favors colonization and assists it. Emigration, however, remains small and colonization fails. England is not then over-populated. Necessity,—the Mother of Progress,—has not yet placed her compelling hand upon the country. Soon, however, she appears in the mask of religious persecution, forcing the persecuted to look elsewhere for an asylum.

“The breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
 The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
 And, bounding with the wave and wind,
 We leave old England’s shores behind;
 Leave behind our native shore,
 Homes, and all we loved before.

“Oh, see what wonders meet our eyes!
 Another land and other skies!
 Columbia’s hills have met our view!
 Adieu! old England’s shores, adieu!
 Here at length, our feet shall rest,
 Hearts be free, and homes be blessed.”

The Pilgrims found their first colony in New England, and goaded by a new form of necessity, progress forges steadily ahead. English emigration to North America grows, assisted by the mother country, which gains a strong foothold in America. Canada is in turn discovered by France, which assists emigration to the new land and its settlement by her own children. It is not long, however, before differences arise between the English and the French, and England conquers Canada. Inland exploration now begins. The English colonies spread, grow in population and strength. England, however, proves a harsh mistress; she treats her colonies unjustly, and they revolt. Hostilities between England and her American colonies break out. Crash follows flash; and when the air has cleared, when the din has ceased, and the smoke lifted, the heart of man beats more quickly, as against the azure of

the sky he beholds our national emblem and realizes its significance.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

(Banner March)

What is that flag the free acclaim?
 The Stars and Stripes of glorious fame!
 No nobler emblem floats on earth,
 Than greeted freedom's holy birth.
 To thee, the banner of the free,
 We pledge anew our loyalty;
 To honor, virtue ever true—
 Long wave our loved Red, White and Blue.

All loyal hearts are watching;
 All loyal hearts beat high;
 All loyal hearts are throbbing—
 The flag is passing by.
 Never was there a fairer
 'Mid all the flags of earth;
 The Stars and Stripes forever—
 The flag of freedom's birth.

The English colonies are in this way Americanized by the creation of the *United States of America*, which becomes the possessor of a domain with natural resources and favorable conditions such as no other land the world over can boast; a domain so vast that it can give asylum to any race or people wishing to avail itself of the opportunity under the Constitution of our land, a law expressive of the wisdom of all the ages, the noblest instrument devised by man for the conduct of a free people on a free soil.

Thus came our nation into independent existence at a time rendered climacteric by the appearance of that unmatched luminary, Washington, and by that galaxy of his only less conspicuous satellites, the signers of the *Declaration of Independence*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Thy country's first and noblest son,
 We hail thy spirit, Washington;
 With reverent heart, thy countrymen
 Unite, and sing one great "Amen."
 With joy we greet thy glorious name;
 The Book of Time records thy fame:
 The first in war, the first in peace;
 Thy virtues year by year increase.

A nation independent
 Its homage brings to thee;
 'Twas thine the great achievement
 That made our country free.
 With glory and with honor,
 Thy noble work was done;
 Thy name we'll ever treasure;
 It shines o'er freedom's throne.

But as in man there reside, alas, two souls, one striving onward and upward, the other tending downward, so there are in humanity two impulses, one impelling it to construct, the other to destroy. It is not long before these antagonistic elements marshal forth their forces. Portentous thunder clouds gather on the political horizon. The respective champions sally forth in serried ranks, the Men in Gray to meet the Men in Blue—a conflict fated to develop into a struggle of Titans.

For every such emergency Providence holds in reserve the man of destiny, and at the right moment bids him come forth and lead the forces enlisted in the cause of righteousness.

The conflict opens—tense, tenacious, unyielding—a death and life contest; but progressive humanity issues victorious. Measureless was the sacrifice, so are the beneficent results; for man has placed another beacon light along the rocky shore of human progress. The strife came and has gone. Its fruitage is felt in the spirit of Brotherhood which pervades the life of our country, and in our Union, one, indissoluble forevermore.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

What is that tow'ring vision bright,
 Reflected in supernal light?
 'Tis Lincoln, Lincoln's noble frame;
 O, Lincoln, thrice immortal name!
 Amid the stress of civil strife,
 Thine proved the real hero's life;
 True friend and patriot, sturdy soul,
 Our Union was thy cherished goal.

In all the coming ages,
 Man shall exalt thy fame,
 And on historic pages
 Illuminate thy name,
 With honor and with glory,
 Thy noble work was done;
 Thy spirit, borne to victory,
 Protect our Union's throne!

How intensive, immediate and personal is the influence of those *Ideals* of the people, George Washington, the Father of the Republic, and Abraham Lincoln, the martyr of duty. Both knew in their own persons all the aspirations of their people. Both understood what it was to feel the iron grip of misfortune; but they never permitted it to bow their dauntless spirits. No wonder that every American feels himself one with these men, blood of their blood, and bone of their bones. Well may the teacher in the school tell the story of Washington and Lincoln, to implant in our children the first seeds of patriotism, and so to prepare the ground for the influence of these two ideals of American citizenship and manhood to assert itself. It will strengthen healthy ambition; it will encourage in distress, warn in the hour of temptation, and comfort in the hour of death.

We should be grateful to Providence for such ideals, for we certainly need the inspiration and support which they can give us. Noble, inspiring, self-sacrificing in thought and in deed, always ready and seeking to serve, rather than to be served, hewing close to the line, and wholly devoted to conscience and duty. Their work is done,

"But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let their great examples stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
 Till in all lands and through all human story,
 The path of duty be the way to glory."

OUR COUNTRY

Columbia the noble, free,
 The home of human liberty;
 Of thee with grateful heart we sing;
 To thee our humble tribute bring.
 Though young, great glory thou hast won;
 In every clime thy name is known;
 A noble work awaited thee—
 Thy "Declaration" made man free.

Thy founders were a sturdy race,
 Whose faith in God's eternal grace
 Gave them the strength to do and dare;
 And He above them heard their prayer.
 The seed of liberty they've sown,
 Throughout the earth has swiftly grown;
 And all that breathe, join in their ode
 To freedom, virtue, and to God.

There is no other land like thee;
 Thou art the fortress of the free;
 All hail the hour, when first the song
 Of freedom rang from human tongue.
 May freedom's song eternally
 Remain the watchword of the free;
 And through the ages, as of yore,
 God bless our country evermore.

CHORUS.

For thee, beloved country,
 Our thought, our toil we bend,
 Thine honor—freedom's glory—
 Forever to defend.
 Never was there a fairer
 'Mid all the lands of earth;
 Columbia forever—
 The land of freedom's birth!

THE PRESENT

I

It is not possible in the same space of time, to find in the annals of universal history such a long list of names of men and women, brilliant of mind and true of heart, who have accomplished so much for the welfare of their own people and for the progress of mankind as in the one hundred and thirty years of our national existence. It is the triumph of genuine, enlightened democracy with all its avenues wide open for men to rise from the multitude.

In the swiftly moving industrial development which followed the reconstruction of our country, until within the memory of the present generation our people had had little time to devote to the higher things of life. Utilitarianism became the keynote of all our activities. Money was king, and ruled the heart and the mind of the nation. Marvelous discoveries and inventions developed our national material wealth by leaps and bounds. But our social life became restless, our political life corrupt, and many there were who thought that popular government was anchored over dangerous reefs.

But, under the guidance of enlightened statesmanship, events of vital importance to the sound life of the Republic happened during this period.

As a result of the conflict with Spain in 1898, the Spanish Empire in the New World and in the far Orient came to an end. Our Government became the guardian over millions of people whose progress had been repressed for centuries; our commerce expanded, and our importance in the world was greatly increased.

President McKinley, who had won the admiration of the nation for the righteousness and manliness of his character, was eminently equipped to occupy himself with the difficult

questions of international policies. His reciprocity treaties with foreign nations, and the eagerness with which he accredited representatives to the Peace Conference at The Hague (1899) to consider bases for settling certain controversies by an international tribunal, are evidences of what his foreign policy was to have been. But he had scarcely outlined his home and foreign policies when he was suddenly touched by the hand of death. He was succeeded by the Vice-President.

Weighty questions were before the nation. Their solution required **mature judgment and careful handling.**

Long before the time when he became President, Mr. Roosevelt had said:

“We Americans can only do our allotted task well if we face it steadily and bravely, seeing, but not fearing, the dangers.

“We shall never be successful over the dangers that confront us; we shall never achieve true greatness, nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty Federal Republic have set before us, unless we are Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility in the very name of American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing it.

“Above all, we must stand shoulder to shoulder, not asking as to the ancestry or creed of our comrades, but only demanding that we be in very truth Americans, and that we all work together—heart, hand, and head—for the honor and the greatness of our common country.”

Ably assisted by such men as John Hay, Elihu Root, William H. Taft, and others, Mr. Roosevelt did much to rouse the national conscience.

The record of these activities is legible; it is entered into history and written beyond recall.

One event with which this epoch will remain associated for-

ever deserves to be chronicled here; farsightedness, opportune action, and enthusiasm made possible the construction of the Panama Canal, the accomplishment of which was demanded in the interest of mankind.

THE WEDDING OF THE OCEANS

(Panama Canal)

When stately ships from every land
Go sailing through the channel grand
That weds the mightiest waters of the earth,
Let none forget the men who make
Effective what they undertake,
And gave to this stupendous work its birth!

When setting forth to far Cathay,
Columbus sought the shortest way,
And steered his fleet into the setting sun,
That tropic shore he little dreamt
Would prove a bar to each attempt,
For centuries prevent what he'd begun.

When from the heights of Darien,
Balboa, holding back his men,
Beheld another ocean spring to view,
And rushing down with sword in hand
Of the Pacific took command,
The thought arose of nuptials for the two.

The champions of the Fleur-de-lis,
To make that union of the sea,
Gave men and treasure through the weary years;
And still the rock-ribbed neck remained;
The Chagres' flood its power maintained,
While pestilence and death beset their fears.

So when the ships from every land
Go sailing through the channel grand
That weds the mightiest waters of the earth,
Let none forget the Power that makes
Effective what it undertakes—
Columbia, sponsor for that wondrous birth.

T. H. AND H. C. KIRK.

II

"Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild, motley crowd—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav. . . .

“These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
 Those tiger passions, here to stretch their claws;
 O, Liberty, white Goddess, is it well
 To leave the gates unguarded?”

“The doubter thus; but lo! the work goes on,
 The miracle of freedom. More and more
 In splendid strength the many merge in one,
 And alien hearts grow loyal to the core.
 One race, one only here, when all is done,
 A greater race than time has known before.”

Columbia is the depository of a great principle, of a noble ambition to be the mother of liberty.

“She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
 She of the open soul and open door,
 With room about her hearth for all mankind—”

represents a new hope. Her ideals and not her wealth must be her titles to universal respect.

The study of the history of our country and of its great men brings out the fact that we do not live to ourselves, within our territorial boundaries. On the contrary; there are moments when it seems as if the Earth-Spirit had breathed a soul into the great statue in New York harbor and “Liberty Enlightening the World” had indeed become a living being.

As we are undeniably indebted to Italy, Greece, and the more remote Orient for all our culture, we should be sufficiently familiar with the history and the literature of the classic countries, in order to comprehend the evolution of ancient culture into the culture of the present day, and to understand the rôle which the ideals played in the life of the ancient Greek.

Our children should learn how the best of the Assyric and Babylonian culture was taken over by Judea, the gifted sons of Abraham leading at the time in the advancement of human civilization. But Judea was soon replaced by Greece which was better equipped and prepared to become the true civilizer of Europe, the “Alma Mater,” whose lessons molded and inspired the literary and artistic genius of Rome; and thence

radiating across the sixteenth century, struck the sacred spark—the cult of the beautiful and the cult of science.

Where is the explanation of that magnificent, victorious struggle of mind over matter, of that incomparable educative mission, of which Greece is the most glorious illustration? It is due in the first place to the favorable mixture of races in which the grace and sensuousness of the Ionian type became happily blended with the unpolished, virile energy of the Dorian. It is also due to the country itself, to the atmosphere of marvelous serenity, to the delicacy, the gentleness, the peaceable harmony of its aspects, to the rhythmical alternation of mountain and shore. But above all, Greek soil was favorable to the highest achievements in Science and Art, as well as in physical culture, because there reigned within her confines the divine spirit of hospitality which led to the regular conflux—every fifth year—of all the Greek peoples to compete in the Olympic games.

And, gradually, there was born to her Pallas-Athena, warrior-goddess and goddess of peace, tutelary goddess of cities and creative intelligence of science, art, philosophy, and source of just laws. In this manner, and from diversity of blood, there was born that superior unity of the Greek genius. Through all the fibers of her organism Greece became bound to all humanity. Commerce, the breath and blood of a nation incessantly carried out and spread abroad the qualities of her native genius, and brought back to her those elements most apt to vivify, to enlarge, to fecundate, to humanize her, to assure to her that universality of genius which became her fortune and imperishable glory.

Rome following Greece, received all that was of value from the ancient civilization, and transmitted this priceless legacy to the Germanic nations of Europe, to which peoples and to the nations descended from them the future henceforth belonged.

Columbia has millions of unoccupied rich acres of land,

ready, if honestly wooed, to give the necessaries of life to every one of her present, to millions of her yet unborn children, and to other millions of people willing to avail themselves of the opportunity to make a decent living. And the man who by intelligence and by diligence turns these acres into thriving farms is a public benefactor, whether that man be native or foreign born.

What position would our country occupy among the civilized nations of the world had not the influx of honest foreign toil helped to develop the natural resources of our country, and create its wealth, comforts and ideals? Millions came from foreign lands that were not their lands at all, but the domains of their oppressors. Love of country had been repressed in their hearts for generations. And when at last these people found the object which nourished them liberally and generously, then the holy flame of patriotism burst out all the stronger. And in the hour of danger when the Republic was still young, and again when civil strife threatened to disrupt our national life, many of them laid down their lives joyfully for their adopted country.

Columbia is a favored land! The English like the Irish, the German, the Dutch, the French, the Spanish, and the Scandinavian have all contributed their share in building and characterizing the American. The old Teuton race has been made more flexible by the Celt, and may still profit by mixing with the Latin, Slav, and the Semitic races. And it matters not whence the newcomers hail; if healthy, sober, diligent, thrifty, men and women of muscle and heart, and willing to pass into the crucible of Americanization, they are a desirable acquisition to the physical, intellectual and spiritual life of our nation. We will, therefore, continue to welcome them, and show them hospitality, not for selfish reasons, but because we mean in every respect to remain true to our principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Herein lies the optimist's justification

when he expects in the final type a still more harmonious blending of these qualities than are present in any one of the constituents.

The past is the teacher of the present, and the inspiration of the future. Columbia, by nature so richly endowed, has hitherto shown remarkable capacity for amalgamating various races and nationalities; and it requires no prophet's eye to see that from the pinnacle of opportunity on which God has set her and with the experience of the history of forty centuries of the human race, Columbia may in confidence stretch forth her energies to mold and command the ideals of a still more glorious race.

There is no danger of the destruction of the Teutonic foundation of our social order. The grand old timber of the Ship of State will still be steered by the same compass.

"Thou then, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what master laid thy keel,
 What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat,
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee!
 Our faith—triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee;

COLUMBIA

(Thy Vision Points the Way)

When rosy grows the twilight glow,
O'er land and over sea;
When moon and stars in heaven show,
I think of none but thee.
The golden tints of heaven above,
The sun's all bright'ning zone,
The moon, the stars, my burning love,
Reflect thy face alone.

Through all the darkness of the night,
On me thine image beams;
Entranced, to thee my soul takes flight,
And whispers in its dreams:
"Within the palace of my heart,
The throne-room waits for thee"—
And at thy smile, the portals part,
For all eternity.

The world's aglow with brightness,
While thou, beloved, art near;
Thy tender eyes beam kindness,
And promise golden cheer.
To regions fair, enchanting,
Where love is holding sway;
To realms where bliss is waiting,
Thy vision points the way.

THE FUTURE

The channels in which takes place the fusing of the heterogeneous streams into one homogeneous flood, are our educational institutions, where we impose our own ideals upon the German, the Irish, the Slav, the Italian, the Hebrew. The intellectual conflict which takes place between the different ideals reacts also upon the parents; and new ideals, new standards, new tendencies are thus created for our nation. National ideals, however, are stronger than individual ideals. National ideals endure; they become modified and developed. The school, therefore, is the pride of our nation; for the school is the greatest human institution; just as the teacher, wholly devoted to conscience and duty, is the highest human personality, the greatest public servant.

THE SCHOOL—LIBERTY'S SAFEGUARD

Our glorious land today,
 'Neath education's sway,
 Soars upward still.
 Its halls of learning fair,
 Whose bounties all may share,
 Behold them everywhere,
 On vale and hill.

Thy safeguard, Liberty,
 The school shall ever be,—
 Our nation's pride!
 No tyrant's hand shall smite,
 While with encircling might
 All here are taught the Right
 With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
 The star of Progress still
 Our course doth sway;
 In unity sublime
 The broader heights we climb,
 Triumphant over Time,
 God speeds our way!

Grand birthright of our sires,
 Our altars and our fires,
 Keep we still pure!
 Our starry flag unfurled,
 The hope of all the world,
 In peace and light imperaled,
 God hold secure.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

The hope of the future of our country lies in that education which will take us back to the noble ideals of the founders of the nation, to the rugged honesty that marked their simple, frugal lives. This is the opportunity of "Young America." But not till the watchword of teacher and pupil alike shall have become "Under Truth, no limits to freedom," may we claim to have reached the crowning ideal of our history. To seek the truth is the ultimate ideal of education. With such an education for our men and women of tomorrow the future is filled with dazzling hopes. By truth the individual must be brought into relation with the spirit of the time. The individual must become what he is, not from traditional obedience, but in consequence of unselfish devotion to tasks that have proven their priceless worth in the past, tasks leading to critical examination, scientific conclusion, and independent resolve.

And when these principles shall have become our national pride and practice; when the people shall have come to cherish a higher regard for school and teacher, absolutely free from the influence of politics and sectarianism; when compulsory school laws and medical inspection of our schools shall be rigorously enforced; when a controlling influence over the pupil's outside school hours shall be exercised not only without the slightest interference from, but in harmony and coöperation with, the family authority, then will come into being the superior type—healthy and vigorous of body, home and liberty loving; men whose hearts shall be true as steel and pure as gold; who shall use the ballot rightly; men acquainted with the joys and also with the difficulties of life's struggle; tough in capacity for work, filled with a never-say-die courage, piercing to the heart of all questions with discerning judgment, deliberate in decision, counting no cause small in which justice is concerned; men who shall ever

"Upward rise, to higher borders
As by pure, eternal orders,"

each man desiring only what is right, and defining right as "that which is best for the future of not only the particular nation but the human race."

Only under such conditions as permit of education to each and education as far as his capacities will permit him to go can the ideal of true democracy and human brotherhood be attained, and each separate nation receive that larger prophetic birth of freedom, the aim of all human endeavor and the hope of all the ages: government of the people, by the people, for the people, the world around, by which alone the era of universal peace can be introduced.

HERALD OF PEACE

Hark! from on high, Peace wings her flight to earth;
True concord seeking now to haste the birth;
The time is come to stay the warrior's arm;
The time is come for nations to disarm.

PEACE

Let lands unite to stay all conquering lords!
Rise in their might, and sheathe the hostile swords!
Renounce the ways of false and erring stars!
Proclaim true peace; forsake the lead of Mars!

And free at last, triumphant peace prolong!
With hearts and voices blend in joyful song!
Fulfil the word; in union then you can
Extol, cement the brotherhood of man!

Unto Thy holy throne my song I raise,
Thee, God of mercy and of love to praise;
Who dost their path to countless worlds assign
That to Thy majesty and will incline.

Grant unto man the greater joys to taste;
The long-awaited moment speed with haste,
When war shall cease, and peace on earth
Redeem the promise of Christ's birth.

THE BRIDAL OF NATIONS

"Sing the Bridal of Nations! with chorals of Love
Sing out the war vulture and ring in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord.

"Blow, bugles of battles, the marches of Peace;
 East, West, North, and South, let the long quarrel cease;
 Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
 Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!
 Hark! joining in chorus
 The heavens bend o'er us.
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!"

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war. They are far more honorable. For, instead of taking life, they save it; instead of pain they give joy; instead of wasting the strength of nations, they preserve and improve the stock, lifting the race out of bondage and poverty into the state of freedom, power and happiness that is the proper goal of humanity.

"The great question is not whether we are ending war tomorrow; it is whether we are doing our part in our day and generation to carry out that great process that is taking mankind out of the region of brutality into the reign of justice and virtue and compassion and kindness."

War should be driven out by reason. It should be prevented not only by our advocating diplomatic intercourse and arbitration, but also by patient constructive effort, if needs be for generations, towards the establishment of a permanent international court of justice, and of new sanctions that shall compel respect for the judgments rendered.

"Let us be active, patient, persistent. Now is no time for weakness or anxiety. The day is coming, and it is coming soon, when the nations of the earth will gladly acknowledge what they owe to those who are now striving their utmost to wage war against war, and to abolish the inhuman practice whereby man concentrates the fires of his genius and the material forces which lie ready to his hand to perpetrate this deed of shame: the massacre and annihilation of his fellow man."

And, because in the many efforts, spiritual and material, engaged the world over in the furtherance of this high end, our country takes a leading part, we may, in proud fore-feeling of its realization, proclaim, henceforth, "*Columbia Triumphant.*"

COLUMBIA, FAIR LAND

O, beautiful and grand,
Columbia, fair land,
To mankind host;
Great Empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
Thee love we most.

Majestic, rising strong,
Our hearts burst into song,
In praise of thee;
'Tis thee of all we prize;
We love thee everywise;
Are bound to thee by ties
Of loyalty.

We love thine inland seas,
Thy groves and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains.

Thy silver *Eastern* strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Afront the *West*;
Thy flow'ry *Southland* fair;
Thy *Northern* crystal air;
O, Land beyond compare,
Thee love we best.

In gratitude, O, Lord,
Our hearts with one accord,
Praise Thee, Most High;
Grant unto each Thy Light;
To see, to do the Right,
Thy Name, Thy Works, Thy Might
To glorify.

Then shall the world rejoice,
In triumph lift its voice,
And war shall cease.
O, may it not be long
Till man no more shall wrong!
Hear Thou our fervent song,
Thou, Prince of Peace!

3 and 4 by HENRY VAN DYKE.

WORLD PEACE MARCH

Come, rally round our banner,
 Ye loyal sons of peace;
 Let voices blend together
 And Concord's song release.
 'Tis not by sword and cannon
 That man must seek his right;
 In peace shall every nation
 Advance to strength and light.

Let peace, then, be our watchword,
 And peace, our work and goal;
 This message, speed it onward,
 Enkindling every soul:
 Let friendship, firm, eternal,
 Extending brother-hand,
 And blessing every mortal,
 Bring blessing to each land.

O, may that day of glory,
 The day for which we long,
 Soon dawn upon each country,
 And flood it with the song:
 Let friendship, firm, eternal,
 Extending brother-hand,
 And blessing every mortal,
 Bring blessing to each land.

CHORUS

Then rise ye nations, all united,
 And let our efforts never cease,
 Until good will to man is plighted,
 The world around o'er land and seas.

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