

soon to be dashed to the ground. "Yes, mother, we shall soon beat the scoundrels, we will show them that the South will not submit to be tyrannized over by a set of Yankees. . . . And I will soon be home again with you and little Lucy."—So wrote the brave soldier and now, many a weary day after, his mother and sister are anxiously waiting his return.

They had heard that he had been wounded in one of the battles and since then there had been only one letter and that written by another hand. Thus their anxiety had been increased by the thought that he might have died as the result of his injuries. However, his name had not appeared in the death lists, and they had continued to hope against hope.

"How long is it since that last letter was written, Lucy dear?" asked the mother."

"Oh not so very long mother, and you know Jack may have been too weak to write another; or we may not have got all his letters."

For a time all is still and only the ticking of the large clock on the shelf breaks the silence of the room.

"Read the rest of the letters, dear," said the mother at last.

"Never mind them to-night, mother dear, they always make you so sad and you know we must be bright and happy when Jack comes home."

"Very well, child," said the mother, and together they sit and talk of the war, and of the one round whom their hopes are centered, until twilight shadows the room. "Put a light in the window, Lucy, to welcome him." Lucy places the light in the window and hastens down the street to hear what she can of the approaching soldiers.

But what is that dark mass in the

distance? Can that be the returned army?—Yes! it is they, and the steps which had been slow with fatigue and the sense of defeat, are hastening on as they approach the city. Doubtless the weary soldiers hearts are cheered by the thought that though returning with no laurel crown of victory, no martial strains of music, yet the welcoming smile of the dear ones at home will be none the less bright and loving.

On they come,—a mere handful of broken down men, their blue coats all faded and mud-bespattered, their brows bearing the indelible traces of hardship and defeat.

"Mother, they are coming!" says Lucy running back to the door, "and—and, yes! there is one making straight for our door."

A few moments more and the longed for son was clasping the fragile frame of his mother to his breast. One bright smile she gave him, one word of welcome, "My boy," and then the wearied mother sunk in her sons arms. The spark of life had fled, all sorrow and pain, and waiting, for her was over.

Yet the hand of the death angel was not all unkind that night, for in the dim light the feeble mother had failed to see that on her son's face also was marked the stamp of death. Wounded and ill he had returned home to die, and ere another morning's light had broken over the city, yet another sheaf had been reaped for the garner above,—the weary soldier had gone home, and poor little Lucy's bitter cry was rending the gates of Heaven.

Some of our students have been star gazing in earnest lately. A telescope has been placed on the roof of the College, and on fine evenings, all of the girls astronomically inclined, may have the pleasure of looking at Mars, the Moon, or Jupiter with his attendant satellites.