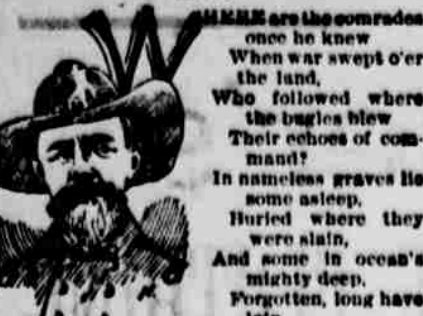


# DECORATING THE LIVING.



When war swept o'er the land, Who followed where the bugles blew Their echoes of command? In nameless graves his name is written, Buried where they were slain, And some in ocean's misty deep, Forgotten, long have lain.

To day the crippled 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 furled, In token of a Nation's love And peace throughout the world.

Which flag was theirs it matters not; 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' tombs Their deeds remembering, The children crown the veteran With woven blooms of spring, 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 Harper's Bazar.

# "AFTER MANY DAYS."

Decoration Day Was to Her Resurrection Day Also.



YOU are not doing it for my sake, Hugh?" said the sweet incisive voice.

"God forbid! There is no question of that, Marion.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

I am one of 'Marion's men,' as the boys call me now, by birth and breeding, for my great-grandfather was sworn aide and ally of the Swamp Fox.

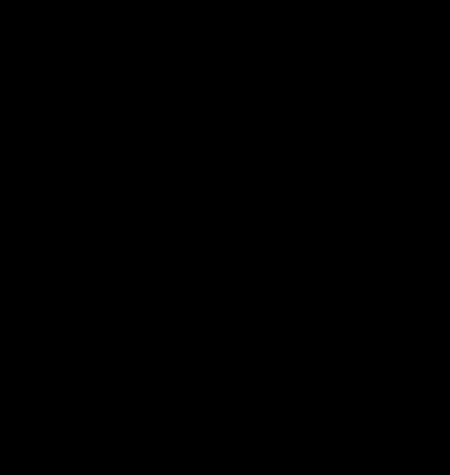
Hugh Heriot, of that day, was his leader's right hand all through that long hiding and skirmishing that so harassed the British from swamp to morass. Many a tale has my grandfather told me by the big fire-place at Heriot of those old days, till my heart and head were full of patriotism. I was fed on love for my country from my first remembrance; do you think it will fall 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, magnificent 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 runs thin with the languor of luxury, I have been here in those 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 classmate and chum, whose weak, lovely little frame was doing her utmost 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 Saddy," 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 Northern 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, Marion."

"Never!" was the swift, indignant answer.

No Hugh Heriot enlisted with a 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 life-blood 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 flower-straw 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 wallowing 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 listless.

For Hugh Heriot had yet no fulfillment; 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 a hope of immediate repair to the sufferer, and all the gentle ministries to relieve 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 fatuus 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 imaginative 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 terrible 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 necessarily 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 own—which was her sole amusement pleasure, or walking over the hills of the country about. She never been half so beautiful when Hugh Heriot knew her as she was, years after, when, one exquisite morning in May, she stood by her door, piping boughs of hawthorn from her cherished tree, and placing them in the apple blossoms she had already gathered in a large basket. There were shovels of pale narcissus, is of heaven blue myrtle, bunches of later snow-drops and gorgeous pansies; for it was Memorial Day, and since its first observance had lion failed to carry whatever blossoms she could find to the cemetery, add her share to the honors of the dead soldiers who slept in that ill and shaded place of rest.

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 her 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. Perhaps I shall; yet always I shall think that Decoration Day was also Resurrection Day to me."—Rose Terry Cooke, 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, "Hugh! Hugh! 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 dead-alive 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 the dark.

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 find 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—his sister had gone to her husband's

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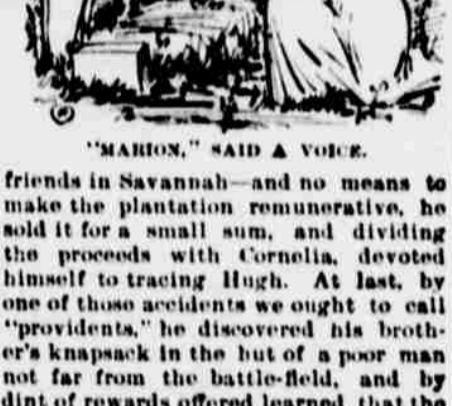
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It is not the great calamities of life that create the most wretchedness. I have seen men, felled by repeated blows of misfortune, arising from the dust, never desponding. But the most of the disquiet which men suffer is from insignificant causes; as a lion attacked by some beast of prey turns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through 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 of petty trickeries inflicted upon you which rouse all your capacity for wrath and remain in your heart an unbearable annoyance.



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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 Satan tempts the espousers of the Christian faith to kneel before him. Why was it that the Platonic philosophers 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. The genuine reason, whether admitted or not, was because the religion of Christ paid no respect to their intellectual vanities.

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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 arrogance. If there be a man in your community greatly puffed up with worldly success, you have but to stand a little while and you will see him come down. You say, I wonder that God allows that man to go on riding over other's heads and making great assumptions of power. There is no wonder about it. Haman has not yet 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 saying that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing.

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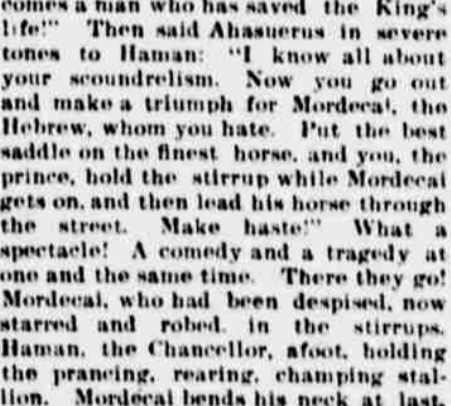
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Again: Learn the lesson that pride goes before a fall. Was any man ever so far up as Haman, who tumbled so far down? Yes, on a smaller scale every day the world sees the same thing. Against their very advantages men trip into destruction. When God humbles proud men it is usually at the moment of their greatest arrogance. If there be a man in your community greatly puffed up with worldly success, you have but to stand a little while and you will see him come down. You say, I wonder that God allows that man to go on riding over other's heads and making great assumptions of power. There is no wonder about it. Haman has not yet 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 saying that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing.

# 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.

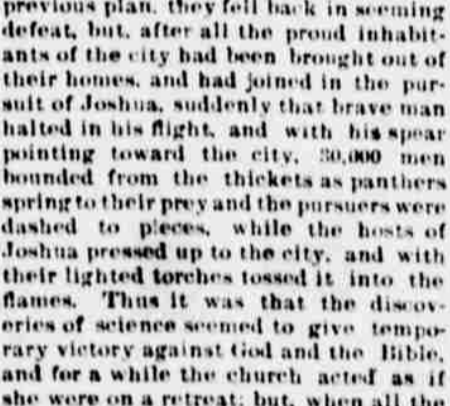
In a recent sermon at Brooklyn upon the subject of Worldly Vanity, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached from the text: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai." Esther vii. 10. Following is his sermon:

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 good man, and would not have been negligent of the ordinary courtesies of life, but he felt no respect either for 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, Mordecai, the Hebrew, relaxed not a muscle of his neck and kept his chin clear up. Because of that affront Haman gets a decree from Ahasuerus, the dastardly King, for the massacre of all the Israelites, and that, of course, will include Mordecai.

To make a long story short, through Queen Esther this whole plot was revealed to her husband, Ahasuerus. One night Ahasuerus, 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 away the night. In the book read that 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 apartment 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 life.'" Then said Ahasuerus in several tones to Haman: "I know all about your sordidness. Now you go out and make a triumph for Mordecai, the Hebrew, whom you hate. Put the best saddle on the finest horse, and you, the prince, hold the stirrup while Mordecai gets on, and then lead his horse through the street. Make haste!" What a spectacle! A comedy and a tragedy at one and the same time. There they go! Mordecai, who had been despised, now starred and robed in the stirrups, Haman, the Chancellor, afoot, holding the bracing, rearing, champing stallion. Mordecai bends his neck at last, but it is to look down at the degraded Prime Minister walking beneath him. Huzza for Mordecai! Alas for Haman! But what a pity to have the gallows, recently built, entirely wasted! It is fifty cubits high and built with care. And Haman had erected it for Mordecai, by whose stirrups he now walks as groom. Stranger and more startling than any romance, there go up the steps of the scaffolding, side by side, the hangman and Haman, the ex-Chancellor. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai!"

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 heart is wrong, things very insignificant will destroy our comfort. Who would have thought that a great Prime Minister, admired and applauded by millions 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 affluence of circumstances can make a man contented and happy, surely Haman should have been contented and happy. No; Mordecai's refusal of a bow takes the glitter from the gold, and the richness from the chariots. With a heart puffed up with every inflation of vanity and revenge, it was impossible for him to be happy. The silence of Mordecai at the gate was louder than the braying of trumpets in the palace. Thus it shall always be if the heart is not always right. Circumstances the most trivial will disturb the spirit.

It is not the great calamities of life that create the most wretchedness. I have seen men, felled by repeated blows of misfortune, arising from the dust, never desponding. But the most of the disquiet which men suffer is from insignificant causes; as a lion attacked by some beast of prey turns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through 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 of petty trickeries inflicted upon you which rouse all your capacity for wrath and remain in your heart an unbearable annoyance.



"MARION," SAID A VOICE.

Again, I learn from the life of the man under our notice that worldly vanity and sin are very anxious to have piety bow before them. Haman was a fair emblem of entire worldliness, and Mordecai the representative of unflinching 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 obeisance 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 holy religion 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 Satan tempts the espousers of the Christian faith to kneel before him. Why was it that the Platonic philosophers 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. The genuine reason, whether admitted or not, was because the religion of Christ paid no respect to their intellectual vanities.

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