THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

BY MAGARET EYTINGE.

'Twas near the break of day, but still The moon was shining brightly; The west wind as it passed the flowers Set each one swaying lightly: The sentry slow paced to and fro A faithfu' nightwatch keeping, While in the tents behind him stretched His comrades-all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced, His musket on his shoulder, But not a thought of death or war Was with the brave young soldier. Ah, no! his heart was far away The countersign was "Mary."

Her blue eyes kindly beaming. Her curls like sunshine gleaming;

When up the lone road glancing, He gazed at it in wonder; And chalienged: "Who goes yonder?"

Be vou man, child or fairy,

She sobbed: "my heart was breaking; All other ties forsaking, Kind Heaven watching o'er me,

The lines to seek my lover Before day fairly came; but I Pressed on ere night was over. The way free as the prairie." "The countersign is 'Mary.'

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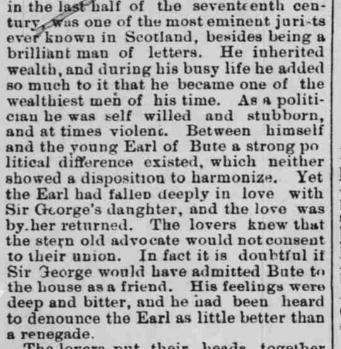
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