

that man's heart, and win his confidence. Round and round we went, but to meet with a surly rebuff every time we approach him. He even told us to mind our own affairs, and not be troubling honest people.

Providence often works by slight instrumentalities. It all at once entered our mind that associations connected with our native land are strong and undying in every race. We remembered the history of a sick regiment in Quebec, cured by the bag-pipes, strong men dancing in spite of themselves, as they were stirred by the horn pipes of old Caledonia. We hesitatingly commenced humming an Irish melody, hope kindling up in our heart, and we saw the drunken man beating time with his foot, finally striking in and singing in a touching tone the familiar air. We had found an avenue to the man's heart, and we pursued our advantage. We talked of Ireland — of the sorrows of her poor when they begged for corn, and laid down to die without coffin, shroud or grave.

"Yes!" said he, tears coming in his eyes, "and yer agle come from over the say, and dropped bread from his beak to feed the starving ones."

At last, we ventured to present the subject nearest our thoughts. For a moment he was sullen again, but we followed up the advantage. To the objection that he had neither clothes or money, we replied that he could work for us at some future time. By this ruse, we secured his consent to let us propose him to the Division.

By a special dispensation, Michael — was proposed and initiated. Hardly yet sober, and excited by the step he was taking, he could scarcely stand, and clung to me like a frightened child.

"And will ye *blind* me?" he whispered in my ear as I went out to escort him from the ante-room.

He was initiated. He gave the responses with an energy and earnestness which thrilled all present.

"*Salute your brother!*" said MILLS, and a hundred hands were extended for the greeting, a heart in every one. We stood a little back, and looked upon the eloquent scenes with a full heart — the feelings swelled a moment, and then ran over in a flood of joy upon the cheek. Michael — was weeping and saying, "God bless ye!" as fast he could between his sobs, the tears raining unchecked from his cheeks.

"Where is Mr. Brown — sure he has a hand to give me now!" he inquired, half sadly.

"Here, my brother, ready to shake your hand, if there is any left, Michael —."

"God be praised, Michael — has hand enough for the likes of ye, to the end of the world!" and he turned, taking my extended hand in both of his, and bowing and covering it over and over with kisses, and fast-dropping tears, and sobbing prayers.

"My God — my God! I did not know that I had a friend in America. O, what a change is this! And Michael — will be once more a man!"

Near a hundred men were weeping like children over the lost MAN found. All business was suspended, and the spirit moved upon all. Michael was called upon to say something, and got up. Silently, first with one hand then with the other, wiped the tears from his eyes. Not a word could he say, and around the room tears might have been heard falling, it seemed to us, so deep was the stillness.

"*Let me go home. Mary must*