



Tablet Erected in the Iowa Historical, Memorial and Art Building by the 351st Regiment, 88th Division, U. S. Army, in Memory of their Dead Comrades.—1917-1919

ANNALS OF IOWA

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3D SERIES

INSTALLATION OF A MEMORIAL TABLET COMMEMORATING THE SERVICES OF THE 351st INFANTRY, 88TH DIV., A. E. F.

On August 12, 1921, in pursuance of invitation and program, there assembled on the main corridor floor of the Historical Building representatives of the Three hundred and fifty-first Infantry, Eighty-eighth Division, A. E. F., with the Governor of Iowa, members of the Supreme Court, and other state officials and invited guests. The program is herewith presented, after which follow the proceedings of installation.

PROGRAM

Music

Presiding William D. Evans, Chief Justice

Invocation Rt. Rev. Theodore N. Morrison, D. D.

Address The 351st Infantry

Brigadier-General W. D. Beach, Retired

Music

Unveiling of Tablet Mrs. Allen Eckerman

Presentation of Tablet H. F. Evans, Maj. 351st Inf.

Significance and Symbolism of Tablet Sherry E. Fry, Sculptor

Acceptance of Tablet N. E. Kendall, Governor of Iowa

Music

Benediction

Proceedings

DEAN COWPER sang the following:

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all the day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

—H. BONAR

CURATOR HARLAN:

When you entered this building you may have seen carved above the portal the legend, "State Historical, Memorial and Art Building." The words imply the functions of the Historical Department of Iowa. Whatever is within the realm of Iowa history is within our interest. Whatever has to do with memorials is likewise of our concern. And so with things of art so far as the state officially concerns itself at the seat of government. This occasion embraces all these.

Our Board of Trustees is formed of the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. As administrative head of this department it is for me to submit policies and plans and when these are approved by our Board to execute and report results. Such a plan in such a policy is this hour to be completed.

This afternoon Chief Justice Evans is unable to be present and at his request I now introduce the program and present Hon. Thomas Arthur, of our Board, who will preside.

JUDGE ARTHUR:

The divine blessing will be invoked by Bishop Morrison.

BISHOP MORRISON:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,
I will magnify Thee, O Lord, my King; and will praise Thy name
for ever and ever.

Every day will I give thanks unto Thee; and praise Thy name for
ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and marvelous, worthy to be praised; there is
no end of His greatness.

One generation shall praise Thy works unto another, and declare
Thy power.

As for me I will be talking of Thy worship, Thy glory, Thy praise,
and wondrous works;

So that men shall speak of the might of Thy marvelous acts;
and I will also tell of Thy greatness.

The memorial of Thy abundant kindness shall be showed; and
men shall sing of Thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious and merciful; long suffering and of great
goodness.

The Lord is loving unto every man; and His mercy is over all His
works.

Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom and Thy dominion en-
dureth throughout the ages.

Our help is in the Name of the Lord

Who hath made Heaven and earth.

Blessed be the Name of the Lord

Henceforth and forevermore.

The Lord be with you.

Let us pray.

O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men
made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons;
we humbly commend Thy servants, our dear brothers, who have
laid down their lives for our country and for the world into
Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most
merciful Savior; humbly beseeching Thee that they may be pre-
cious in Thy sight. Accept their sacrifice and wash them, we pray
Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to
take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements they
may have contracted in the midst of this world, through the
lusts of the flesh and of every temptation being purged and
done away, they may be presented pure and without spot before
Thee; through the merits of Jesus Christ Thine own Son our
Lord. Amen.

JUDGE ARTHUR:

Heaven smiles upon us today. We are gathered for a high and noble service—the unveiling of this tablet. Mankind has learned to commemorate great deeds and great thoughts by symbolic statuary. It presents these sublime deeds and thoughts to future generations. The soldier stirs the emotion of the worshiper because he presents courage as his shield. Perhaps obedience may be classed as the noblest of virtues, but courage is the greatest because it protects them all. No man was ever truly brave who never felt fear; fearless bravery is unpraiseworthy. We measure the worth of the soldier by the completeness of his victory over fear. It is the soldierly tribute of a man that most attracts the people. It is the courage of the soldier that stirs the emotions of men. Soldierly qualities have always appealed to the hearts of the people because the courage of the soldier is their protection, and in the last war was their protection from barbarism. We adore the soldier because he stands between us and harm.

The most popular picture of Washington is his act in crossing the Delaware, although, the more I study the history of the Constitutional Convention, the more I am impressed that his broad statesmanship and lofty patriotism transcended his ability as a soldier.

Grant, in a slouch hat before his camp in the Wilderness, or seated on his charger in the battles before Richmond, is pictured in nearly every hamlet in the country, although he was a statesman. You will find somewhere in the library housed in this building a speech of President Grant made here in Des Moines on "Education," and a reading of it will convince you that he was a great statesman as well as a soldier, yet he was most honored as a soldier.

Napoleon is always portrayed by the artist before Marengo and at Austerlitz. He is never seen cast in bronze or marble holding in his hand the "Code Napoleon," although, despite the revolutions, France, under the Code, became the greatest economical and industrial nation of that age.

Marlborough is only portrayed by the artist as the victor of Blenheim, yet he was the most accomplished diplomat of his age.

Thoughts like these, justifiable hero worship of the soldiers who stood between us and harm in the hour of danger, have inspired the procurement of this tablet to commemorate the valiant deeds and service, and particularly in memory of the dead comrades of the Three hundred and fifty-first Infantry of the Eighty-eighth Division.

I now have the high honor to present to you Brigadier-General W. D. Beach, who commanded the Three hundred and fifty-first Regiment in France.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. D. BEACH:

We have met to honor the memory of the officers and enlisted men of one of the regiments of the national army who gave their all at the call of their country. This regiment, the Three hundred and fifty-first Infantry, was organized in September, 1917, from men selected mainly from the western counties of the great state of Iowa, but later, as changes occurred by detachments being sent to other divisions, the vacancies were filled with men from Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and North Dakota. The regiment that went overseas was composed mainly of Iowans, but in part of men from all this tier of middle western states—stalwart, clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked young athletes from all walks of life, animated by a single purpose—to serve their country in a crisis, to give the best that was in them for the honor and welfare of the great republic.

The regiment was one of two composing the One hundred and seventy-sixth Brigade of the Eighty-eighth Division, to which I was assigned, and it is my privilege to narrate some few facts about the organization. This regiment, as was the case with other organizations, was made up mainly of men unacquainted with things military, but keen to learn. They realized that their own success in action must depend upon discipline and knowledge and training, and I will say, from the point of view of their brigade commander, that their efforts were highly successful. Officers and men were subjected to the most severe military training that I have ever imposed or witnessed in my forty years of service.

The daily grind of drill, of instruction, of target practice, of the many seemingly trifling things that go to instill discipline and

training were cheerfully carried out. Our time was short. France was calling for assistance and our orders were to train the men quickly, to get them in shape in the shortest possible time. We worked with them for three months, then came orders from Washington to send these thousands of men elsewhere. The calls were so urgent, our men had acquired their training so quickly, that it was evident the inspectors had recommended that they be transferred to France, so a thousand of the men were sent here, two thousand there. To one division at Atlanta we sent over four thousand men whom we had trained. Our division and this regiment were reduced very, very materially, but immediately the vacancies were filled up with a similar lot of men. The next contingent came from this state, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and a few from Illinois. Then the grind commenced again. The younger officers who did not have much experience at first were better fitted by this time, and the second contingent were put through the training period more effectively. The division during the first seven months lost over forty-eight thousand men by transferring them to outgoing divisions, and I happen to have the records of the battle losses of five of these divisions. They were forty thousand five hundred and eight men. We were again filled up, but our officers were becoming discouraged, due to the fear that we might never get across. In July, 1918, however, orders came for the division to go to France. I do not know the percentage of men in this particular regiment who had over three months' training, but the division as a whole had eight thousand men of over three months' training, thirteen thousand between one and three months, and six thousand with less than one month's training.

Conscious of its power and its ability to render the highest service, the regiment went across, landing in France in the early days of September and continuing its training there where it was in touch with actual war conditions. We lacked considerable equipment, but it was later supplied, and in less than a month from our landing the regiment was sent to the front line trenches, there to meet the enemy it had been training to meet while here at Camp Dodge and overseas; but unfortunately we were met at

the outset by a more insidious enemy, one for which our training was useless. I refer to Spanish influenza. In the division we had over seven thousand cases, but, thanks to the devotion of our medical officers and nurses, our total loss was only slightly over four hundred men; greater, however, than our battle casualties. While still much depleted by sickness, the brigade was directed to take over the front line trenches in the Alsace sector from a French division. As the Three hundred and fifty-first appeared to the commanding general to be better prepared to take over these trenches than the other regiment of the brigade, two hundred men were immediately sent from it to serve with and assist the French troops and get the benefit of their experience; later the entire sub-sector was taken over by this regiment, it being relieved later by the Three hundred and fifty-second.

The easiest thing in war is to get men killed; the hardest is to get results and not suffer casualties. An incident which occurred in connection with an American brigade which preceded ours impressed me as a soldier more than any other one thing in a long career. That American brigade was subjected to a German gas attack and over two hundred men suffered from its effects. They were brought back to our sector. There was a French hospital there and these men were taken to that hospital and thence day by day were carried to the military cemetery. It was a very sad and a very impressive sight, so much so that the brigade commander called his officers together and said in effect: "These are avoidable casualties. You are to see that every officer and man is thoroughly qualified in the use of the gas mask, which alone affords complete safety. We cannot avoid casualties by bullets and high explosive shells, but we can avoid them from gas." The discipline of this regiment was such that when it did go as a body into the line, not one man lost his life from gas. Not one of our men "went west" through being subjected to gas poisoning, although we had the same experience in a gas attack as the previous brigade which I mentioned. The colonel of this regiment told me that one of his men had a gas shell explode so near him as to wound his foot and have the liquid mustard splash on his forehead, and yet, although burned, he got his mask on before the fumes could reach him.

The one hundred and ten casualties of the regiment were almost all from flu, a few from bullets or shell fire, and none from gas; and yet, all who "went west" died soldiers' deaths as truly as though they had been classed as battle casualties. I relate this to show how the study and the work and the energy of these young officers and men were instrumental in preventing loss of life. Our losses would otherwise have been very much greater.

On November 11 we were drawn back, and the maintenance of discipline without the incentive of action began again. It was equal to any in the army. We knew it and General Pershing told us so after the armistice.

The war had ended in victory for our arms, and the time had arrived for us to return to the states. On my way to the coast I passed through the city of Paris. One Sunday morning I came out from the Red Cross Hotel and looking up toward the brilliant blue sky—the sky seemed bluer in Paris than anywhere else—there appeared a bank of dark clouds over in the east and from that bank of clouds emerged five white aeroplanes. They were French planes flying in formation and they silently passed a strip of blue sky and disappeared in a mass of white sunlit clouds to the west. Their altitude was so great that the noise and whirl of the propeller blades and motors could not be heard. Their appearance was most impressive. They looked like great white birds and were going west. In the army we talk about "going west," never about death. It was my privilege to investigate the origin of that expression, and I found that the idea dates back to the fifteenth century, when the adventurous navigators and explorers of old sailed west looking for a land of promise—for new lands, for the spring of perpetual youth—and it seemed to me that those white planes were symbolical of that. They emerged from dark clouds, crossed the sky and entered bright clouds, lighted by the sun. It seemed to me that it was symbolic of the lives of many of our men over there who made the supreme sacrifice.

While we sincerely mourn their loss, we feel they went in a great undertaking, a great national emergency, and that they contributed their all to the success of the cause of freedom and right. We will not say that they lost their lives, notwithstanding

this tablet to their memory. They did not lose their lives—they gave them—gave them willingly to their country, and for this we, their comrades, will always cherish and honor their memories and hold fast the principles for which they fought.

DEAN COWPER:

NO NIGHT THERE

MUSIC BY DANKS

In the land of fadeless day
Lies the "City four square,"
It shall never pass away,
And there is "no night there."
God shall "wipe away all tears,"
There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
And they count not time by years,
For there is "no night there."
And the gates shall never close
To the "City four square,"
There life's crystal river flows,
And there is "no night there."
There they need no sunshine bright,
In that "City four square,"
For the Lamb is all the light,
And there is "no night there."

—JOHN R. CLEMENTS

JUDGE ARTHUR:

The singing not being in our immediate presence, I might announce that these two beautiful, inspiring solos so splendidly rendered have been given by Dean Cowper who trained the boys in singing, I understand, at Camp Dodge.

We have the high privilege of witnessing the unveiling of the tablet by a mother of a soldier who lost his life in the World War. I present to you Mrs. Allen Eckerman.

(Mrs. Eckerman stepped to the platform, lifted the hangings at the right, gathered them together, took them clear off the tablet, placed them behind it at the left and was assisted to a seat by Adjutant-General Lasher.)

JUDGE ARTHUR:

We have the rare privilege now of listening to the sculptor's narrative explanation of the tablet through Curator Harlan.

CURATOR HARLAN:

The members of the Three hundred and fifty-first Regiment

who survived contributed a fund intended to afford some lasting testimonial of their thought. The fund was put in my hands to be used towards that end. It was placed at interest and later the commission issued to Mr. Fry. When his work was done the principal sum and accumulated interest without the diminution of a cent went as if from the palms of the soldier contributors to the purse of the soldier artist. The Historical Department of Iowa out of its funds paid for the casting, the transportation, and the erection of the memorial.

The sculptor, Sherry Fry, of New York City, an Iowa man, was among the first to become interested as an American soldier in the camouflage service in the World War. He saw in this and in personal association with other branches of the service exhibitions of rare courage and exalted action. With instinctive powers of a sculptor trained in long years under the best masters in the finest traditions of his art, war service gave him the rarest chance of knowing the spirit of his comrades. His conceptions are here, an exquisite symbolic expression in bronze, his definition of and tribute to the theme.

After his long and ardent efforts at arriving at a delineation of his thought, the artist wrote that at first he wanted to represent a sleeping, or expiring, or dead soldier at the feet of what he conceived to be the spirit of war, but found that no matter how he tried to avoid it, he introduced too much of the unpleasant memory of his own experience, so he ended by simply making the figure rise from symbolic forms and in curving lines spread over slight indications which one recognizes as a tangle of front line trenches. He purposely kept this part indistinct wishing above all to have the soldiers not reminded more than could be helped of the bad part of it. All he did was to try to say that with him they have a glorious memory. The halo about the head does not betoken any religious idea, but is, as most know, a conventional expression of glorious accomplishment. He chose the type of line and modeling of the figure that best represents repression, confidence and dignity, trying to elevate that above creed or cult to a memorial religion.

Neither the letter nor the form and meaning of this tablet are applied specifically to men as individuals of this regiment or even

of our glorious army. They allude to motives and men as one. It is our racial spirit and our contribution in this war. The sculptor knew and recognized that in the archives of our general government are assembled the names of all the men, and he well knew that in the commonwealths from which this regiment came the name and something of the history of each man will sacredly be kept. He knew that in this very building there is assembled in photographic likeness and in biographical outline, a complete grouping of materials illustrative of these men.

When this indestructible tablet shall today have been placed upon these walls, all that the state can do, so small compared to what they did, will have been done.

JUDGE ARTHUR:

We are favored with the presence of Major Evans of the Three hundred and fifty-first Infantry, and it is most fitting that he should present this tablet to the state of Iowa.

MAJOR EVANS:

As senior Iowa officer of the regiment, I have been requested to act officially on this occasion of dedicating a memorial to our dead, and I do so with a full appreciation of the honor and responsibility conferred. The idea of a memorial was conceived while our unit was still in France, and every man in the organization contributed to the purpose. It is a regimental gift, not the gift of any individual, and it has been made possible by the splendid co-operation received from the state in the person of Mr. Harlan, acting in his turn for the Iowa Historical Department. This day would be incomplete without an expression of gratitude to the Iowa Historical Department for the assistance it has rendered.

The spirit of this ceremony is two fold: First, there is the personal side as it relates to the members of our regiment and to the relatives of those we commemorate; secondly, the broader aspect as it relates to the public in general. Very briefly I want to touch on these two features.

From a personal point of view, each of us who knew them living, has certain direct and private memories of our dead comrades—associations so sacred and dear that we guard them jealously

from public view. As man grows older he seems to cultivate the habit of drawing somewhat into his shell, of fencing in certain moments of his life which are especially his own; and in this private enclosure he secretly places his personal thoughts, his joys and sorrows, and all those little treasures which men use to cheat despair. In this sanctuary of our thoughts the memories of our friends and loved ones who died in the war hold a very prominent place. Because we have lost them we are deeply sad, but our sorrow is tempered by the realization that they gave their lives in the honorable service of a worthy cause, in a manner that brave men throughout history have hoped to die.

Often, when I think of our dead, my mind goes back to a scene in an Iowa city during the early days of the war. The first contingent of local troops was leaving town that night and a mass meeting was held in the nature of a farewell. Certain prominent citizens spoke and I recall distinctly the remarks of one of them. He said, "After you have gone, many of those who stay behind will wish they had gone with you." And today, as our thoughts turn to those who have gone, even though we take up with gratitude the lives that were spared us in the war, we cannot but realize that in some ways their passing is attended by certain advantages.

Those whom we commemorate today are embalmed forever in our imagination. Theirs is the glory, theirs the honor. They will not change, they never will seem less young, less fresh, less glorious, than when in the full flush of youth and vigor they gave their lives to their country. They shall go down through the generations in their glory, with brows marked with youth and honor. They can never

Swell the rout,
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

And so to us, their relatives and comrades, who must meet the inevitable defeats and sorrows of life, it has come to be a happy, not a sad thing to hold in our place of memories their laurels which can never fade.

The second aspect of this ceremony is the broader part, and perhaps in one sense the more important part. We are offering to our state and nation the privilege of sharing with us our pride and our sorrow by presenting this public testimonial to the courage and spirit that prompted these men to do their full share of duty. By this ceremony we publicly display our honor for our dead. By it we solemnly perpetuate a national act of heroism and we express our belief that to act with enthusiasm and faith is to act greatly. It is our hope that, through this testimonial, the generations that follow may receive some quickening of the pulse, some inspiration, some better realization of the true meaning of citizenship.

The old world of 1914 has gone forever and with it has passed much that is good. The old gods have fallen and the new gods have not yet arisen; and the new gods when they come must be better than the old, if our civilization is not to go down in despair and ruin.

We live in a changing age, a chaotic world. All the hard bought gains of the ages, the beauties of our civilization, seem endangered. There are too many men who seem to feel quite superior to all that has gone before and who have little faith in anything that lies beyond. Too many men measure life in terms of their own personal self-interest and satisfaction, and it seems to be almost a general feeling that the world owes a man a living, and not that a man owes humanity his life.

Today our thoughts go out to all those millions in the world who suffer, who have paid the price for our civilization. First, we think of those in America to whom the war years have brought sorrow, and then our thoughts travel over the seas to Europe and we view the millions in England and on the Continent who have sacrificed, who are striving for happiness, or even existence, and whose cup is bitter. It is inconceivable that this terrible price paid so gallantly shall have brought the world nothing. Somehow mankind must receive the worth of the sacrifice, for otherwise the dead we mourn are doubly dead.

It is fitting, therefore, that we place this memorial tablet before the eyes of the coming generation as a reminder of the sacrifice that has bought their security. In a world grown too cynical

it is well that the schoolboy pause before this memorial and reflect that another boy, hardly older than himself, gave even his life that *he* might walk down peaceful, sunlit streets.

It is well that our whole generation remember that all we own is not ours by divine right, but the gift of those who gave years of labor and even their lives that our civilization might live. To worthily use that gift, to justify the sacrifice made, is the task of our own and future generations.

With these thoughts, and as the official representative of the Three hundred and fifty-first Infantry, I present to the state of Iowa this tablet, that it may remain a living memorial to our dead; that it may stand as a token of our respect and admiration for them; and that it may prove a source of inspiration and guidance to those who follow after.

JUDGE ARTHUR:

And now, my friends, the tablet has been unveiled by the noblest of them all, the mother of a boy who "went west." It has been presented by Major Evans, a worthy soldier, its symbolism and significance has been explained by the sculptor, and now it is to be accepted by the state of Iowa. This institution, housed here in this building, is a part of Iowa, one of Iowa's governmental institutions. I have the privilege of presenting to you the Governor of Iowa who will accept the tablet.

GOVERNOR KENDALL:

On behalf of the entire commonwealth of Iowa I earnestly thank you for your presence this afternoon at this impressive ceremonial. I never so completely realize the inadequacy of my own speech as upon occasions such as this when I am required in the present times of peace merely to say things of the heroic souls who in the dark days of war actively did things.

It is a commendable practice observed by nations, states and communities to establish memorials to those who, by conspicuous courage in war or by special achievement in peace, have contributed largely to the welfare of humanity. We in Iowa have been derelict in recognizing the propriety of such monuments. In New England and indeed throughout the East, the sojourner is constantly encountering here a tablet and there a statue, indicating the spot on which some great man was born, or performed

some signal service, or died. Of course, those sections are older than ours and the people are naturally more profoundly attached to their honorable history, but the time is coming when we shall imitate their example in this respect. Some day we shall erect suitable testimonials to those who, on the crimson battlefields of the Civil War, effected the emancipation of the slave and assured the permanence of the Union; to those who overthrew the despotism of Spain in the West Indies and forever banished a European sceptre from the Western Hemisphere; to those who left all, chanced all, suffered all, to preserve the freedom of mankind in the most enormous combat in all the annals of the race. It is of these last that we are thinking today with solemn pride and tender reverence. After the wonderful address of General Beach, how can I venture to vocalize the poignant emotions which overwhelm this assembly? These gallant boys whom you commanded, my dear General, and whose incomparable valor is here forever commemorated, were the very flower of our great American manhood. They were reared in the environment of free homes and free schools and free thought and free speech, and from all these they had imbibed conceptions of duty as lofty as any that ever animated the human heart. They struggled to the uttermost, not for increase of wealth, or expansion of power, or enlargement of territory, but for that exalted ideal of liberty and equality and justice which must finally possess the intelligence of civilized men everywhere. They answered every emergency with a fortitude, a devotion, a daring, which forever characterized the spirit of America and, though they passed and are not, their works do follow them. Ours it is to hold aloft the flaming torch which fell from their eager hands. What they died for, we must live for.

On behalf of the patriotic people of Iowa, I gratefully accept this splendid memorial.

JUDGE ARTHUR:

This sublime and sacred event has passed into history; benediction will be pronounced by Bishop Morrison.

BISHOP MORRISON:

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost we dedicate this tablet in memory of the soldiers of the Three hundred and fifty-first Infantry, Eighty-eighth Division, who laid down their lives for the honor and security of our country and for the peace and welfare of the world.

They fought a good fight. They were faithful unto death.

Let us pray.

O Almighty God, Heavenly Father, we bless and magnify Thee, for the faithfulness and sacrifice of the faithful men whom we commemorate today. We give thanks to Thee for the victory they won. We beseech Thee that we may show as a people true thankfulness such as may appear in our lives by continual devotion to any personal cost to Liberty, to Justice, to Righteousness, to the establishment among all men and in every nation of a Democracy based upon the teaching of Jesus, the Son in whom Thou was well pleased, and in ever increasing presence and power of the Kingdom of Heaven among men.

We pray this day with all earnestness Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

Grant that we may be ready and obedient. Think with us. Lighten our minds. May we desire the realization of universal brotherhood and fellowship and co-operation of true Democracy.

We know not the mystery of Thy purpose, we cannot measure Thy power, we know not when the fullness of the time may be, but this day the sorrow and yearning of the world turns to Thee. Restrain, as far as may be, selfishness and pride and greed and class hatred and national ambition. Bless every word spoken for peace and the coming of a new life and a new organization of peoples and races and nations in federated relationship. Bless every effort made for disarmament at the coming conference. Hasten through our willing yearning desire the day when men shall learn war no more. Live Thy life in us. Work through us. May these men whom we commemorate today know, wherever they be, that they died to save the world.

In the spirit and in the name of Jesus, who lived and died to establish Thy Kingdom of love and fellowship—of humanity—we make this our prayer. Amen.

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