[IN THE SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON.]

Ye are many, ye are mighty, and your feet
they trample hard—
Ye have trod the mountains under, and
the sea.
The sea ye, too, have conquered, but within
this quiet yard
It is I, the grass, am master; hark to me.

Ye have torn me in your marches, scarred
me deep with hoof and heel,
And my dewy sward have rolled in dust
and blood,
When amid the cannon-thunder e'en the
forest seemed to reel,
And your battle shook the hillside where
ye stood.

Were ye victors? 'Twas not Carthage won
by Trasimene's lake,
Nor the Britons 'mid the wheat at Waterloo,
For my creeping, crowding legions from
them both the field did take,
As I took the heights of Gettysburg from
you.

But I hate the battle fury as I hate the
crawling sea,
With its wrinkled swinging tides that
cannot cease;
Sweeter far to me the woodland where the
dappled shadows be,
Or the graveyard with its lilies and its
peace.

Nay, I will be done with mocking. O my
masters, naught am I
But the clinging lowly grass about your
feet,
Growing green and cool around you, tired
eyes to satisfy,
And weaving, when all's done, your winding-sheet.

Sleep ye well! Men bring you roses, but
they wither in the sun—
Bring them in the May with music and a
sound,
As of old, of timed footsteps; but when all
the pomp is done,
In the stillness' tis my small roots wrap
you round,

Fold you close, and so will keep you till Potomac shall run dry,
And the stars go out like camp-fires in the skies,
Till the shivering sea shall perish, and the huddling mountains fly,
And the judgment bugle blowing bids you rise.

—William Hervey Woods, in Youth's Companion.

BLEDSOE'S BATTERY.

It Was Composed of Gentlemen, Not One of Them Ever Having Been Reprimanded.

"I was a member of Capt. Hiram Bledsoe's famous Missouri battery," said a man who is living in New York. "His recent death removes about the last prominent figure in the confederate ranks from Missouri. Except in the presence of his superior officers he preferred to have his men call him Hi. He went into the war right at the beginning. The men who first enlisted under him were his neighbors and acquaintances in Cass county, where he had lived since the Mexican war.

"There were five brothers in his first command. When they presented themselves for enlistment Hi asked them if they had not better divide, and added that he did not want to have the entire family. But the boys insisted, and it is a singular fact that they, with their commander, fought through the war. So far as I can now recall no member of the Bledsoe battery was ever reprimanded. It was a model organization. Its discipline was army talk. And when Bledsoe met Gen. Beauregard for the first time Beauregard complimented him on the reputation of his command, and asked him the secret of it. Bledsoe's reply was that his command was composed of gentlemen, and that he treated them accordingly at all times. When this superb organization decimated and it was proposed to recruit it with conscripts Bledsoe refused. He said the men who fought under him must be volunteers. He challenged the admiration of Grant by the way in which he fought Grant's command at Port Gibson in 1863. It was when Grant was closing in upon Vicksburg. Bledsoe held off the entire advance for one day, and Grant asked, so I have heard, who was in command, and said if there were a few more as determined as Bledsoe, the war would have lasted longer.

"In 1864 a command of federals moved up near Bledsoe's lines, and the boys in blue became very noisy and did some miscellaneous firing. Bledsoe was asleep. The noise awoke him. Turning to the nearest captain, he asked what the trouble was about. And when informed, he said: 'Well, I must stop this, for I want to go to sleep.' And he shelled the federals until they withdrew.

"When the war was over Bledsoe returned to his farm in Cass county. He represented that county in the legislature for several terms. He was consulted by the leading men of his party, and if he had not checked his friends he might have had any office in the state. But he insisted on staying at home.

"In 1895 there was but one confederate monument in Chickamauga national park. It was the gift of Missouri. On its sides is the story of Bledsoe's battery."—N. Y. Sun.

The First Ironclad.

The first ironclad river gunboat of the civil war was launched at St. Louis October 12, 1861, with boilers and engines on board, in 45 days from the laying of her keel. She was named the St. Louis by Rear Admiral Foote, in honor of the city. Later the name was changed to the Baron De Kalb, as another vessel in the navy was called the St. Louis. The St. Louis was one of eight armored gunboats, carrying 107 large guns, which were constructed at this city within 100 days.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Resemble Postage Stamps.

Some men resemble postage stamps; they stick to one thing until they get there—but you've got to lick them first.—Chicago Daily News.

HONORS FOR A WARHORSE.

Confederate Veterans Attend the Funeral of an Equine Comrade.

Colonel, a veteran war horse of the confederacy, was buried with military honors a short time ago at Oak Grove, ten miles from Atlanta, Ga. When Cobb's legion was organized, company G was made up of young men from that and adjoining counties, and among them were the two Greer boys, Walter and Will. They took along a colt which they named Colonel, which was about as ugly a specimen of horseflesh as you would see in a week's travel. He was tall, raw-boned, long-headed and knock-kneed. He was of that peculiar sallow color that is neither bay nor sorrel, the hair was meager on his mane and tail, and he was as clumsy as he was ugly. Colonel was only used in cases of emergency as a cavalry horse, but he had the merit of toughness, and his fortitude and fidelity were demonstrated on many a long, hard march and in many a hot fight.

The legion was at first commanded by Col. Thomas R. R. Cobb, an eminent jurist-soldier and one of the most gallant of Georgians, until his fall, when other officers in turn led the decimated ranks through the arduous campaigns of northern Virginia. At Seven Pines, Bunker Hill, Sharpsburg, Banks' Mills, and many other bloody battles Colonel was in charge.

On one occasion the union forces stole a march on the legion at Meadow Bridge, and they only escaped capture by instant and rapid flight, leaving their baggage and camp equipage in the hands of the federal troopers. Among the spoils of war thus acquired was Colonel. He had been seized by a federal trooper and led back to the rear. The legion retreated until a stronger position was reached beyond the long bridge, when they made a stand. In the gathering twilight sentries were posted so as to command the bridge, and the troopers dismounted and remained on the alert for the federals, whom they expected momentarily to follow up their advantage by charging the bridge. Just about dark the sentries were aroused by the clatter of hoofs approaching the bridge, and then the thunder of a galloping steed on the planking. They supposed it was a body of scouts from the federal cavalry, and made ready to give them a warm reception. All they saw, however, was a riderless horse dashing along the bridge at the top of his speed. It was Colonel with a new federal halter on his neck. He had given his captors the slip, and had followed his comrades as fast as his clumsy heels could carry him. He was welcomed in the camp with ringing cheers, and ever afterward he was held in the highest esteem by every man in the legion.

After long service in the Virginia army, Cobb's legion was ordered to the support of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was posted at Dalton, confronting Gen. Sherman's victorious

HE HAD GIVEN HIS CAPTORS THE SLIP.

army. Throughout the long and hard-fought campaign, from Dalton to Kennesaw mountain, Atlanta and Jonesboro, Colonel followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the retreating army. When the confederates under Hood turned backward and began their retreat toward North Carolina Colonel was still one of the most faithful of campaigners. The roads were rough and the forage grew woefully scarce on that long retreat to Bentonville, where Johnston's army finally surrendered, but Colonel never flinched or faltered. During the latter days he was more frequently brought into requisition than during the earlier and more dashing days of the great conflict. His staying qualities commended him to his two masters. And when their jaded steeds gave out first one and then the other would mount Colonel, and no matter how wearisome the march he always kept step with his comrades.

At the close of hostilities he was brought back to Atlanta and hitched to a dray. It is told of him that for many years, while hauling heavy loads along the muddy streets, he would prick up his ears at the sound of a bugle, and it was somewhat difficult to control him on such occasions. He began to grow old and feeble, however, and when the Greer boys died Colonel fell into the hands of their brother-in-law, J. T. Dempsey, of Oak Grove. Mr. Dempsey was a well-to-do farmer and he turned the veteran war horse into a pastur and gave him his freedom after so many years of faithful service both in war and peace. Mr. Dempsey had intended to bring him to the city during the peace jubilee, but the old horse had grown too feeble to stand the journey, and the project was abandoned. A few days ago he was found dead in his stall. He was one of the last surviving horses of the confederacy, and must have been close to 40 years of age. That he possessed extraordinary vitality is evidenced by the fact that he survived so long after the toils of his long campaigns, and after having served for years as a dray horse after his days of camp and field were over.

A large grave was dug under the shade of a great oak in the pasture where Colonel had spent his last days. The members of the confederate veterans' camp at Oak Grove marched behind the body to the grave and fired a parting salute. This is one of the few instances where such military honors were paid to a horse, but everyone present thought that the tribute to Colonel was well bestowed.—N. Y. Sun.

The Other Man Knows.

No man is so ignorant that he doesn't know what he would do if he were in your place.—Chicago Daily News.

RECALLS THE PAST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Is Largely Reminiscent.

Draws Helpful Lessons from the Experiences and Vicissitudes of Life—Memories of Home.

Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch. Washington, May 7.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meaning of life's vicissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix, 3: "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in Heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on the cool grass or the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home!

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affairs in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in Heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered. You were earnest in your supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of your child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say: "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for Heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of Heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from Heaven said: "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said: "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said: "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing Heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in Heaven."

But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities you now have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say: "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you: "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wild wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! ? Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear!

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—"Tete d'armee"—"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was: "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants: "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" And they answered in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept my faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Completely Swamped.

Jules—Suppose you heard Waveley's insolvent?

Venus—No. What swamped him?

Jules—Milliners' bills. He married the two-headed girl.—Tit-Bits.

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