

ing into his affections the heroes of his adopted country.

The sergeant invariably takes him a round of the public buildings and monuments of the city. Eugene's face flashes as he follows the sergeant's lead, and reins in his black pony near the colossal statue of Washington on his horse, or gazes at the noble, manly Lincoln standing over the freed slave. He loves also the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on the Common, where his favorite figure is the Federal infantryman standing at ease.

The sergeant likes best the figure of peace on this monument, — the woman bearing the olive-branch, and having her eyes toward the South.

One day not long ago, when they were standing before this monument, Eugene said, "I may not be a soldier when I am grown up; but if this country should need me, I will serve it till I die."

"That's right," observed the sergeant, "if you are a good honest citizen, respecting yourself and the rights of others, and trying to keep a clear record, you'll be doing as good service