

en war swept o'er the bugles blew Their echoes of com

To day the erippled soldier comes
Where some are laid to rest;
He hears in dreams the distant drums
From North, South, East, and West,
And on the shafts that point above
He sees the banners furied, In token of a Nation's love
And peace throughout the world.

Which flag was theirs it matters note The blue coat or the gray: A common grief—all else forgot—
Belongs to them to day:
Above the graves of those who fell
Upon the battle field,
In town and city, hill and dell,
Spring weaves her grassy shield.

And while we deck our heroes' tombe Their deeds remembering. The children crown the veteran Please God we never will forget To let our garlands fall

Upon those heroes living yet: God bless them, one and all: Frank Dempster Sherman, in Hezar.

## "AFTER MANY DAYS."

Decoration Day Was to Her Resurrection Day Also.



it for my sake, Hugh?" said the sweet incisive voice.

"God forbid" There is no question of that, Ma-I could not love

am one of 'Marion's men,' as the boys call me now, by birth and

breeding, for my great - grandfather wes sworn aide and ally of the Swamp Fox. Hugh Heriot, of that day, was his lead-

er's right hand all through that long hiding and skirmishing that so harassed the British from swamp to morass. Many a tale has my grandfather told me by the big fire-place at Heriot of those old days, till my heart and head were full of patriotism. I was fed on love for my country from my first remembrance; do you think it will fail me now?"

Marion Lancaster's dark eyes flashed back the look of her lover's. "No! but then- Will it seem patriotism to them, Hugh-to your people at home?"

"I don't know. I have a horrid doubt sometimes. But it is my country. I have no other—my own grand, magnifi-cent country—East, West, North or South. I fight for its unity, against its separation, for no latitude or longitude. If my own people have lived so long in Georgia that their good Scotch blood ins thin with the languor of luxury, I have been here in these hills long enough to get back the iron into mine that lay only in abeyance. I must go, Marion; and I must go on the side of right. You could not keep me, dear, and I know you would not."

A spasm of anguish quivered over her beautiful proud face, but her voice was true and clear. "I dare not keep you, Hugh. Women have a sense of honor, too-a love of country.

"Some of them," said Hugh, bitterly. He was thinking of his ciassmate and chum, whose weak, lovely fittle flancer was doing her atmost to keep him out of the army-day after day. Hugh looked at Marion with love and pride in his eyes. "You are the right sort," he said, as he drew her more closely against his shoulder. "I wish I knew how things were with Sandy," he went on. "Mother has no one else on the plantation but Cornelia. My cousins, I know, have joined the army of the South. Georgians born and bred, though Aunt Carr was a Connecticut woman like mother. they are typical Southerners: they have neither my Scotch blood nor my Northorn education. I know well which way



"How do you know?" said Marion,

half smiling. "Oh Sandy and I are twins all through, except for his delicate organization. He and I liked the same things, dreamed the same dreams, read the same books, are so alike, even mother was at times puzzled to tell us apart. Old Dr. Severance used to say that we were, after all, only one boy, without physique enough for the two bodies we 'materialized' into. I always felt ashamed, in a dull sort of way, to be so robust when Sandy could not keep up with me; but he is far the sweeter-natured of the two. You would have loved him the better. Mar-

"Never!" was the swift, indignant answer.

So Hugh Heriot enlisted with Northern regiment, parted with his sweetheart bravely, and left her to wait as hundreds like her were left in those dreadful days.

Did we know then, shall we ever know-we who came out scathless what those women suffered, who, tied hand and foot, maddened by the poor recurrent routine of daily life, filled with vague imaginative terrors, had yet to live and do their petty duties under the edge of a sword worse than the fabled blade of Damocles?

Honor for ever to that noble army of martyrs! To them, no less than to those who lost their lives on the actual battle-field, should monuments arise and wreaths be offered. They were the beating heart that sent strong lifeblood into the battling hand, and, oh! how often perished with it! not in the pallor and decay of physical death, not in the rest and shelter of the flowerstrewn grave, but in the broken heart, the joyless life, the desperation of memory, the "dying, yet behold we live," that death in life that is the greatest if not the last enemy!

If there were other women who suffered more than Marion Lancaster in this dire suspense she did not know it; it seemed to her no heart could be more torn with anxiety, more tortured by the silence that yet thrilled with dreadful possibilities than hers. She did not consider that her love for Hugh Heriot was a young passion scarcely rooted in her breast; that she was bound to him by none of the strong ties of those who had sent their husbands out to war, and crouched on desolate hearth-stones with clinging children about them, who might the next hour be wailing orphans; she thought she suffered all she could, and as week after week grew into month after month, and the second year came lingering on, she grew thin, pale and list-

For Hugh Heriot had yet no furlough; the few times Marion had heard from him he had spoken of his intention to apply for one at the year's end, but he had enlisted for the war, and felt that while his strength lasted he must fight; he was more needed on the field than even Marion needed him.

Yet after that first year began there were no more letters, and, after the battle of Lookout Mountain, the lists of killed and wounded came in so slowly that it was a long week before the "very last" showed among the list of "missing" "Hugh Heriot, Major C, Tenth Infantry."

"Missing!" Can words expound what that one word meant in those days? Not the sharp blow of "Wounded." which implied possible life, and even hope of immediate repair to the sufferer. and all the gentle ministries to relieve one and console the other, blessed in giving or taking. Not the stun and desolation of "Dead," that left no worse to fear, nor tantalized with the ignis fature of hope; but that one fatal word that tortured but did not slay; that bound the victim to the stake and piled the fagots, but delayed to light the fire till the waiting grew to be madness. Marion was a warm-hearted imagi-

native girl, and "Missing" meant to her a long chapter of surmised agonies. In her waking hours she figured so many and such dreadful possibilities that her sleep renewed and exaggerated, she painted such sufferings for her lost lover, such terrific and harassing situations, that it would have been a positive relief to her to know of his death; yet she would not admit it to herself. She lost all that held her to life, when, just as the war ceased, her widowed mother died suddenly and without one farewell word. It would have been better for Marion had necessity forced her to exertion, but she had enough money to live on comfortably, and so she shut herself in her tiny house with her old servant, and made herself a solitary mourner. Her beautiful and abundant brown hair grew white as snow, and her eyes lost their sparkle; but her health gradually asserted itself anew, her constitution was strong, and she almost lived out of doors, either in her

a which was her sole amusement pleasure, or walking over the sy hills of the country about. She never been half so beautiful when Heriot knew her as she was, t years after, when, one exquisite aing in May, she stood by her door ping boughs of hawthorn from her herished tree, and placing them de the apple blossoms she had algathered in a large basket. There were sheaves of pale narcissus, of heaven blue myrtle, bunches e later snow-drops and gorgeous ; for it was Memorial Day, and since its first observance had ion failed to carry whatever blosshe could find to the cemetery, add her share to the honors of the dead soldiers who slept in that

Il and shaded place of rest. smote her every year to think of unhonored place where her lover's rested, for long ago she had given tope for his life. Who covered his with flowers or foliage? ed over his last sleep? The thought ng her again as she took from the step a smaller basket of wild rs, with which she always dressed low mound above her mother, and ing the larger one on her arm, went to the school-house, where the ng village girls were making wreaths bouquets. From there she went to her mother had loved so much in Harper's Bazar.

her life; she heard the distant music of the band begin to send its wailing requiem from the church steps, where the procession was just entering; she heard the slow toll of the bell that always rung a knell in Alton on Decoration Day; she knelt by the head-stone of her mother's resting place, and leaning her head against it sobbed bitterly, and spoke aloud in her reawakened sorrow, knowing there was no ear to hear: "Oh Hugh! my Hugh! if I could but know where you are lying! If I could only see your grave, it would be a help! But you have gone out into darkness, and the place of your sepulcher no man knoweth unto this day. Why, why, can not I go, too?"

"Marion," said a voice. She lifted her quivering lids. Hugh stood before her. With a low cry she fell across her mother's grave and lay at his feet.

She knew no more till she came back to life on her own sofa, with Hugh kneeling beside her and the village doctor dropping some pungent fluid slowly into her lips. She looked at her deadalive lover with anxious, asking eyes.

"I am not Hugh; I am Sandy," he said, sadly but distinctly. Yet he was Hugh to her eyes and heart; every line answered to line in the strong, fine face, except that it was older, darker, more worn, as it well might be after the stress of war: the smile was sadder and sweeter than ever Hugh's had been, but it was Hugh's voice in tone and accent.

There was a long story to tell when Marion could listen; but through it all she felt a strange and ghastly sense that she was listening to a tale from another world, was following a sound in

Alexander Heriot was indeed the true image of his brother; he had been tall and pale and delicate in his youth; but when the war broke out, and he openly avowed his opposition to the course of the South, he was obliged for his mother's and his life's sake to take refuge in the mountains till he could and a way to join the army of the North, as he knew Hugh had done. The outdoor life and enforced exercise restored him to perfect health, and in six months he had found the Union army, but not Hugh; and volunteering into the ranks, had fought well and bravely till peace came; then he went back to his native place only to find his mother dead, and his sister, the bride of a day, widowed and alone, but bitter against him with that intense bitterness that only exists between those who are kindred, and have been dear to each other.

There too he found the report of Hugh as "missing:" and having no home-for



"MARION," SAID A VOICE.

friends in Savannah-and no means to make the plantation remunerative, he sold it for a small sum, and dividing the proceeds with Cornelia, devoted himself to tracing Hugh. At last, by one of those accidents we ought to call 'providents," he discovered his brother's knapsack in the but of a poor man not far from the battle-field, and by dint of rewards offered learned that the man from whom that knapsack was taken had crept away mortally wounded to the shelter of a few bushes during the fight, and had been found there by the "cracker," who took possession of his arms and his accoutrements.

"But he made a grave for our poor Hugh, Marion," Alexander said, with a trembling voice-"a grave where decorations never fail. The fellow showed me where he buried him, between two scaffolding, side by side, the hangman pine trees. On one of them climbs a and Haman, the ex-Chancellor, "So Cherokee rose that drops its thick white petals on the sod, and wild blossoms have trailed all over the mound, till it is fair as your mother's grave to-day. I could but think when I saw it that the God of the brave and the loyal had not forgotten Hugh's lonely pillow in the wilderness."

After leaving his brother's place of rest, Alexander had opened his knapsack and found in it Marion's letters and her picture. As Hugh had said, the twin brothers were alike in every fiber. and Alexander's heart opened at once to enshrine the lovely woman Hugh had adored and left for his country.

But what had he to offer her? Before he dared endeavor to fill his brother's place he must have a home to which he could ask Marion; he could not honorably ask her to share his poverty, for it was utter.

Before long, however, he found a place in some of the new enterprises of the South: worked there as manfully as he had fought, and just as soon as his position was assured, and he could ask an absence from the work, he came to the North, and arriving at Alton on find Marion at her mother's grave.

Her whole heart went out to him as soon as he spoke; for to her he was Hugh, and no other-the aspect, the voice, the manner, even the very thoughts he shared with her, were all Hugh's, and the man's nobility forbade him to feel one jealous pang when, without even knowing it, over and over she gave him his brother's name.

Nor did she delay her marriage, as he feared might be her wish. "We have been engaged so long." she answered him, when he asked her, "that I do not feel it is haste. Dear Sandy. Hugh told me I should love you, if I knew you, better than I loved him. mother's grave, and began to adorn that Decoration Day was also Resurrec-

## PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

Dr. Talmage on the Lessons Taught By the Fate of Haman.

How Insignificant Matters May Affect the Heart That is Wrong-The Arrogance of Worldly Vanity - Ultimate Triumph of Christianity.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn upon the subject of Worldly Vanity, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached from the text: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecal." Esther vii. 10. Following is his sermon:

Here is an Oriental courtier, about the most offensive man in Hebrew history. Haman by name. He plotted for the destruction of the Israelitish nation, and I wonder not that in some of the Hebrew synagogues to this day when Haman's name is mentioned, the congregation clench their fists and stamp their feet and cry: "Let his name be blotted out!" Haman was Prime Minister in the magnificent court of Persia. Thoroughly appreciative of the honor conferred, he expects everybody that he passes to be obsequious. Coming in one day at the palace the servants drop their heads in honor of his office; but a Hebrew named Mordecai gazes upon the passing dignitary without bending his head or taking off his hat. He was a The genuine reason, whether admitted good man, and would not have been or not, was because the religion of Christ negligent of the ordinary courtesies of paid no respect to their intellectual vanlife, but he felt no respect either for it es. Haman or the nation from which he had come. But he could not be hypocritical; and while others made Oriental salaam, getting clear down before this Prime Minister when he passed, Mordecal, the Hebrew, relaxed not a muscle of his the experiment. We have now many neck and kept his chin clear up. Hecause of that affront Haman gets a decree from Abasuerus, the dastardly King, for the massacre of all the Israelites, and strut with the proud wrath of a Haman, that, of course, will include Mordecai.

To make a long story short, through Queen Esther this whole plot was revealed to ner husband, Ahasuerus. One night Abasuerus, who was afflicted with insomnia, in his sleepless hours calls for his secretary to read to him a few pages of Persian history, and so while night to the King an account was given of a conspiracy from which Mordecai. the Hebrew, had saved the King's life, and for which kindness Mordecai had never received any reward. Haman, who had been fixing up a nice gallows to hang Mordecai on, was walking outside the door of the King's sleeping spartment and was called in. The King told him that he had just had read to him the account of some one who had saved his, the King's, life, and he asked what reward ought to be given to such a one. Self-conceited Haman, supposing that he himself was to get the honor, and not imagining for a moment that the deliverer of the King's life was Mordecai, says: "Why, your Majesty ought to make a triumph for him, and put a crown on him, and set him on a splendid horse, high-stepping and full-blooded, and then have one of your princes lead the horse through the streets, crying: "Bow the knee, here comes a man who has saved the King's make a triumph for Mordecal, the Hebrew, whom you hate. Put the best saddle on the finest horse, and you, the prince, hold the stirrup while Mordecai the street. Make haste!" What a spectacle! A comedy and a tragedy at one and the same time. There they go! Mordecal, who had been despised, now starred and robed, in the stirrups. Haman, the Chancellor, afoot, holding the prancing, rearing, champing stallion. Mordecal bends his neck at last, but it is to look down at the degraded Prime Minister walking beneath him. But what a pity to have the gallows, re-Haman had erected it for Mordecal, by whose stirrups he now walks as groom. Stranger and more startling than any romance, there go up the steps of the

they hanged Haman on the gallows that he prepared for Mordecat!" Although so many years have passed since cowardly Ahasuerus reigned, and the beautiful Esther answered to his whims, and Persia perished, yet from the life and death of Haman we may draw living lessons of warning and instruction. And, first, we come to the practical suggestion that, when the will destroy our comfort. Who would of Persians, would have been so nettled and harassed by any thing trivial? What more could the great dignitary have wanted than his chariots and attendants, and palaces and banquets? If man contented and happy, surely Haman should have been contented and happy the glitter from the gold, and the rich- wing ness from the purple, and the speed from the chariots. With a heart puffed up with every inflation of vanity and revenge, it was impossible for him to be Memorial Day, was directed where to gate was louder than the braying of right. Circumstances the most trivial

will disturb the spirit. It is not the great calamities of life that create the most worriment. I have a lackey walking beside the very charger seen men, felled by repeated blows of on which you expected to ride others misfortune, arising from the dust never down. When Charles I, who had dedesponding. But the most of the dis- stroyed Strafford, was about to be bequiet which men suffer is from insig- headed he said: "I basely ratified an nificant causes; as a lion attacked by some beast of prey turns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through retribution for the punishment I inflicted the forest at the alighting on his brawny neck of a few insects. You meet some great loss in business with comparative composure, but you can think Perhaps I shall; yet always I shall think of petty trickeries inflicted upon you which rouse all your capacity for wrath sia: but the next day, a lackey. So we

Again, I learn from the life of the man same circumstances. Of those who, in and sin are very anxious to have piety godliness. Such were the usages of society in ancient times that, had this Israelite bowed to the Prime Minister. it would have been an acknowledgment of respect for his character and nation. Mordecai would, therefore, have sinned against his religion had he made any obelsance or dropped his chin half an inch before Haman. When, therefore, proud Haman attempted to compel an homage which was not felt, he only did what the world ever since has tried to do, when it would force our boly relig-

ion in any way to yield to its dictates. Fagot and rack and halter in all ages have been only the different ways in which the world has demanded obeisance. It was once away upon the top of the temple, that Satan commanded the Holy One of Nazareth to kneel before him. But it is not now so much on the top of churches as down in the aisle and the pew and pulpit that Satau tempts the espousers of the Christian faith to kneel before him. Why was it that the Platonic philosopers of early times, as well as Toland, Spinoza and Bolingbroke of latter days, were so madly opposed to Christianity? Certainly not because it favored immoralities, or arrested civilization, or the dwarfed intellect, Satan told our first parents that they

would become as gods if they would only reach up and take a taste of the fruit. They tried it and failed, but their descendants are not yet satisfied with desiring to be as gods, reaching up after yet another apple. Human reason, scornful of God's word, may foam and and attempt to compel the homage of the good, but in the presence of men and angels it shall be confounded. "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." When science began to make its brilliant discoveries there were great facts brougt to light that seemed to overthrow the truth of the Bible. The archeolaway the night. In the book read that ogist with his crowbar, and the geologist with his hammer, and the chemist with his batteries charged upon the Bible. Moses' account of the creation seemed denied by the very structure of the earth. The astronomer wheeled round his telescope until the beavenly bodies seemed to marshal comstance, thinking that worldly sucthemselves against the Bible, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Observatories and universities rejoiced at what they considered past victory, and pressed on their conquest into the kingdom of nature until, alas for them! they discovered too much. God's word had only been lying in ambush that, in some unguarded moment, with a sudden bound, it might tear in-

fidelity to pieces. It was as when Joshua attacked the city of Ai. He selected 30,000 men, and concealed most of them; then with a poured out its numbers and strength upon Joshua's little band. According to only securities. previous plan, they fell back in seeming suit of Joshua, suddenly that brave man a bubble and it will burst. gets on, and then lead his horse through | spring to their prey and the pursuers were dashed to pieces, while the hosts of their lighted torches tossed it into the flames. Thus it was that the discoveries of science seemed to give temporary victory against God and the Bible, and for a while the church acted as if she were on a retreat; but, when all the opposers of God and truth had joined in pursuit, and were sure of the field, Huzza for Mordecai! Alas for Haman! Christ gave the signal to His church, and turning, they drove back their foes cently built, entirely wasted! It is fifty in shame. There was found to be no cubits high and built with care. And antag nism between nature and revelation. The universe and the Bible were found to be the work of the same hand. two strokes of the same pen, their authority the same God.

Again: Learn the lesson that pride goes before a fall. Was any man ever so far up as Haman, who tumbled so far down? Yes, on a smaller scale every day the world sees the same thing. Against their very advantages men trip into destruction. When God humbles proud men it is usually at the moment of their greatest arrogancy. If there be a man in your community greatly puffed up with worldly success, you have but to stand a little while and you heart is wrong, things very insignificant will see him come down. You say, I wonder that God allows that man to go have thought that a great Prime Min- on riding over other's heads and making ister, admired and applauded by millions great assumptions of power. There is no wonder about it. Haman bas not vet got to the top. Pride is a commander, well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host, We have the best of authority for sayaffluence of circumstances can make a ing that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver No: Mordecai's refusal of a bow takes are apt to strike a man when on the

Again: This oriental tale reminds us of the fact that wrongs we prepare for others return upon ourselves. The gallows that Haman built for Mordecai behappy. The silence of Mordecai at the came the Prime Minister's strangulation. Robespierre, who sent so many to trumpets in the palace. Thus it shall the guillotine, had his own head chopped always be if the heart is not always off by that horrid instrument. The evil you practice on others will recoil upon your own pate. Slanders come home. Cruelties come home. You will yet be headed he said: "I basely ratified an unjust sentence and the similar injustice I am now to undergo is a sensible on an innocent man.

Furthermore, let the story of Haman teach us how quickly turns the wheel of fortune. One day, excepting the King, Haman was the mightiest man in Perrith all the blossoms of wood and tion Day to me."-Rose Terry Cocke to and remain in your heart an unbearable go up and so we come down. You seldom find any man twenty years in the all the freshness and vigor of a romance.

under our notice that worldly vanity political life twenty years ago, were the most prominent, how few remain in conbow before them. Haman was a fair espicuity. Political parties make ceremblem of entire worldliness, and Mor- tain men do their hard work, and then, decai the representative of unfinching after using them as backs, turn them out on the commons to die. Every four years there is a complete revolution, and about 5,000 men who ought certainly to be the next President are shamefully disappointed; while some, who this day are obscure and povertystricken, will ride upon the shoulders of the people, and take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. O, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were long ago successful in the accumulation of property, how few have not met with reverses: while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold bonds and the bank keys of the Nation. Of all fickle things in the world, fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and wee to the man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes! She cheers when you go up, and she laughs when you come down. O, trust not a moment your heart's affection to this changeful world! Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's companionship gather your satisfaction. Then, come sorrow or giadness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Again: this Haman's history shows us that outward possessions and circumstances can not make a man happy. While yet fully vested in authority and the chief adviser of the Persian monarch, and every thing that equipage and pomp and splendor of residence could do were his, he is an object lesson of wretchedness. There are to-day more aching sorrows under crowns of royalty than under the ragged caps of the houseless. Much of the world's affluence and gaiety is only misery in colors. Many a woman seated in the street at her apple stand is happier than the great bankers.

Were I called to sketch misery in its worst form, I would not go up the dark alley of the poor, but up the highway over which prancing Bucephali strike the sparks with their hoofs and between statuary and parks of stalking deer. Wretchedness is more bitter when swallowed from gemmed goblets than from earthen pitcher or pewter mug. If there are young people here who are looking for this position and that circess will bring peace of the soul, let them shatter the delusion. It is not what we get, it is what we are. Daniel among the lions is happier than Nebuchadnezzar on his throne. And when life is closing, brilliancy of worldly surroundings will be no solace. Death is blind and sees no difference between a King and his clown, between the Nazarene and the Athenian, between a bookless but and a national library. From all the heights and depths of my nature rings down and rings up and rings out the word "immortal." A good few men he assailed the city, which conscience and assurance of life eternal through the Lord Jesus Christ are the

The soul's happiness is too large a Then said Ahasuerus in severe defeat, but, after all the proud inhabit- craft to sail up the stream of worldly tones to Haman: "I know all about ants of the city bad been brought out of pleasure. As ship carpenters say, it your secondrelism. Now you go out their homes, and had joined in the pur- draws too much water. This earth is halted in his flight, and with his spear a vision and it will soon pass away. pointing toward the city, 30,000 men Time! It is only a ripple and it breaketh bounded from the thickets as panthers against the throne of judgment. Our days! They fly swifter than a shuttle, weaving for us a robe of triumph or a Joshua pressed up to the city, and with garment of shame. Begin your life with religion and for its greatest trial you will be ready. Every day will be a triumph and death will be only a king's

servant calling you to a royal banquet. In olden time the man who was to receive the honors of knighthood was required to spend the previous night fully armed, and with shield and lance to walk up and down among the tombs of the dead. Through all the hours of that night his steady step was heard. and when morning dawned, amid grand parade and the sound of cornets the honors of knighthood were bestowed.

Thus it shall be with the good man's soul in the night before Heaven. Fully armed with shield and sword and helmet, he shall watch and wait until the darkness fly and the morning break. and amid the sound of ce estial harpings the soul shall take the honors of Heaven amid the innumerable throng with robes snowy white streaming over seas of sapphire.

Mordecai will only have to wait for his day of tr umph. It took all the preceding trials to make a proper background for his after successs. The scaffold built for him makes all the more imposing and picturesque the horse into whose long white mane he twisted his fingers at the mounting. You want at least two misfortunes, hard as flint to strike fire. Heavy and long continued snows in the winter are signs of good crops next summer. So many have yielded wenderful harvests of benevolence and energy because they were a long while snowed under. We must have a good many hard falls before we learn to walk straight. It is on the black anvil of trouble that men hammer out their fortunes. Sorrows take up men on their shoulders and enthrone them. Tonics are nearly always bitter. Men. like fruit trees, are barren, unless trimmed with sharp knives. They are like wheat -all the better for the flatling. It required the prison darkness and chill to make John Bunyan dream. It took Delaware ice and cold feet at Valley Forge, and the whis of bullets, to make Washington. Paul, when he climbed up on the beach of Melita, shivering in his wet clothes, was more of a Christian than when the ship struck the breakers. Prescott, the historian, saw better without his eyes than he could ever have seen with them. Mordecal, despised at the gate, is only predecessor of Mordecal, grandly mounted.

-General Frement is living on Staten Island in great retirement. But he is apparently good for many years yet. His form is erect, and his eyes have the same flash as when he crossed the Rockies and wrote those enchanting reports which, strictly true as they are,