

FLAG FOR TORREY'S TROOPERS.

The Cheyenne Tribune publishes the following poetic tribute on the presentation by Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and Nevada women to the Torrey troopers of a beautiful flag, the lines being written by L. R. Tyson:

Take thy banner, soldier true,
Take this flag, red, white and blue;
And where'er shall be your goal,
And where'er its stripes unroll,
Freedom written on its scroll,
There will breathe the Nation's soul.

Take thy banner, soldier true,
Glorious flag, red white and blue.
Take thy banner, warrior, brave,
Ever may this emblem wave;
May its constellations shine
Like an aureole divine;
May its folds and stripes entwine
Each a benison benign.
Glorious banner of the free,
Glorious flag of liberty.

Take this beauteous banner, then,
Staunch and true Wyoming's men;
May its triple colors keep
Watch o'er fields which war will reap;
May it solace those who weep
O'er the graves where heroes sleep.
Guard this sacred emblem well,
Fraught with freedom's holiest spell.

When you hear the cannon's roar
On some friendless, foreign shore,
When beneath the battle's smoke
And its fumes your senses choke,
When war's pientitudes evoke
Crash of steel and saber stroke—
Plant "Old Glory" on the field,
Men of ours, who never yield.

When the warring fife and drum
Bid the conquering heroes come,
When the bugle's clarion tone
Rings across the torrid zone,
Tear the Spaniard from his throne,
Give fair Cuba to her own.
"Cuba libre," ever free,
From its center to the sea.

Think upon the thousands slain,
Dying slow, with lingering pain;
Think upon the thousands dead,
Perishing for want of bread;
And the tyrant's robe of red
Dyed, where countless heroes bled.
Dead, their only covering
The shadow of the vulture's wing.

Think how they were made to kneel
To the Spanish yoke of steel,
How was reared the crimson crest
O'er the lowly and oppressed.
Over wrongs yet unredressed,
Over crimes yet unconfessed,
And o'er cruelties unknown,
Too hideous for a fiend to own.

Think how fathers plead in vain
To the pompous lords of Spain,
With lowly meek and tearful eyes;
Of mothers' wails and children's cries.
Think upon their miseries;
Think upon their agonies;
Think upon these thousands still,
Martyrs to a despot's will.

And when you have thought of these
As you cross the Southern seas,
Think where our dead heroes lie,
Where the harbor's tide swirls by;
'Neath the torrid tropic sky,
Raise aloft your battle cry,
When you meet the hordes of Spain
Let your war cry be—"The Maine!"

Loosen every bridle rein,
Men from broad Wyoming's plain;
Then, with dauntless, flashing eye,
Raise your gleaming blades on high;
Raise aloft your battle cry;
Raise "Old Glory" to the sky.
Like the whirlwind of the plain
Charge the dastard hordes of Spain.

Charge the ranks of proud Castle,
Let their hordes our vengeance feel;
Give them shot and give them shell,
Grape and canister as well.
Let the detonations swell
Loud with the Wyoming yell;

Give them thunderbolts of war
Forged, of old, by ancient Thor.

Bear "Old Glory" in the van,
Heart of heart, and man of man,
Charge, like eagles in their flight;
Charge, like meteors at night;
Charge, like arrowy shafts of light;
Charge, till you have won the fight.
Let your flashing sabers mow
Swaths throughout the serried foe.

Through war's sulphurous canopy
Bear this flag of liberty,
Charge, like lightnings from the clouds,
Charge, with battle thunders loud;
Cover Spain's battalions proud
With red war's ensanguined shroud.
Men from broad Wyoming's plain,
Strike till all our foes are slain.

Raise the banner of the free
O'er the land and o'er the sea.
Plant the seeds of freedom there,
Nurture them with tenderest care,
Till their twining tendrils bear
Freedom's full-blown flowerets fair;
Till they bloom from year to year
O'er all the Western hemisphere.
And when war's deep thunders roar
Over vales and hills no more,

And when liberty and right
Triumph o'er the powers of might,
And when freedom's robe of white
Gleams from out oppression's night,
And when pearly-pinioned peace
Bids the war's red carnage cease—

Bring this banner back again,
Brave and true Wyoming men.
Pure, unsullied by a shame;
Bright, untarnished by a blame
That might cause a soldier's name
To mar the monolith of fame.
Bring thy banner back again,
Honored by Wyoming's men.

AFTER DEATH.

Professor Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological seminary, famous for the controversy regarding the Bible, of which he some years ago was the center, has recently devoted a series of articles in The Church Union to the exceedingly interesting and important question of life beyond the grave. From the Scriptures he draws the conclusion that death does not substantially change the conditions of existence. The departed ones retain their personality, their character, their reasoning power, affections, moral energies and will and sufficient resemblance to their present appearance to be recognized by their friends.

There is in all this nothing new. All who entertain an intelligent belief in a future state agree that life beyond the grave must be a continuation of this life. Memory does not cease. The scholar does not forget his scholarship; the unlearned does not, by death become a scholar, any more than by a night's sleep and awakening in the morning, he becomes the possessor of learning. Good deeds or evil deeds are not forgotten in death; friends are not forgotten. Undoubtedly those whom we have learned to love in this world, and who are worthy of affection, will be loved hereafter with still more intensity and purity, for it is not expressly stated that his holy passion is stronger than death, and that it remains, together with faith and hope, even when other gifts of grace are no longer needed? So far all believers in immortality agree.

Professor Briggs, however, goes one step further than most Protestant Christians and points out that this belief necessarily leads to another, that spiritual progress is possible beyond the grave and that, consequently, it is our duty to pray for the departed ones just as it is incumbent upon us to remember in our prayers our living friends, and even enemies. On this subject he argues:

"There is an unreasonable prejudice

among most Protestants against prayers for the dead. This prejudice practically destroys communion with the saints in the other world. But the practice of prayers for the dead goes back to the most primitive times among the Christians, and still earlier among the Jews, and all antiquity is in its favor.

"If there is any progress in holiness for our friends who have gone into the blessed life, it is a privilege and it is a duty for us to pray for them that they may make that progress in the divine grace. Such prayer for the departed friends is a wholesome religious exercise, which enables us in a simple and natural way to commune with them. As we pray for their advancement we feel reasonably certain that they are joining with us in prayer for our mutual advancement. Since my attention has been called to the matter, I have observed a considerable amount of such prayer for the dead unconsciously, yet logically and no less truly offered, in funeral addresses and prayers, even among the most radical Protestants.

"A Christian who thinks that the initial of salvation must begin in this world before death, will limit his prayers for the dead to their growth in grace and holiness; but a Christian who thinks that salvation may begin after death, will naturally extend his prayers so as to include the conversion and regeneration of the dead. In his prayers for the dead, each Christian will make his practice of prayer conform in a measure at least to his theory of salvation.

"Thus prayer for the dead is a privilege and a duty for all who practice prayer for the living; and sacrifice for the dead is a duty for all who practice sacrifice for the living. The dead saints and the living saints are so united in one holy communion that in all religious activities all saints share alike."

The reasoning is Scriptural and logical and in full accord with the doctrines and practices of the early Christians. It would undoubtedly have obtained among the Protestants, too, but for an over-zealous anxiety in the early stages of Reformation to purge the church of Romanism, which resulted in many instances in the rejection of truth as well as error; for even Luther admitted that prayers for the dead would do no harm. It is gratifying to see the subject again placed before the Christian world in a manner to command attention, for it cannot fail to commend itself to the consideration of those interested in obtaining an understanding of the future state of man.

The fact once admitted that spiritual progress, or retrogression, is possible on the other side of the veil, it follows that not only prayer but also the other means of grace, given for the conversion and regeneration of man are necessary, since it is perfectly clear that, as there is but one Savior, there is also only one way to salvation, all-sufficient for both living and dead. Prof. Briggs's reasoning leads directly to the acceptance of the distinctly Latter-day Saints doctrine concerning the necessity of entering into covenants for the dead. If they still live, retaining their personalities, characteristics and moral energies, why should the living pray for them and do no more? For the salvation of the living, prayer is not the limit of missionary energy; nor can it be for the departed ones.

In connection with this subject it may be well to note that the Scriptures clearly indicate the essential identity in form and appearance after death. Those who rose at the crucifixion of Christ (Matt. 27: 53) were evidently