

stopped her. Once more the sick woman repeated : "The enemy lost two thousand men killed—" and then, in a tone lowered almost to a whisper, she added : "Oh, the wives and the mothers!—two thousand killed! Oh, dear God, be merciful to the poor mothers—the heart-broken mothers of the South!" and Mrs. Wallace sank upon her knees, and taking the burning hand of the sick woman in her own, she cried : "Great heart! I will love you all my life, for that gentle prayer!"

The words seemed to reach the inner consciousness of the sufferer—her hot, blue eyes turned their glance upon the calm, brown ones beside her, where they wavered for a moment—steadied—rested, and then recognition dawned in them, and a weak voice whispered : "You said—?"

"I said I loved you for your great heart!" answered Mrs. Wallace.

A faint brightness came to the sick face, and she said : "Then don't leave me ever! We can love and mourn our dead together! Life is so hard—to bear alone—be my sister—Marion!"

They looked long into each other's eyes. They must have thought of many things! But it was as if the hands of their dear, dead boys drew them together. And Mrs. Wallace gently answered : "I will not leave you while you want me, Martha! We will walk together, if you will it, till we are called to join our dear ones;" their hands met in a close clasp, and in ten minutes Mrs. Swift was asleep. After Mrs. Swift had recovered,