

Sweetheart was there, struggling with her tears and doing her best to understand why this great trouble was coming into her life, and trying hard to make a cheerful sacrifice of her love. But O, the pain at her heart! They were to have been married next month, and he was getting along so nicely, too. Now everything breaks, and she is to be left alone for a whole year—perhaps for ever. "Don't cry, Lizzie Heart, I'll soon be back again; think of our joy then." "Ah, Jack, if I could go too; but O, the long, long weary winter, and the dread of it all! You can't go; you must stay with me. But no! what am I saying? Go, Jack, go, and God bless you." With a long, tight hug, and eyes streaming, she bids farewell, and so pays her tale of suffering needed by the Empire.

"You're a son after my own heart, my boy; I wish I were young enough to be with you. See that you honor the medals worn by your father." It was an old man who spoke, proud to send a son to the war for right.

But this is no time for embraces. The great iron monster throbs, as if in sympathy with the pent up emotion of anxious hearts, which can find vent only in the quiet seclusion of home. Slowly the drivers revolve, and the engine, carefully brushing humanity aside, cuts its way through. And now the feelings of the crowd find vent in prolonged cheering, which gradually dies away as the train makes way into the night, bearing so many young hearts out into the mystery of war; ah! for some, the mystery of death.

All along the line the same enthusiasm prevailed. It seemed to the departing heroes that the whole country was ablaze. Hampton was wide awake, and rent the air with its brass band and loud huzzas. Little did Hampton realize that for one of its brave sons, going to the far