



the little child. The more she thought of the story of Mary the more she thought of her own little girl; and ordering her carriage directed it to be driven to the camp; where she found the tent of the Old Guard, and inquired for little Mary. When the lady saw her she was surprised, to see such a beautiful girl with the soldiers—for Mary was now a young lady, and had been many years with the regiment. She asked the Old Guard many questions concerning the battle; and heard how she was found on the field, surrounded by cannons, and horses, and killed and wounded soldiers; that she was crying bitterly, and sat by the side of a dead officer. The lady heard the Old Guard, and wept while he was telling the story, for she began to think that Mary was her long lost little girl. But when the Old Guard brought the dress, and a necklace and locket which she had on her neck, all of which he had carefully kept, and showed them to the lady, she cried for joy, and clasped Mary in her arms; for it was indeed her little Mary; and she kissed her over and over again. The dress was the same she had worn on the morning of the battle, and the necklace was a present from her papa, the officer who was killed; and the letters on it were for her name, which was Mary St. Clair. The Old Guard was surprised and delighted to know that little Mary was an officer's daughter, and that her parents were so rich and great; but the tears came in the old soldier's eyes when he thought she must leave him; and Mary could not bear the thought of parting with him forever. But Mrs. St. Clair, Mary's mother, was determined they should not be separated, when she heard how kind the Old Guard had been to her; and, after procuring his discharge, invited him to live with them. The party at length set out for the villa, and the soldiers of the Guards took leave of her with tears in their eyes, and rushed from the ranks to kiss her for the last time.