

of the helpless—these rose as phantoms and moved again. Then somewhere from the blackness came a flutter of white, like a dove from a thundercloud, and men welcomed the emblem of peace. A few words uttered, a name tremblingly traced on a scanty page, and the tumult was hushed forever. One sword pointed the issue, one calm will commanded the storm, and it obeyed. All this passed in review again with this army, and in the honors thus paid to the master in his rest, the grave of every soldier of the cause was remembered.

The march had reached the final camp, and the old commander's last home was open to receive him. The trumped shrilled out to halt, and through the ranks of his resting soldiers, as many a time before when he had approved them for their valor, he passed to his couch.

Then through the hush, to the God of Battles and the God of Peace, ascended a prayer that after his vigil and toil, his long suffering and patient endurance, this sentinel might find rest.

Hark! the low sweet notes of the last tattoo. Good-night. Put out the lights. All's well.

Now from the mouths of a hundred guns, the red gleam and thunder and cloud of the salute. From the hill the angry muzzles shot their clamors and the battle mist billowed and rolled above the spars and pennons of the answering river. Land and sea spoke their highest tribute. The soldier was at rest.