

These resolutions be adopted and spread at length upon the Journal; that the chief clerk be directed to forward an engrossed copy to the family of the deceased.

Adopted.

LORENZO D. TETER,  
R. M. WRIGHT,  
F. M. EPPERSON,

MR. SPEAKER. If all of life were but its living; if all its pleasures were graduated in the bushel of selfish cheer; if all its joys were measured by tears and smiles, by sunshine or shower; if all its good were meted out only in proportion to the length of the span of years that stretch across the valley from the cradle to the grave, then how unfortunate that man should live beyond the tender years of innocent childhood. But not so. The Creator, in His wisdom, has ordained that man may be the arbiter of his own fortune, and has made it possible that life may be measured by something more than years. He who lives not alone for self, but for others as well; he who endeavors so to live that the burdens of his fellow travelers along the stony pathway of life may be more easy to bear, lives well, lives nobly, lives best; and lives more of life, e'en though his years are few, than does

The wretch, who, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown;  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from which he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Our brother; and our friend, was one of whom it may well be said that he lived much of life. His unswerving devotion to high ideals and condemnation of wrong wherever and in whomsoever found, might well be emulated by us all. No better evidence of his good character, and of his perfect manhood could be offered than the esteem of those who knew him best. No better test of the purity of his heart could be found than the affectionate and solicitous attachment to his home, his family and his friends. No better criterion of his devotion to the faith of conviction than the badge of honor which he wore. Slow of decision; yet, steadfast in purpose. Conservative; yet, charitable—and of that broader kind that lends a helping hand to the weak and an encouraging word to the unfortunate. That kind of charity that meets the accuser with the divine injunction, He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.

At the close of a life well spent, and crowned with the glorious effulgence of the beautiful rays of the sunset of the affectionate admiration of all who knew him, the subject of this resolution sank into a peaceful taciturnity of all earthly sorrow and closed his eyes to the grand, sweet music of the sirenic dream of

Simply to thy cross I cling;  
In my hand no price I bring,

and then lapsed into the arms of eternal sleep to be awakened only by the trumpet call at the Day of Judgment. And thus, Mr. Speaker, passed from this life to the hope beyond the grave, Captain William Blain, my early boyhood teacher in the little country school house by the woodland on the hill. When the faded veil of memory rises from the horizon of the distant, dim vista of the past, I behold with pleasant reveries his school-room frowns and smiles; but, when it falls on the silence of his new-made tomb, I realize the last good-bye has passed. Good-bye not until the morrow, nor mid the pleasures of to-day; but good-bye until we both shall seek His mercies at the Judgment Bar of God. Enshrouded with the beautiful folds of the Stars and Stripes, and the little bronze button proudly nestling on his breast, all that was mortal of a soldier of the civil war was consigned to join his comrades on the field of fame's eternal camping ground where they together now sleep the long slumber of rest.

With the passing of the soldier of the North, side by side with the soldier of the South, all of whom long since have been brothers and lovers of a common country with no East, no West, no North, no South, why may not we of the younger generation plant a living flower in the fertile soil of our affections and rear it to blossom as the glistening medal of love, and transfix it high on the altar of fame as the emblem of our appreciation of the priceless heritage for which their lives were forfeited and which in their death they bequeathed to us. There let it shine through all the countless years of time—the gift of an united people to the martyrs of their country; and may we not remember of them as they lie silently sleeping through the ages of eternity in their dark and windowless tombs that,

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

How meaningless the words, the North and the South! Let them be forgotten. Let them be submerged into the grandeur of the single word, America. Let our own beloved Iowa forget her local ensign, sacred though it may be with the insignia of tradition, and remember only the banner of our Nation.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land.

Mr. Speaker, I now move the adoption of the report of the committee, and as these resolutions are spread upon the records of this day and as we go forward with our daily tasks, let us all remember that some one has beautifully said that,

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal:  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not written of the soul.  
 Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act!—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within and God o'er head.

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**HON. BENJAMIN F. ELBERT.**

MR. SPEAKER: Your committee appointed to prepare resolutions commemorating the life, character and public service of Benjamin F. Elbert, beg leave to submit the following report:

WHEREAS, an overruling Providence has removed from the activities of life Honorable Benjamin F. Elbert, an esteemed member of the House of Representatives in the Thirteenth General Assembly,

*Resolved,* That in his death his family has lost a devoted husband and an affectionate father, the State, an able and patriotic citizen.

*Resolved further,* That these resolutions be made a part of the records of this House.

Benjamin Ficklin Elbert was born in Van Buren county, Iowa, was identified with the interests of the State from his infancy, and he remained its honored citizen until his death. He witnessed its development from a scattered frontier settlement into the proudest commonwealth in all the American Union. He saw its population, its wealth, its manufactures, its mining industries, its agricultural products, its educational facilities, multiply and remultiply into colossal magnitude, and his latest glance at the beloved State with whose history he was so conspicuously connected, revealed her at the very climax of her national prestige and power. It is difficult for us of this generation to understand the tremendous obligation we owe to the stalwart pioneers who with undaunted courage and intrepid spirit endured the perils of privation and adventure necessary to subdue the savagery of the wilderness, and to appropriate its natural resources to the purpose of civilization. There were giants in those primitive days, and one of the strongest, ablest and worthiest of them was B. F. Elbert. He had no ambition for the preferments of public station, but his countrymen compelled his election to this body, and while here he discharged every duty with unqualified acceptability to his constituents.