

sible that he may be lifted from the operating board a corpse ; or his country has called for men to fight in its defence and he has responded to the call, fully aware of the danger to which he will be exposed, and he becomes painfully conscious of the necessity for destroying the old letters which have been so long accumulating. He feels that justice to the authors, dead and alive, demand that those letters should not be left to fall into the hands of curious relations, and is haunted by the conviction that they contain much that would be considered ridiculous by the unsympathetic, and criminal by the suspicious. So at the last moment he opens the little trunk or chest, in which he kept his clothes perhaps when a boy, but which has served as a treasure-box in later years, and lifts out package after package. Some are tied with ribbon, some with twine, and some are enclosed in elastic bands. The envelopes are of all sizes, shapes and colours. Some of the supercriptions are in the bold round hand that betokens recent exercise in the copy-book, some are in the sprawling hand that is so quickly learned in mercantile or professional life, some are in the cramped hand of one who works much and writes little, but the greater number are in fine feminine hands. Some are quickly recognized, and excite various emotions, while others must be opened and the signatures examined before the authorship can be discovered. He opens a package and spreads the letters before him. They are directed in a methodical, school-ma'am hand, the envelopes are of uniform size, and they bear several postmarks. She is married now. Weary of waiting for him, or finding that she cared for him no longer, she accepted the addresses of a young farmer and became the mistress of a log house, forty acres of burnt land, seven cows and a numerous flock of sheep. How he smiles at the thought of the sufferings he endured when she was wedded to another? He has seen her selling butter and eggs in market since, the romance has been destroyed, her presence has long ceased to awaken a sentimental reflection ; but around these letters the old memories cluster, and as he reads one of them he once more communes with the young girl, and forgets that the farmer's wife is in existence. Feeling that these ought to have been burned long ago, he consigns them to the flames.

And here is a huge package which he opens thoughtfully. Every letter in it contains from two to six sheets of paper. Of course it is impossible for him to read them, but he feels that he cannot destroy them without glancing over their contents. They are brim full of confiding utterances, and affectionate advice. He reads a reproof that surely could not have been given by one further removed than a sister or affianced bride, a revelation of family difficulties of a character that are usually kept secret, details of trains of thought that are seldom found out of a carefully guarded diary, expressions of tender solicitude, tearful regrets for the infrequency of their meetings, depreciating estimates of herself, and many prayers to him to pardon her faults and overlook anything amiss that he may see in her or her letters. And who is she who thus " pins her heart upon her sleeve " for him to look into its remotest depths, and witness its