another draft made, the son should be made to fight against the avowed principles of the mother, and as the sentiments of both parties grew stronger as the war advanced, it brought matters to a crisis.

Hence the telegram requesting the son's presence at the farm.

When the train arrived at Crofton, the carriage was waiting for the travellers, in charge of the hired man, and they were soon driving along the familiar road to the homestead.

"What is the matter at home, Joe?" said Mr. Sherwood. "Are all well?"

"Yes, all well, sir," and Joe touched the horse lightly with the whip; "but the war news is troubling them, and making your mother very anxious about you."

Joe was an old and trusted servant, having lived with the family for years, and so much confidence was placed in him that he seemed like one of the family. When they arrived at the farmhouse, the son wished to know at once why he was sent for in such haste, but his father replied: "Plenty time, Clarence, plenty time ahead of us to talk about the matter; let us have dinner before we discuss troublesome questions."

But the mother's heart was too full of anxiety to wait, and she asked: "Is it true, Clarence, that you are going to join the Union army?"

"Well, I am ready to do my duty, mother," he replied, in a conciliating tone, "but I have not yet joined the company, so you need not be anxious about me until you have cause."

"But I have cause already! I hear that another draft is soon to be made, and the people around here are determined that you shall be drawn into the fight, if only to spite me, but if you enter the army at all it should not be on the Unionists' side; that would be taking up arms against your kith and kin, and no son of mine must do that!"

A look of terror spread over the face of the son's wife. Was her husband to be torn from her side, as the mother feared?

"I cannot argue this question with you, mother, lest we