

panting ardour to the art of navigation, had developed surprising habits of reckless dissipation, and had gone intermittently to school. But in 1807 his mother died. His father was quite disconsolate and exacted from him a promise not to take a long voyage that winter. He, accordingly, engaged with a ship sailing to Ireland, but from an imagined slight he impetuously followed the promptings of an impulsive temper and, in a pique, shipped in the spring of 1808, with a vessel bound for Quebec. This was not his first voyage to America. The eventfulness lay in the return. Those were days when the great Napoleon was making the seas dangerous for British ships, and was influencing the destinies of men whom he never saw. Having in a gale become separated from the man-of-war that was to protect her, the *Cumberland* was making her own timid way across the Atlantic. On the first of January, 1809, the day was fine and the light wind was playing gently with the sails. They had taken soundings and rejoiced in the prospect of soon reaching home. But their high hopes were dashed to the ground. A French privateer hove in sight, bore down upon them, and, after the usual formalities, polite and otherwise, took the whole ship's crew to France as prisoners of war. They were landed at St. Malos, where crowds of ill disposed people watched them come ashore. John Gilmour was, with others, confined in a round tower, and he kept cursing his Maker as he had steadily done since the sudden reverse to his fortunes; for he had had high hopes of promotion and a brilliant career. Now he was a prisoner, and his future was in the hands of others. But it proved that God was taking away the objects of his ambition to give him something better: for in France he became a child of G d. After remaining in the castle at St. Malos about a fortnight, during which time they made three desperate but unsuccessful attempts to escape, they received orders to march for the interior—to Arras, in Artois, a distance of about four hundred miles. This was for them a formidable undertaking. Many perished by the way, and very few escaped attacks of fever. At length they reached Arras, which now became Mr. Gilmour's home for over five years. There were already there some three thousand fellow-countrymen when the new party arrived, and the citadel, surrounded by a yard of about twenty acres, became