

Captain Crewe and Sara enter hand in hand.

Sara: *(almost whispering)* Papa; Papa!

Crewe: What is it darling? What is my Sara thinking of?

Sara: Is this the place? Is it, Papa?

Crewe: Yes, little Sara, it is. We have reached it at last.

Sara: Couldn't you go to that place with me, papa? Couldn't you go to school, too? I would help you with your lessons.

Crewe: But you will not have to stay for a very long time, little Sara. There will be a lot of girls, and you will play together, and I will send you plenty of books, and you will grow so fast that it will seem scarcely a year before you are big enough and clever enough to come back and take care of your papa.

Sara: If we are here I suppose we must be resigned. I dare say soldiers—even brave ones—don't really LIKE going into battle.

Crewe: *(laughing)* O Sara! What shall I do when I have no one to say solemn things to me? No one else is as solemn as you are.

Sara: But why do solemn things make you laugh so?

Crewe: Because you are such fun when you say them,

Sara: I'm a little scared Papa. I would very much like to be brave but it is difficult.

Crewe: But you have your doll Emily. You said how much she will comfort you when I am gone, and how well she listens.

Sara: That is true. Here we are Emily. This is our destination. Papa, I should like her always to look as if she was a child with a good mother. I'm her mother, though I am going to make a companion of her. I never knew my mother, but I know how to pretend to be a mother.