

for by those sweet-natured, big-hearted sisters who never fail, no matter how long the day, how longer yet the night of effort, there lay heroic men sore stricken ; hard hit. The pent emotion of the silent moments of passing had communicated itself, all unseen, to fevered brains within, as well as to the hearts and minds of the lightly wounded window-watchers. Their part in the swelling sound waves of answer to the debonair Lance-Corporal who loosed the spell, was shaky and low. But, my word for it, it was there. My thought is, it was this, perhaps, which made that shouted answer different from any other I ever heard, and distinguished above all others among the shouts of the least articulate and most lovable soldiers in the world.