

A few moments later Aunt Sheba found the aged woman with her head upon little Hilda's bosom, and there she received a faith that brought peace.

A few evenings later there was a grassy mound, covered with roses, under the apple-tree by the rustic seat; and at the head of the little grave there was placed a block of marble bearing the simple inscription,

"Here sleeps our baby Hilda."

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Years have passed. The little monument is now near another and a stately one in a Virginia cemetery. Fresh flowers are on it, showing that "Our baby Hilda" is never forgotten. Fresh flowers are beneath the stately column, proving that the gallant soldier sleeping under it is never forgotten. Fresh flowers are on the young Confederate's grave, commemorating a manly and heroic devotion to a cause that was sacred to him. The cause was lost; and had he lived to green old age he would have thanked God for it. Not least among the reason for thankfulness is the truth that to men and peoples that which their hearts craved is often denied.

Not far away is a home as unostentatious as the Northern cottage, but larger, and endowed with every homelike attribute. Sweet Grace Graham is its mistress. Her lovely features are somewhat marked by time and her deep experiences, but they have gained a beauty and serenity that will defy time. Sounds of joyous young life again fill the house, and in a cradle by her side "little Grace" is sleeping. Grandma Mayburn still knits slowly by the hearth, but when the days are dry and warm it is her custom to steal away to the cemetery and remain for hours with "Our Baby." The major has grown very feeble, but his irritable protest against age and infirmity has given place to a serene, quiet waiting till he can rest beside the brave soldiers who have forgotten their laurels.