

MEMORIAL DAY

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover of the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover of the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

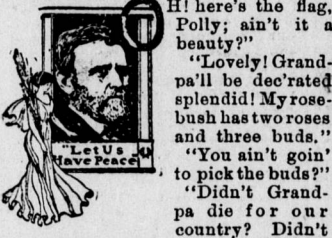
A man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover of the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover of the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!



A SOLDIER'S GRANDCHILDREN

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY



have admired, so perfect were the buds and roses. Then Jack started out to black boots and attend to one or two furnaces, while Polly washed dishes and tidied rooms for three different families, receiving five cents from each. At noon they were ready to start, the roses carefully wrapped within the headstone, lest the sun wilt them, the flags carried by Polly.

It was a long, long walk to Evergreens; but the children's rent was due in two days, and they dared not spend money on carfare. On they trudged, the thought of the honor to be done to Grandpa keeping Polly's tired feet going. But before they had accomplished a quarter of the distance Jack caught sight of a great express cart coming up the hill. "Hold on, there's a fellow I know. He'll take us in—his first-class! Mr. B—," he called, "can you give us a lift?" "Certainly," and the good-natured expressman drew up for the children.

decorate; it is what dear Grandpa would wish. You remember he often said: "We officers get the glory, but the privates did the work."

"That's a splendid plan; we'll start at once."

It was a long drive, through miserable streets; but May and her aunt were used to such neighborhoods in their visits of charity. As soon as they entered Evergreens each watched for some soldier's grave.

"Oh, Aunt, there's one. I see a flag! Two of them! John, John! Stop! What a queer thing! What is it?" and Mary knelt by the children's "headstone." "Aunt, Aunt!" the flowers—quickly!" said the impulsive girl, her eyes overflowing. "Oh, if I could only find Polly and John Kerr!"

Aunt Mary came with lilies and heliotrope, hyacinths and geraniums—Mary would not have one other rose beside the lovely ones the children had laid there. Smilax was carefully wreathed about "the headstone," and then May rose, only half satisfied.

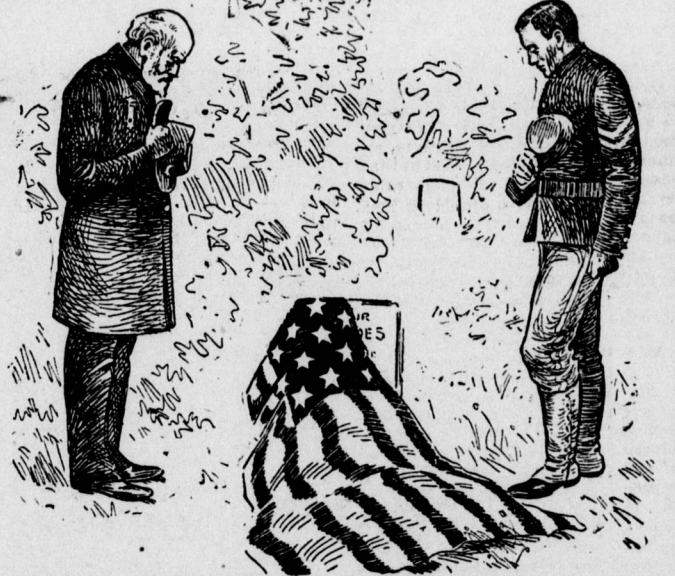
"Forty-two Charles Street—I think we might call there, Aunt."

"Not to-day, dear, we are too late already. We must hurry home."

"I'm afraid we've lost the way."

"No, there's the big cross—Grandpa is just near there. I always know

THE OLD VETERAN AND THE NEW.



SIDE BY SIDE IN THIS YEAR BY THE GRAVES WHERE "SLEEP THE BRAVE, WHO SINK TO REST, BY ALL THEIR COUNTRY'S WISHES BLEST."

"Going to Evergreens? Why, I'm taking a basket of plants there—I'll take you right along."

And so, much earlier than they expected, Jack and Polly had "de-rated" the old soldier's grave. The brown paper was carefully pinned down with the long wire hairpins, Polly kissing each one before she used it. The flags were placed at the foot, the roses at the head, and the children stood, well satisfied with the results.

"Now, let's go and see some of the other decorations," said Jack, "and then we'll come back again." So they wandered from place to place. It was the poorest part of B—'s poorest cemetery, yet there were some handsome gravestones, and many carefully kept plots. The children much enjoyed seeing the flowers, but agreed that "our grave" was the best of all.

our grave by that. But I don't remember any other grave that was decorated, Polly!"

Jack could say no more, and Polly, catching sight of the wreath of flowers and smilax frame at the same moment, the children knelt, speechless with amazement.

"Do you think it was angels?" asked Polly, in an awe-struck voice.

"No," said Jack, sturdily; "it was this headstone that did it, Polly! Somebody read that?"

That was the proudest moment of Jack's life. Polly nodded her head, acquiescently, still too awe-struck for words.

"And by next year we must have a real one!"

"But the eddication!"

"We'll do it all," said the boy, with a new confidence in his powers. "Now let's take a few of these home to remember the day by."

They took a bit of heliotrope, a hyacinth and spray of smilax, and walked, with no sense of weariness, so exalted were they by what they had found, back to the rooms which had been Grandpa's and Mother's, one of which they had managed to keep by toil almost incredible in such mere children.



MAY REMEMBERED THE PRIVATES.

The next day seemed dull and prosy to Polly, as days do to all of us after, unwonted excitement. The little girl had just settled down to study her lessons for the night school Jack and she attended, when there came a knock at the door. Polly opened it and was confronted by two ladies, one tall and slim, the other "fat and comfortable," as Polly told Jack.

"There are our flowers," exclaimed May, who had given her aunt no rest till she took her to 42 Charles street, "so you must be Polly Kerr."

"Yes, ma'am," said Polly, much surprised.

This was the first of many visits May made to the neat little room. The General's granddaughter befriended the old soldier's grandchildren, and, with her help and counsel, Jack and Polly have "a real headstone," and an education!

we live, till mother died, on his pension? I think a whole bushel of buds wouldn't be too much!"

Jack was glad Polly did not know about the ten-cent flag he could have got; he had thought five cents enough to spare out of their scanty earnings, when making the purchase; but after that speech he felt small. What if he were but a bootblack, earning a most precarious living, and Polly making only an odd time now and then by scrubbing a floor or tending children for the neighbors? Jack wished he had done more for his soldier-grandfather! But a thought struck him.

"Oh, Polly! I'll tell you what I'll do."

"For to-morrow?"

"Yes! You know it'll be years before we get a monument for Grandpa, and we must get an eddication first; and tho' the flag'll show it's a soldier's grave, I think folks ought to know more. Well, I've learned to print real clear, and I'll print a real nice headstone, and we'll fix it down on the grave, and folks'll see it for that day, any way."

"That's splendid, you do it and I'll get supper."

Jack rushed out for stiff brown paper and ink, and the kind shopkeeper, who knew the children, learning what he intended to do, gave him two large sheets of manila paper and showed him how to use a "grease crayon," thereby saving the boy from innumerable spatulas of ink. Jack purchased the ten-cent flag on the spot and returned with his prize.

Planning to write a headstone was one thing—quite another to do it.

"We can't say 'rected,' for it's going to be staked down; how would you begin, Polly?"

"My teacher says" (Polly's teacher was her unfailing standard) "if you're writing, to just tell what you've got to say as short as you can."

"Let's see," and Jack printed rather crookedly, but clearly:

John Doyle
wounded at Bull Run
Died
at
42 Charles Street.

"Do you remember when he died?" Jack asked, glad to rest a while, but delighted with his progress.

"Why I wasn't born, Jack! But can't we say his loving grandchildren have—have—fixed this in his memory?"

"Why, Polly!" said Jack, admiringly.

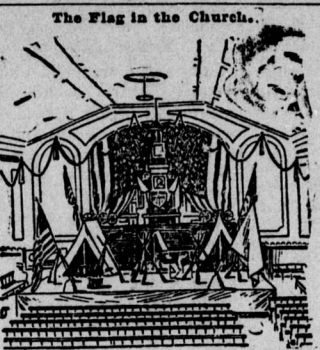
"That's real tomb-stony! That's good enough for the monument. Let's see," and Jack sat with pencil poised, then, slowly and laboriously printed—Polly's bright eyes watching eagerly:

This is writ by
Polly and Jack Kerr
in memory of
Grand Pa

"Oh, Jack! it's just lovely! And—oh—oh—I've got something!" and Polly, her bright face growing sweetly solemn, stepped to the old bureau and opened her most precious possession—an old box which held her peculiar treasures.

"Here's four of Mother's hairpins," she said, solemnly. "I've saved 'em, but they'll be just the thing to fasten down the headstone—better than bits of wood."

The children could hardly sleep from excitement. Bright and early they were about, stopping a moment to gaze rapturously on "the headstone," and to water the precious washbasin which any Soviet world



The Flag in the Church.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Splendors of Heaven—How Exalted Our Ideas May Be of the Home on High, They Are Far Short of the Reality What Awaits Us.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage lifts the curtain from eternal felicity and in an unusual way treats of the heavenly world; text, I Corinthians, 11, 9, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The city of Corinth has been called "the Paris of antiquity." Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharfs, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery such as modern invention cannot equal lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked in her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Columns and statues and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while, standing as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corinthian, paced up and down, and no statue was allowed on a pedestal overthrown, no base-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, towers and temples (1000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so strongly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and doted the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their idle hours among pictures and sculptures and architecture and Corinthian brass which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not soared, and no gateway in which it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of heaven; these waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure; these statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite; your citadel of Acorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest man that puts down his burden at the brazen gate. Your Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some what men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven there will be room for each soul, a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for you; it would not be large enough for me; but I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" or arithmeticians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street. You had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberant heart full of the clearest of joy, but you made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at the soil that stands before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health, in all the pulses, health of vision, health of spirit—immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health in the banks. No head aches, no side aches, no back aches. That child that died in the agonies of cough, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem; that old man that went bowed down with the years of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete, forever young again. That night when the needlewoman faintly away in the garret a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness, nor fatigue! "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He says: "The foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amber and pearls, and emerald and sardonyx and chrysopeas and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is thrones, thrones, thrones!

John bids us look again and see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven follow on white horses. Infinite cavalcades passing, passing, empires pressing into line; ages following ages; dispensation tramping after dispensation; glory in the track of glory; Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines; islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder; generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword a signal of victory all crowns are lifted and all chimes rung and all halleluiahs chanted and some cry,

"Glory to God most high!" and some "Hosanna to the son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted and there comes a surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! and Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no sense of the splendor of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendor of a banquet; every day would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace; every house is a temple; every corner of your head a thrille and howe cities; every man a banquet; every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell; every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can get no idea of the reunion of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange land, you remember how your blood thrilled and how excited you were. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the Lord those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends for a hundred years and we come upon them we see how differently they look. Their hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappear, and, feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!"

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and she lay there came up to the verge of the grave and, looking down, said: "Is this heaven?" We have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here, it is darkness here, but there is no mourning and no weeping when a soul arrives some angel takes it across, and show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were the ones at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to see." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy answered: "I would go down with Him." "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand into that hand which was wounded for us on the cross, to go around amid the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now. Our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and loneliness, they don't seem to come to us. We go on to the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they do not seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child, is it well with the loved ones, and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the water! None, none! Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it, and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated, they were never so much alive as now, that they are only waiting for our coming and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

What a place of explanation it will be! I see every day profane mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask of other than why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the Jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind and Joseph that he was cast into the pit and Daniel that he was in the lions' den and Paul that he was hump-backed and David that he was driven from Jerusalem and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow, and that man who had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching hearts and exhausted hands and scorched backs and martyred agonies. We will get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. What a grandeur in our dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand years of Sabbath. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break.

When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country churches joined in the chorus and city church and sailor's berth and western cabins until the whole continent lifted the Doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time in the music. Away then roll on, other singing tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, do we not cheer them and shout, "Hurra, hurra!" and when Jesus presses along in the conquest of the earth shall we not have for Him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hail the power of Jesus's name! Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal diadem And crown Him Lord of all.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune of the song. All the best singers of all the ages will join it, choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals, Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God roll on, roll on, other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep, bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices. I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the illustrious voices until we catch it? Oh, that the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

The rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blessed. Let us rise with them, and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chimes, and the dark apparel of our griefs will be washed away in the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the mercy of our Lord Jesus we may all get there!