

father, do not take him from me ! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me ! Oh, take me with him—take me with him—for the love of God, take me with him, captain !” She fell on her knees, laid hold of the officer’s sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, “ Oh, leave me my only hope, at least till God has given me another !” and repeated, in heart-rending accents, “ Oh take me with him ! take me with him !”

The gallant officer was himself in tears. He knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife’s petition without creating much discontent in his company; and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment, a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the captain with his hand to his cap.

“ And what do you want, my good fellow ?” said the officer.

“ My name’s John Carty, please yer honor ; and I belong to the second battalion.”

“ And what do you want here ?”

“ Only yer honor,” said Carty scratching his head, “ that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I’m thinking.”

“ Well, and what then ?”

“ Why, yer honor, they say I’m a likely lad, and I know I’m fit for sarvice ; and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond’s company, and let me take his place in yours, why, yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of them, I’m thinking.

Captain Loder considered for a few minutes, and, directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer’s quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left him.

“ Well, John Carty,” said he, “ you go to Bengal with me ; and you, Henry

Jenkins, remain at home with your wife.”

“ Thank yer honor,” said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground, and rushed into each other’s arms. “ God bless you, captain !” said the soldier as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. “ Oh bless him forever !” said the wife ; “ bless him with prosperity and a happy heart !—bless his wife, and bless his children !” —and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, “ May you never want a friend when I am far from you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife !” passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

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About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier who walked along apparently with much fatigue and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages, but which now afforded no information to the traveller ; for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them toward him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

“ No, my little lad,” said the soldier, “ but it is on the road to Frome, and I have friends there ; but, in truth, I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in yon village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for reward.”

“ Sir,” said the boy, “ my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat. If you