

report myself for duty at the conscript camp, a young man whom I had known, called on me and offered to go in my stead. You have a large family he said, which your wife cannot support when you are gone. I am a single man, I have no one depending upon me, I will go for you ! He went. In the battle which was fought here, the dear generous young man fell dangerously wounded. He died in the hospital, and was buried here. Ever since his death it has been my desire to visit the place of his interment, and having saved sufficient money for the purpose, I arrived yesterday, and to-day found his grave." Having concluded his touching story, he again bent over the grave, planted another flower, and no doubt watered it with his tears.

The enquirer passed on, but his heart was too deeply affected with a sight, such as he had never seen before, and such as he is not likely ever to see again, to go far away. He returned to look once more on that sacred spot. But Oh ! what now met his eyes ! a sight that Heaven itself would look down upon well pleased to see. Not only was the volunteer's grave now garlanded with flowers, but a rough board was placed at the end of the turf, on which were simply carved these few, but touching weighty words :

"HE DIED FOR ME."

Nothing more. Nothing could be added without marring its perfectness where all is to be so much admired, the grateful love, the refined taste, the sublime sentiment of this remarkable, poor man. It stands alone in its great idea, amongst all the epi-

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